

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

FEBRUARY

10

CENTS

GLADYS
SWARTHOUT

Forl
Christy

"LISTENING IN AT SING SING" by Warden Lawes

Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!.. see page 32

www.americanradiohistory.com



Irresistible

the invitation to
ROMANCE

There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your eyes promise? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance... do these invite caresses?

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IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE,
MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC
ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



"Shocking"



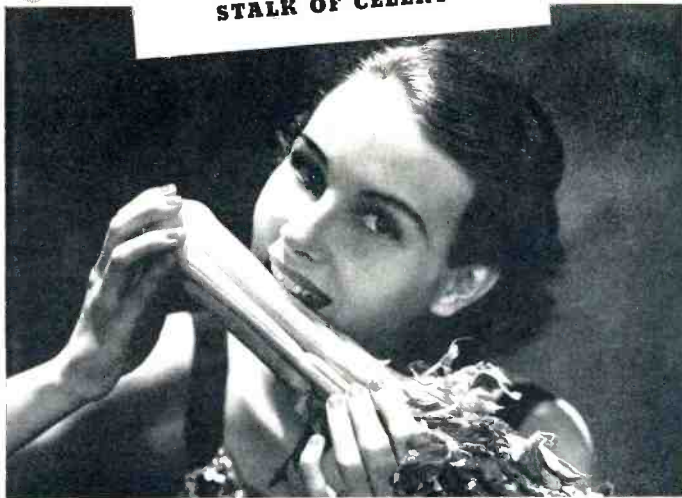
SAYS
SOCIAL LEADER

A SOCIALITE AND A
DENTIST CLASH OVER A
STALK OF CELERY

"Splendid"



SAYS
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"SHOCKING!" burst from a society leader. And she *was* shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shocking?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's *not* shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a

lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy . . . weak . . . tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush"—a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush"

may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush" . . . to help keep teeth bright . . . to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA plus massage is
the dentist's ablest assist-
ant in the home care
of the teeth and gums.



RADIO STARS

LIME L. POMEROY Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY Editor

TWELVE UNUSUAL STORIES OF RADIO FAVORITES

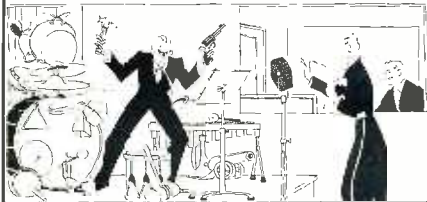
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"Yesterday...
DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
Today... ALIVE!"

THE
3
MINUTE WAY

"My system cleared
of accumulated
poisons
the **easy** way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually*. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15¢ cents and 25¢ cents for a big family-size box.



**better
because
you
chew it**

HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!



"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler in that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leibler, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

RADIO RAMBLINGS

The latest news of those who follow the microphone

NOW Santa Claus has come and gone. We have written our prettiest thank-yous for the season's gifts and settled down to enjoy them. Now the snow falls and winter evenings are long and cheery. Now we tune in our radios, sitting comfortably by the fire, while mother knits and dad smokes his pipe, listening to music and drama and merriment. Christmas comes but once a year, but radio is a constant joy.

Among the many influences charged to radio, we hadn't thought of it in the role of Cupid. But Ray Perkins, quizzing Deputy Clerk Philip A. Hines, who is in charge of the Marriage License Bureau of New York City, discovered that radio's romantic music and singing is increasing marriages. According to Hines, the day after Bing Crosby or Lanny Ross have sung their tender melodies, a horde of couples come knocking at his door for the license to make their lives a song. Let Lew White and Jesse Crawford play a love song upon the organ, and more lovers decide to spend their lives together. Hines credited Wayne King, Richard Himber, Guy Lombardo, Bert Block and Rubinoff with causing more marriages than Dan Cupid himself.

People like the old songs best—so Kate Smith reports, on tabulating the numbers requested by her air audiences. She is asked to sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," in its entirety, more than any other number. Other favorites are "Danny Boy," "Remember," "I Love You Truly," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

"Rolling Along," the melody which opens and closes the Phil Baker laugh-casts over CBS Sunday nights, is an original composition by the noted comedian. He has received several offers for publication but prefers to keep it exclusively for his radio program.

A singer of whom radio listeners never tire is Edward MacLugh, NBC's Gospel Singer. When MacLugh removed recently from Boston to New York, he felt it unnecessary to take with him his collection of two thousand old hymn books, which he has in his Newton, Massachusetts, home. He carries the words and music of three thousand hymns in his head.

Strolling along the sidewalks we overheard other

Frances Stevens, singer at the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City, is now engaged by NBC. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Thibault at home with their pets.



RADIO STARS

bits of news of radio favorites:

Jane Froman was born and raised in Missouri, but she is as cosmopolitan as New York. Her friends range from ragged street urchins to those whose names adorn society columns—down-and-out troupers, page boys or radio sponsors, all get the same warm smile from Jane. She adores obscure little restaurants on New York's East Side, but is the object of delighted attention at the swanky Park Avenue clubs.

Zora Layman, singer of sophisticated songs, is one of radio's few women farmers. She owns a modern farm near Syracuse, New York, which she uses for a week-end retreat, and a ranch near her home town, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley lives on a small island in Long Island Sound, off Manhasset, New York. His estate consists of thirty-three acres, on which stands a rambling house of twenty-two rooms. Some of the rooms are set apart as a museum, in which Ripley keeps oddities collected from all corners of the earth, and worth a fortune. It's a fascinating place to visit and Ripley is a delightful host.

Tragedy or comedy? It's all in the viewpoint.

Walter Wicker relates an incident which occurred during a broadcast of "Today's Children." At a dramatic moment in the program, the sound-effects man tripped over a light cord, pulling the plug out of the socket and leaving the cast in darkness, unable to read their scripts. Frantically striving to replace the plug, he knocked over a bucket of water with dishes in it, with a reverberating crash. An instant of paralyzed amazement followed. Then the light came on, and, hastily, Wicker and the cast *ad libbed* about the noise and went on with the performance.

It might have been tragedy for Betty Lou Gerson, of the "First Nighter" program, if a spider hadn't saved her life. It happened in Miami, during the 1926 hurricane. Just before retiring, in her hotel room, Betty noticed an enormous spider on the bed. Failing to slay it, she called the management and was given another room. During the night the hurricane broke and a tremendous crashing of glass went sounding through the corridors. Investigation revealed that the wind had shattered the glass in the French doors and smashed the bed in the room which Betty had deserted—thanks to the spider!

(Continued on page 8)



HEY, MOM...DYUH KNOW
WHAT MRS. PALMER SAID
ABOUT MY SHIRT?

"G'willikins! My shirt
can't talk, Mom, but
Mrs. Palmer said it
tattles like anythin'."



"The trouble is, she
said—your soap
doesn't really wash
clean. Your clothes
wouldn't have tattle-
tale gray, she said, if
you'd only change to
Fels-Naptha Soap."

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy!
Mom's so tickled she's
takin' me to the movies
'cause I told her how
to get rid of tattle-
tale gray."



"Who wouldn't be tickled!
My clothes used to look as
gray as a rain-cloud and
now they're white as snow! It's won-
derful the way Fels-Naptha's grand

golden soap and *lots* of naphtha get out
every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so
gentle I use it for my finest silk
things, too. And how nice it is to
my hands!"

© 1926 F. N. CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 7)

Curtis Arnall, radio's Buck Rogers, who flies through space with the greatest of ease in his 25th Century broadcasts, confesses that a tear-foot tumble brought him down to earth. Hiking in New York state, he slipped on a rock and plunged down an embankment. Rescuers sped him to a doctor, who found his back injured. So he made his next visit to Neptune bandaged from waist to neck.

If you're considering a career as actor, singer or announcer on the air, here's pertinent advice from some who should know:

Rudy Vallee, radio headliner for eight years, says: "A fellow can't be tops unless he's physically able to stand the gaff and mentally clear. I guard my health. I don't drink and I don't smoke. I'm careful what I eat. I'm not ashamed to be known as a fellow who leads what is called 'a clean life.'"

Michael Bartlett, youthful tenor and screen leading man, has definite ideas on keeping your voice in condition. "Get plenty of sleep—ten hours a day isn't too much. Take regular exercise. Above all, refrain from social engagements and other distractions while working. And," he adds, "never get mad! It sends your voice down to your boots!"

According to Pat Kelly, NBC's supervisor of announcers, the requirements of a radio announcer are:

"First, a hair-trigger mind. He must see, translate, and interpret instantly. He must be resourceful, able to overcome the unforeseen difficulties which often arise during a program. He must be a diplomat, able to understand and soothe temperamental artists. Showmanship and a knowledge of production, together with a knowledge of music, are among other prime requisites."

And, on the same subject, Graham MacNamee, ace NBC announcer, contributes: "Despite my many years before the microphone, I am constantly learning new things about technique and presentation. The minute a man thinks he knows all there is to know about broadcasting, he is on his way down hill."

Helen Hayes, stage star and star of NBC's "The New Penny," was asked what qualities an actress must possess. "Concentration and the gift for relaxation," Helen replied. "Ability to work hard, and capacity for vision. Love of people and relish of life itself. In a word—understanding."

Like all of us, radio stars have their hobbies.

Frank Parker, star of the "Atlantic Family," is considered one of the best polo players in the East.

After a hard day's work, there is nothing Al Pearce likes better than a five-hour game of rummy.

Kay Chase, author of "Painted



(Lower left) Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes." (Next) Captain Tim Healy of NBC's Stamp Club, with Girl Scouts. (Lower right) radio's Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Truex in the film "Ladies Love Hats." (Next above) Helen Jepson of radio and opera. (Next) Niagara Falls. CBS sound-engineer gets the theme song for Carborandum program. (Top) Natalie Parks of "Hawthorne House."



Dreams," says her wix-haired trier, *Moochie*, is her chief hobby.

Bess Flynn, Irish boarding-house keeper of that program says her dearest hobby is her three children. A minor hobby is collecting first editions, especially *Hosen*.

Mario Chaulice (Tony of "Tony and Gus") has abandoned his pet hobby, aviation. Enthusiastic over flying, he built a plane himself. Got it fifty feet off the ground when it crashed. No more flying for Mario!

Johnny Green, Jack Benny's music-master, has a collection of 147 pipes of all shapes and designs, from every part of the world. But he always smokes an old French briar that he won in a poker game while a freshman at Harvard.

We got a chuckle out of Olga Albani's favorite story:

An English playwright—a self-educated cockney, wrote a play for an actress famous for her wit as well as for her acting. She invited him to read the play to her. Overcome by excitement and enthusiasm the playwright lapsed into the idiom of his early days. At the end of the reading silence greeted him.

"Did my play seem too long?" he faltered.

"Well," the actress commented, "it took you three hour—minus you h's."

There is much discussion regarding the presence at broadcasts of studio audiences. In most instances these audiences are drilled as a part of the cast for the program, the master of ceremonies instructing them beforehand when and how their applause shall be given, to build up the picture for the invisible radio audience.

For example, on Fred Allen's "Town Hall tonight" program, Harry von Zell instructs the audience not to applaud when they first see Portland Hoffa. Not until she makes her appearance on the air, with her "Mister Al-lee!" is the applause card lifted. For the audience's response.

Similarly, on Lanny Ross' "State Fair" programs, last summer, care was given to create for the unseen audience the picture of Lanny entering the Fair Grounds. Although he is standing on the platform, in full view of the studio audience, the picture is carefully painted by scattered applause from the few who presumably see him first, then increasing in volume as he supposedly walks toward the platform.

Leslie Howard, however, believes that studio audiences are a disadvantage to a dramatic program.

"It is difficult," he says, "for an actor, who (Continued on page 98)

Be sure
the laxative YOU take
is *mild* enough
for even a little child



HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yours. If Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and

25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X—L-A-X.

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	FREE!
EX-LAX, Inc. P.O. Box 170 7 West Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Please send the sample of Ex-Lax, <small>10c</small>	
Name
Address
<small>Use your Ex-Lax sample with Ex-Lax, Ltd., 700 West Plaza, St. W., Montreal, P.Q.</small>	

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Take it on "Strange as It Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspapers for station and time.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL



Orchestra pilot Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriett Hilliard, as King and Queen of Winter at Lake Placid.

And harken to what radio's men stars call real feminine charm

By MARY BIDDLE

WHEN radio kings name the qualifications for their queens (of the heart), their qualifications pretty much correspond to those of the John Smiths and the Henry Joneses, and all the other masculinity of the kind that has to sit and twiddle its collective thumbs while the feminine element yearns over the romantic "hearhearts" of the air. If you would be queen of hearts to a radio king, or to your John Smith, or whatever his name may be, here's a collection of tips for you from our radio valentine box. Since men are the reason why women seek to be beautiful, there's

in her eyes. Now that's a real beauty editorial service for you, isn't it?

Some day I may do an article on



And need we say this is Bing Crosby? (as Gil Gordon)



Nino Martini, famous opera, movie and radio star.



Eddie Duchin, NBC's ever-popular orchestra leader.

a connection between beauty advice and Cupid at which I felt it my duty to shoot my interviewing arrows this valentine month. As a result, I struck as handsome a group of radio raves as ever has given a girl that far-away look

"Blasphemous Advice" instead of beauty advice. Now the radio kings I have interviewed all have been very charming, and they haven't inspired me to blasphemy in the slightest, but they have inspired me to what might be considered as blasphemy in view of the present seemingly universal theory that women must swap the male with admiration and honey. The gist of my blasphemy would be that it you pay less attention to men, they'll pay more attention to you.

My slant on this admiration-and-honey business happened like this. I talked to one very good-looking radio

star who receives tons of mail from women fans and who is always besieged with feminine admirers. I promised not to divulge his name because he was afraid that his opinions might make him sound egocentric, and he didn't mean them that way at all. He said that women just didn't give him a chance to fall in love with them. They did the falling first before he had anything like the chance to get around to it himself. He wants to be pursued, not the pursued. He wants a man's "old-fashioned" privilege of making the first overtures in this business of heart interest. Of course he realizes that radio glamour is partly responsible for his "embarrassment of riches" in the way of predatory feminine admirers, but when he falls in love, he wants to do it like any plain John Smith. He wants a woman to be in love with him for



Nelson Eddy, Firestone's popular baritone soloist.

himself, not for his synthetic radio glamour. He admires a woman who has spirit and independence of spirit, who is intelligent enough to be a person rather than just a "puff-sheet" to a man's vanity.

Maybe it's my duty (although duty is as unpleasant a word as vanity) to remind you right here that too-obvious perfume, too-obvious make-up, too-obvious anything, puts you in line with the pursuing rather than the pursued.

The handsome blonde Nelson Eddy with the robust baritone voice, sensation of the air and screen, feels much the same as does our "unnamed" in regard to woman the pursuer. Eddy is a rather serious chap, indifferent to social life, but not at all priggish. He is a person of ideals; ideals about his work, ideals about women. He likes a woman to be thoroughly feminine, and he prefers the "sweet" type to the worldly sophisticate. (Hear, hear, you Janet Gaynor!) "Pursuit tactics" annoy him. He doesn't like a girl to ask him to take her some place; he wants to do the asking if any asking is done. Delicacy, reserve, and good taste are qualities that he places high among women. One of his favorite people is Jeanette MacDonald, the screen star with whom he has co-starred. Which reminds me that Jeanette is one person who certainly earned her beauty and success. She worked for both.

Since we've started with the blonde contingent of the male heartbeats, there's Ozzie Nelson, another handsome rugged blond. Let's put him on the interviewing throne, with Harriett Hilliard, his Queen of Hearts. (Harriett is now in Hollywood having signed with RKO-Radio Pictures.) The handsome Ozzie was a star quarterback on the football team when he went to Rutgers; he also was the intercollegiate welterweight boxing champion. A regular he-man, Ozzie, tall, rugged, (Continued on page 95)

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow



Lovelier and Lovelier"



SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Conger Fernandes

November 2, 1935 (Mrs. Sam Fernandes Jr.)

THIS smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as you start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness

coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



Van Raalte says:
 "IVORY FLAKES keeps
 fine fabrics looking fine"



BOARD OF Review

THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS

★★★★

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC)
Best of the week

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY FAREY'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
Best of the week

EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARKYAKARAK, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GRESS ORCHESTRA (CBS)
Best of the week

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK LUCY MONROE AND GUS HANSEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
Best of the week

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUBY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC)
Best of the week

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC)
Best of the week

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC)
Best of the week

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC)
Best of the week

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALYS ORCHESTRA, MARGARET GREAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC)
Best of the week

JELLY PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
Best of the week

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS)
Best of the week

LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS)
Best of the week

Lester C. Grody
 Radio Star Magazine Chairman
 100 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
 S. A. Coleman
 Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
 Norman Siegel
 Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
 Andrew W. Smith
 News & Observer, Birmingham, Ala.

Leola Roder
 Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
 S. J. Steinhauser
 Pittsburgh Post, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Leo Miller
 Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport Conn.
 Charlotte Geary
 Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
 S. A. Coleman
 Florida Times & Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

James Sullivan
 Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
 R. B. Westergaard
 Detroit & Tribune, Detroit, Mich.
 C. L. Kern
 Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Lorry Walters
 Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

James E. Chinn
 Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
 H. Dean Pitzer
 Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
 Vision M. Gardner
 Washington News, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Joe Harflinger
 Butte Evening News, Butte, Mont. N. Y.

Andrew W. Foppe
 Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
 Oscar W. Barnbeck
 San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Calif.

RATINGS

★★★★ Excellent
 ★★★ Good
 ★★ Fair
 ★ Poor

WALLACE BERRY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC)
 Best of the week
GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC)
 Best of the week
RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC)
 Best of the week
WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS)
 Best of the week
CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS)
 Best of the week
FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WASHINGTON'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS)
 Best of the week

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS)
 Best of the week

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS)
 Best of the week

PALMSHORE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC)
 Best of the week

THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH BOB RIPLEY, PAUL NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)
 Best of the week

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT (CBS)
 Best of the week

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS)
 Best of the week

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS)
 Best of the week

RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS)
 Best of the week

YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS)
 Best of the week

MARSH OF TIME (CBS)
 Best of the week

★★★

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
 Best of the week

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC)
 Best of the week

L'OMBARDO ROAD (CBS)
 Best of the week

RUHNOFF AND HIS VIOLIN
 Best of the week

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR-VICTOR RAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS)
 Best of the week

WALL TIME-FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
 Best of the week

GRAEL MOORE (NBC)
 Best of the week

HELEN HAYES (NBC)
 Best of the week

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER OAKLEY DEANE, JAMES AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS)
 Best of the week

CLARA LU'N'EM (CBS)
 Best of the week

PIHU, BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND JAIL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
 Best of the week

KATP SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
 Best of the week

MAXWELL MUSIC SHOWBOAT (NBC)
 Best of the week

RADIO CITY HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC)
 Best of the week

IRENE RICH (NBC)
 Best of the week

NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC)
 Best of the week

WARDEN LAWREN (NBC)
 Best of the week

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to pure Ivory Flakes—we die from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for ladies' tender skin.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singletoes. "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cold Ivory Flakes suds for our linens, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps color and extends life new through long washings."



GIUTTON, IN LEADER OF IVORY SOAP PHILADELPHIA

Illustration by
Ralph Shepard

LISTENING

BY WARDEN LAWES

THE most intent radio listeners of the land are the men who live behind the walls and bars of American penitentiaries. They listen with an intensity that you who live in a normal world cannot understand. You, who sit at your loudspeaker, are free to get up, go down-stairs, take a drive, stroll through the streets, drop into a movie, call on friends—do anything of the commonplace things a person in the outside world can do when he or she gets bored or lonely.

But behind the stone walls and the chrome steel bars of a prison there are only two things a man can do after dinner—go to sleep or listen to the radio. And so, this being all he can do, he brings to his listening a passionate attention, a fierce interest. He laughs at comedians, at gags and funny situations, twice as hard as you do, he laughs longer. And for hours after, he remembers and thinks about the things he has heard.

Hearing a moving scene in a radio play, he is dumbly depressed. The political speaker who puts you to sleep is followed closely by the men in the cell blocks. During the recreation periods, you can hear them in the yard wangling over the points made on the radio the night before, chaffing each other about their favorites, all with an excitement and an enthusiasm greater than is displayed by even the most devoted fans of the outside world.

You see, radio is like to them. It is the whole outside world, all that they are missing. An opportunity to share in the activities of the lucky ones who live in a free and ungarbled world. That is a great deal. Men in prison get all clocked up with energy and emotion. If this is not given an outlet, there is trouble. Possibly the best outlet



IN AT SING SING..

of all is radio. And this is proved by the fact that the punishment most dreaded at Sing Sing is being deprived of listening privileges.

Before we installed radio, what could a prisoner do with his long evening? He might read, if he happened to be the reading kind—which doesn't very often happen. I usually would sit and brood, sit twiddling his thumbs and grow despondent and hopeless. And hopeless men are dangerous men. Radio, along with athletics and other entertainment, has helped prisoners enormously. Whereas in these early days before radio, half the prisoners would return—now three out of four never come back.

For the reason most of the prisons now give their inmates radio facilities—eighty per cent of the prison population, or about 150,000 men, comprise this "silent" radio audience. They have no easy chairs to sit in, no easy listen-no-dials-to-turn—all the have is a set of cathodes on the back of their beds.

At Sing Sing we have a powerful three-channel radio receiver, watched over tenderly by one of the prisoners. Once a week a schedule of programs is made up and will be the programs that all who reside there will hear to others. The schedule is highly varied and slips about, from NBC to Columbia, and in and out among the New York and New Jersey local stations. Most of the programs and those featuring deaths and executions are kept

out of the death house or the CC's (condemned cells) as they are known. With this exception the prisoners get pretty much what they want. After all, these programs designed for the home, should not be harmful to prisoners.

They let their wants be known. They let their wants be known by messages, to the officers of their own Welfare League, who make up the schedule and submit it for approval to the Director of Entertainment, who, in turn, sends it along to me.

Frequently I have been asked if I permit prisoners to listen to crime and blood-and-thunder stories. Certainly I do, because nine times out of ten prisoners see through these yarns and find them unprofitably funny. I don't think anyline makes them laugh harder than the average crowd-shiller. They recognize, better than most listeners, how unreal and faked they are. Only once or twice have I been obliged to ban programs—and these were entertainment which turned out an incentive to crime.

Variety shows, news commentaries and good orchestras are the popular programs at Sing Sing. Pictures, of course, change. They Amos and Andy were best liked. Today the struggle for top honors is between M. or Doves and Eddie Cantor. Inasmuch as these two are on the air at the same time, we give a half hour of each. Fred Waring is another popular favorite. Because is favored because of his sports he reports interesting news. And it is this same *(continued on page 15)*



Warden Lewis E. Lawes,
penologist and humanitarian.

In this absorbing story

Warden Lawes shows the value of radio to men in prison

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL

BY MIRIAM ROGERS



Louise Starkey—"Clara"



Isobel Carothers—"Lu"



Helen King—"Em"

CLARA, LU, 'N' EM are real people. They were born under a lucky star, it seems when Isobel Carothers, Helen King and Louise Starkey conceived and created their own amusement, little suspecting how these three country maids were to dominate their lives.

The three girls were classmates in the School of Speech at Northwestern University and as they studied or frivoleed away some free hour together, they began chatting on their work of college and society events in a manner and speech wholly unlike their own. It was grand fun! And as time went on they found, amazingly, that these three magnetic characters whom they called "Clara, Lu 'n' Em," had become real people, with personalities

so fully established that they could no more be changed than you could change the habits and natures of any of your friends.

Even in those early days, the three country women must have reacted to mathematics as they do today.

"I never thought that arithmetic was any kind of study to do with real life," Clara protests.

And Em heartily agrees. "If they used to try to do to me was to say a boy would I don and three-quarter days and made three apples, and my mind was as puzzled as if I had a shock of some kind."

And similarly, Lu cries, "He thought of questions just as one everything onto my head."

One day the girls discussed Clara, Lu 'n' Em to a friend. And after that other friends clamored to meet

them and delighted in their appalling absurdities, their ungrammatical chatter about familiar problems, their cheerful ignorance, their gorgeous good humor. But though only a privileged few knew Clara, Lu and Em in these early days, the three personalities were vital and enduring. Inevitably they carved out their own careers.

Louise, Isobel and Helen had planned to teach. In fact, after graduation, with a Bachelor of Letters degree apiece, each secured a teaching position in widely separated parts of the country. If they had dreams, and what girl hasn't, it was no doubt of the day when they would marry and settle down in some pleasant community to the most desirable of careers, as wives and mothers.

Only Helen considered another career. She was a fine pianist and it occurred to her that radio might offer

an opening. But Clara, Lu and Em demanded their own destinies, and Em—it seems too long to call it more coincidence, stepped in and brought the three girls together again in Chicago. Helen found a stumbling block to her career in the lack of sufficient funds to join the Musicians' Union. But there were no stumbling blocks to the career of Clara, Lu and Em! Opportunity didn't merely knock on the door, it opened wide and summoned them imperiously to the microphone. So, like reluctant Samson, answered the summons. The first audition, study undertaken at the insistence of a friend, led immediately to a job! And so the tantalizing game quizzingly turned into a career!

That was five years ago. And *Clara, Lu and Em* (2)

"Clara, Lu 'n' Em," conceived for a lark, become real

to their creators and to a host of listening friends

Here's *Made-to-order* Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!



IN THE BLUE BOX

Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

SAME PRICE AS REGULAR

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filter is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Fred Allen in four
characteristic
poses.

Wednesday night means "Town Hall Tonight" starring Fred Allen, which, consequently, means that practically every radio listener in the land is promptly tuned in for an hour's enjoyment of good humor and sprightly music. It is a program which, thanks to Fred Allen's good taste and originality, definitely has raised the standard of comedy on the air to lofty heights.

Fred's spirit of fun is in hilarious evidence throughout the popular proceedings. His newsreel theatre, the uproarious Mighty Allen Art Players, the talented amateurs—all these amusing features are in keeping with the keen sense of humor possessed by the genial master of ceremonies, Fred Allen.

Heckling Portland Hoffa, Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra, and Announcer Harry von Zell keep smartly in pace with Fred's tempo of merriment.

The program, presented by Ipana Toothpaste and Sal Hepatica, is teaching the nation the meaning of good cheer. In recognition of this, RADIO STARS Magazine awards its Distinguished Service Medal of the month to "Town Hall Tonight."

Letter C. Grady
—Editor.



Rudy Vallee enjoys a game of pool at his lodge at Lake Kezar, Maine.



IN THE

"Behind the Eight Ball—"

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

and in front of it—bright stars of the air-waves

Wallace Beery of Shell Chateau greets Marjorie Hilliard. And (right) Carmen Lombardo goes skating.



Leslie Howard, with Elizabeth Love, who holds the enviable rôle of leading lady in his radio serial, "The Amateur Gentleman."



(Below) Lily Pons, brilliant coloratura soprano, at the microphone, singing on the Chesterfield program. (Right) Madame Schumann-Heink, as she rehearsed for Gertrude Berg's program.



(Left) Dorothy Lamour, "Dreamer of Songs." Hollywood wants this little NBC singer. (Right) Here is Joan Crawford with her husband, Franchot Tone, and Franchot's father, Frank J. Tone.



Introducing Margaret

Two very characteristic poses of Margaret Speaks, at home and in the NBC studio.

SOMEWHERE north of London and south of the Cheviot Hills there is—or was—a little village known as Bramford-Speke. Whether it still exists, or has been absorbed by some larger township, an eager traveler, with but a brief time for the search, could not discover.

But some day Margaret Speaks hopes, on a more leisurely journey through England, to find that spot to which her family gave its name, and from which they set forth some generations ago to found a new home in America. You know Margaret as the lovely soprano soloist and assisting artist on the Voice of Firestone concerts. And when you tune in your radio for that program and hear its theme song:

*"Strolling again
Memory Lane
With you . . ."*

you hear words pe-

MEMORY
LANE AND
MARGARET

BY NANCY BARROWS



Speaks, lovely young singer of the "Voice of Firestone."

Especially applicable to this young singer. For Margaret Speaks is one whose roots go deep—down into the soil of this country which is her own, down into the soil of England, which her resource grandfathers settled.

She likes to remember, in these times of stress and insecurity, that in her flows the blood of pioneers and settlers—men and women to whom courage and fortitude were as necessary as food and drink, to whom honor was no empty word but a precious heritage to live for and die for. Men and women whose vision of a brave future was enriched by memories of a splendid past. People with love and loyalty in their hearts and with music in their souls.

Music, to the Speaks family, is like their mother tongue. Margaret's father sings and plays the guitar and the cello. Her mother, an accomplished musician, accompanied Margaret on the piano the first time she sang in public—at the ripe old age of four.

"It was a Children's Day concert in the Methodist Church in Canal-Winchester," Margaret said. "And I had a new dress to wear, and new shoes of which I was particularly proud. And it rained! Mother persuaded me to wear my overshoes. But when I got to the church I forgot all about them. It was only after I had finished my song that I glanced down. There were my galoshes, hiding my beautiful new shoes. It was one of life's darkest moments!"

Margaret's uncle is Oley Speaks, the famous composer who gave us those lovely songs, "Sylvia," "The Road to Mandalay," "Morning," and other tender and beautiful melodies known the wide world over. On Christmas Day the Speaks family always gathers together—father and mother, uncles and aunts, Margaret's brothers, her husband and her boys. And one of their cherished treats comes when dusk begins to steal in from the corners of the room and the candles bloom more brightly on the tree, and Oley plays and sings his songs.

"Memory Lane" leads to a dear Cape Cod cottage in northern Westchester.



And for each listener the music frames bright memories that give life richer meaning.

Margaret likes to remember how her father once, saying good-bye in an elderly, frail relative, standing by the door of her car, had the door inadvertently slammed shut upon one of his fingers. How, silently, he scraped his handkerchief about his nearly severed finger—giving no sign that he was hurt, lest the knowledge cause shock to one whose strength the years had drained. And to remember how, when he was a congressman in Washington, he would not accept even a box of candy from someone for whom he had done a favor, lest it seemed to lay a price upon his honor.

And he never has smoked nor taken a drink of liquor in his life," she says.

She likes to remember, too, her grandfather, that strong, hardy man who settled in that little Ohio hamlet, then known as Canal-Winchester. Who, when the day's work was done, loved to go down and sit by the edge of the canal from which the village took its name, and lift his eyes to the stars and play upon his violin the music that was in his heart.

Quite naturally Margaret Speaks has inherited that strength, that courage, that love of music.


Almost as soon as she began to talk, she began to sing. And so, to her, singing is not merely a career to be served at all costs. It is, more precisely, something that she does as naturally as breathing. It is a part of the business of life.

"My husband regards my work as a business, just as he regards his own work," she said. "There is no clash of interests between us. We each have our own work, and when the work is done we have our home, our life together."

They live in New York, but the home to which she refers with happy pride is one which they built in northern Westchester. And there (Continued on page 60)

Margaret's charming work-room is a place for comfort and inspiration.





The Easy Aces' program originated in bridge games they played with friends

BY JACK HANLEY

IF you're looking for glamour don't call on the Easy Aces. Or if you expect an erudite discourse on the cultural influence of radio in American home life, ditto. Goodman Ace and his drawing wife, Jane, are fresh out of glamour, hokum and affectation; they're refreshingly uncolorful—delightfully normal.

I was vaguely apprehensive about interviewing the Aces. I'm always apprehensive about talking to a professional funny man. Comedians have a trick of being

either impressively serious about their comedy or using you as a target for a rapid succession of gags at which you are supposed to laugh enthusiastically.

The Aces live in one of New York's smartest apartment hotels. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if a stiff-backed butler had opened the door and ushered me in. As a matter of fact, however, Goodman Ace, in his shirt sleeves, answered my ring. A small, boxlike contrivance like a baby radio on his desk was chattering away in a thick Brooklyn accent.

"It's a Teleflash," Ace explained. "Works over the 'phone wires.' It gave, I gathered, racing results almost as soon as the horses



Jane and Goodman Ace

ACES UP!



themselves knew them. Ace studied a racing sheet as the voice droned, then tossed the sheet aside.

"I didn't even show," he observed, with no great chagrin.

I ventured a brilliant bit of deduction. "You play the horses," I said.

"It's our favorite recreation," Ace said. "Jane and I go to the tracks whenever we can."

Not being a follower of the sport of kings myself, I looked anxiously for the hectic and feverish signs of the rabid gambler in Goodman's face. Unless the ever-present cigar cocked in his mouth was indicative, there weren't any signs on the amiable and open Ace countenance. Apparently racing was purely a pleasant recreation—no more.

"Listen to this announcer," he grinned, turning the machine louder. "I get quite a few funny ideas from him for Jane's mispronunciations."

The racing announcer was struggling valiantly with a polysyllabic word which finally threw him. Ace made a note on a pad. I asked about Jane's microphone "dumbness."

"Several persons have written about that," he said. "One man wrote, saying he liked the program, but why was Jane so dumb? I answered that Jane wasn't dumb enough. That's one reason why

listeners find Jane's misuse of words so funny—it's flatteringly to people to hear someone make a mistake in a word when they know the correct one. But we don't 'punch' gags like that across; we don't emphasize them and wait for laughs. The lines are almost thrown away—and if listeners get them it's okay and if they don't it's okay."

There, I believe, is the secret of the Easy Aces' popularity, if secret there be. The team is well named. They work easily, naturally. There's no frenzied striving for "sock" laughs, no vaudeville comedy. Goodman Ace's tolerant delivery and Jane's amusing drawl are the essence of naturalness. It's not hard to feel that you know this team, that they're friendly, amusing people rather than a hardworking comedy team. And that's exactly what they are. Ace's gently caustic digs and Jane's delightfully blank obliviousness have their counterparts in couples we all know: less brilliantly funny, perhaps, but basically the same. One of the funniest lines in their program came from life.

You remember the broadcast in which Jane was writing a letter. And at the end (Continued on page 86)

If it were not for radio, there mightn't have been a "Porgy and Bess." The words were spoken in the deep full voice of George Gershwin. He continued: "Last year some people criticized me because I went on the air for 'Fever-o-mint.' They said that if I broadcast at all, I should have a more dignified sponsor.

"I'm glad to take this opportunity to answer what seems to me an utterly stupid objection. As far as I'm concerned, there is no difference between the labels of a cathartic, a toothpaste or an automobile. A sponsor pays me to broadcast my music to millions. That's the main issue. It may sound commercial. And it is! I'm not ashamed of being commercial-minded. Why should I be ashamed? It's a means to an end. Let me tell you," and he waved a forefinger, "it was just because I was paid by a sponsor that I could afford to take the time to do the one thing I've always wanted to do—compose an opera."

I looked at him admiringly. I have known George Gershwin a good many years. During that time he has steadily gained in competence, in social position, in success, in maturity, but he has lost none of his original enthusiasm.

I remembered a day, nine years ago, when, with his boyish, see-what-I've-got-here manner, he handed me a book.

"Read it. I want to do an opera out of this," he had said. The book was "Porgy." And George Gershwin

said that to me even before "Porgy" became a successful Theatre Guild drama.

At the time I wasn't impressed. I didn't really know Gershwin. The Gershwin who can frankly and accurately appraise himself, his abilities and ambitions; the Gershwin who is a combination of nerves, of emotions and sheer level-headedness, of steel and intuition, an intuition so great that when he wrote his first long piece, although he knew he could take several of its themes and transpose them into quick money-making songs, he refused to be tempted. He felt that the piece in its entirety would live. He was right. For the past twelve years, ever since George Gershwin played it with Paul Whiteman's orchestra during that gentleman's first memorable jazz concert at Carnegie Hall, no one has topped "The Rhapsody in Blue." And for music lovers it has lost none of its magnetism.

When Gershwin confided his operatic ambition, I was but dimly aware of these facts. The previous week Vincent Youmans had also told me he intended writing an opera. The next day another composer publicly made the same vow. An opera to a composer is what the great American novel is to a newspaper man. It's the big thing they're always going to do... some day. Only they never do it.

Gershwin did.

And you can't just sit down and dash off an opera. It meant a lot to George Gershwin. It meant not being side-tracked by big commercial projects. It meant giving up his painting. It meant giving up many amusements. It meant spending a hot summer on Folly Island near Charleston. It meant going abroad,

not to sun himself on the Riviera, but to study counterpoint. It meant constant building... building. Although "An American in Paris" was a gratifying success, to Gershwin it was merely a step toward his goal—the opera. This meant more and more work, and study with Joseph Schillinger, the musicologist who made him concentrate on modern harmony.

Then, after all that, Gershwin considered himself ready to begin the actual composing, which took *two years more*.

With justifiable pride he showed me the finished published score—five hundred and sixty pages, the original of which he has had photostated. And he showed me the orchestration he did himself, seven hundred pages of closely written music, all in his own hand.

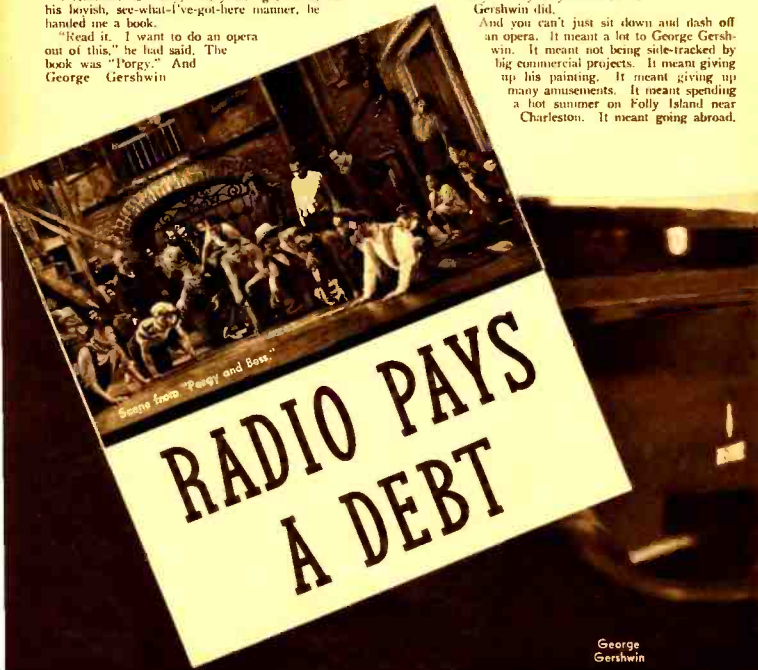
No wonder Gershwin is furious when people doubt that he does his own orchestrations.

"I have only one answer to that—every orchestra in America employs two men who do the orchestrations, so why shouldn't I be considered competent to do my own?"

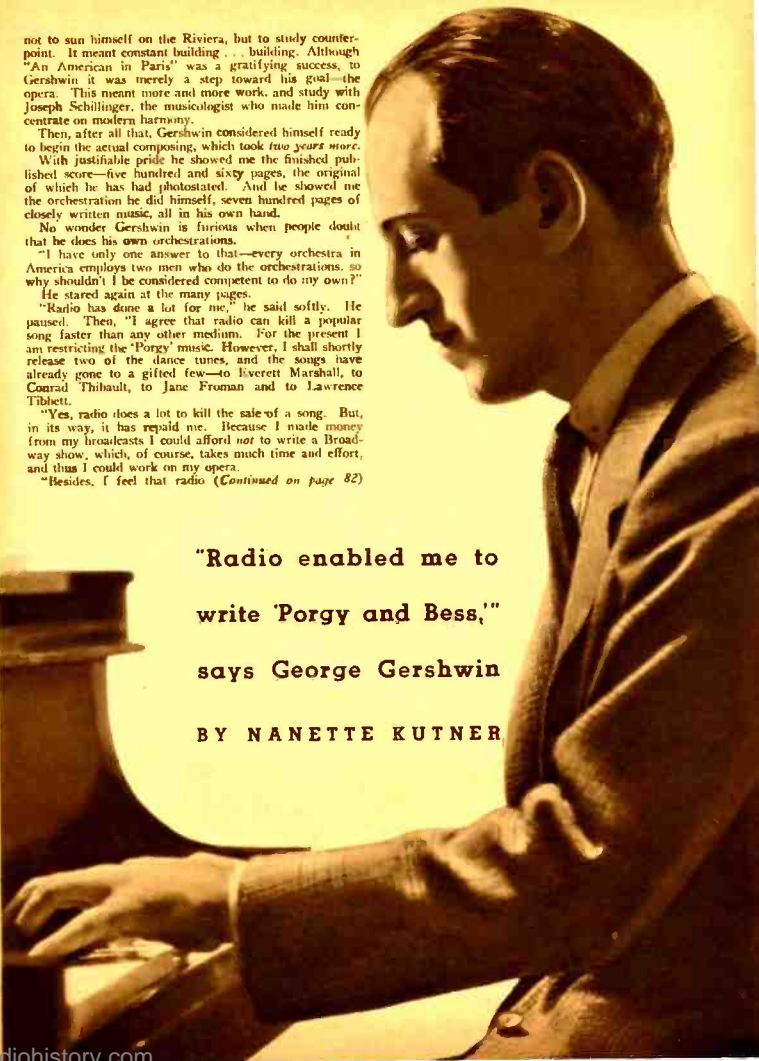
He stared again at the many pages. "Radio has done a lot for me," he said softly. He paused. Then, "I agree that radio can kill a popular song faster than any other medium. For the present I am restricting the 'Porgy' music. However, I shall shortly release two of the dance tunes, and the songs have already gone to a gifted few—to Everett Marshall, to Conrad Thibault, to Jane Froman and to Lawrence Tibbett.

"Yes, radio does a lot to kill the sale of a song. But, in its way, it has repaid me. Because I made money from my broadcasts I could afford not to write a Broadway show, which, of course, takes much time and effort, and thus I could work on my opera.

"Besides, I feel that radio (Continued on page 82)



George Gershwin



"Radio enabled me to write 'Porgy and Bess,'" says George Gershwin
BY NANETTE KUTNER

Radio's big thrill, the new Jumbo Fire-Chief program, all agree, is colossal!

Right, Jimmy Durante, star of "Jumbo." And beyond is Jumbo himself with admirers.

**COLOSSAL
IN A BIG WAY**
BY TOM MEANY

OVER a half-century ago, Phineas Taylor Barnum, the greatest showman of his time, negotiated the purchase of a huge African elephant, yepest Jumbo, from the London Zoological Gardens. Its advent in America was three-sheeted far and wide, with P. T. informing the American public: "It's the biggest thing yet."

Jumbo delivered as advertised, something which not all of Barnum's products did, until it came to an untimely end in a railway accident in Canada in 1885. Because the sadist maestro repeatedly stressed the titanic proportions of Jumbo in his lallyhoo, the name has since slipped into the language as a synonym for anything of exceptional size—Jumbo-peanuts, Jumbo-firecrackers, and so on.

The weekly "Jumbo" broadcast which the Texaco Company brings to the air over the NBC network every Tuesday night deserves its title. As Barnum said of his elephant: "It's the biggest thing yet." How successful it will be on the air remains to be seen, but its size never will be questioned. As the movie magnates are supposed to say, "It's colossal—in a big way."

Eagerly watching the ethereal progress of "Jumbo" will be John Hay (Jock) Whitney. New York's millionaire sportsman, Whitney holds a half-interest in Billy Rose's show of the same name, which gives two performances daily at the old Hippodrome in New York. Except, of course, on Tuesday when it goes over the air for Texaco, at the price of \$12,500 per broadcast.

Aside from the financial return from the radio, Whit-

POSITIVE
NO SMOKING



Left, Jimmy Durante, Arthur Sinclair, Donald Novoa (on floor) and W. J. McCarthy surround Gloria Grafton. [Beyond] Jumbo's girls.

Left, Richard Rodgers of Rodgers and Hart. Above, Billy Rose, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. Right, Jock Whitney.

ney is hoping that it will create a desire in the provinces for listeners-in to see "Jumbo" on their visits to New York. The chance to bring "Jumbo" into a hundred million homes once a week had as much to do with the acceptance of Texaco's offer as the cash itself, not that \$12,500 is anything to be sneezed at, even by guys who've hired an elephant, and not a white one, they ferretly hope.

"Jumbo" will give twelve performances weekly, in a theatre which seats 4,500. At that rate, New York's regular army of theatre-goers soon would be exhausted. It will be the tourist trade which will put "Jumbo" across, if it is to go across—the tourist trade lured to the Hippodrome by the weekly broadcasts. For slier advertising, the radio tie-up is the greatest break any show ever

received. It's even better than being raided by the police.

Because of the advertising possibilities of the radio, there are many along Broadway who insist that Whitney and his associates should pay Texaco for the privilege of the national hook-up, instead of receiving money from the gasoline company. Certainly the broadcasts bring "Jumbo" before millions who otherwise never would hear of the production.

Whitney, a personable, blonfish chap, who stands over six feet and is in his early thirties, has three ambitions. One is to win the Grand National, a four-mile steeplechase which is run at Aintree, England, every spring; His horse, Easter Hero, finished second a few years ago, the closest jock ever came. His (Continued on page 83)

Curtis Service

DON'T MARRY A

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

Decorations by Irene Zimmerman

SO YOU'D like to marry an orchestra leader, would you? You'd like to join the enviable ranks of The Women Behind the Baton—those lucky creatures whose lives are glamorous with French labels, reflected glory, celebrity guest lists, town cars and servants, opening nights and brilliant parties. Plus a handsome husband whose dancing tunes are famous the world around.

Well, before you decide, too surely that you want a band pilot in the family I'm going to tell you some stories that may make you look at your prospective bank-teller or insurance salesman with a new glint in your eye. For if you should wed a radio orchestra leader the odds would be exactly three to one that your marriage couldn't last. And that, my dear, is from actual statistics of both networks.

There's a dread jinx on the Women Behind the Baton. They have every item for happiness that money and fame can get for them except that greatest item of all—the companionship of the men they married. As a group they're the loneliest women in all radioland. And it's true but true that love flies through the window pretty quickly when there's only one person on the inside looking out.

BAND LEADER, GIRLS

There's a jinx on the women behind the baton—but some of them know how to beat it!

Take any six p. m., any evening, Mrs. Average Housewife knows that her husband is coming home to his supper and slippers and a game of bridge or a movie. And if that prospect makes Mrs. A. H. anything but thrilled, then she should talk to some of her less fortunate sisters who married baton widders.

At six p. m. every evening, including Sundays, Mrs. Orchestra Leader is flicking the last speck of dust from her husband's top hat, raising her lips for a quick 'bye kiss, then settling down to a lonely dinner and a long and lonely evening. Mr. O. L. will be away until three or four in the morning at the hotel, night club or ballroom that boasts his music. He'll catch a bite of supper during intermission, he'll have a broadcast or two, and the rest of the evening he'll spend under the adoring gazes of the young lovelies who dance to his music—bowing to their applause, playing and sometimes singing their requests, and greeting them with the obligatory personal handshake which, as any bandman will tell you, makes customers out of one-time guests.

Mrs. O. L. has that to muse on while she sits at home idly twiddling her lily-white thumbs. And sit at home—or somewhere else—she must, since musicians' wives who 'go to work' with their husbands are frowned upon by the dance-land industry. It isn't as though she's had

Mr. O. L. to herself any that afternoon, either. Oh, no! Not in this radio-minded world. He slept, necessarily, till noon; then he was off on his endless round of rehearsals, recordings and all the other things maestros have to do to stay maestros. If Mrs. O. L. has seen him for an hour at lunch and a few minutes between five and six in the afternoon, she's been lucky, indeed. Many evenings he just simply wears the spare tails in his dressing room, without getting home to change.

All of which, when you first think of it, shouldn't really be so unbearable for a rich wife. Money opens so many doors to amusement. You could manage to stay happy, you think.

Well, the odds are again three to one that you couldn't. And I have this first-hand from the women who should know. For, because you love your orchestra leader, nothing quite compensates for his absence, for the home you can't have, and consequently the children you can't very well have, because you never know when home is going to be London, Hollywood, Miami or a time table.

Surely then, those who are making successes of their marriages have found a secret for the lonely days and nights. Let's see what their secrets are, how they're holding their celebrated husbands.

Probably the longest record. (Continued on page 54)



Band Leader Johnny Green enjoys a dance with his wife.



And here are Lily Bello Lombardo and husband Guy.



Margaret Livingston is Mrs. Paul Whitman.



Lovely Harriet Hilliard is Ozzie Nelson's wife.



Mary Donis works with husband Enoch Light.



Carmen Castillo, Mrs. Xavier Cugat.



*Nelson Eddy and
Babs Ryan*

He grows handsomer all the time! Our favorite Nelson Eddy, who is singing again this season on the winter series of Voice of Firestone concerts. And pretty Babs Ryan, who, with her "brothers," now sings on Ray Noble's "Refreshment Time" program, looks lovelier than ever, too.



Bernice Claire
and
Rose Hampton

Tune in on "Melodiana," on Sundays, to hear the lovely, lilting voice of Bernice Claire (left), former star of many New York musical productions and well known to radio listeners. And here is Rose Hampton, contralto star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Rose has arranged her work in opera at the Metropolitan so as to make possible this present radio series.

THEY NEVER SAY

"Wally!"

BY DOROTHY
HERZOG

When Louella Parsons calls the stars come running!

Upper left, Louella Parsons brings Myrna Loy to the air. Upper right, Joan Bennett and Herbert Marshall with Louella. Below, Gory Cooper at the mike and beside him Sir Guy Standing. And the duo to the left, Louella and Grace Moore. Lower left, Louella with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Across the center, Clark Gable broadcasts. Frances Langford and Rosalind Russell (left), Louella and Jean Harlow (right). And finally, last but not never the least, Louella and lovely little lady, Merle Oberon.

HACK in the infant days of motion pictures, when Wally Heery was making two-reel comedies at the old Essanay Studio in Chicago, he little thought that one morning, some twenty years later, he would be consenting to co-star with the scenario editor of his studio when she made her radio debut in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Wally could not have known. Neither could the scenario editor of this studio—Louella G. Parsons. For then neither Hollywood, the talkies, nor radio had been officially born.

One morning, some twenty years later, in 1933, when they were going strong, Wally was called from his breakfast with the words:

"Louella Parsons wants to talk to you."

Not only was Wally at breakfast, but propped up on the table before him was Louella's newspaper movie column and there was a story in that column, as there had been many times since those old Essanay days, about him.

He answered the telephone:

"Hello, Louella."

"Wally," the voice on the other end was a little breathless. "I've just signed a radio contract."

"You have!"

"I have to do an interview with a star over the air every week. Will you be on my first program?"

Now Wally, like most Hollywood stars, is not any too inclined to the radio unless it be to appear on his own program.

"You've just got to do this for me, Wally," Louella entreated.

"Wally pondered.

"All right. I'll do it for you, Louella."

The following week, Mary Pickford agreed to do the same thing. Practically every star in pictures has appeared with Louella G. Parsons on her radio programs.

Why—so many people have asked and do ask—why do the stars consent to do what Louella asks when they don't, or won't, for many others?

One answer is: Louella Parsons is the dean of motion picture writers. She has sat behind an editorial desk and has mingled in business and society with motion picture folk for years. She has seen countless stars come, countless stars go. She has known, and knows intimately, executives, producers, players, directors, scenarists. The new comer to the screen seeks Louella Parsons. A word from Louella may make or break a beginner and even be of consequence to an established personality.

(For, Louella has
(Continued on
page 63)



Edgar A. Guest relaxes comfortably in the living-room of his Detroit home, with his daughter, Janet, and their canine pet.



Edgar Guest, with Cliff Arquette, now editor of the "Welcome Valley Chronicle."



Eddie himself, the man whose homely verse delights and helps millions.

"Who wants an easy game? The sport's in the odds

TWENTY years ago I had started my writing career interviewing Eddie Guest and here I was about to interview him again.

"*Our Eddie, I knew him when—*" Queer how a snatch of a phrase, like a whiff of perfume, or a bar of music, will leap the years, bring back the past, clear as today's sky, vital as today's life.

It took me across the ocean, to the year 1890, to a father and son out walking.

On a Sunday morning in England, one takes a stroll. It is one of the things *done* over there. It was done five centuries ago and probably will go on being done until Doomsday. It's a good old British custom!

On that particular Sunday morning, a small lad and his very tall dad were strolling the hills of Birmingham, talking about America, that wonderful land to which they were so soon to sail. The greatest country on earth, dad said, where dreams come true! The land of peace and plenty; where men weren't separated by class lines—these folks, gentry; those folks, commoners. Where a man was a man for a' that!

"It's the man that counts," young Eddie's father told him, "not his station in life, or the clothes he wears. See this shabby-looking fellow coming toward us? Just a laborer, but the salt of the earth. A good husband and

father, a good neighbor and friend. Not shabby inside, Eddie. A fine, decent chap."

Little Eddie, soaking up, sponge-like, all he could learn about this amazing world, ran a little faster to keep up with his dad's long legs. Dad didn't tell him fairy stories. He didn't talk about kings, millionaires, geniuses. He thought the plain, common people—"just folks"—were the most interesting on earth.

A stylish carriage rolled by, with its pair of high-stepping thoroughbreds, its coachman and groom, in magnificent trappings. Inside, in solitary grandeur, rode a faultlessly-tailored, stately personage, faintly oozing wealth and woe. A toff!

"Poor beggar," mused dad. "Fed up on everything. No wonder he looks glum, with nothing to do but loaf. What's life without a job? It's lad for anyone, rich or poor, to be out of work, Eddie."

He stifled a sigh. At that moment he, himself, was out of work. Business reverses had almost beggared him. He'd barely salvaged enough to make a new start in a new land. He looked down at the silent lad at his side, at the rosy face so suddenly serious. What was his little nibs thinking about?

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" joked dad. Eddie shook an absorbed young head. "So much had soaked in! He said it over to himself. "Just folks" were

you're up against," says Eddie Guest, poet-philosopher

the grandest people! It was what you were, not what you had, that made you somebody! If your soul wasn't shabby, it didn't matter about your coat. It was *work* that made a man happy!

A little walk, a little talk in the fitful sunshine of an English summer. As casual as the sunbeams that made a leafy pattern at their feet. Yet enduring, true, vital enough to span an ocean, focus that little boy's point of view for all time and live on in the heart and works of America's best loved poet-philosopher.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" Little did dad guess that one day, across the sea, they would offer this funny little son of his a fortune for his thoughts!

Eddie's *printed* thoughts, at first, in a daily homespun rhyme in his own *Free Press* column; then syndicated in newspapers throughout the land; then in volumes of verse and prose—one, two, three, a dozen, and more!

Eddie's *spoken* thoughts, at first, before Rotary clubs, churches, societies; then, as his audiences outgrew walls, on the air, going into thousands upon thousands of lovely homes, carrying with them the warm handclasp, the cheer and friendliness of America's neighbor.

And now, Eddie's thoughts dramatized on the movie screen.

It seemed as if Eddie's dad, gone on years ago, rode in the taxi along with me as I traveled to the *Free Press*

building. A glad, proud dad, full of reminiscences . . .

"*My Eddie! Always a worker. Always on the job!*"

A pang of pity slant through me for all jobless men. I remembered the sad years when Eddie's dad had tramped Detroit's streets looking for a job. For the Guest family arrived in America just in time to meet the panic of 1892. Eddie's father, a bookkeeper, lost his job when his firm failed. Through grueling years of unemployment he battled on, along with thousands of other desperate dads. His face grew haggard, his hair white, but his fighting heart, his faith in America, never faltered. A fellow could lose all and still be a winner. America was still the grandest country on earth!

There was no work for an experienced accountant in those lean years, but there were odd jobs for schoolboy Eddie. He ran errands at the corner grocery store for precious dimes and quarters. His wide grin and cheery off-key whistle amused the customers. They missed him when he wasn't there. "*Where's Eddie?*" they'd ask.

The corner drugstore catered to the tired business man. One could drop in there for a quick hunch and laugh, a cigar, a paper. Eddie was soon installed behind the counter as a soda clerk. He continued to amuse the customers. Just to see that bright, brisk youngster almost falling into the glass showcase in his eagerness to reach a customer's favorite brand of (Continued on page 74)

"NEVER LET LIFE BEAT YOU...!"

WHILE THEY WEREN'T LOOKING

Clark
Gable

Perhaps you listened in when Clark Gable was starred in the recent Lux Radio Theatre broadcast of "The Misleading Lady." If you wondered what he looked like before the "mike," these candid camera shots should give you a fairly good idea. His leading lady, Lillian Emerson, comparatively unknown until the occasion, is the girl you see in the first two pictures. She did remarkably well and Clark was enthusiastic about her going to Hollywood for talkies. Clark enjoys broadcasting and wants to do more of it.



Eleanor
Powell

Here we look in on another broadcast. Fascinating, fleet-footed, sweet-singing Eleanor Powell, before the microphone for "The Flying Red Horse Tavern" half-hour. Miss Powell, who made a dazzling hit with her tap-dancing and singing in Broadway musicals, vaudeville and night clubs, leaped into wider fame in "The Broadway Melody of 1936." With Hollywood all agog over her, she returned to New York for "At Home Abroad." Now, because she sings almost as well as she dances, she is a hit on radio.



"We've got to laugh," says Eddie Cantor. "Laughter is food and drink. It's sunshine. It's life!"



ARE COMEDIANS THROUGH

THINGS matter to Eddie Cantor. That's why he matters, as he does, to all of us. Great things matter. Little things. Inventions. Progress. Big business. Fame. Family. Friends. The tears in a fellow's eyes and why they are there. His wife's clothes. (He was responsible for his idea losing twenty pounds, she told me. He'd watch every mouthful she ate. He said: "She spent a lot of money on clothes and she doesn't look so good in them when she's fat.") The whole living of life matters to Eddie. From bacon and eggs at breakfast to the signing of a contract at night. You matter to him. I matter to him. There is a tremendous heart in that small, dynamic body. We sat at lunch, Eddie and I, in the Brown Derby. Eddie said, at once—he *always* has something to say, something vital, something he cares about: "There was a paragraph in a local newspaper the other day. Written by some radio critic chap. He came out and stated that comedians were *through on the air*. In a year or two, he said, there would be no comedians in radio. He gave as his reason for this startling announcement, his premature

epitaph, that we never change our type of stuff, never change our personalities. "I want to tell you that comedy *never will die!* Nor comedians. Not in pictures, nor on the stage, nor on the air, nor in the hearts of men. And if comedy does die, the race of men will be in their death-throes—the only time when a laugh is not possible. "And why," urged this small Big Man, eating scrambled eggs and funnau haddie as he talked, "why should comedians change their stuff, their personalities? Take Jack Benny—Jack has spent years, some of them lean years of apprenticeship, years of hard work, of struggle and effort, and trying-again, in order to perfect his stuff, make his personality saleable. And now he has made it saleable. He has signed a big radio contract. He's a wove on the air. He's woving them in the movies. He's finally got what he wants and where he wants. And should he now *right about face* and change what he is doing, what they are buying? What for? "Take Burns and Allen, W. C. Fields, Amos & Andy—take me, *ditto*.



(Left) Eddie Cantor, radio's big little man, with his stooge, Parlyokarkos. (Above) Eddie celebrated his twenty-first wedding anniversary while convalescing from an operation. Here is his family: (left to right) Janet, Eddie, Mother Ida, Natalie. (Rear row) Edna, Marjorie and Natalie Cantor. (Right) Eddie tries his gags on another comedian, Jack Benny.

ON THE AIR?

BY GLADYS HALL

"Why, to change a comedian's personality, his 'line,' because it remains the same, would be like smashing a statue on which a sculptor had worked a life-time because the statue always remains the same. If you go to look at Michelangelo's 'Moses,' you go because you feel like seeing the 'Moses' and not because you feel like seeing Rodin's 'The Thinker.' If you go to see Whistler's 'Portrait Of His Mother,' you go because you want to see that portrait and not the 'Mona Lisa.' It's the same in everything. If you go to see Garbo, you go because you want to see Garbo and not because you want to see Miriam Hopkins. And you go to see these works of art, these personalities, because you know what you will see, you know what to expect. They give you what you want. "Another thing you can take from me—comedy is the hardest thing in the world to do. Most especially and particularly, comedy on the air. I ought to know. I never wanted to be anything but a funny boy. From my first days in the Ghetto of New York, I wanted to make folks laugh. They gotta laugh. Laughter is medicine.

It's tonic. It's food and drink. It's sunshine. It's health. It's life. "It's so easy to make people cry. And do you know why? Because, and especially during these recent years, we are all on the verge of tears. All of the time, we are on the verge of tears. For one reason or another. Maybe one of the kids is sick. Maybe it's the wife or the mother. Maybe it's the mortgage or the bank balance or the job or unemployment. Maybe it's just because the eyes of the whole world are tearful right now. I don't know. But I do know that we are all ready to cry at any given moment. And all we need is a little extra shove, a word, a gesture, a plaintive song—and we're drowning! "So, it's easy for the dramatic stuff. It's easy to make tragic stuff successful when success is measured by tears. Easy to get copious results when we play on the minute-kept heart-strings of the world. They're ready, tears are, to fall from the eyes of millions. "And that being the case, it's relatively harder to make people laugh. It's exactly twice as hard. For there are two motions to make. When (Continued on page 70)

A NUT ABOUT HORSES

HE is known as one of the most outstanding and highest salaried performers of radio; he is one of the screen's most popular stars; he has a lovely wife and three adorable children. Yet Bing Crosby's cup is not running over. For he never has won the Santa Anita Handicap.

By way of explanation, in case you are unfamiliar with Bing's pet hobby, horse racing, the Santa Anita Handicap is America's—and that means the world's—richest horse race. It was run for the first time last winter at the newly opened Santa Anita race track in California, a picturesque and imposing course built at the very luckiest spot, so to speak, of the Hollywood movie studios.

It's possible Bing may never realize his ambition of winning the rich race, the \$100,000 in prize money that goes with it and the handsome gold trophy which the governor of California presents to the winner. However, if you will take a look at Bing's "past performances," in use a turf phrase, you will concede that he generally accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The sun was scarcely up as I leaned against the rail of the beautiful race track at Saratoga, New York, and listened to the famous singer, all thoughts of stage, screen, business and contracts fled for the moment, while he spoke of his horses, of racing, of his hopes for his own string. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

The night before, under flood lights by the "sales ring,"

where each year a million or more dollars worth of juvenile race horses change hands at auction, I had watched Bing bid for a long-legged bay beauty which my catalogue told me was by *Black Serrano* out of imp. *Hessie Alis* (whatever "imp." means). By fifties, then hundreds, the price soared as other owners sought the pretty young thoroughbred. But there was a determined light in Bing's eye. Finally the auctioneer nodded toward him. Sixteen hundred dollars! Later the same evening he bought another horse for \$300.

The next morning, he told me the \$1,600 beauty would be named *Shim Sham* and the \$300 one, *Hungover*.

"I'd be thinking of a hangover, too, if I'd spent \$1,900 last night, like that," I told him. He laughed.

"I like to pick odd names for my horses."

He explained. "The one I bought the other night for \$1,000, I'm naming *Big Time*. Maybe one of these three will win the big handicap at Santa Anita. But, of course, maybe they won't, too," he conceded as an afterthought. "That's my big ambition—to see my colors in front in that handicap."

"What are your colors?" I asked.

"Blue and gold," he replied. "I have a blue and gold necktie I wear to the track on days when my horses are racing. It brings me luck. And Dixie (he refers to Mrs. Crosby, better known as Dixie Lee) has a blue and

BY RUTH
GERI

Horses! Horses! Horses! And
where they go, Bing Crosby follows!

Wide World



gold scarf she wears, too, just for extra luck."

"Is she a racing enthusiast, too?" I asked, aware I might be treading on dangerous ground, since many wives of husbands who race horses are decidedly not. Dixie, apparently, is an exception.

"Is she?" her husband exclaimed. "I should say she is! Why, she gets as big a kick out of the horses as I do. You know, nearly every morning out on the coast I get up at 5:30 so I can be at the track at 6:30 to watch the horses exercise. Usually she's right with me. And when a woman gets up at 5:30, she's enthusiastic!"

Bing had no horses of his own at Saratoga, save, of course, the new ones he bought while there. He shipped them at once to his Rancho Santa Fe in California where his other horses are quartered. Yet on the morning I talked with him, he had left a comfortable bed in the luxurious, if somewhat old-fashioned hotel, and hied himself to the track to watch other people's horses exercise. While the slim, shiny thoroughbreds galloped about the tree-lined course, he talked of horses and racing, of his own turf hopes.

"I've always been a nut on racing," he confided. "Six or seven years ago, when I first began to get just a little bit of money, one of the things I used to do with any surplus I happened to have was bet it on a horse. More often than not I wouldn't be able to get to the track to watch the horse run, but I liked to have a bet down, just the same.

"Away back in those days— (Continued on page 78)



A thrilling race-track scene, one of those which, more than any other, intrigues Bing, on the breath-taking turn to the home stretch.

Wide World



Bing Crosby and his diminutive 16-year-old jockey, Billy Martin.

WHY DEANE SINGS ONLY OF LOVE . . .

BY
ATHERINE
ALBERT

A tender story of Deane Janis, romantic singer of the Camel Caravan

DEANE JANIS brings a note of glamour, excitement and beauty into radio.

The old order is changed. One sees less and less of the broken-down vaudevillian who turns to radio as his last hope of existence. And more and more there come into the ascendancy girls like Deane Janis, whose lovely romantic voice you hear twice weekly with Walter O'Keefe on the Camel cigarette hour.

Deane prefers to sing the romantic numbers. And there's a very thrilling reason for that. For she knows that, no matter where he is, Stanley Pascal is listening to her, wishing that he were with her.

And that brings us to one of the most strangely glamorous romances in radio.

Deane met Stanley in San Francisco. At that time she was recuperating from a strenuous eighteen-weeks' singing engagement in Chicago. And, although it had been nervously exciting, she was wondering if show business were worth the time and energy that it demanded. Then one night at a sparkling party someone brought a handsome man to her and murmured an introduction. Deane looked into Stanley's eyes. Their hands touched briefly and Deane knew that this was the romance for which she had been waiting.

In telling me about it the other day she said: "I don't know how I knew it, but I did. Yet at that very moment something told me that we soon were to be separated. However, I am a complete fatalist. I believe absolutely that what is to be will be."

With these curiously mixed emotions she lived for the next several weeks. Stanley is a gold-mining engineer. And although his official residence is San Francisco his work takes him to many cities. She thought: "How nice it would be to stay in San Francisco and be near Stanley." But the strange feeling of impending separation which she had had at that first meeting persisted. And then her little prophecy was fulfilled. The symbol of its fulfillment was a telegram from Hal Kemp, the

orchestra leader, telling Deane that the band was opening at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York and that her old job was waiting for her.

She might have ignored that wire or she might have answered with a polite refusal. But she didn't.

"I will try to make you understand about that," she said, her beautiful eyes deep and earnest. "You see, New York meant all the things in show business that I wanted. It is the hub and the center of the profession I had chosen. I had worked hard. I had had a few good breaks of which I felt I had made the most. But I was far from accomplishing the goal I had set myself.

"Stanley was a success. I felt that I must be a success, too. That I had to prove myself before I could be—well, let's say worthy of him. Does that make sense?" She was trying very hard to convey a clear picture of the emotions which tormented her at that time. "My ambitions were high. I had to go, that was all. And I felt that if I didn't accept this opportunity I would regret it . . . that I would turn into one of those people who, in later life, are always saying: 'If I only had done this. If I only had done that, things might have been different.' One of those people who makes a decision and then hasn't the courage to stick by it."

And so she and Stanley said goodbye for the first time. It was to be but one of a long succession of goodbyes.

They are always meeting and always parting. Whenever it is possible Stanley flies to New York to be with Deane for a few breathless hours.

The airplane provides the wings for this romance. And although sometimes it terrifies Deane to think of Stanley flying across the continent so often (the report of every air crash leaves her weak and trembling) she calms (Continued on page 68)



THE RADIO *Hostess*

NANCY WOOD PRESENTS
NINO MARTINI



Wide World

Nino Martini has an epicurean zest for food. He dines frequently with his teacher, whose cook loves to prepare the singer's favorite dishes.



Above—and doesn't it tempt you?—a platter of Italian antipasto, a dish which is the equivalent of the French hors d'oeuvres.



HAVE you ever noticed how set most of us are in our ideas about foreign people and foreign foods and how prone we all are to slip into generalities about our brothers across the pond?

You know the sort of thing I mean—"Frenchmen," someone will announce with complete conviction, "Frenchmen are all excitable and eat only frogs' legs and snails." Or, "The English have no sense of humor and live on underdone beef."

Furthermore, I'm sure that if you were to ask anyone to describe an Italian tenor in a few words, he'd immediately draw you a word picture of a middle-aged gentleman possessed of few good looks, too much weight and an inordinate and practically exclusive fondness for garlic and ravioli!

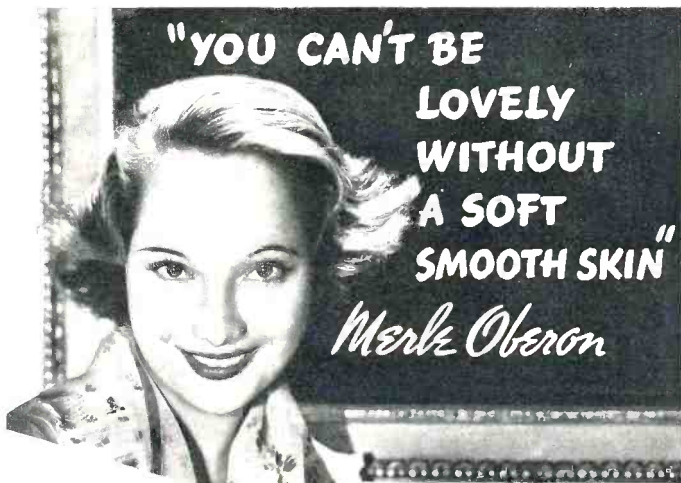
Certainly that's the accepted notion—or at least it was until Nino Martini appeared on the operatic horizon. Now, however, all that is changed for it seems that an Italian tenor can be young, slender and romantic in appearance. While his taste in foods, you'll be glad to hear, includes a variety of dishes bearing strange sounding names, perhaps, but composed entirely of ingredients that are familiar to all of us. What's more, ravioli is conspicuous by its absence and garlic by the restraint with which it is used! So I'm sure you'll find an entire meal made up of Martini favorites intriguingly unusual and entirely to your liking.

But first let me introduce Mr. Martini to you personally—not alone as a thrilling voice featured on the Clesterfield program on Saturday evenings but also as the thoroughly likable young man that I found him to be, during the course of an interview that was full of color and surprises.

I must confess that our conversation did not start off auspiciously, however, for Mr. Martini, having just eaten, wished to relax over his coffee and cognac. And not being hungry, he most emphatically did not wish to speak about the subject on which I had come to interview him—namely, his favorite foods.

"Oh, no," he objected, "Do not ask me about food when I have just finished eating!" He tempered his refusal with a smile that was both conciliatory and disarming and continued: "Ask me about singing, about beautiful women, about radio, Hollywood, the opera. . . . Or let me tell you about Verona, in the north of Italy, where I was born and educated. But I beg of you do not ask me to become a cook for your article!"

"Besides," he went on, noticing the keen disappointment depicted on my face, "I am so stupid about such things that I could not be even one little bit helpful." (All this with a delightful accent and a merry twinkle in his eye.) "I eat when I like, where I like, what I like—and plenty of it. Mostly, however, I eat at the home of my voice teacher, because his wife and their cook know how I like to have things prepared." (Continued on page 56)



**"YOU CAN'T BE
LOVELY
WITHOUT
A SOFT
SMOOTH SKIN"**
Merle Oberon

DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of *Cosmetic Skin*. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean *Cosmetic Skin* has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day. ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive *Cosmetic Skin*! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.

Worried about Cosmetic Skin?

No need to be if you remove cosmetics thoroughly.

Men always fall for soft, smooth skin

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!

(Continued from page 53)

How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE

LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES



6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose? Ugly large pores? Unattractive skin shine? Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 62000000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisturizing* face powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin moisture waxes in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shiny, clogged pores, flouhy blotches.

No change at once to Luxor! It won't even erode with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself! Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories with flatter blondes, brunettes and in between with gorgeous, natural effect. It beats the deal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and it is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 avans of \$3 perfume

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richeuse. Sells regularly at department stores for \$3 as a bonus. An enticing gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.



55c
Gaugon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor, Ltd., 1435 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including your own Luxor Moisturizing Powder, Luxor Loose Luxor Hand-Creamed Luxor and Luxor Head-Cream. This is to help you make the right choice. Offer not good in Canada. Check.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

PERFUME: Rose Sachet Patchouli Fields

ROUGE: Rubid Medium
Semi Pale
Vivid Rose

to marital happiness among radio's band leaders belongs to the Little Jack Lattis. And if you a know capable. The Hellman Little you wouldn't wonder why. For thirteen years, since she was barely twenty and Jack was only twenty months her senior, they've been just about the happiest folks you can imagine. And Ted's accomplished that by being her husband's very efficient little business manager. She's the only orchestra leader's wife in radio who acts in that capacity.

Jack, lucky fellow, has only to smile and play for his living; it's his wife who worries about all the business and financial details of his career. She signs his contracts, talks turkey to sponsors and accepts surprises his publicity man with the his habit—and does so on doing it.

"Which" she tells me, leaves me about two seconds' time to think of becoming Emily or Margaret!

Mrs. Little has her life topped off to a nicety. Every six P. M. when Jack leaves his Hudson River penthouse to conduct his band he meets his wife's secretary coming in. The secretary and Ted have dinner together, then begin their day's work, which will occupy them until about midnight. From midnight until three, Mrs. Little has her only free period, and on every Saturday afternoon she relaxes as she pleases, read, write letters, take a special bath or plan how she's going to spend her outdoor manager's ten percent.

Jack's income, which is big, even to compare as she pleases. The Littles retire at night, sleep until noon, and then whenever business occupies Ted until dinner comes. Ted also runs the business and the partnership. Mrs. Little has clearly seen to it all these years that she'll neither die quizzed nor the time to run away of loneliness.

Lily Belle Lombardo Gray's lovely blonde Mrs. points that out on days and she fairly has an undisturbed hour with her busy husband.

"But" she adds, "all my life there've been so many things I wanted time to do that now that I have that time I couldn't possibly get bored. I know when I married my wife that the live would be life, that insurance" wives are necessarily neglected and must depend on their own resourcefulness for much of their happiness. "So" she led me to her drawing table, "I live in a cottage."

Well, Lily Belle designs hours and dresses. When Guy had his yacht, Tom's lunch it was she who supervised the specifications and the driving of every copper cent. Their social and cruise, which they kept polished near their connection from the products of Lily Belle's pencil, to to say nothing of most of her stunner designs. When John Lombardo's was cut for fashion show dress shop it was nothing for one of Lily Belle's creations in the window to stop Madison Avenue in its tracks.

In addition to all that, she runs a respectable drive apartment, the complete country place, and keeps her busy-packed

to company. Guy's car and it's all the he has to do. Last winter he made a six-months' tour of one-night stands. Did Lily Belle move away in a lovely hotel to each evening (sketch sleeping on a bumpy, his car every night? No, she was having the time of her life catching up on her geography and reading. And because the likes a wife who can take the time like a mother, they get along perfectly well!

Margaret Whiteman is another of those two-career women who have made good at the difficult job of their marriage. A Margaret Livingston of stage and pictures, she cancelled her live contracts to wed her band who didn't want his wife to work only to find her cut the bureau since than she's ever been before.

The fact is, after nightfall you seldom see Paul without her. He wants her around and because show business has days here but first how she works dividing up and going everywhere he goes. She does a terrific amount of his necessary errands—fine, almost nightly with guests at whatever spot she's playing, while her husband drops her during intermissions. She's Paul's financial head just as Victor and ambassador of good will, and after his strenuous career if it she says she wouldn't have it any other way. Her domestic are occupied with running their posh modern apartment in the Broadway way Paul wants that classed modern apartment too. Which take it from Margaret is a snap, despite long servants and a generous expatriate.

The morning I saw her, and it wasn't before noon, she'd merely been up all night the night before at one of her husband's rehearsals for "Jumbo." With our eyes on mine she told me: "I couldn't possibly tell you how I fill my time, because there just isn't ever any time to fill!" And now of course, she's Sugar Plum!"

Which is the given time of one of the most little girl-friends you can imagine. The King of Jazz and his missus recently adopted her. And a Rufus Row sees less than usual of Margaret these nights it's because she just can't bear to leave Sugar Plum at home all by her tiny little self—even with the finest registered nurse the Whitehans could find in Manhattan.

To ever the know it all's have produced a marital disaster they've done it! And the recently wed Dinkins. People have been waiting to see how happy a girl his Margorie Dinkins could be with young Pudge. For he is one of the funniest working of all the one-night leaders and she a former New York double A used to be the live of a popular social butterfly. How, people have wondered, can Mrs. Dinkin continue her social life without a husband to escort her? How can she be doing, in the moments of her free life?

Well, in the just six months of marriage are the happiest that Margorie and Pudge are in for a lifetime of happiness. A Margaret has her own villa in a half way to a town her social life is nearly as exciting as ever. (Continued on page 58)

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME

BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBOUY ADS ...*CAREFULLY*?

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN ON the coldest winter day, don't make a change with "B.O." (body odor). Cloths, linens, and rooms often stiffer. "B.O." is instantly removed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deadens pores.

Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patches" out the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Stops 'B.O.'

BATHE WITH LIFEBOUY—AND BE SAFE

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE



These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

IT'S ENOUGH to make you long for you — to see the *lot* of clothes that are washed the easy Rinso way. And there's no hard scrubbing with Rinso. No boiling either. In Rinso's thick, creamy suds, dirt soaks out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Rinso is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use Rinso." Good for dishes.

THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY — EVEN IN HARD WATER



THE BIGGEST SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Radio Stars' Hostess Presents Nino Martini

by *Barbara P. Sawyer*



Now A LASH BEAUTIFIER IN Creamy FORM

Ready to use . . . no water needed

A sensational new mascara called
Creamy Wink

NOW every woman—no matter how skimpily her eyelashes—can have beautiful, alluring eyes—admired by all.

Easy! Instantly! Creamy Wink comes in a tube, ready to use. No mixing with water! No bother. As simple as using lipstick.

Always ready for use anywhere, any time. You simply squeeze out a bit of Creamy Wink on a dry brush and apply—instantly your lashes look longer, darker, more lustrous. And natural, not artificial.

Creamy Wink keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness and, of course, this new style Creamy Wink does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. And absolutely harmless.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Wink—Black, Brown and Blue—at all 10c counters.*

Wink Mascara is also presented in cake form, Black, Brown and Blue, 10c.*



WINK

for Lovely Eyes

*If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Rums Company, 211 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish Creamy Cake Black Brown Blue

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

And I said she, boy, I never paid attention to a girl until I met you!

Her apartment is on Central Park West, two blocks from here," replied the gentleman from Verona, obviously surprised at my interest in his pleasure.

"Can I see you and ask them all on a good pretence?" I hazarded, putting my ear to the talk with a show of determination but with little actual hope. I had acted to my proportion. Imagine, I am in complete delight and amazement!

"The reply was an immediate and gracious: "Certainly, why not? Shall we go at once? Wait, I'll phone them."

And that's how it came to pass, fellow Martini, until I was that I went walking with Nino—on 11 Park or its right side, I suppose it still there, I really don't see it—the possibility of three ladies left far behind the prospect of complete success directly ahead. As we walked I learned I could give a comparison to my sister's reaction at the people we were about to visit, Mr. Martini's father, Giovanni Zenatelli and his wife, Maria Gay.

This couple I was informed were at our treacherous fingers in the own right. I had to pretend they are interested in reading and doing things, not doing—my eyes destined to the big times in trade-union operations, in the never but no less potential field of radio, and even in cinema, so that I'll be glad to tell you that they actually are interested in art as well as singing. Mr. Martini himself, as you doubtless know, has just returned from Hollywood where he started his first big success in "Here's No Rain."

The Zenatellis discovered Nino in Italy under their tutelage he developed into the most artist we know to-day. Under their guidance he went to Paris. First in opera, abroad, then over the air, first in America, then climbing to that pinnacle of operatic success, the "Met," New York's Metropolitan Opera House, the first radio star to achieve that honor. Even now, although he is a forcey boss with the Zenatellis as their adopted son and pupil. Mr. Martini has seen to it that only a couple of nice blocks separate him from his teacher. And if you would discover how close is the bond that still exists, how much "the son of the loush" he is really is, you have but to walk into the Zenatelli apartment will Nino as guide—as I did.

Yes, my welcome was assured by the presence of my companion, but I am sure if you in an circumstances—Mariano Gay would be a genial and charming host. I found her eager to discuss her Spanish Italian cooking and perfectly willing to give me directions for making those dishes if Mr. Martini prefers at all. Otherwise I am I will be able to pass on these same recipes to you, for the coupon at the end of this article, as you know, will provide you with copies of these recipes absolutely free.

But let us return to my conversation with M. Martini, which assumed an international

character as we spoke in terms of a week or two. I had to take part, a little bit, in the conversation, occasional prompting to make suggestions of Mr. Zenatelli's rapid fire. Then, too, there were frequent sallies to the doctor's to look up the English name for certain Spanish Italian specialties.

As a result of our food conference I discovered many interesting things about Italian foods in general, besides learning about my special dishes.

For instance, Mediterranean food is simpler but not less savory than the French, a sort of country cousin but a charming one. As in all Latin countries the strong contrast of sweet and sour or bitter and mild are strictly a rule.

There are many outstandingly conceivable Italian cookery—the use of olive oil, the frequent appearance of tomatoes in some form and the generous use of cheese. These are the mainstays for many of the stabilizing articles and flavors of Italian dishes. Garlic also adds a wonderful flavor when used in small quantities. (The "hoo") of garlic referred to in recipes is one of the small, often spoiled down to the stalk and used in quantities.)

Some live food for cooks is a Spanish as well as an Italian custom, you can be sure that it gets a big play in the Zenatelli household where a single handling of Spanish or Italian cooking exists.

Another custom prevalent in Spain and Italy is the use of many vegetables in a single dish in combination with two or three kinds of meat. Along these lines let me tell you a bit of the story about Mariano Gay's Italian cooking, which I also like. Nino Martini's favorite dish, you can have a copy of the directions for making this dish that Mariano Gay gave me in great detail by sending in the coupon. It is considerably different from anything I have seen to this description.

The dish in question is called Rio Valenciano. Combined with the recipe for which I derive the name are artichokes, vegetables, such as peas, carrots, artichokes, mushrooms and tomatoes. Added to this are sausage slices, chicken and pork or veal cutlets. Quite a combination! And what a treat! Don't fail to get your copy by sending in the coupon for this recipe.

Before the Rio Valenciano would be a good soup and after it a crisp salad. On other occasions Veal, Verona style, would be the main course, followed by artichokes served cold with a simple salad or a dressing made at the table, etc. And the leaves are dipped into the hearts immersed. Occasionally the dinner starts with Antipasto (which literally translated means "Before the meal"). This is the Italian and much more easily prepared equivalent of the French Hors d'Oeuvres. For this comes you arrange on individual plates or on one large platter some such assortment as thin slices of prosciutto, salami or other Italian sausages, ripe or green figs, liver and cold eggs, cold fish, pasta with

richness strips, Italian sardines and the ever-present tomato.

Jumping from the beginning of the meal to the end, the dessert course generally consists of nothing more elaborate than cheese, fruits and coffee. (By the way if you want a new taste sensation, just try a slice of raw apple topped with a slice of Bud Paese or other cheese. It's grand!)

On rare occasions some sweet is featured. Among the most highly favored is Zabaglione—or Zabavone, or Zabaglione! I can't find any two books that agree on the spelling but at least Madame Gay was pretty definite about the ingredients. Here they are.

ZABAIONE

Yolks of 4 eggs
4 tablespoons sugar
Grated rind of ½ lemon
¾ cup Marsala (an amber-colored Italian wine)

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored (about 5 minutes). Add sugar a little at a time, beating until sugar is dissolved after each addition. Add grated rind, then add wine slowly. Place mixture in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water. Stir constantly while cooking, until mixture becomes a thick, frothy cream. Serve hot over lady finger or in tall glass with macaroons.

This is a real "company" dessert. Nino Martini's other food favorites, however, are more in keeping with our every-day family needs. They include the famous Rice Valenciano already described; a recipe for Veal, Verona style, with its tomato sauce and seasonings has an unusual and wonderful flavor; Minestrone, a rich soup that is a meal in itself and Italian Stuffed Onions. Compared to the palid creamed variety of onions with which we are all so sadly familiar, these Stuffed Onions are as deliciously different as is the Rice Valenciano from the generally accepted, but completely Americanized version of Spanish Rice.

If you are a Nino Martini enthusiast, an epicure, a sucker for novelty in foods, a wise housewife, or just a plain ordinary human with a good appetite, you shouldn't miss this issue of our regular monthly recipe leaflet. It costs you nothing but the stamp you use to mail in your request and think what a rich reward you'll reap!

For it would be difficult indeed to find anyone with more appetizing food preferences than Mr. Martini and impossible to discover a more competent guide and cook than Madame Maria Gay Zenatello. By sending in for the recipes, this month, you will have good cause to join me in the hearty thanks that I extend them both for their help and courtesy.

TO:
THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me recipes for NINO MARTINI'S favorite dishes—at absolutely no cost to me

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE



Read what this thrifty mother says—

"WHEN food prices—meat especially—started to go up, I was frankly worried," admits Mrs. A. L. Lippitt of Pelham, N. Y. "But I've learned how to feed my family well on even less than I used to spend. And my husband says we're 'living high'!

"Franco-American Spaghetti is such a help. We enjoy it so, I have it several times a week. Often I serve it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's marvelous to combine with leftovers, too, and to 'dress up' cheaper cuts of meat. I simply couldn't get along without it."

Franco-American is a real "hnd" in these days of rising prices. It costs so little, tastes so good! Its rich, savory cheese-

and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients, adds zest and flavor to the whole meal. Highly nourishing, too—a grand "energy food" for growing children. And they love it!

Franco-American comes all ready to heat and serve, no work at all. A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than three cents a portion. You couldn't buy all your ingredients and cook your own spaghetti for so little. Think of the work you're saved, too—the time and trouble. No need to fuss and bother with home-cooked spaghetti now.

"Franco-American has a far better sauce than mine," women say. See for yourself. Order a can from your grocer today.



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!

(Continued from page 51)



**DON'T USE A
1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE**

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your gums grow soft and spongy. Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *ten-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's



**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL**

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

THIS little fluid pour out 2500 points a liquid bile onto the road you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloates up your stomach. You eat constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two thousand of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

s possible to get her husband's. Daytime, when I can't see him, and tears notwithstanding, she clearly states that she must be free to be with her husband. For daytime people his only freedom is to be with her. At night, however, she can do what she chooses. In the meantime, she does come in the swank Persian Room of the Plaza where Eddie's band is stationed. If she goes to a ball, to the opera—well, she has taken Marcione into its care and provided her with "crowd" parties where she isn't either in extra nor has a definite share with any one man. Eddie has gone half way, too, and is lenient and understanding about those things. He doesn't want marriage to deprive her of her old friends and enjoyments.

There's an interesting group of orchestra leaders' wives who instead of having the lonely evenings problem to cope with, are in the situation of seeing 100 worth of their husbands. They are the wives who see with the best and most understanding where she is Ozzie Nelson's Harriet Hilliard, Xavier Cugat's Carmen Castallo, Lauch Light's Mary Davis.

I caught Harriet a few hours before she flies off to Hollywood, a look of three days, and asked her how she was going to handle that phase of her marriage. "Well," she allowed (two blissfully, I thought, to make the any forthcoming on the matter), "I've been with Ozzie's band three years now and he hasn't got tired of me yet. If that happens, I'll just simply do something wise about it. Anyway, ain't I leaving for the coast at four this afternoon?"

Carmen Castallo has an effective secret behind her five-year stay out of her marriage. "The Cugat's" step high up in the Waldorf Astoria, has a tiny studio in it that is Carmen's very own den. In it she keeps the tools for her pet hobby—making Mexico jewelry and paints. And she's out of it.

"When I go down to the supper-room to see with the orchestra, I consider myself an employee of Xavier's. I expect him to make freely with the agents and pay me no more attention than he would any other singer he might have with the outfit. During the long intermissions between my numbers, I sit down at my desk and I believe the orchestra stand and come my notes, put a snare on over me, and I read, or I sit in my den and listen to the radio. That way, I believe, I'm filling my job in the best way possible for my husband. During the day I see to it that I keep their Xavier's interests occupied when he isn't here."

Little Mary Davis, who baby-sits the boys for little Enoch Light's orchestra, is a great believer in separate interests to keep a man alive.

"Each of us is free to have my own interests to myself," she told me. "Heaven's work together and live together and that's enough for two people to see of each other."

So Mary tells her days with more activities than you can shake a stick at. She takes trip dancing and painting lessons

and takes in just about every show in New York and sees people and gets around.

"And at dinner time, when we go to work with the orchestra, we've been separated long enough to enjoy being together on the evening. We're all dressed up and we have soft lights and music and—and it's practically like the dates we used to live before we were married."

"Finish," she added, "says so."

Which, after five years of marriage, is a pretty good recommendation. If you were used to an orchestra leader, would you be content to stay home at night and do your housekeeping in a Hoover apron while hundreds of fat young things in their best evening gowns pre-define under your husband's baton? That's what Ruth Hamp does while Johnny's playing in Chicago's Pilsener Beer Hotel. And she does it because, like many of us, she hasn't any hobby or joys as much as making her home attractive for her husband.

Haviness she keeps absolutely free to catch a game of 9 or a matinee or anything, Eddie has the time and mood for. But at night, when other wives' husbands are taking them out, Ruth, at home, planning menus and washing "Skip It," the puppy, and sorting laundry and rearranging the living room furniture. For years Johnny's been on a diet that prevents her eating in restaurants. So Ruth who won't trust her hubby to any cooking but her own must serve a term or so for stove-every evening when the band travels she has a large electric grill carried along.

By three or four in the morning, though, you can bet Mrs. Hamp is out of the Hoover apron and into one of her favorite negligees or dresses. I have never seen an orchestra leader's wife who wasn't groomed and groomed to perfection all the time, not only because she has the time and money for it, but to the same reason you'd be, too, if your husband worked amid a ballroom full of lively young girls.

Gladys Noble, Ray's lovely, British little wife, hasn't had much time since 1930 brought her husband to America. Of course she's proud of his success but pride has a way of withering now and then when it's roused to night after night in a Central Park apartment.

"In London it was different," she told me. "In London I was never lonely. I'm ever here—well Ray's afraid on me to go out by myself at night and I haven't been by America long enough to make a game of my friends. During the day Ray's busy making arrangements to himself and I can't be with him much then, either. So," she added brightly, "to save the situation, I've had to find something to do."

And that something is a rat stack of French grammars and pop exercises which Gladys and her tutor work over four months a week. The motive being not so much that she'd always wanted to speak fluent French as the fact that she wants Ray to read she is on top of Lappy. I ask you—would you memorize those nineteenth-century irregular French verbs to



One of radio's loveliest looking lassies is Gypsy, the NBC interviewer of radio celebrities whose voice you hear on the Personal Closeups program. Her program, which gives listeners an intimate idea of just how popular radio artists spend their spare moments, is heard every Sunday evening.



WARM HEARTS NEED KOOLS—Mounting sales tell us we hit the mark by offering a smoke that cools your throat while pleasing your palate. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save lips and added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome articles (offer good in U.S.A., only). Get a pack of KOOLS today. Cross our hearts, you'll love 'em! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.

keep your orchestra leader husband happy?

A good old hen party may occasionally be your idea of fun, but if you had to resort to that every night, because there weren't any men to go out with, you'd get pretty tired of it. And for Glen Gray's wife, Marion, and the rest of the wives of the Casa Loma Orchestra, there naturally aren't any other men. So they've formed a club among themselves for such rash evening pastimes as knitting or going to a good play. Or, sometimes, wondering aloud and in unison why they ever ever married musicians.

Marion and Glen, though, have an attractive custom for keeping their four-year-old romance *à temp*. They call it their "Three O'Clock Date," and it's a hangover from their courting days. Every three A. M., when the band is through for the night, Marion freshens her make-up, hops into the car and drives into mid-town Manhattan to pick up her husband. In accordance with how tired Glen is that evening, they decide what they'll do on their date. Perhaps it will be just a short ride out Riverside Drive, and a cigarette together and a chat; perhaps they'll stop in at Childs' for scrambled eggs and coffee; or, on stellar occasions, they'll go to some tony late-closing night club and have a dance or two. At any rate, it's the one hour out of every twenty-four that Mrs. Glen Gray can feel that Mr. Glen Gray belongs absolutely to her.

"Except," she adds, "he's usually so exhausted he falls asleep on my shoulder before I've got the car in the garage . . ."

So, *ho-hum* and *a-lack a day!* Marry your glamorous orchestra leader if you still insist!

THE END



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Playing Card—Johari or Nancy Har-
Best quality. 60-coupons. 2-decks—100

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

Save 15 Cents—Laurier. Check-out
toys, Zipper shoes . . . 350 coupons

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

Memory Lane and Margaret

(Continued from page 25)

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience of a person who has a "problem" skin, scratched and itchy to help you.

"All my friends had been to talk about my complexion—
and now I help me."

"Having used the yeast, my
Yeast Foam Tablets had helped
others I decided to try them."

"Not only complexion, but also
My friends are amazed at the
help."

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should feel better as well as look better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M M 2-36

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

they spend each week-end, the year through.

"It started," she explained, "to be a one-room lodge. But we had a friend who was an architect, so it turned into a darling Cape Cod cottage."

It stands on a hill-top originally some what bare of trees, so Margaret and her husband share a mutual passion for tree-planting.

"Every time we get a little extra money, we buy a tree." And her clear blue eyes sparkled at the mental picture of their home slowly achieving its proper setting of oak and maple and hickory and fir. "We have thirty different varieties of trees already! And we love gardening," she went on enthusiastically. "We have some grand gardens of perennial."

Every week-end they go out there, and the boy comes home from his school at Canton to join them.

Looking at her, it is hard to picture her as the mother of a boy old enough to be in school. Slim and tall, with fair, frank blue eyes, her straight blonde hair drawn back in a knot at her neck, little wings of short hair brushed over the temples, she might easily be taken for a young girl not long out of school herself.

She laughed. "I graduated from Ohio State University, with a B. A. degree, over eight years ago. I'm old enough to know what it's all about!"

Of course she sang all through school and college days. Churches and glad clubs welcomed her sweet young voice. But later, inevitably, her thoughts turned toward the wider opportunities in New York.

One of her brothers, then a member of Dr. Millspool's Financial Commission in Peru, offered to finance her studies.

"So I really didn't have to struggle for my career," she explained. "Of course I wouldn't spend any money I didn't actually have to spend—I lived in a real half bathroom. It had a piano and a couch. I could just walk between them. There were shelves on the wall for my books. And I had a tiny bathroom, made over from a closet. My teacher then was Helen Chase. She still is my teacher."

"I sang in churches, to help out with my expense—churches of every denomination, Methodist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Episcopal, Swedish, and I sang for two years in the Madison Avenue Methodist church.

"Then I got a chance to sing in the chorus of a Shubert musical comedy. The last eight months, they went on the road. I went with it for a few weeks. Then I felt it was better for me to be in New York. So I came back."

"I answered an advertisement for a piano duet and was accepted. It was a cooperative show in a little theatre in Greenwich Village and it didn't bring in any financial reward above expenses. Afterward, it played uptown for one week. It closed on Saturday night.

"But a man who had seen the show

offered me a job in vaudeville. So on Monday I opened in vaudeville in Bridgeport, after rehearsing all day Sunday!

"While I was singing with that show, in Hartford, New Haven and other Connecticut towns, Mr. C. F. Gannon, head of WOR, heard me and offered me a chance to sing over the radio from that station. It didn't pay anything, but I felt it would be good experience."

For two years Margaret sang over WOR, chiefly on sustaining programs. Occasionally she got a commercial arrangement, that sometimes paid as much as thirty dollars. And meanwhile, the church singing continued to help finance her. She was on the Hoffman Boyce program, singing with Nelson Eddy with whom she was to sing again later on the Firestone program.

"Nelson is a grand guy," she said. "He has done so marvelously well, and his success hasn't spoiled him at all."

Later Margaret sang for two years on the Hudson Radio Corporation over WABT. There she sang with Helen Oelberg, who this season is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in which Margaret feels is a fit setting for this lovely voice.

She has sung in a number of concerts, in Ohio, in Columbus, Georgia, in North Carolina, Washington, New Jersey, New Hampshire. In New York she gave a joint recital with Walter Kravitz, at the Barbizon. Also she has sung in a number of private recitals and concerts with her famous uncle, Oley Speaks.

One winter she presented a series of concerts on the air, to which she brought a number of American composers, who spoke lovingly after she had sung their songs—William Stockes, whose song, "Who knows" is one of her favorites, Clarence Oldstead, who wrote "The Sweet Summer," and Ernest Charles, who gave us the song, "Clouds," were among that number. With Charles, she later gave a recital, singing some of his songs that had not as yet been published.

Then, in June, 1934, William Daly, conductor of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, who had known Margaret when she was singing on the Hoffman Hour, sent her for an audition. Daly congratulates himself as the discoverer of both Margaret Speaks and Nelson Eddy.

Daly engaged Margaret for the Firestone quartette, composed of Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapin, Fred Hoffsmith, and Margaret Speaks. Later Margaret became a member of the Firestone chorus, and sang duets with Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks.

During this past summer series of the Voice of Firestone programs, Margaret was the soloist. And for the winter series she again is singing as assisting artist with Crooks and Eddy. Eddy had planned to come to New York for this series, but as that proved impossible, since his picture, "Rose Marie" was not completed, it was arranged for Margaret to go out to the Coast for their duets—a long way to

go for a half hour of song!

So, reluctantly, she left her husband, who wouldn't leave his advertising business to accompany her. The first concert on the Coast was on November 25th, and Margaret was resolved to spend Thanksgiving with her husband and son, although to do so she would have to fly back.

Till then she had flown but once. That was when she was in Washington with her father, who was in Congress. Lindbergh took them up.

"We were only in the air fifteen minutes," she recalled. "I liked it—I'd seen so many pictures of flying, it seemed entirely natural. But I didn't know whether I'd like flying across the continent..."

But to be with her family for the holidays Margaret would fly, whether she liked it or not!

The same spirit took her across the ocean during a stormy week when many cancelled their passage, to join her husband on a vacation in England. It was last winter, about a year ago as you read this. Her husband had to make a business trip to Europe, after which he planned to visit his family, who live in England. Firestone generously gave Margaret a four weeks' leave of absence, and on a bleak day in February she sailed for Plymouth to meet her husband. It was a period of severe storms, but though the crossing was so rough that only a few hardy sailors ventured on deck, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed her first ocean voyage and was not ill at all.

It was on that trip that they limited vainly for Bramford-Speke. But though she did not succeed in finding the early home of her family, Margaret felt the thrill that comes to all whose roots go deep, in being again in the country her ancestors knew and loved.

So with every experience she renews her bond with the past and gains new zest for the present. However it comes, life is a grand adventure for Margaret Speaks.

And so it was this winter on her trips to and from the Coast. After her Thanksgiving holiday she went West again for the three December concerts. Then she flew to Columbus, Ohio, for the Christmas family reunion there.

The first January concert originates in New York.

"And so—home!" said Margaret.

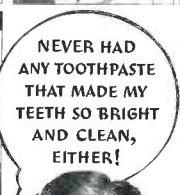
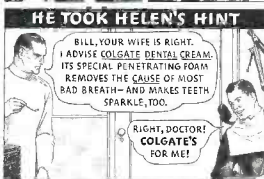
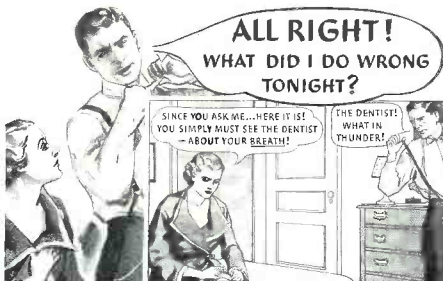
So when you tune in your radio for the Firestone programs on Monday nights this winter, hearing its theme song:

*"Strolling again
Memory Lane
With you..."*

you will know that once more Margaret Speaks is enjoying her happy week-ends in the little Cape Cod cottage in the Westchester hills, with the man and the boy she loves.

The End

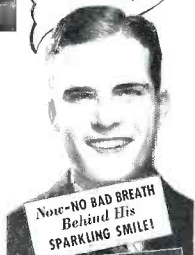
In the March Issue of
RADIO STARS
Will Appear a Most Informative
Story of
BEN BERNIE



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.



Note—NO BAD BREATH Behind His SPARKLING SMILE!

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



All For One and One For All

(Continued from page 47)



A new and
daintier
technique for
Feminine Antiseptics

Personal charm need no longer be threatened by common and persistent problems. Zonitors, a new technique in feminine hygiene, provide complete anti-odor to end persistent odors and other embarrassing, usually disturbing occurrences. Zonitors are little, snowy-white and graceful's soapettes. The active ingredient is the world famous antiseptic, Zonite—high in medical esteem because completely effective yet free from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Quick, convenient Zonitors are ready for instant use. No mixing, fussing, or apparatus. They remain in effective contact for over eight hours (a requirement doctors stress) yet being graceful's, are completely removed with water.

Pink dainty, white, odorless Zonitor is sealed in a separate glass vial, immaculately clean. Complete instructions in the package. At all drugists. Mail coupon now for information! Free booklet.



Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, "The New Technique in Feminine Hygiene."

Name and Address

Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 inch
ENLARGEMENT
of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshot of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—worth the 50c finishing. This is beautiful, permanent enlargement because the details are traced on the original just as you see them when the snapshots were taken. Just in case you don't know, we will enlarge any Kodak instant print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help pay our cost of working, post-age and handling. The instant print is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargements. Pick out your 8x10 and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 219
One Melrose, Iowa

since then, every day except Saturday, they have been on the air—five years for the same sponsor. And with ever-increasing popularity.

You've heard them. You know how they talk—three friends gathered together for casual gossip or chat, about the movies, or new books they have read or events of current interest—anything that pops into the head of any one of them, from something they've seen in the papers to the more immediate problems of raising children. (And Fin may not admit that any one of her five is a problem child but difficulties do arise!) Then voices are as laudible as those of any of your friends—Clara's delicate and low pitched, Len's slightly husky, wicker twang, and Fin's simple and unembarrassed griggle—three simple good-hearted, small town, home-ways voices amusing chatter is speeded with a particularly impetuous wit. You laugh over their absurdities and feel pleasantly surprised, yet unimpressed, drawn to them.

You sympathize with their struggles—yet reason and logic and logic in film's dramatic conclusion. "But after all it isn't meant for women to reason. It just isn't normal." And you smile again over Clara's and Len's sympathetic consideration for the patient La's lesser intellect.

"And you ever think you was losing yer mind?" Clara's voice is grave—"his is a crisis matter." "I thought I was, or am, and do you know what it was? It was just thinking too hard!"

"Thinkin' is awful hard on a person," Fin opines. "I'd better stick to pluin', simple things."

"I know," Len agrees in her meek voice. "I don't try to think . . ."

I wanted to meet them—Clara, Len and Fin in person. And what I wondered at I journeyed toward the studio for our program would their other selves be like. I don't know just what I had expected. But I wasn't quite prepared for the three quiet, pretty girls with their low, well-matched voices and charming, unacted minutes. Their attractive, stylish young matrons from Evanston, Illinois, it was difficult to see them into the picture of the three quiet, homely characters who lay put their popular skin on the air five times a week for five years. They look more like the three young college girls who, for a lark, conceived the three bionics who have brought their nation-wide friendship and love.

"As a matter of fact," the dark-haired young matron Helen King who is Mrs. John Mitchell in private life and "Len" over the air, laughed softly, "we'll talk out the skit for each other's amusement, even too!"

"You know we really did like to complete those characters. Is Ed Carter, who is 'Len' and Mrs. Howard Peck to her, unmarried. "At first it didn't seem quite right."

And Louise Stanley (Mrs. Paul McJ), who is "Clara" added: "They were our friends—it didn't seem quite fair to be ad-

cast them to a critical world.

"Clara, Len and I are four friends. And even after five years I told and Helen and Louise still are shy and a little in speaking of them. But having made the break and introduced them to strangers, they have found the process of usefulness has been warming, and they thoroughly enjoy their periods on the air. But they wouldn't, they say, want to put their friends into the movies or on the stage. It would be hard they think, to sustain the illusion. And a new technique would have to be learned. They look far ahead, these clear-headed girls, and are sensible enough to like the grass in their own pasture.

Not do they care for a studio audience. "It would spoil the illusion," they all agree. "both for the audience, and for us."

But, as to that, wanting their broadcast, I suggested. Despite their personal shyness and reticence to plan further ahead than our hour and still later programs, they need not fear audience nor television. For you have the ability to show themselves so completely into their role that, were, the audience ever that familiar word, they see to change under your very eyes, and I believe the illusion would be maintained even without make-up or costume. When they are on the air they are Clara, Len and Fin. Louise and Helen have, however, 24 of reason to be well content with things as they are. They have achieved not only a successful career but equally successful private lives. They have figured out exactly what they want—in what I would call "deliberate reasons"—and have gone intelligently about getting it. Clara, Len and Fin may seem middle-headed, but not their three creators!

"There is nothing very dramatic or exciting about our own lives," Helen remarked in her soft, sweet voice, "but after all, I think that is the way I want it to be."

And that is the way it is with Helen and Louise too. Their two careers have been made to dovetail beautifully the public and the private—and who shall say which one is the more important?

Happily married, with pretty homes in an attractive suburb of Chicago, they are content for a large part of the day to be housekeepers, housewives, wives and mothers. For in the brotherly home is a ten-month-old son and in the Mitchells is a new baby daughter. And now the Meeks are excitedly awaiting a middle-born Heaven, by the way.

What more could anyone want, their family and home, even seem to say. And yet they live more than they have a wild, interesting, varied career—two careers, really, for the two of us at their parts but with their own.

But we are for career men! Louise explained gravely. "Perhaps that is why we have been able to make our home life so far more interesting than yours. We enjoy our work, it is our own, it is our own. Our home lives are important, too.



Jesse Crawford, "poet of the organ," demonstrates to Edith Olson the fine art of dunking.

We get not circus-soufflés."

No, we keep our two lives separate," Isobel agreed. "That is the nice thing about work in the radio; it doesn't interfere with your family life."

But they do not deny the importance, the importance of their work, either. "After three months at home," Isobel admitted, "I realize it isn't quite as satisfying as having a job—as having both!"

Only Helen smiled a little as it making mental reservations. And I guessed her thoughts were with the tiny new daughter whom it is so hard to leave right now.

The girls returned to the air in the middle of October, after the longest vacation in years. Helen's little girl was born in Evanston on August 20th and for her, the three months passed almost so swiftly I can well imagine that her heart is divided right now, that she must be impatient to get home to the little new-cowper each night.

The long breathing spell was less exciting for the other two. Louise stayed quietly at home, resting and making her preparations for her own blessed event. The traditional sewing, of course—and that was fun to do, of course, for she belongs to a sewing club and admits there is nothing she likes better, unless it is *hides*.

For Isobel the high point was a two weeks' vacation in Northern Michigan with her husband, a trip which included a leisurely, restful sail across the lake on a ketch. The rest of the time was spent happily in her new home with her husband, baby and friends.

"We really haven't any social contacts with radio people," Helen commented.

There is so little time, just not hours enough in a day? Our outside interests center in our homes and in the friends we've known since college days. So you see, our home life is really all the life we have."

But it is enough. And even more than their limited outside contacts, they enjoy each other, and their close-oriented relationship in itself very satisfying.

"I was thinking only the other day," Louise said seriously, "that I have no other friends that mean quite the same, that are so close."

And Clara, Lu and Lan share even the

Want to know
why my mama's
so smart?



A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. *And he has.*

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take—Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste good?



Mother! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—*easy on the taste.* You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. *And that's important!* For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates in shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.



Remember Fletcher's Castoria is safe. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is *not* a harsh purgative—won't cause gripping pains.

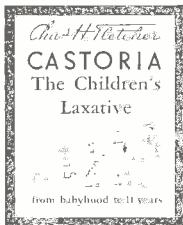
Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple.

It works gently, blantly—yet *thoroughly.*

Depend upon Fletcher's Castoria for your druggist. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.



Get the thirty Family Size bottle from your druggist. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.





The 8th WOMAN gets more out of life

Eight million women have had to always consider the time of month in making an engagement—avoiding any serious activities on certain days.

Today a million escape this regular martyrdom because they have accepted the aid of Midol. A tiny white tablet is the secret of the eighth woman's peace and comfort in this time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self leading your regular life, free from periodic pain and discomfort.

The smallest degree of relief you might receive means a great deal to your comfort.

Midol is taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has reached its height. It's effective for hours, and it is *not* a narcotic.

Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case—they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol 170 Varick St., N.Y., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.



ALWAYS HERSELF

That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) is apt to be the eighth woman who uses Midol.

book life. For the girls get together every morning, in Isabel's home or Helen's or Louise's, and work on their scripts for the following day. They have no plot and do not plan their sketches in advance, letting some incident or bit of news decide the next day's program.

"One program often leads to another," Helen explains. "We get together and talk it over and work it out, and write it down as we go."

And Louise chimed in: "We have lots of fun."

Helen laughed—it is she who laughs easily and frequently, and not the quiet Isabel whose misanthropic angle is evidently Luis's and not her own. "We know each other's idiosyncrasies," she said. And Louise elaborated, "We've known each other so long and we think pretty much alike. Of course we think differently enough to build different people and we have different types of humor. Still," she smiled with a smile "we do laugh at the same jokes, don't we?"

Perhaps that explains the fruitfulness of their long association. They are different, yet incidentally alike—different enough to add a little spice, sufficiently alike to insure sympathy and understanding. Knowing them, you couldn't imagine them ever quarreling. They are all for one and one for all, their loyalty showing itself even in little things. When Louise, for instance, disclaimed all artistic ability when I asked if she had kept up the art lessons she once started in company with her husband, Helen sprang quickly to her defense: "Oh, but you had! You did awfully well for a beginner!"

As for the business arrangements they have no manager and have always had the same sponsor, so that end of it runs smoothly, too.

Their lives are absorbing, completely filling. There are no tea ends, no unutilized evenings, no empty hours, or minutes, even. But there is the morning rehearsal or preparation of the next day's script and there is an afternoon rehearsal in the studio, shortly followed by their broadcast. Then it is time to dash back to Fernstrom to dinner with their families. Into this busy day must be put time for reading for they must keep up to the minute in their comments on current events. There is no time left for special hobbies or sports or exercise. Helen finds little opportunity to keep up with her music* or her swimming or jazz pong, her favorite amusements. And Louise worries over making her sewing club fit into her busy schedule.

I found them sincere, unassuming, as we hinted. The expected sophistication is utterly lacking. They use little make-up, a touch of rouge perhaps. They dress well but simply. Helen and Louise are both dark, with large, lovely brown eyes; but Louise is the placid type, her big eyes lambent, serious and Helen is sparkling, vivacious. Isabel is small and slight, with lovely mahogany glints in her light brown hair, blue eyes and a small, wistful face, a shy but friendly manner. There is not in one of them the faintest hint of pose or affectation, the slightest touch of theatricality.

Perhaps it is that unpretentiousness, that simple, straight-forwardness, that endears them to their listeners. For in-

evitably that quality creeps into their characterization. And though they seem to slip so easily in and out of character, the one personality sometimes overblows the other, so that one wonders how they make the change as complete as it is. How Louise and Isabel and Helen manage to keep from saying "and" and "because" and "the things" or keep from using and you its one of their many malapropisms or new fads, for and I'm can seem so pleasantly bewildered so amusingly simple-minded. The dark personalities are widely differentiated but on the air or off one warms to their unadorned sincerity, and their great go I humors.

The informality of their program, the casual, unstudied air they give their characterizations is a rare combination of art and commonsense. They are full young to understand so well the small human motion and to present her with all her Dickensian touches in such a way that we are charmed as well as amused.

"We have a lot of fun," Helen repeated.

And give a lot of fun to others? A satisfying career that?

"I've always felt that I couldn't bear to know I was giving my last broadcast," Louise said in her low pleasant voice.

"When that time comes, I hope I can go on the air, not knowing."

But we hope and know, that day is far off. Clara, Lu and Em are near and dear to a many hearts to be given in. They answer a deeper need than mere love gossip or the vicarious and dubious pleasure we are supposed to get from eye-droppers—in hearing spontaneous and kindly laughter into so many homes.

Many people nowadays are troubled over the great question: Love versus Career—Home or Career. But with these three lovely girls that is no "or" and "no" or. They have both and they mean to keep both. And I know they will, because they bring to both the same qualities of constancy and sincerity. To each they give all they have. But there is no house divided against itself, no struggle, no dissatisfaction because neither is subordinated to the other. Marriage and career are a tandem, held firmly in strong, capable hands. Intelligence shines in the two pairs of brown eyes and in the blue, intelligence and courage and a saving sense of humor that guarantees a perfect balance in life and love and work and that guarantees an amusing quarter of an hour for the innumerable fans who listen in and feel better for having heard their chatter and laughed with and at them!

But how do they manage to cram so much into each and every day? I come away from the studio with an increased respect for these three clever girls who have adjusted their lives to the demands of three characters, each, irresponsibly created on an idle day.

With study and work and planning their programs, with rehearsals and broadcasts, and the demands of their households to be met as well, their days are full indeed. Evenings they devote to their families and friends and to the recreation they need.

And all too soon another day is done, as it is for you and me, and Clara, Lu and Em.

THE END

They Never Say "No!"

(Continued from page 20)

built up greater newspaper reader power than practically any other newspaper columnist. She has built this power and sustained it through sheer energy, tirelessness and faithfulness to her job. On these traits, she has risen from a modest paid writer to the highest paid in the profession. She has risen from a modest apartment in Chicago and in New York to ownership of a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. And she still works as hard as when she first began.

To highlight these qualities, Louella Parsons is one of the most extraordinary women I ever have known. She gets a new slant on an old situation, dives for the new, but and sells it.

To get the reader's picture of why the movie people answer Louella's call when they seldom answer other calls, I will explain to go back to the Louella O. Parsons who, by no exception and I think it necessary to repeat herself, and those clean to her.

Did you know what you wanted to do when you first began? I asked.

Well, she smiled. "I got an idea of the job I'd like and then I sold the idea to the man who was in a position to give me the job."

That man was the president of the Fessenden Studio. Louella always selected the head man to talk to. It saved time. It brought quicker results. The job she aspired to was that of secretary editor. The way she accomplished what she wanted was simple. She just matched up the Fessenden Studio, asked to see the president, refused to see any one else, and with sheer persistence got to see him. One in his office, she wasted no time putting over her idea. She wasn't frightened. Neither was she over-confident.

She got the job. With it she created the first scenario editor job in pictures.

"It was while I was with Fessenden," Louella said, "that I met and became friendly with Wally Borys, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, and so many others who are still in pictures."

As it happened, however, this position offered no chance of advancement. The time came when Louella's responsibilities made it obligatory for her to earn more money. She thought up another job that of writing a motion picture column for a newspaper. She sold this idea to the head of the Chicago *Evening News-Sun*. Newspapers had not paid much attention to movies before, her input went into that field. As she spread the gospel of celluloids, her name became synonymous with pictures and picture personalities.

Her fame reached New York. It prompted the owner of the *Morning Telegraph* to offer her the position of motion picture editor of his newspaper.

"I was a little nervous at the thought of leaving Chicago," Louella confessed, "Chicago was my home and all my friends,

3 Brunettes



Over 200 girls' skins color-analyzed!

LOOK AT THEM! All 3 true brunettes—yet no two have skins alike. They don't dare use the same shade of powder!

Dark haired Helen Kirk Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde's favorite shade—Pond's Rose Cream—to give it the radiance *she* needs.

Mary Blagden, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up glowingly with Pond's Rose Brunette.

It just goes to show—never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk Jones type! Let your skin decide . . .

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull—Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

The loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling *green*. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant *blue* to thank!

Now Pond's has blended these amazing

tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks—one of the new Pond's shades gives it to you! One woman up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy. Florid skins tone down . . . Muddy skins clear and brighten!

Try them free with the coupon below. See how—

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair skinned blondes and brunettes

NATURAL makes blonde skin transparent

BRUNETTE clears and brightens creamy skins

ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins

LIGHT CREAM gives pearly tone

Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond's Powder is fine—spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35c and 70c. Boxes, 10c and 20c, increased in size

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today

(This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S Dept. B 125, Clinton Conn. Please rush free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5 day test.

Name

Street

City State

Expires 1937, Pond's Extraordinary

Six o'clock came. Still no Clark. The program started. We had no notion what we would do to fill in the awful gap Clark's absence would make.

Fortunately, the day was saved. At two minutes past six Clark rushed in. When he signed off an hour later, we learned what had happened to him. He'd been in an automobile accident on the way down. He hadn't been injured, but he'd been badly shaken up. But he finally got a taxi and backed all roads getting down in time.

"Miriam Hopkins did a little record-breaking herself for us," Louella recollected with a smile. "Only in her case we knew about it. The night she broadcasted with us, she was still making her 'Barbary Coast' picture. It was an expensive production and Miriam couldn't be spared from the set until the very last minute. We arranged to have a motorcycle police escort to her, to clear the way from the studio to the broadcasting theatre."

Mae West, yet another who starred on the Hollywood Hotel program, "put on a grand show," Louella said.

Mae dressed up for the occasion in her best bit and tucker and strode about in typical West style before the 1,400 delighted spectators attending the broadcast.

She even made a crack or two about being her husband was listening in," Louella smiled.

Perhaps he was, because it was just about after this that his widely publicized divorce action against her was dropped and settled out of "court."

Louella's dual job of radio and columning, however, is not all roses and cherries. If you've never heard telephones ring madly, you should hear hers. There is rarely a hill. If it isn't a call giving a story to her newspaper column, it's someone calling about the radio program. If it isn't that, it's personal. If it isn't personal, it's ten other things.

Letters pour in. Telegrams. Visitors drop around. Appointments arrive. Fan secretaries work at top speed taking care of the requirements of these high pressure jobs. And Louella herself, gives the clock a run for its money.

Then Friday, and on this day it is generally a different story. The column, of course, is prepared, but there are seldom any appointments—seldom any visitors—seldom any going out until, amid a flurry of mail orders, she departs for the broadcast. At six the program goes on the air. Sometimes there is a party after the broadcast. Sometimes just a quiet dinner at Louella's or at the home of one of the stars. Friday night ends a feverish week. Saturday begins another.

Any Saturday morning, perhaps Norma Shearer, perhaps Robert Montgomery, perhaps Leticia Davis, and one of a number of stars, may be interviewed while having breakfast and reading Louella O. Parsons' newspaper movie column.

"Miss Parsons is calling."

"That same star, answering the telephone will, the chances are, respond to Louella's query."

"Can you appear next Friday on our program?"

With:

"All right. I'll do it for you Louella."

"They never say no."

THE END

"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"



Here's how thousands of thin, underweight children are adding a pound a week—or more

IS YOUR active youngster putting on inches but not putting on pounds? During the fast-growing years, children need and must have certain important food essentials—without which their physical development is usually retarded.

That's why more and more mothers are turning to Cocomalt—the scientific food-drink that supplies six important food essentials that help children to gain in weight and strength—aims them in building strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt is rich in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth. It contains Iron for red blood and strength—and proteins for the building up of solid flesh and muscle. It is rich in carbohydrates which supply food energy needed for the activities of children.

Mothers write words of praise
Cocomalt is helping thousands of thin,



IN MANY HOSPITALS today Cocomalt is added to the regular diet to help thin, underweight and undernourished children gain faster.

underweight youngsters gain weight in a very short time. If your child is thin because his diet is deficient in one or more of the food essentials mentioned, don't fail to give him Cocomalt as directed every day—in every meal. See if his body doesn't fill out, his weight go up week by week.

Cocomalt comes in powder form only and is designed to be mixed with milk. Delicious HOT or COLD. At grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans.



"MY LITTLE BOY was outgrowing his clothes but hardly gaining an ounce. A nurse told me about Cocomalt. At the end of the first month he had gained 5 pounds."

Mrs. M. Dalton, 510 E. 25th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"FOR THE LAST 4 MONTHS I have been giving my little girl Cocomalt. Once she was thin, but today she is five pounds heavier, and the picture of health."

Mrs. J. Hanson, 17 Jefferson St., Ivesdale, N. Y.



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Why Deane Sings Only of Love

(Continued from page 18)

herself with the philosophy which has carried her through her life thus far: "What is to be will be."

That's an ancient philosophy yet contemporary as any another as day after tomorrow's newspaper. The radio brings Deane's voice to Stanley. The airplane brings Stanley to Deane. A few weeks ago he heard her sweet voice over the air in Chicago. A few hours later the two of them were dancing together in New York, dancing with the realization that all too soon Stanley would be borne away again.

"These partings are heartbreaking," Deane said. "But it's better to see him for a little while than not to see him at all. We've stopped saying 'goodbye.' We now say 'See you soon.' That makes it easier. And there is no other way. I've determined to reach the very top of my profession before I even think about marriage. I know now that this is the way to me."

Yes, it is the way for Deane, and by roughly sketching the pattern of her life perhaps I can tell you why.

Just a little over three years ago Deane Janis was an unknown, pretty girl in Omaha, Nebraska, with nothing more tangible upon which to ride to success than the ability to play the piano a nice but untrained voice and tremendous ambition.

All that ambition was directed toward show business and, curiously enough, although she was an only child and her father and mother never had been connected with the theatre in any way, they made no objections to her trying her luck in that glamorous profession.

For a while in Omaha she modelled frocks as the proprietor of the shop tried to make the customers believe that they would look as slim and as exciting in the gowns as Deane did.

One summer she went to visit an aunt in Chicago and she never came back home for there she met someone who introduced her to someone who took her to a Chicago radio station and she got the chance to do a little fifteen-minute sustaining program—singing and playing her own accompaniment.

That was the first small step and although that alone was pretty exciting, Deane was not content to wait for better breaks. Instead she went to all the music publishing houses and asked their representatives to listen to her program and keep her in mind when a lead needed a singer.

It was with Hal Kemp's orchestra that she landed a job. One day Deane was a little nobody. The next day she walked past the Black Hawk night club—one of the very swanky college rendezvous—and

saw her name picked out in electric light bulbs on the marquee.

Deane thought that was the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime. But she was to have an even greater thrill a few years later.

For eighteen months she sang with the Kemp orchestra and she carried the meaning of showmanship. She learned how to put a number over, how with smiles and grace to take her audience with her along the paths of melody.

Men were mad about Deane, but she had the feeling that some day she would meet the right man. So she only *sings* of love.

At the end of the year and a half's work she was pitifully tired so she went to the coast where she met Stanley.

Do you see, perhaps, why she decided to return when Kemp's wife came? She had sipped at success and glamour. She had had some remarkable "breaks." How could she put down the cup when it was half full?

Deane is right in believing in fate. There must be some curious destiny which guides the lives of girls like her. There is some force which makes these people, so rich in charm and mystery, develop their talents.

In spite of the fact that Stanley was a San Francisco man of the town, New York was all the things that Deane had expected it to be. There was adventure and excitement in the very air and her triumph in Chicago paled beside the acclaim she received at the Pennsylvania.

Even with her natural gifts she wanted to learn more and at last she persuaded Al Siegel to coach her.

Her songs, with the orchestra, had been broadcast from the Pennsylvania roof, which was simple a foretaste of what was in store for her.

Al Johnson asked her to appear as guest artist on his program and from then on tremendous things happened.

She was told that she must give an audition for the Cieland home. Happily she wired Stanley to be thinking of her—as if he were not always—and to wish her luck.

Fifty girls were tried out for that program and the agonizing process of elimination began. And each time a few girls were dropped during the narrowing down stage Deane must give another audition.

"I don't know how I ever lived through that," Deane told me. "Every few days they would call me from the station to say that another girl had been dropped from the list of possibilities and that they would like to hear me again. And again I would go up there and sing. When at last there were only five girls from whom to choose, I was so nervous!

I decided to give my hops. I took out my fatalistic philosophy and gave it a good airing, but it was hard not even to hope for that program. I knew would mean so much to me. It was, actually, for that—or for something just as big—that I had come to New York. If I could get this program, I might have a chance of proving



When Harriet Hilliard left for Hollywood, Billie Trask jumped into her spot on the Bakers Broadcast which features Bob Ripley and Ozzie Nelson. She's been doing a grand job of substituting, this Scotch lass.

to myself and to Stanley that I had been right in leaving San Francisco. If I didn't get it, it would be a failure and the sacrifice in vain."

Wires from Stanley encouraged her. His voice over the long distance telephone made it possible for her to live through those tantalizing weeks.

And then at long, long last she was called for one more audition at the end of which they said: "And now, Miss Janis, will you come into this office and sign your contract?"

Here it was then—the big break up to which all the little breaks had been leading.

For now Deane Janis is one of the coming radio singers, one of the girls with a tremendous future. Columbia Broadcasting Company is enthusiastically behind her. They predict that in a couple of years she'll be one of their very brightest stars.

At first she was terrified for fear her part of the Camel program might not be a success. But how could it be a failure when she gave so much to her job. She rehearsed long and strenuously. No hours were too long for her. She worked as hard to please the actual audience watching the Camel show as those of us who listen to her voice at home.

She created a setting for herself, using all the arts of showmanship she knew, every time she stepped before the microphone and she picked her clothes with care so that they would be the last word in chic.

After the first few programs Deane Janis' mail began coming in by the bagful.

Stanley talked to her long and earnestly. He thought that, perhaps, now she would

be satisfied that once she had proved what she could do she would be willing to end the separations, the fleeting happy greetings, the long heartrending farewells.

But Deane Janis isn't ready for that yet. The future is colored too brilliantly. In spite of this sudden popularity she is really —only feels—just laughing. Why, it was only three years ago that she was in Omaha with nothing but hope and ambition.

Her voice is lovely. She possesses that rare quality of glamour. She is utterly beautiful. And the knowledge that she is slugging not only to win and you but to her sweetheart, who may be in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago or in some small mining town, gives her notes a breathless vitality, a lyric romanticism.

And listening to her, also, are her mother and father, whose pride in her achievement is touching. They are, perhaps, even a little bewildered that their child has gone so far in so short a time.

She has had tentative offers from Hollywood. "But I wouldn't go to Hollywood for anything," she told me, "unless I went right unless they wanted me to come enough to give me the right sort of contract. I was in Los Angeles once during my trip to the coast and I saw those girls all so eager to get a chance in pictures. I could not bear to be just another girl in Hollywood hoping for a break.

"I suppose that attitude means that I don't care much whether I'm ever in pictures or not.

"That radio microphone thrills me. That real audience is a constant inspiration. I have the feeling that the more I give to the greater is their response to me.

"And then there's Stanley. I must make him proud of me. I must show him that I have a place in the sun on my own score and that I'm not just a silly girl playing at show business. That's why I've worked so hard. That's why I keep on working. I know how terribly lucky I've been. I know that few girls have had the breaks I've had and I must show myself that I deserve these breaks.

"And when television comes I hope I'm able to meet that demand, too."

And so her rocket stars skyrocket. Deane is on her way up, up, up, with that lovely smile, that beautiful earnest face, that slim, little figure and the exclaiming way she has of wearing her ultra smart clothes.

Yet, as much in love as she is, who can predict what the future holds for her?

October first is her lucky day—and also a very superstitious. On October first, 1932, she opened with Hal Kemp's band at the Black Hawk in Chicago.

On October first, 1934, she opened with the same band in New York.

On October first, 1935, she sang her first program for Camel.

Do you wonder that she believes in fate and the mystic's fate producer?

October first, 1936? What does that hold for her? Marriage? A big radio program all her own? What?

I asked her if she dared look that far into the future. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled a mysterious smile. "Who knows?" she said. "What is to be will be. There's nothing you can do about fate. I've had that proved to me too many times ever to doubt it again."

THE END

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This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It is easy. I send Mr. Max Mehl of N. Y. \$25.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, of Ohio, received \$75 for seven old cents. I paid W. F. Williams, of Tex. \$15,000 for his rare coin. I send J. T.

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Are Comedians Through On the Air?

(Continued from page 45)

I want to make people laugh—to get down to cases—I've first got to make them normal. I've got to get them in the frame of mind where they can laugh. And then and only after I've got them there, can I give them the extra push and make 'em laugh."

At precisely this moment, there in the crowded Deely, with Tom Mix limping in on crutches (he broke his ankle, Eddie thought), with Carole Lombard sitting across the way, Maxie Rosenbaum next to us, voices humming everywhere—a waiter dropped a laden tray of dishes with a nerve-splintering crash!

In an instant the faces in that room looked strained and irritably resentful. And also in that instant Eddie laid back in his seat beside me, waved his napkin and yelled: "I'm La France!" at the very top of his lungs. I was startled. Everyone

was startled. And then they immediately relaxed and a wave of laughter wiped out the irritability, soothed the frayed nerves. The frightened waiter shot a grateful glance in the direction of the little comedian, who immediately subsided and said: "I don't think anyone knew it was me shouting, do you?"

Then he added: "But that neatly illustrates the point I was just trying to make to you. Did you get the faces in here when that happened? Half of them were ready to burst out crying from sheer nervousness. Then they laughed. Why, the world has never needed laughter as it needs it now. The old gag about the clown with the breaking heart, laughing, coming up—well, the world is the clown with the breaking heart today and laughter must go on!"

"And you have to be so careful, too,



The King's Jesters were a vocal trio until they met up with lovely Marjorie Whitney and then the organization became a mixed quartette. They heard Marjorie singing with a Lincoln, Nebraska, orchestra and engaged her.



Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe as Mr. and Mrs. Barbour in "One Man's Family," NBC serial of American home life, long a favorite with radio listeners.

making people laugh. There are so many raw surfaces you dare not touch. I often wonder, when I go on the air Sunday nights for Depero Toothpaste, whether those who tune in realize, not what I do, but the millions of things I can't do. Why, I could sit here with you for three days and talk every minute of the time and not get through telling you the things I can't do.

"I would never stutter on the air, for instance. That surprises you? You think stuttering is funny business? Well, you might, but there may be somewhere in Kansas or Nebraska some poor woman who has spent her husband's last, hard-earned ten dollars taking her little boy to a specialist. Her little boy who has a speech defect. Her little boy who stutters. When she comes home at night she tunes in on me. For relaxation. And if I should come on the air saying, stuttering: 'G-u-quad-e-evening, l-l-ladies and g-g-gents—' would she think I was funny? She would not! She would burst into tears and shut me off the air. No, it wouldn't be funny to her.

"No, you see? It's so easy to bring tears. It's so difficult to give laughter. There are so many things for people to cry over. So few things they can all laugh over.

"I write all my own stuff. That's easy. Takes me about twenty minutes to do my script for the broadcast. Where do I get my stuff? Why, here, at this table with you. On the streets. Out of the newspapers. Everywhere. There's too much material, not too little. But after I write it down, the easiest part of it, I try it out before I go on the air. Every Sunday at noon I rehearse what I am going to do in the evening. Then we take it to pieces. We say that maybe this bit will offend the Irish, or that bit offend the Jews or something else offend the Methuists. . . . This may hit the old people the wrong way. . . . That may touch the sensitive young moderns, not on their funny lines. . . .

"Mrs. Roosevelt told Ida, my wife, that she always hurries home to the White House Sunday nights to tune in on my



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● Three girls were with us when we asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick. The second wore the ordinary lipstick. The third wore Tangee. Instantly he picked the girl wearing Tangee. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. And that's the secret of Tangee's growing popularity. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because Tangee isn't paint. It intensifies your own natural color... makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don't let some cheap set-up person trick you to an imitation... this is *the* real Tangee.

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Although continually referred to as the best-dressed of the band leaders, Hal Kemp naturally prefers having whatever bouquets are to be presented tossed in tribute to his dance music. Aside from being featured each Sunday on the Phil Baker program, Hal plays regularly at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, where the young collegiate crowd considers his dance music tops. And, after all, said y.c.c. knows more about dance music than any other crowd. But, strangely enough, Hal is decidedly a family man, proudly boasting of two fine youngsters and a lovely wife.

broadcast. The President's mother, too. And I think that farmers' men in 50s, and tired housewives and mechanics and kids...

"Know how I test out my stuff? On myself. I am my own judge and jury. You see, I've never been a Broadway boy, one of the sophisticates. I'm still the fellow who was born over that Russian Tea Room in the heart of New York's East Side Ghetto... That crabby Hester Street brat who used to do imitations and sing and dance and make jokes for pushcart vendors and old mothers and kids who lived in rooms with broken windows stuffed with rags... I'm still the lad who was a singing waiter in a Coney Island beer joint... And I also remember the ladies in sables and the men in tails who sat in the front rows at Ziegfeld's Follies... And so I figure that what will make me cry will make my fellow men cry and what will make me laugh will get a laugh out of all the rest of us..."

"When I talked about my dear old friend, Will Rogers, on the air a while back—when I said something about the fact that God had called him up to Heaven because things were hard on sad up there and Bill was needed—as I talked I sort of choked up. I was figuring how true it was, that I was glad they'd needed Bill there, but how much better it would be for us if he

could have stayed down here... And I figured that because I felt as I did while I was talking, others would feel the same way.

"And Bill's a reminder—a lesson—that it's never the wise-cracking, glamorous guy that the world loves best while he's here and mourns the deepest when he's gone. No, it's the plain guy with his heart all tangled up with all the heart-strings of the world..."

"Radio," said Eddie, his dark brown, eager eyes deadily earnest, "radio is the greatest form of entertainment in the world today. It's the greatest medium the world has ever known. Yes, greater than movies. Greater than the theatre. Greater than Hollywood and New York and points East and West put together and multiplied by ten."

"It's the greatest because, like I've said, it reaches everywhere, everyone. It's available in every home. It's available to every shut-in, to every youngster and soldier in the world. The letters I see from shut-ins, from the sick, in hospitals, in wheel-chairs, in prisons—are all letters about my broadcasts. The letters I get from small town folks and folks from the outlands are about my broadcasts."

"It's this way—when a family wants entertainment, they may have to figure whether they can afford to spend twenty-five

cents or forty cents or whatever it is on a movie. They may figure that they can't all afford to go, kids and all. Or they may have to figure whether they can leave the baby. Or maybe it's coming and there aren't enough raincoats and galoshes to go around. But they can stay home all of their everywhere, and listen to the radio. All they have to have is a dollar down and a dollar a month for a given length of time—and the world is theirs. Helen Hayes, the President, Alexander Woodlief, Grace Moore, Thibbett the March On Time— even me!

Of course, on the other side of the medal, that's one of the very things that makes radio work more different than movies. I mean, you have to be careful—about those things you can't do. When a family goes to the movies they know what show they're picking. They have a pretty good idea what kind of entertainment they're getting. They don't have to take the kiddies to see sophisticated stuff. But when they press a button they don't know what they're getting. They can't jump around for it.

I'll tell you this—it's only just begun and the radio—only just—beams—

"It's the biggest thing in the world today. It has the most spectacular, the most incredible future."

Do you want me to make a prophecy? And I know what I'm talking about. I've seen it. Within five years all you are going to have to do is to say to your husband "Katharin Carnell's new show is opening in New York tonight—I'd like to see it." And then all you'll have to do is press the button on your radio set, pick up your



Neilo Goodelle, radio favorite, as seen in "Perfect 36's," an Educational Comedy, with Earl Oxford.

phone and dial New York 333, or something, and then you'll have it. Or, the next night, you may say "Helen Hayes opens in Baltimore tonight—let's go." And you dial your operator and say Baltimore 4444, or something of the sort and you'll be at the opening. At the end of the month your telephone bill will be say eighteen or twenty dollars, and you will have seen every show to be seen.

"Yes, I mean television. It's on the way. It's coming. It's here. And the telephone companies will pay the pro-

ducers, the Shuberts, the Theatre Guild, all of them, such thousands and thousands of dollars each month that the same producers won't need to economize and have one star in one show—they will be able to have us all. They'll be able to stage such entertainment as the world never has dreamed of."

I said: But won't that be rather too bad? The world is going so awfully push button. I mean what will happen to the movie theater, the legitimate theaters when all we have to do is sit in our living-rooms and push buttons and dial phones? "

"That brings us right back to laughter," said Eddie promptly—Eddie who has the answers to everything. "We are a gregarious race. Nothing so mechanical invention in the world, will ever alter the fact that people must get together in groups, to laugh, to talk, to cry—but mostly to laugh."

"When I am on the air, for instance, and you and your husband are listening in, you may chuckle tonight and say, 'The old boy's pretty good tonight.' But you chuckle quietly. You do not sit in your living-room and shout with laughter. But when you go to the theatre—when you come, as I hope you will, to see me in my new Broadway opera 'Shout The Chutes'—you will be far more likely to burst out into loud laughter because the crowd is laughing with you. It's a release—and such a release is a vital, a basic necessity."

"People have not to laugh," said Eddie, "they've got to laugh on the way. That's my answer to that radio critic that now I'm going home and take a snub bath."

THE END

SEE CHAPPED SKIN

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IMAGINE YOURSELF!

—one minute with a dry, chapped skin that catches powder... The next minute, skin so smooth you can't feel a single rough place! That's how fast a keratolytic cream softens your skin.

That chapped skin is just on top. It's a layer of dried-out particles, always scuffing loose—"aching" to come off entirely. But they keep on clinging, getting harsher, until you take steps to—MELT THEM OFF!

A leading dermatologist tells how to do this. He says:

"Surface skin is constantly dying out. Exposure hastens this condition. When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, the dried-out cells melt away, revealing the smooth skin beneath. Vanishing Cream also preserves the skin's natural moisture and prevents further chapping."

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so great for rough, chapped skin—so perfect



a powder base! In an instant, it is on your own young skin—exquisitely smooth, completely "unchapped."

For a smooth make-up—Never powder or rouge without first smoothing away roughness with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is satiny—powder goes on



evenly without flaking. And even bitter-cold winds can't cause it to chapping!

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's



Mrs. Rodman Winemaker II

of Philadelphia says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream makes every little chapped place on my skin smooth out. Powder goes on beautifully!"

Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won't shine—won't smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you so lovely soft!

8-Piece Package

Pond's Dept. B-15, Canton, Conn. Please send me special 8-gram trial tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream to prefer with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Hair Powder. I enclose \$10 for postage and packing.

Name _____
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"Never Let Life Beat You!"

(Continued from page 11)



Try This Simple Treatment for a Soft, Smooth Skin

■ Wherever you find "heart appeal"—you'll find a skin that is sublimely fair.

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No. 101 plated, 10-oz. guaranteed Italian Balm **HOMELY DISPENSER**—easy to use, handy to bathroom, kitchen or laundry, wash (hand or face). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your drug-grocer first—ask for the "Dispenser Package." If he can't supply you, then get one **FREE** by sending 15¢ (the Italian Balm costs you) to us in a stamped envelope, with 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" card and **NO MONEY**—with your name and address—to **CAMPINA, Batavia, Illinois**.



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THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER
"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

real! The kid says! The kid looks at his father. The kid was a kid so that's cool being.

One of his best-dressed friends worked on the *Free Press*. Right away Eddie wanted to become a newspaper man. Couldn't his friend help him for a job there? He could and did. In the accounting department!

Poor misanthropic Eddie! Adding to two great three-act plays a cup of coffee and a soda for a neighbor was too. But adding up a lot of figures in a study locker was a chore. So Eddie marched upstairs to the law boss and asked to be transferred to the editorial room.

The Big Boss looked him over, caught that engaging grin and was amused in spite of itself.

"We need an ace copy boy," he contemplated. How about you?"

Only fourteen years old and already a newspaperman!

Dad, his health broken by the battle of the poor, exulted with young Eddie at the glad news.

"Keep lambing," he told the boy. Remember the top of my ladder is just over your head at a top.

That year, it did, and a came lost to the end, with a smile that never grew wry.

And the little since boy began to 'emerge, a time at a time from old reports to columnist.

He called his first newspaper column "Blue Monday"—he who never had known that Monday feeling! And now that thousands of customers found him not only amusing, but inspiring, comforting. They loved his poems, written for the American type of that decent chap and his dad had extolled—that average fellow, a bit shy of coat, perhaps, but never of soul, a good husband and father, a kind neighbor, a true friend, the salt of the earth!

He wrote his verses around that likeable work-a-day chap and the things dear to him: Home, wife, children, friends, neighbors. He wrote poems about his simple joys—the family car, his golf or baseball, his fishing, his garden, his dog, radio, movies, his job. Eddie continued to write a "work-a-day" job.

Then came his books. First, the famous "Home Rhymes," printed in the family attic by Brother Harry, a printer who could afford only one case of type. Eight hundred copies, laboriously set and sold. Two ballers, besimulated young men, received the books and "collected" about boys? They are incredibly interesting, a first edition of a real first book.



Ted Malone, whose "Between the Bookends" program is tremendously popular, is one of the leading fan-mail receivers of CBS. He's another Eddie Guest when it comes to poetry and genuine homespun philosophy.



Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor, whose singing is again a delightful feature of the "Voice of Firestone" program.

called for exactly fifty thousand copies!

A star in the writing world, the radio world, and now about to become a star in the movie world.

"Free Press Building," said my taxi man. As I paid him, he added: "Thank you, miss. Remember me to Eddie. He's a swell guy!"

Eddie's office was full, as usual. His secretary gave me a chair and a newspaper so that I could read all about the latest farewell banquet they had given him. But it was impossible to concentrate with snatches of Eddie's talk coming through the open door. Buoyant, breezy, boyish! Hollywood in a few weeks! Gee, he didn't know what to make of it! What were his pictures to be about? The American home and family at its best. Sure, he was taking his wife and Janet to Hollywood, but not Bud. The boy was a working man now, a reporter on the *Free Press*, following in his dad's footsteps. "I've been forty years with the old sheet—"

I looked up at the people waiting to see Eddie. "Just folks." A trembling little old lady in widow's weeds. Eddie had written some verses for her, she told me, when her husband died fifteen years ago. Now she had to unveil a portrait of him, make a speech, and she wanted those verses.

A swarthy, impatient youth, terribly in earnest. He glowered at me and scribbled short-hand on the blotter. I had a feeling he was a cub reporter, on his first assignment.

A tall, gaunt man with a gray, twitching face and haggard eyes. A type I couldn't catalogue.

A seedy-looking salesman, nursing a fat brief-case. And a prosperous-looking man, dignified, correct, looking impatiently at his thin, monogrammed watch. A millionaire, perhaps, not used to being kept waiting.

"Well, goodbye, Eddie, if I don't see you again—and God bless you!"

Eddie's visitor came half-way out—a round, rosy-faced man in a round clerical collar—then he remembered a joke and went back to tell it.

As Eddie's delighted laugh friekled through the door, even the cub reporter stopped glowering. "Good luck!" said the

AFRAID?



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Maxine Gray, also known as the Louisiana Lark, is heard each Sunday evening on the Phil Baker broadcast with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Maxine may often be found busily knitting at rehearsals. It's her pet hobby.

clerical gentleman and this time he really went.

And then there was Eddie in the open doorway. Eddie, with that "Good morning, New Day! Life, I salute you!" look on his face. Eddie, all breathless buoyancy, asking nothing better of a Monday morning than a few mountains to climb.

The chirpy little lady, who looked like the oldest inebriation, tottered toward him.

"Eddie! Eddie!"
His arm went around her like a shot.
"Sorry, folks," he said over her shak- ing head, "she comes first—"

He led her over the threshold with hands as gentle as a son's.

This was life. Eddie's genius, I knew, was nothing more than a certain angle on life, a way with folks.

Soon the little old lady came out, clut- ching her poem.

"Remember, Eddie," she quavered, "you belong to Detroit. Don't let those Hol- lywood people keep you!"

"I'd like to see 'em try!" laughed Eddie, but there was the break of tears in the laugh. "You're next!" he grinned at me.

He never sits straight in a chair. There isn't a precise angle in him, except his morals. His ties get twisted. I looked him over, from his nice gray suit and little-boy bow tie, to his missing gray eyes. There he sat, pondering over some- thing, unusually silent.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!"

"It's a glorious thing, life!" he said, as if he'd just found it out. "Just every- day living, from day to day. That's what I try to show in my poems, in my radio work. It's what I hope to show in my pictures. The glory of life, the beauty of death... Yes, death! I'd like to see a death scene on the screen, done as I see death. Death isn't terrible. It's an adventure, like life. Yet the best litera- ture, the best drama has always made death a calamity..."

"Now, take life," he went on. "Folks go around trying to win this champion- ship or that. They want to excel in golf, swimming, tennis. That's all right, too. I'd like to be a golf champion myself. But what they don't see is that it's just as difficult, just as thrilling to live life so you're a winner at it. To take the tumb- les; to get stuck; but not drown, to have to live blind as, at times, an aviator must be blind—and not crack up. To never let life beat you!"

He got up to pace his office, came back to sit a-stout in his chair.

"Who wants an easy game—a walk- over? The sport's in the odds you're up against. It's so with life. The zest of it is in the struggle. You can't make a go of living unless you learn the rules and play 'em.... But folks are funny. 'My life's a mess,' a fellow told me the other day. As if it just happened. As if he couldn't do anything about it. It was his own lookout that his life was a mess. It needn't have been. It was his

RADIO STARS

life, for him close to make or mar."

He broke in suddenly, gave in apostrophe little "ong!" smirk I am almost stifle. Hope I don't seem to be preaching," he said humbly.

"What I mean is," he hurried on, "I've seen a thing or two as being a champion in a living. To look back when you're in your little and see that you've raised it to be out kids, to have taken the ideas you see the ups of success. I like to have you of honest and kept your little in like to have lived as right as you can and never preached—"

If a man can look back on a life like that, however obscure and humdrum, why be a champion? A champion in living.

How about a picture," I said, "to illustrate the story." As I came out to choose it, that careful collection of folks in the waiting-room looked eagerly at Eddie. It was the chief reporter who followed him into his office. Fragments of conversation came through the open doorway.

"You got the job then? Fine! Don't mention it, boy. I'd like to do what I could to have work to do—that's what makes it worth living. Don't look for the easy way the jacks breaks. A job's no fun unless you put all your gas into it."

Talking as it has very he depended on change that sulky young cub get off on being right?

It's this way. If you're a walk-out as another boy, I'd say coming alone to say. He's no good here, maybe he'll do better at a desk. Instead the boss will say, "It has to be good if it's job, he wouldn't come his suit it another. You don't get

promotions on a newspaper or any where else, unless you rate 'em."

There was a pause, a quick clearing of his throat, that "six little ones"—I'm unconsciously kept his soul on top, she ran away from something that might speak of moralizing.

"Well, son, get this. I've got a lot of my own about your age. In a decent job it's character that counts. Don't think I'm preaching that's a business fact."

As the callow cub tore out, the giant man with the wistful eyes crept in, "Eddie gives me back my faith in life, in myself," he had confided to me, over the photograph I was selecting.

Eddie had given the cub a job, and the poor wretch, now hearty. What would he give the rest, I wondered, as I wandered from my quiet corner.

The telephone kept ringing. City calls, long distance. Messengers brought in stacks and stacks of letters which Eddie refused to call familiar. "There're my friends all of 'em!" Telegrams came. More calls.

"Sure," he said in answer to one. "We'll all have a get-together before I leave. The whole jolly bunch at my home. I'll walk fix it."

Eddie has had the same wife for twenty-two years. He still says her name with a tunny little tender inflection.

He grunted at me in passing. "How's it coming?" he said. I drew my ash to ask about the man with the trains.

That's it," he smiled. He told me he had told me his story. A personal

drunk. The next morning, but for that I'm helping him keep on the wagon. I've got all sort of little tricks, even the kind you don't see here."

He mumbled a little incoherent confession.

"What do you give 'em, Eddie?"

"His grin," he said. "His grin and grumpy, but he'd let the depression get his grin."

Yes, that's all it's something, even the dominant. Not an order, something more valuable. Some formula for success? It was in his face, as he left the office, in the set of his shabby shoulders, in his curly white hair as he strode out.

And as Eddie bustled about his cleared office, he was wistful, too. That tuneless, off-key whistling of his. He deplores long tongue deal this man who has the most of the universe in him, who keeps step to the life-threads of humanity itself?

His secretary hurried him away. That inevitable broadcast? She thrust things at him for him to grab. He fairly dove down the corridor to the elevators.

"Goodbye, Mister Grant!" I called after those flying feet. He jerked to a sudden standstill, stared back. "Hi, Eddie!" I called. He'd miss his train, sure!

"Goodbye, Eddie!" I called. "Good luck!" And in my heart I said, "And God bless you!"

He grunted, waved and disappeared. "Young down!" shouted the elevator boy. Yes, going down to a world that sorry needed Eddie's grin, grumpy and groggy. (111, 130)

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A Nut About Horses

(Continued from page 47)

For a MEMORABLE VISIT TO NEW YORK



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and they seem a long way back now—I made up my mind that if I ever could afford it, I'd own horses of my own. And say, last winter was great! It was every bit as well as I always thought it would be, watching one of my own horses out there racing in with the others—even if he were beaten.

"There was only one drawback. Once in a while, one of my horses would be running out at Santa Anita and I'd have to be on a movie set. Was that tough? Or there would be a radio rehearsal and I'd have to drag my mind back from that race track and get it on my work. It was terrible—but of course I did it, because work does come first."

Now, and then, as he spoke, Bing would pause while his eyes remained glued on a steedling thoroughbred out there on the course. Admiration shined in his rapt gaze as it followed one fleet animal after the other.

He chewed absently on an unlighted cigar as he traced the little cloud of brown dust in the horse's wake. Then he would return somewhat vaguely to the subject at hand.

"What was I talking about? Oh, yes. My horses racing at Santa Anita. Well, you see, I didn't want to send them to the

racetrack here in the east. For one thing, I'm going to be too busy in the east to bother with horses, and for another, I'll be going back to the coast soon, and I want my horses where I can see them. That's half the kick of owning them—to go out and watch them training. Why I'd almost as soon watch them training as see them race.

"Other horses beside the three I bought here? Oh, yes, indeed. Let's see. There's *Zombie-Zombie*, my favorite. I bought him from the Greenacre Stable. That's Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's, you know. Then there are *Savoyan Miss Faye*, *Uncle Gus*, *Betty T.*—and *Wesley*. *Wesley* is expected "a blessed event," as they say on Broadway. Marie'll be the little stranger that will win the Santa Anita for me.

"They're all at the ranch, in charge of my trainer, Albert Johnson. Albert's an ex-jockey, you know, and a wonderful trainer, too. Of course, he's the real horse expert, not I. I take his advice always, and he's usually right. He advises me about buying horses and what he says regarding training and racing goes, absolutely. Albert's boss around the ranch. I just look on."

Incidentally, Bing's Albert has had a



Walter Winchell, snooper supreme, as he appears at his regular Sunday night's task of giving the nation the news before it happens. He edits the *Jergens Journal of the Air*. His broadcast has become almost as popular as his newspaper column. Walter's life is a hectic one, what with always being expected to be the very first to learn of anything important before it actually happens. And, as an inescapable result, he's prematurely grey.



The conductor of the Ford Symphony Orchestra which you hear each Sunday evening over CBS is Victor Kalar, who came to this country from Budapest several years ago with another struggling young artist, Rudolph Friml. Naturally, Conductor Kalar now is partial to the works of Composer Friml.

colorful career on the turf. He used to ride for Samuel D. Riddle, owner of the great *Man O'War*. But finally that bugaboo of all jockeys, Old Man Avoidropus, caught up with him, and he had to abandon his profession. Training is about the only field open to a jockey who becomes overweight. Training jobs, particularly good ones, are few and far between. For a long, long time Albert eked out a precarious existence around the track, for the track was all that he knew. He had been thrifty while he was making the big money, but so were lots of depression victims. His savings were wiped out.

However Albert had a lot of friends in the racing game and whenever a job rolled up someone tipped him off to it. Finally came his chance with Crosby, a Veteran horseman who came east after the California season closed last spring promising Johnson one of the most promising of the young trainees. If anyone can make Bing's horses win, they predict, he is the man.

Indeed it was Johnson who, studying a Sartorius sales catalogue, advised his boss to buy the \$300 filly, *Hinnocet*. Experts at the sale told me the spragging star had made one of the best buys of the night which he snared the well-bred youngster at such a comparatively low price.

"*Quaint!* Look at him! Just look at him!"

Bing's sharp nudge brought me back to my surroundings. On the track minced a horse, a big, chestnut beauty, proud head held high, bawled-up pipe-stem legs, seeming to skim the surface of the brown racing strip without actually touching it. I could share the Crosby enthusiasm for this one, for every move he made was poetry in itself.

"Would I like to own that fellow!" my excited companion thrilled admiringly. "That's *Discretion*."

Discretion, the great champion! "Young Alfred Vanderbilt hasn't anything on me though," Bing solidified as we walked past the vast empty grandstand. "He's only got one champ, I have three and believe me those kids are world-beaters." THE END

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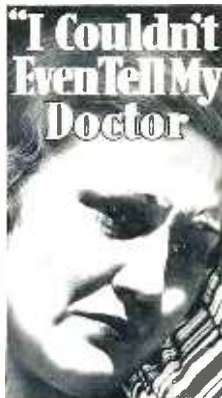
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TINTEX IS COLOR-MAGIC FOR EVERY FADED FABRIC

Listening in at Sing Sing

(Continued from page 15)



the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles?

The suffering is well nigh insupportable and the sad part of it is this, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects

First of all, it is *soothing*, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is *antiseptic*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

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reasoning, which sends the men into transports when they hear Walter O'Keefe, on his famed Caravan Hour. Other variety favorites are Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone—and Rudy Vallee. There was a time when they sneered at Vallee but he has been rising steadily in favor and may yet head the list. Of the cronies, the favorite is Bing Crosby.

These listeners like music, not jazz, nor Wynn King's waltzes—but soulful, well-rhythmized popular songs. None so swift as they to detect bad playing. In the death house, music is intensely appreciated—music and variety shows. The men in the C-6 changer, sadly enough, so it is hard to make any definite statements about their likes and dislikes, but generally speaking these are the programs they like.

Ranking and possibly surpassing the comedy is in popularity are the news flashes and the commentaries. Men behind stone walls are parched for news. It is life to them. The few newspapers that get into the prison are read to rapture—fifty men to a single paper. I never could understand why the newspaper people shut down on news. Radio news, if anything, brought them more readers.

Which commentator do they like best? This is a hard question but I suppose honors are divided between Lowell Thomas and Boske Carter. Were we to omit either of them, there would be a violent protest. Kallenborn of CBS, is extremely popular. And Walter Winchell has apparently split the place into two groups of those who are enthusiastic about him and those who will have no part of his commentaries. All, however, are grateful for his gift to Sing Sing of an organ and of his efforts to find jobs for discharged convicts. Sport news and reports of good bets are eagerly listened to. Eddie Dowley and Stan Lomax bring tops in this department.

Among the women singers, Grace Moore is most admired, with June Frenon running her a close second. John Charles Thomas shares honors with John McCracken among the male voices. We have a group of serious men, above the average in age, who request the radio church services. Their families attend church and they like to feel that they are participating with them. Unfortunately they are not in the majority. The ordinary prisoner is young and restless. He wants light entertainment—and as they are in the majority they get what they want.

Every one of the 2,500 men who comprise the population of Sing Sing has a telephone in his cell and can listen in, unless he is a new comer or has misbehaved. If a prisoner gets into a habit with a companion and attempts to use a knife or other drastic weapon, we deprive him of his radio rights. New comers spend the first two weeks in the old cell block, during which time they go through a series of examinations. While this is going on they have no radio.

If the prisoners had their way, letters

from them would descend in cardboard boxes on radio stars they like. We keep the number down. There is a prison rule forbidding the inmates to send letters soliciting favors of any kind. However, we let a great many simple fan letters go out. They are only a small percentage of the half-million letters which leave Sing Sing every year.

Another feature of the radio in this penitentiary is the inter-prison broadcasting system. When, for example, I have occasion to address the prisoners at chapel, a microphone carries my voice to the men in the hospital and others unable to attend. This system also is used at football games for the men who are sick or in the death house. One of the prisoners does the play by play report and he makes a pretty good Ted Hussey.

My own broadcasts, I am sincerely proud to say, are well liked. I am proud because for this type of program, the Sing Sing audience is the most critical, not to say the most expert in the world. Prisoners in many other institutions listen in and seem to find them instructive. My hope is that the message that crime doesn't pay—that it is a sap's game—will sink deep into the minds of those who need it most.

Add to the prisoners, the prison guards, the classes in sociology and the police officers—many of the latter being compelled by orders to time in—also form a regular part of my audience, and you will agree that I have the most critical body of listeners of anyone broadcasting. All of which means that these broadcasts have to be accurate, that they have to ring true and be true.

The stories I tell, it is hardly necessary to explain, are all drawn directly from the lives of the men who have passed through my hands during my thirty-one years of prison life, sixteen of which have been spent at Sing Sing. There is a story in every man of the thirty odd thousand who have gone through this prison alone. My problem, you see, is not in finding material but in selecting the stories from the wealth of material I have on hand.

Having decided on my story, I write it—throw it into dramatic form. That is the easiest part of the job. The hardest is the acting. But that is after all not very hard because in all these programs I am simply myself, doing what I normally do, saying the things I say every day in real life. If I were obliged to do some other job, then the job would be hard because I am not much of an actor. I remember when these programs were first put on, the broadcasting officials tried to get me to dress up. I refused. However, rather I was I was going to continue to be myself, I said. They argued but I finally won them over.

My first appearance at the inter-telephone was back in 1921. I was debating on capital punishment with Senator Love. The debate lasted two hours and twenty minutes. In my own opinion, being allowed to debate that long in that air toward peo-



Oscar Shaw, young American baritone singer and Master of Ceremonies of "Broadway Varieties," that delightful radio offering on Friday evenings at 8:30, was born in Brooklyn and started his career selling soap. He crashed the stage as a chorus boy and since has achieved an enviable reputation here and abroad. Recently starred in London in "Honeymoon Express."

I made other appearances as a debater and speaker after that but, curiously, I never felt the slightest twinge of nervousness until this year—the fourth year of my program. When I went on I had a real case of stage fright.

What pleases me most is that these radio talks I give produce a large crop of fan mail from all sections of the country—and it pleases me because the writers are young men and women who have been helped by what I said, some actually divorced from becoming a life of crime.

How much the radio in Sing Sing helps start the men to thinking straight about life, I do not know. It is one of several factors, possibly the most important. It serves to keep the men from becoming despondent, it keeps them from the despair which makes anything possible after they get out. And anything that will keep prisoners fairly contented and in contact with a free and unobscured outside life, in which they cannot participate because of a slip they made is invaluable. To me, a prisoner is an individual, to be studied as such, to be treated as an individual. Judgment must be used. Depriving a disobedient prisoner of his radio may be the worst thing I could do, it may be more important—precisely because of his disobedience—than he should have it, than that his neighbors, who have learned to take orders, should have it.

The hour at which bulbs go out and radios go on has always been 10:30 in the evening. But this hour finds some of the best radio programs in full swing, notably the March of Time, a great favorite among the inmates. The men never were able to hear the program through. It seemed to me and my associates that the desire for a little extra news was legitimate, especially in view of the fact that the program which created the desire was one of radio's most instructive broadcasts. So, we have conceded the point. Radios at Sing Sing nowadays do not go off until 10:45.

TOP ENDS

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—gravisly!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a gravisly cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unexpected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intends. This automatically permits the pores to rid themselves of their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

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There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

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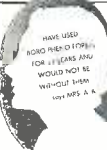
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Radio's Jane Froman reveals a few Hollywood facts in our next issue which moviedom probably

won't like.

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce dry rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of green tea. Any dressing can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your look! It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It is not to be handkerchiefed by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Radio Pays a Debt

(Continued from page 20)

I was educated the public mindfully to be proud where I could do the double duty as a singer. Radio never art smothered my efforts and one's because they can't be played thirty times a night. Instead radio brought the best music to people who once before had had the chance to hear it. I believe that it is a great boon to everyone who possesses natural good taste. Radio helped to develop that taste and has raised the American public to opera. And I'm grateful.

"Why, do you know," and in spite of his opinion regarding good taste, Gershwin seemed amazed, "Porgy" is a human success."

We were seated in the work room on the second floor of his duplex apartment. There are a great many rooms in the Gershwin home, a living-room with two pianos and many paintings, including a Rembrandt. There is an English den and a sparsely furnished room and bath, and a great hall, and a studio where he can paint. There are many fires and sofas, stoves and tables. In the room is something about the little workroom that is distinctly Gershwin. You feel that here he spends most of his waking hours. Here is an over-turned chair, a stain on the carpet, and from the wall hangs a BCl as prize fight scene, brought from the house in which Gershwin lived ten years ago.

A piano stands near the windows. As I talked Gershwin got a light idea, a card upon it and when he grew certain of "Porgy's" success, he founded The piano created.

"You're not Helen Morgan," I reminded him.

"But I wrote 'The Man I Love'."

Composed in the most doctored opera of the day, George Gershwin still is proud that he wrote a popular song. You like him for this.

"I hope some of the 'Porgy' songs will be popular; I hope they'll be sung from coast to coast. I'm glad I can write a popular song so long as it's a good one. Songs are entirely within the operatic tradition. 'Carmen' is practically a collection of 'Porgy' bits, and how that. They that 'The Last Rose of Summer' came from an opera."

He went on to tell me more about "Porgy." How he found the cast himself, most of them never having acted before.

"But they were right—so right for their parts."

And he hopes to bring "Porgy and Bess" to the air.

"In a sort of musical serial built around the main characters. I'm working on the deal now. I hope it goes over so I can stick around New York and study."

While in New York he goes daily to a piano soloist.

"I'm a great doubler. I'm always searching for the truth. Psychology is like taking a college course. People who act too themselves can never go on. I want to know myself so I can know others. I'm interested in one thing—life. I want to find its spark of truth, and have it come through my music."

He moodily checked something on his hand he carried me into the studio.

Found my first painting in two years—Daffodil Hayward.

Gershwin, because he knows people had managed to catch on, was Hayward's first success.

He took into the workroom where he devoted the desk upon which he writes his compositions.

"I don't mind it. See, it's on wheels. I can roll it anywhere. You press this—" and the typewriter jumps out. Here's the ink."

He was all enthusiasm, just as he was years ago when he exhibited two anthropological pictures, one of Charles Chaplin, the other of the Duke of Kent, inscribed: "The Duke of Kent from 'Carmen'."

I talked at him. There was no imagination, only looking genius. There was a very modern young man, one who cares for the things this age offers, for fast motor cars and a game of golf; one who is glad to be sponsored by a king or an art lover, but by the medium that is suited to his time—radio. Gershwin's music is as modern as broadcasting itself. That's why it can speak out America and that is why it can reach out, touching the people of today. Of this I am convinced. THE END

EDITH MEISER

Here is the young lady who is responsible for those radio dramas on Sunday and Tuesday evenings. Author of Leslie Howard's popular radio series, "The Amateur Gentleman," and of "The New Penny," which serves Helen Hayes so delightfully, Edith Meiser previously was noted for her Sherlock Holmes adaptations. She also is the author of "Death Catches Up With Mr. Kluck," a popular novel dealing with murder in a radio studio.



Colossal in a Big Way

(Continued from page 31)

persistence in this event and his sportsmanship have made Whitney a great favorite on the other side of the Atlantic much as was the late Sir Thomas Lipton in this country when he was sending over his various Shamrocks in futile efforts to lift America's cup.

Another of Jack's goals is to back a hit show on Broadway. He has been notorious for his failures along the stem. Two years ago he passed up chances to back two shows, both of which turned out to be tremendous successes. One was "Sailor Beware!" and the other, "She Loves Me Not." And that same season Whitney took an avocal walkabout while serving as anchor for that ill-fated spectacle, "Peter Pan's Revue."

The third of Whitney's ambitions was realized on Lone Island last September, when his polo team the Greenters, named after his estate, won the National Open Polo Tournament. Jack, who wears eye glasses while playing polo, was at the No. 1 position with Gerry Baldwin, Pete Postwick and Tommy Hutcheon rounding out the quartet.

"Possibly winning the polo trophy may be a good thing," said Whitney. "Now that I've achieved that one ambition it may pave the way for the others. I'm certain that 'Junior' will go across in a big way and I may be able to round out the team by capturing the Grand National next March."

"Incidentally the radio will help the show. It provides an excellent avenue of advertising and those who think it will be eager to see the show when they come to town. For that matter, it also should attract hundreds of New Yorkers who otherwise would not be interested."

Since Whitney is in for about a quarter of a million in "Junior," his extreme interest in the show is understandable. Herbert Bayerl Swapp, former New York club and present head of the State Racing Commission, has about 25 per cent, and Ross put up the rest.

"We've estimated that the show must gross close to \$45,000 a week to break even," commented Whitney. "Here again the radio comes to our rescue, since the return from the broadcasts pulls that figure down to \$32,500. With the profits from Jerry runs to \$4,40, seven months' work would return the original investment."

As you can judge from these figures that we've got to have a long run to make money. The show is big in every way, which explains the repeated postponements of the opening. Billy wouldn't open until he had everything set as he wanted it and in a show involving a cast of over 200, not to mention all the animals, it takes quite some ironing to remove the wrinkles."

The show went on the air before it opened on the stage. The original date

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Jean King (left) and Helen Claire, both well-known dramatic actresses and favorites of the air-waves, do some of the commercial announcing and act as Mistresses of Ceremonies on the Saturday night "Let's Dance" program.

set for the opening was Oct. 26th, with the first broadcast slated for Oct. 29th. The broadcast opened as scheduled, but the opening night was slanted ahead from Saturday to Saturday, eventually making its bow on Nov. 16th after three postponements.

Rose was adamant about not opening the show until he was satisfied with it, despite wisecracks from Broadwayites, who had been hearing about "Jumbo" since late July. When Nov. 16th finally was announced as the opening night, Ben Hecht, also with Charles Gordon MacArthur wrote the book, and: "What is it, a return engagement?"

"This show means a lot to me," said Rose, explaining his repeated postponements. "When it goes on I know it will go on right. The second act finish had its jangling on the ropes for weeks, but we've finally got the ending for it we want."

"As a kid I was crazy about the circus, like most kids, but with me the fever stuck, even when I grew older. I used to hop a plane to different towns, just to get a look at the circus."

"Jumbo" is my idea of what the circus should be. It has all the frills that the big-top shows had, plus a story and music. I believe that there are other grown-ups, like myself, who would like to see a circus with continuity and that's what I'm trying to give them.

"I agreed with fear and trepidation, to put the show on the air. I knew nothing about the radio and friends or mine advised me not to get mixed up in it. They said that I would have to listen to the suggestions of officials of the sponsors and that I would be hampered on all sides by amateurs who had their own ideas on how the broadcast should be handled."

"Instead, I found no trouble at all. Neither the radio officials nor the sponsors interfered with me in any way. The broadcasts are being run exactly as I wished. And I don't mind telling you, I certainly am not sorry that I agreed to the tie-up. The chance to put "Jumbo" in one hundred million kitchens and parlors

every Tuesday night is an opportunity that producers dream of."

David Freedman, the "ghost" of Eddie Cantor, worked on the continuity. Although Hecht and MacArthur were noted for their splurghous dialogue in other shows, such as "Front Page," the book for "Jumbo" is meticulously clean. No punning will be necessary for the radio, although the story will have to be strung out.

Hecht thought there was too much of the play's first act in the opening broadcast. "It was almost verbatim," said the playwright. "If I had my say, I would have introduced the circus idea, explained the theory of the show, and given more songs."

Freedman's task was to spread out "Jumbo" for the air. At the rate the story was told in the initial broadcast, six weeks would finish the program, and the Texaco officials, who have replaced Ed Wynn with this, fondly hope that it will run over the air for at least a year. One radio deviation is that Paul Whiteman's band is led by his sub-conductor, Adolph Deutsch, due to another radio contract of Whiteman.

Jimmy Durante, whose professional rival that of the animal star of "Jumbo," Rose — a 54-year-old elephant who spent last summer at Luna Park, Coney Island — is just as interested in the radio success of "Jumbo" as are the show's backers. Jimmy never has been an emphatic hit over the air. He never approached his movie popularity, nor enhanced his reputation as a comic.

At the end of the first broadcast, Durante, fondled his script as though it were a baby. "Wotta pity, wotta pity!" snorted the show-biz man. "Can them guys Hecht and MacArthur write, or can they write? And can I read, or can I? Wotta surprise to me, wottis all, but I think I is illiterate. Me, the great Schmozzol! And now I'm 'Bravin' Bowers, the circus press agent. Will I go to town? Hot cha cha." Maybe I can't pronounce all the words, but I'll sure rattle 'em until they quit."

Although Durante's Broadway reputation is high, much of his buoyancy is of the intimate kind and a great deal more of it is visual. You've got to see Jimmy's grimaces, his foot-stomping and his head-wagging to see him at his funniest. Over the air, he must depend entirely on his lines. And the lines Hecht and MacArthur have given him in "Jumbo" are the best he has had yet.

This is only the fourth Broadway production for the veteran of the night clubs, although he did several vaudeville turns. He appeared in "Slow Girl," which starred Ruby Keeler, and "The New Yorkers," with Dennis King and Hope Williams. Two years ago he starred with Lupe Velez in "Strike Me Pink," the first show in which he appeared without his madcap co-workers, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson.

In addition to Durante, Donald Novis and Glota Grafton hold the thread of the story of "Jumbo," providing the sustained love interest and bringing to the air a singing team which should prove popular.

A male chorus of 32 voices adds to the musical end of "Jumbo." The lyrics, by Rodgers and Hart, are excellent but, for the purposes of radio continuity, the pair may be called upon to write additional numbers. Otherwise the Novis-Grafton romance may have to resort to current songs, which would destroy the illusion of the plot.

Such, then, is "Jumbo" as it comes to the air. Surely it is a peculiar quirk of fate which binds the interests of three well-dissimilar figures as John Hay Whitney, society man, sportsman and millionaire-polo player, Durante, who once sang ballads in his father's barber shop on New York's lower East Side, and Billy Rose, the producer who is "different."

If "Jumbo" is a success on the air, it most certainly will be a success on Broadway (or, more properly speaking, Sixth Avenue, which is where the Hippodrome is located) and thus Whitney will achieve the second of his trilogy of ambitions, that of being the angel of a hit show.

If "Jumbo" goes across the ether in a big way, Durante will have established himself as a radio favorite. Jimmy always has been a big comic to New York's night-club habitués and to movie fans and "Jumbo" gives him his best chance to prove to America's listeners that he is as funny as his boosters claim.

If "Jumbo" is a success, it means much to Billy Rose, more than the inflation it will give his bank account. Rose always insisted that the circus could have been shown to better advantage. Rose, like all theatrical producers since the time of Aristophanes, is sure that he's right. And, if Rose is right, then Barnum was wrong. Barnum, right or wrong, was 100 per cent correct when he said:

"Jumbo is the biggest thing yet."

And if the radio puts the show across, then Whitney, Durante and Rose should pay tribute to Phineas Taylor Barnum, who has been dead these forty-five years, but who had the perfect formula for radio success. Old P.T. may have fooled some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but he managed to please all of the people all of the time.

THE END

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PAUL WHITEMAN In the March Issue
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Aces Up

(Continued from page 27)

she had: "P. S.—*lunacy who died!*"

Well, that really was in a letter Jane received. Naturally Mr. Ace doesn't depend on actual happenings for his material. The Easy Aces have been broadcasting for six years, two, three and four times a week. I ventured the thought that it must be tough sometimes to keep thinking of new ideas all the time. It was a perfect chance for Ace to enlarge on the difficulty of his job. But he passed up the bait.

"The more you do," he said, "the easier it is. One situation leads into another. At first our scripts were almost exclusively around bridge. We've got away from that now and the subjects are much more general.

"I've found that folks are interested in two things, principally: romance and finance. In the current sequence we're doing, the finance angle gets a play. Jane, last night (in the script) unknowingly bought a desk at auction, for which she paid \$275. Tonight she'll explain it to me; you see she didn't realize she was bidding—the auctioneer looked directly at her, and Jane, thinking he recognized her, nodded back. It was up a chance for somebody as Jane explains, bit by bit, how she didn't really buy the desk—and does she have to keep it?"

"I can't hear just now," I prompted.
"I don't know, exactly. I've got something vague in mind, about a secret drawer with a large sum of money in it, that we discover accidentally. But before we find it out the listeners will know it's there—and will wonder whether we'll find it be-

fore we sell the desk."

"So much for finance," I said. "But where does the romance come in?" I couldn't remember any particularly tender moments between the Aces on the air.

"Well, there's *Margie*, one of the characters in the script, who lives with us. *Margie* has a nice laugh, and she takes the place of a studio audience. (The Easy Aces don't broadcast to a studio audience.)

"*Margie* had a romance not long ago. And there was Jane's brother—in the script. Do you remember the sequence where he finally got a job as a lifeguard?"

I remembered it—you probably do, too. As a lifeguard who couldn't swim, Jane's brother got himself and a girl saved by another guard. The girl also came to live with the Aces, suffering from amnesia. Jane's efforts to discover the girl's name by casually calling her a different name each time she spoke to her made a screaming funny act. Particularly when it developed that the girl didn't recognize any of the names because *her* name was Jane also—the only name Jane Ace didn't try! If memory serves, I believe Jane's brother married the girl. There was romance!

And speaking of romance, Jane and Goodman Ace had something of a romance themselves, which led up to their marriage. Their acquaintance dated back to high school days in Kansas City, where Goodman lured Jane with her mathematics homework. Even that far back Ace had his eye on the pert, blonde Jane. And his eye stayed on her while she finished high school and he went on to journalism college and a job on the Kansas City Journal.



It looks like mutiny! But it's just one of those informal moments backstage. Xavier Cugat, whose stirring tango-rumba band is one of those three orchestras heard every Saturday night on the "Let's Dance" program, is trying out some hot notes on his wife. But Carmen Castillio, lovely Spanish songstress, who sings on the same program with her famous husband, isn't having any!



Do you listen on Tuesday evenings to N.T.G.'s Bromo-Seltzer show? Here are those two screamingly funny comics, Tom Howard and George Shelton, in characteristic attitudes. This scene, however, is from one of their movie comedies.

Post. The records don't show that Ace broke any lances or slew any dragons. All he had was a fixed idea about the future Mrs. Ace and a none too lucrative job on a paper. Jane's folks didn't think much of Ace or his job. They had an inherently dubious attitude towards underpaid newspapermen in general and toward Ace in particular, even though Ace was by now drama reviewer and columnist. He held that spot for twelve years, which brings us to 1928. Then Goodman did what all good heroes of romance do—he married the girl.

That same year marked Goodman Ace's radio debut. He began in radio for the same reason that you or I start toying with a new angle: an attempt to make a few extra dollars.

His first radio program was as the "Movie Man"—answering questions about movies. It was free sustaining, which means that he got nothing for it. Then he went on the air with "Where's A Good Show," a feature which was paid for by the theatres. Nearing the end of his fifteen minutes one day, frantic wigwags from the station manager told him that the performer to follow him was late. Ace had to hold the fort.

He dashed out to the reception-room where Jane was waiting, shoved her before the mike and started off with: "Hello, folks, I want you to meet my room-mate." And for three or four minutes Goodman and Jane talked of various nonsensicalities. Jane taking her cues from his pointed remarks. At the end of the performance the Easy Aces had been born—and Jane collapsed!

The station and listeners liked the impromptu act so well that they went on regularly, once a week, for a half hour—for money! The money, as a matter of fact, was ten dollars. Around this time, also, Ace used to get up at 7:00 o'clock every Sunday morning to read the funnies over the air. He was one of the first to do this; his stunt was to mark each frame with a gag of his own, so that adults as well as children might be amused.

The actual Easy Aces program originated with Goodman in bridge games the Aces held with their friends.

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Jack Benny, whose grand sense of humor has earned him legions of listeners, captured by a gay group of femme autograph hunters on the M-G-M lot during the filming of "Let Freedom Ring."

"PEPPY..
that's me all over!"



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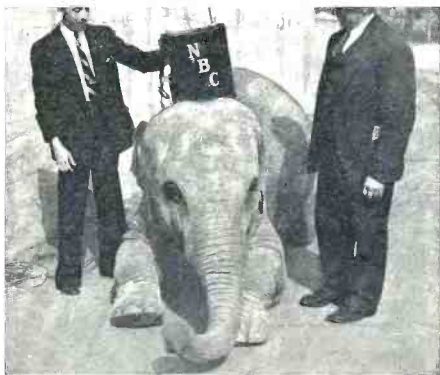
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No, this isn't Jumbo, of radio and Hippodrome fame. Nor is it the elephant who went for a ride and walked home! This is May, baby elephant of the Fleischacker Zoo, with George McIlwain (left), NBC assistant field supervisor of the Western Division, and Chatam, the keeper in charge of the animals. The picture was made during a recent broadcast from the Fleischacker Zoo.

"Jane," he says, "was probably the world's worst bridge player. Our bridge sessions were tempered with wisecracks and it seemed like a good idea for a radio show so we tried it out on the air. It caught on and we were paid all of thirty dollars weekly for it. After broadcasting for six months we decided we must be pretty good and asked for fifty dollars—we were refused and quit. Some of our friends got busy on the telephone for a few days and the result was we went back—for another sponsor—for eighty dollars!"

That's Ace's way of telling it. As a matter of fact, their "friends" must have included a pretty good slice of the listening public, or I miss my guess. An advertising agency man from Chicago heard the program about this time and liked it. Thinking it might be a fluke he said nothing, but came back about a month later and listened again. This time he asked the Aces if they would leave K. C. for thirteen weeks, at \$500 per week.

"We decided," Ace said, "that we might as well grab the chance and make the most of it until they got wise to us. But I didn't take any chances; I got a leave of absence from my paper and kept the daily column going from Chicago."

When their option was taken up for a second thirteen weeks, Ace cut down the column to twice weekly. And when they started the third thirteen weeks he felt secure enough to drop the column entirely.

"At first I used to take all comments and criticisms seriously," Ace says, "Worried about them, in fact. We used to have an organist play the theme song, 'Manhattan Serenade.' Someone suggested that an accordion would be better—insisted on

it. The organist could play the accordion, but he couldn't have it for the next broadcast. In spite of that the critic called up after the broadcast and commented enthusiastically on how much better the music sounded! Since then we don't pay much attention to other people's comments."

There was a knock at the door and Jane Ace entered. Goodman said:

"Jane, this is Mr. Hanley . . . meet my first wife."

Jane sat down on the couch, smiled, tucked her legs under her and spoke to her husband about her new hat.

"Do you like it?" she asked plaintively. Goodman hid. "Do you?" she demanded. I said I thought it was a truly delightful hat. "I ask everybody that," she drawled. "But it's so hi-oh!" I didn't think it was too high. Jane isn't so high herself, scaling five-foot-two. She's smiling most of the time and she has a trick of grinning and winking at you; it's a friendly, confidential, impersonal wink. And she talks exactly as she does over the air—though she doesn't say the silly things the radio Jane does. At this time she was hungry and said so.

"Just a minute," Goodman said, tuning up the Teleflash. "I'm on Keenemoa in this race." As the race results came over the wire Keenemoa wasn't even running. Then, in a very close finish, he came in, the winner at good odds.

Now, I thought, we'll see some real excitement, I was disappointed. Ace grinned and lit a fresh cigar. "He won," he announced. "I had twenty bucks on him. Why didn't you eat this afternoon, Jane?"

Easy Aces indeed!
THE END

Board of Review

(Continued from page 13)

- GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS).**
The material is irresistibly fresh, and Gracie Burns has to put it over.
- A AND P GYPSIES (NBC).**
These Gypsies' sketches specializing in sprockety melodias.
- THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC).**
Hard-fice sports stuff with personal great stars from the sports world.
- ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS).**
Frank Parker & company's hour.
- BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS).**
Frank Miller & his six "Radio Show" sketches are a treat of stars.
- SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).**
Can't help but entertain.
- PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).**
The "Kiss with a man" that they and Johnny who says "the picture will."
- VIC AND SAGE (NBC).**
These twosome justify stuff.
- CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).**
From a better experience, the one.
- RAY BLOCK AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
Concert at best of time. Lots of notes and Sally, Sunny, etc. etc.
- RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).**
Just try to keep your feet from tripping.
- NIELA GOODELLE (NBC).**
A musical musical comedy.
- ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC).**
Another drama of sort that dash to the South.
- SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).**
Of course.
- MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).**
Melodiana includes, with Itanna Clatter the standard.
- JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).**
The news because it happens.
- LOG CABIN (NBC).**
The story by state of Louisiana (Louisiana).
- KALTEBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS).**
Edits the human interest content to see that out.
- JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).**
Land a favorite.
- EDGAR QUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).**
Philosophy and poetry in welcome patterns.
- N.T.C. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC).**
Philosophy in the.
- LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).**
The musical comedians of the world.
- LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN (CBS).**
It is a Nelly and Tony Munns find beautiful assistance to the baby Frank.
- SETH PARKER WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC).**
The big... Sides don't do the one type of entertainment, but done on the program.
- VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).**
The program back for America's production.
- UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).**
Classical humor and tricks.
- THE SINGING LADY (NBC).**
Voice and story wonderfully presented.
- POPEYE (NBC).**
With all improvement, thanks to a novel musical development.
- DALE CARNEGIE IN LITTLE KNOWN**



Why does a girl in love blossom gloriously? Because she has the thrilling assurance that to one person in the world she is wonderful... adorable... beloved.

Why do Blue Waltz cosmetics help the "lonely" girl to blossom into the "only" girl? Because they give her confidence; they make her feel desirable. She discovers her own loveliness through the romantic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume; the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder; the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick.

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THE UNWED BRIDE!

The crowd swept Candy and Greg into the room where half the college was waiting to greet them with cheers. The whole thing seemed like a nightmare to Candy. The congratulations, the music, the dull quilty ache in her heart. Only last night she had been a carefree silly girl and now—now she was living a lie! For she dared not tell the truth.

What did they do? Carol Kenyon tells you in her thrilling story, "NAUGHTY GIRL!"

It was just then that Taps yelled over the heads of the crowd. "I'll tell you what I know. Listen, everybody! I'm going to tell you about Greg and Candy. They aren't married! I know, because I heard the manager of the roadhouse talking. They were up in one of the private suites when the place was raided! They just said they were married to stop a scandal!"

"Of course we have a license," said Greg. "We'll go get it now!" Hand in hand Candy and Greg ran down the walk to his car. Candy was trembling so that her teeth were chattering. It was all so ghastly! "What—what are we going to do?" she whispered. . . .

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Parkyakarkos is in a spot! But what a spot! The famed Greek radio dialectician, appearing with Eddie Cantor in Samuel Goldwyn's "Strike Me Pink," is surrounded by the Goldwyn Girls. (Front, left to right) Mary Gwynn and Vicki Vann. (Second row) Charlotte Russell and Gail Goodson. (Top) Gail Sheridan and Dorothy Belle Dugan.



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FREE 25-cent booklet "How to Choose Your Laxative." Also contains a list of all drug stores. Send for your copy today. Write: Nature's Remedy Co., 1150 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE (CBS).
These facts abound. Cassanova is the teacher of many prominent conversationalists.

MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANZ IMHOFF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS).
Musical experts "love sparkles" throughout.

JOHNNY AUGUSTINE AND HIS MUSIC (CBS).
Parti Chappin is the "catch"—which helps to melodious.

BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS (CBS).
Red Malow is fructified and the program is not aimed solely at the intellectualist.

BLANCHE SWEET BEAUTY TALK (CBS).
Her narrative has by a woman who really has a reason to talk a treat.

BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Being Crosey has a new sound to his own.

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Gloria Albanus is the accompanist.

FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
Joined by Jack Sadovitch's orchestra and the Three Sisters.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
It's a real hit story. Bowes is an amazing vocalist.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).
Learn Jack Lull's story as heard on this program.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).
Ray does it best as he has too much like the Mayor, "don't" connect to be a...

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).
Most exciting music in the 10.

FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS).
Locals delight.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLEY AND ANDA SANNELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Travels to the "north."

BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
Like makes industry news announcements and organizational.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC).
Continuing commentator.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
Great stars are helping this tremendously.

EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICKENS SISTERS (NBC).
Odette, Yvonne is an expander. Mistress of Car melody.

LUM AND ABNER (NBC).
It's Robert.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
Still strong competition for "Love 'n' Andy."

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).
Informal hints for the ladies introducing prominent and stars as well.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
Orlando is all their and more, it's us.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
Real business on the 10. It's not just a lot of my opinion on the 10, it's a lot of my opinion on the 10.

CAPT. TIM HEALY'S STAMP CLUB (NBC).
Capt. Tim is as usual a story-teller as the 10 on the 10.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
No matter how many times Ben pulls a man, it's still the 10.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).
Presenting the "stars" to steady.



Meet Mr. Joe Cucco Nuts and Mr. J. Mortimer Bolds, two gentlemen of humanitarian ideals and enormous intellectual integrity who recently joined the National Broadcasting Company staff in San Francisco. Their object is to elevate radio and raise it to a positive zenith. Or something!

HARV AND ESTHER (CBS).

Eddy Bergman is the main attraction.

JIMMY FIDLER (NBC).

Hollywood exposed.

JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).

Exactly as the title implies.

HUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).

Paranoids, but grown-ups listen to us well as the kids.

BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).

And raucous.

OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS).

Fireman days.

JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS).

Schoolboy melodrama. Lots of laughs.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).

Impersonal interviews from public places, with the questions always more amusing than the answers.

HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS).

Tips for the housewife.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).

Sublimely dramatic presentations tending to do with the history of a country.

THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).

Especially Rich and his band, with notable Eleanor Powell, who rates almost as well as the dances.

TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).

Especially meant for the kiddies, but the grown-ups enjoy listening to the excitement.



ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND FAT (CBS).

The merry musings of Show, when major musicals are from the musical era.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET (CBS).

Real and fine as usual.

LAZY DAN (CBS).

As usual in this sort of song.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).

Just songs.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).

Re-mixer.

THE GUMPS (CBS).

They should stick to the comic panel.

SMILING ED (CBS).

Status of good things (TV by Ed McConnell).

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).

Strictly juvenile.

FIVE STAR JONES (CBS).

Utama is a respectable show.

HERE THEY COME, FOLKS!!!

A FULL-COURSE MENU OF YOUR FAVORITE FUNNIES!

You youngsters from six to sixty who love the funnies will welcome POPULAR COMICS, the greatest book of its kind ever published.

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Dick Tracy ● Skippy ● Toonerville ● Smitty ● Moon Mullins ● Tailspin Tommy ● Pam and Donald Dare ● Ripley ● Mutt and Jeff ● Winnie Winkle ● The Gumps ● Don Winslow of the Navy ● Ben Webster's Page ● Orphan Annie ● King of the Royal Mounted ● Little Joe ● Terry ● Gasoline Alley ● Bronc Peeler ● Tiny Tim. . . .

Start *now*, with the February issue, to follow the adventures of your favorite comic characters.



February—**10¢**
Now on Sale
Everywhere, 10¢

POPULAR COMICS

Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 52)

What Do You Think of the Statement: "Life Begins at Forty"?

Frank Parker: "I probably know more about that later."

Nick Goodell: "I don't quite agree. I believe life is very exciting at sixteen and could be said to begin as early as that."

André Kostelanetz: "It is a confession of a waste of time up to the age of forty."

Jessie Duganette: "I'm not forty yet, so I can't give any significant comment."

Richard Hamber: "I'll know in twelve years."

Bunny Branta: "I believe it was coined as compensation to people who have had dull lives up to forty. I really think life begins at eighteen—for a girl, anyway."

Nick Dawson: "Alas, I think began at eighteen. I have read, or rather attempted to read, Mr. Pitkin's book and consider it platitudinous tripe."

Margaret Sparks: "I believe it is very probably true because by that time one should have had one's life well under control and should have begun to achieve in some degree one's ambitions, whether in a career or home or both—in my case, both."

Dale Carmichael: "I think it is mildly optimistic."

Deane Jarvis: "Well, I certainly hope it does, because I am looking forward to enjoying life at its fullest at that time."

Ray Perkins: "I think it's a daisy-thrust."

Kate Smith: "I certainly feel that life should be very pleasant and useful at forty."

John Charles Thomas: "It begins at forty if you have lived stolidly until that time."

Patti Chapin: "To me, it means that you don't really reach maturity until forty—at which age, the knowledge and experience that you have gleaned from life enable you to understand and enjoy to the fullest extent of the richness life really has to offer."

Inez Gorio: "Twenty years too late."

David Ross: "It may be of great help to men and women who have lost confidence in themselves, because of the encroachment of middle-age. I dare say this belief fires them with new hope. Believing is very close to believing."

Elsie Hitz: "I think it's a grand idea."

John Barclay: "There's no doubt about it."

Gabriel Heatter: "I think it's true. It's got to be true in my case. I am forty-three and a man of forty-three never had a better friend than Dr. Pitkin's celebrated phrase."

Deena Taylor: "I agree with a much more heartily than I did forty years ago."

Al Pearce: "I think the statement is true as one does not really begin to enjoy life until around that age."

Fritz Scheff: "It does not begin . . . it continues."

Ted Harnick: "I haven't reached forty yet so I couldn't honestly say."

Billy Ryan: "There may be something in it."

Isham Jones: "Oked, if it does!"

Lud Gluskin: "Sweet!"

Are You Good at Keeping New Year's Resolutions?

Rudy Vallee: "I have given up making them."

Nick Goodell: "No; my intentions are always good but I usually find myself slipping in a month or two."

Jessie Duganette: "No!"

Lud Gluskin: "Just fair."

Frank Parker: "The best!"

John Barclay: "No. I can always find such convincing reasons why it doesn't really matter whether they are kept or not."

Gabriel Heatter: "Hopelessly laid in fact I make mine almost daily and am still hoping. Especially the one about getting some sleep."

John Charles Thomas: "Yes."

Ray Perkins: "I try not to make any, and what's more important I try not to have to."

Dale Carmichael: "Yes, I am excellent—for about three days. I never make them any more."

Deane Jarvis: "No, I start out with the best of intentions, but I act on the beaten track in a very short while."

Benny Franklin: "I make mental resolutions, but an pretty weak at keeping them."

Billy Ryan: "No—I've tried—but didn't have much success."

Richard Hamber: "No, but maybe that's because I never make any."

André Kostelanetz: "Perfect!"

Il Pearce: "I like 90% of the human race. I start out with the best of intentions but soon forget about them."

David Ross: "To make them is to break them. I therefore make no New Year's resolutions."

Patti Chapin: "So—so."

In the Past Fifteen Years What Has Been Your Favorite Popular Song?

Inez Gorio: "You're Is My Heart Above" (Gene Lockie)

Nick Goodell: "They Didn't Believe Me"

Jessie Duganette: "Sweet Mystery of Life" (Victor Herbert)

Lud Gluskin: "Lady of the Evening"

Frank Parker: "Sweet Mystery of Life"

John Barclay: "Ol' Man River"

Elsie Hitz: "I'll See You Again"

Nick Dawson: "Cocktails for Two"

Gabriel Heatter: "Dancing Check to Check"

John Charles Thomas: "I Love Life"

Rudy Vallee: "Sylvia"

Margaret Sparks: "There have been too many to choose from."

Ray Perkins: "The one I made the most royalties on, called 'Under a Texas Moon.'"

Dale Carmichael: "Zwei Herzen in Drei Viertel Takt."

Yes!
IT'S THE SAME GIRL

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MARIAN MARSH
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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are lifted and all defects such as blemishes, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading drugists.

Phelactin removes halcy thoughts—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Salkite
Reduces wrinkles and other signs of age. Simply dissolve one ounce salkite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



A studio snapshot of a popular broadcast. Manzanera and Dolores are the two vocalists. Jose Manzanera and his unique South American orchestra may be heard Sundays over the Columbia network. Here is an opportunity for radio listeners to enjoy the charm of South American music, played and sung in an inimitable fashion by this group of highly skilled and extremely delightful entertainers. Maestro Manzanera has a repertoire of over 5,000 selections.

Draine Janis: "Night and Day."
Benny Venita: "How should I know?"
Kate Smith: "I'm naturally very much attached to 'When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.'"
Ted Hammerstein: "Shine On Harvest Moon."
Bab' Ryan: "Sleep."
Richard Himber: "Make Believe," from "Show Boat."
Judie Kostelnetz: "Dancing in the Dark."
Dorad Ross: "Make Believe," from "Show Boat."
Patti Chapin: "They Didn't Believe Me."
Isahn Jones: "Mighty Lak a Rose"
Deanna Taylor: "George Gershwin's 'The Man I Love.'"

Gabriel Heatter: "Yes. After reading news bulletins all day, the comic strips seem to be the only sanity left in a muddled world."
Nick Parsons: "'Major Hoopie' in the Evening World-Telegram."
John Charles Thomas: "Yes . . . diligently."
Marjoret Speaks: "I try not to miss 'Major Hoopie' and 'Out Our Way.'"
Ray Perkins: "Only when they're funny."
Draine Janis: "Occasionally, but I'm not a real lover of comic strips."
Benny Venita: "I always look at the pictures."
Kate Smith: "Yes, indeed, especially 'Suitty' and the 'Guns.' They are my special favorites among the funny-sheet fops."

Do You Read the Comic Strips?
Rudy Vallee: "No."
Elsie Hitz: "Mr. and Mrs."
Lynn Currier: "I do, and I'm proud of it."
Nicki Goodell: "Yes, 'Poppye' in particular."
Jessica Dragonette: "No, but I read W. Watson's 'Metropolitan Movies' faithfully."
John Barlay: "I kind of like 'Mr. and Mrs.'"

Ted Hammerstein: "Yes, and I get a big kick out of them."
Bab' Ryan: "I don't like to get behind in 'Orphan Annie' or 'Dick Tracy.'"
Deanna Taylor: "Avidently! And I don't read Horatio Alger serials that call themselves 'comic strips.'"
Al Pearce: "No . . . I don't see anything funny about them."
Isahn Jones: "Sometimes."
Dorad Ross: "I don't read the comics, but I thoroughly enjoy 'Mickey Mouse' for its humor and imaginative fun."

IF YOU ARE SKINNY WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN!

Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

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Keep regular as clockwork if you want to feel like a million and look the same way.

If one day goes by without proper elimination of body wastes, take a "Beauty Laxative" and get rid of those accumulated poisons.

Olive Tablets are ideal for assisting Nature in keeping a regular schedule. Gentle and mild and non-habit forming, they bring prompt relief.

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Peter Chopin: "Yes . . . I find them very amusing."

If You Suddenly Got the Opportunity to Visit Any Spot in the World, What Spot Would You Pick?

- Don Ancher:* "Hawaii"
- Ralph Casabardi:* "Tahiti"
- Odelc Myrd:* "Tahiti"
- Parky Babcock:* "70 degrees latitude, 130 degrees longitude, North Atlantic"
- Les Kevonia:* "India"
- Gene Moore:* "Madrid, where my husband was born"
- Bernie Carter:* "I think I should go to the Mediterranean . . . some divorce resort . . . and watch the world drift just"
- Harriet Hubbard:* "Sweden—all of it"
- Gertrude Olsen:* "The whole of Africa"
- Clair Hopkins:* "Bernadia"
- Lidie Cantor:* "England, the best country in the world just to our own"
- Leahman Ferris:* "California"
- Lucy Hanson:* "England"
- Mark H. Brown:* "Europe"
- Larry Ross:* "Some place where I could go where I could indulge in my favorite sport fishing"
- Conrad Thibault:* "At this time of year it would be Capri or Hawaii"
- Charles Carlin:* "City of Agra, India . . . to view the Taj Mahal"
- Myrtle Tall (of West and Marine):* "All the islands in the South Seas"
- Dorothy Taylor:* "The Can des Deux Malons, opposite St. Germain-des-Prees, Paris"
- Julius Kestelnet:* "Lake Louise"
- Richard H. Weber:* "New York"
- Babe Koon:* "Sex American First"
- Ted Hammstein:* "I'd make another

- tour of the U. S., then go to China"
- Kate Smith:* "I feel that nowhere in any foreign country will I ever find any greater scenic beauty than at Lake Placid or Lake Loon"
- Blaise F. Gault:* "Tahiti, Pitcairn Island and even Easter Island"
- Phyllis Lantz:* "Honolulu—the isolation—the beaches with their waving palm trees—the laziness . . . my idea of heaven with a capital H"
- Ray Ferriss:* "Paris"
- Winnetta Spauld:* "The English court '75-86"
- John Charles Thomas:* "Belenia"
- Neil DeWitt:* "Just at the moment, the Riviera . . . in a different mood I might tell you something else"
- Robert Heaton:* "A spot off the Florida keys where Hemingway says the fish fight like greased lightning"
- Loua Barclay:* "Have travelled round the world and seen most of the seven wonders—but have never been to the western national parks—so that's where I'd go"
- Ed Gehring:* "Vienna"
- Jessie A. Brannonette:* "Grand Canyon"
- Thelma Holt:* "I'd like to go to Switzerland and see the home of my grandparents"
- Viola Goodell:* "Hawaii"
- Kathy Jolley:* "My Lake in Maine"
- Louise Schiff:* "India"
- Lupe Lister:* "Venice"
- Louise Parker:* "Venice"
- W. Prater:* "I would head straight for the home of my grandparents in Cornwall, England"
- David Kove:* "I would go to Tahiti because that I could amerce a beauty and am of being married through the eyes of my intelligence"
- Patsy Chopin:* "Hawaii"
- Louise Jones:* "China"

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF

RADIO STARS

FATHER COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES HIS

ATTACK ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Will you agree or not with his straight-from-the-shoulder explanation?

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 11)

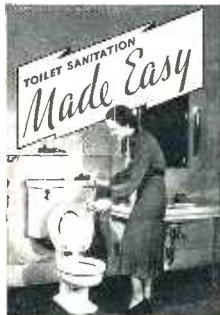
well-built, the ideal clean-cut American type of masculinity. And what does he choose as the qualities of a feminine teammate? Well, first and foremost she must be a "good companion," whose intelligence is an adequate teammate for her beauty. To fill the "good companion" description a girl must be a good sport, sympathetic, understanding and laced with a sense of humor. Good sportsmanship is not to be confined to men and to ball teams; it's Ozzie's idea of a very necessary feminine qualification. Of course, Ozzie wants his companion to have a certain amount of chic and smartness, any man wants to be proud of the girl of his choice. But doesn't all that sound like Ozzie?

From Kutler to Verony; from the American to the Continental viewpoint, we meet the opera, concert, and radio idol, Nino Martin. He is the very personification of the title of his first starring picture, "Here's to Romance." Dark, with flashing eyes, and a responsive smile, (and *what a profile!*), he is an ideal representative of Latin charm and diplomacy. Yes, diplomacy. Ask him what type of girl he prefers, and he will say with a dramatic shrug of the shoulder and a laugh: "But I like all type of girls... brunettes, blondes... they are all nice, yes?" Ask him what he thinks of the American and in contrast to the women of his country, and he will say, "The women of my country are beautiful, but the American women, they are beautiful!"

He will smile enthusiastically over his statement, and you can't help but join him but you take your pencil and heat bravely on, trying to think of a tricky question on which to corner a Latin diplomat. "Ah, yes the women of Hollywood are beautiful, but there are more beautiful women in New York." Now there's a point. I begin to get encouraged.

And finally we find ourselves having something of a chat on the importance of individuality where women are concerned. Martin talks with his shoulders, his hands, and his smile... and his soft voice that still finds it difficult to put his thoughts into hard American. "Brunettes that make their hair dark, it is all wrong," said this discerning Continental. "They lose what they are. They have lagoon eye-brows and brown eyes and dark skin and they bleach their hair. There isn't any harm in that. They just don't... how would you say it?... match up. No longer are they individuals. They're just trying to be something they aren't and they end up by being," here again Martin shrugged his shoulders expressively, "well, I don't know quite how you would say it, but they are *very foolish!*"

Individuality is more important, much more important in Martin's opinion, than stereotyped beauty. His complaint is that the woman in this country look too much alike, too much as though they had all been poured into the same mould, dished



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WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW ?

How a murderess was trapped merely because she got a permanent wave...?

The truth about a love affair so powerful that it led to murder...?

The story of the puffed suitor whose jealousy led him to commit a most shocking crime...?

Then, read the February

INSIDE DETECTIVE

"America's Most Interesting Fact-Detective Magazine" Now on Sale Everywhere... 10c



Leslie Howard, popular idol of the stage, movies and radio, with Mrs. Howard and their son, Ronald, enjoy their dinner at the dinner-dance of the British United Services Club, at the Coconut Grove of Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel.

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Among those present at a testimonial dinner given in honor of orchestra leader Abe Lyman at Jack Dempsey's restaurant were (left to right) Rubinfoff, Abe Lyman himself, Fred Waring, Jack Denny and Glen Gray. A good time was had!

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with the same powder, rouge, and lipstick.

From opera to crooning from Nino Martini to Bing Crosby, we're covering a lot of territory, aren't we? Now Crosby likes his women with a sense of humor, and he even likes them a little bossy. That is, he likes his wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, to take him in supervisory hand occasionally. He thinks he needs it. *I couldn't try this advice too far, could I?* But an interesting slant on this beauty business is that Bing believes health is the prime requisite for feminine beauty and for being "happy though married." Health is a beauty sermon I can preach from the house-tops. A beautiful nature, a clear complexion, sparkling eyes, and a radiant smile, all these are symbols of perfect health. You ought to have a medal for giving health a little publicity in matters of beauty and romance.

And Bing ought to have a second medal from all of you who get annoyed over these constant "How to Hold Your Husband" articles. Bing wants to know why there aren't more articles on "How to Hold Your Wife." The first is all bosh, he says; it takes a lot more talent to "Hold Your Wife." Incidentally, his marriage is one of those rare things in Hollywood... a happy marriage.

We seem to be ganging up on the married men in this article, but it does seem that many of the attractive radio stars are married, doesn't it? Take Eddie Duchin, society's favorite orchestra leader, and the cause of much fluttering among the debutantes who danced at the swanky Central Park Casino. He married into the Sacred Register, and he pays his wife one of the finest compliments any husband can give. He told me that she has the one quality he admires most—a great friendliness.

"A woman, to be very lovely," says Ed-

die Duchin, "must have an understanding of people and why they are what they are. Most of all, she must have tolerance. So many other virtues go with friendliness and gaiety that one might say that if a woman has these two, she has everything."

And now after all this advice from the Kings of the Air, how about a little from the "Queen," Mary Biddle? "The Valentine Vanity Case" will give you my advice about all this beauty and flowers business as I see it in the light of cosmetics. An understanding heart can't keep a nose from being shiny, and I have a perfectly swellegant new make-up to tell you about that positively will list you through a Valentine dance that continues until the wee hours of the morning. You may want to be a good sport and give ice-kating and bob-sledding, but good sportsmanship doesn't give your skin the protection it needs. And there's a new kind of cream that possesses a natural lubricating softening element your skin will adore on this harsh winter weather. But I'm giving away the secrets of the "Valentine Vanity Case." A stamped addressed envelope will bring it to you. And if you have any personal problems that are making your road to romance rocky, let me see if I can help you with them.

The End

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

Kindly send me your bulletin on "The Valentine Vanity Case?"

Name

Address

(Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Personal letters receive personal reply.)

Here Are The Crazy Captions Contest Winners

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Second Prize \$100.00

Jane A Wajshare
253 Pomona Avenue
Newark, New Jersey

Third Prize A \$75.00 radio

Ruth L. Frey
P. O. Box 5271
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Fourth Prize Dressing-table radio

Ledell Doran
5407 Carlton Way
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Ten 5th Prizes (Max 1n for Make up Kit each) Mrs. P. E. Hamobble, 121 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheddville, Mass.; Dora Beston, 604 Jersey Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Gladys Seward, R. 1, D. No. 2, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. Barbara Paeking, 1202—2nd St. Oakland Calif.; Blossom Chum of Universal Attractions, 822 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Louise Brennan, 2369 N. Villere St., New Orleans, La.; Mabelle Finkler, Main Ave. Overland Park, N. J.; Mrs. R. H. Fekeler, 101 King St., Carrollton, Ga.; Sulmy Rawatz, 197 Renner Ave., Newark, N. J.

One hundred 6th Prizes (\$1.00 each)—Deborah Siko, 4131 Bailey Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Matt Stevenson, c/o M. Kent, 52 Annet St., Santa Cruz, Calif.; Nellie E. Robyn, Philadelphia, N. Y.; Helen Pickett, 189 Fifth St. N. W., Atlanta, Ga.; Isabella Williams, Crystal Springs, Miss.; Blanche Goldsby, 2128 Pine St., Murphyboro Ill.; Sophie Poplavsky, 123 Livingston Place Bridgeport, Conn.; Willye Pacha, 3218 S. Jeffers Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Marie Bruman, 404 Wilmington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Martha Stewart, 6417 Hillcrest, Dallas, Tex.; Albert Manski, 69 Pimkiey St., Boston, Mass.; Ophelia M. Dolph, 22315 Olmstead Drubham, Mich.; Josephine McCall, 312 Berkeley St., Syracuse, N. Y.; B. E. Sere, 403 N. 7th St., Allentown, Pa.; Mrs. S. Stewart, 38 Fillmore Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Carl R. Canterbury, 1527—11th Ave., Midvale, Ill.; Marian Moutton, Box 862, McCall, Nev.; Wmona Chunn Bostel, Me; Mrs. M. J. Meyers, Low Moor, Ia.; V. Osterman, Northbrook, Ill.; Fithun King, Meyers Cave Va.; Helen Lawrence Terling, R. F. D. No. 1, Newfoundland, N. J.; Walter Bartoli, 571 So. 12th St., Newark, N. J.; Lillian K. Lee, 38 Milk St., Fall River, Mass.; Ann McCutler, 310—3rd Ave., W., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mary Johnston, Glenwood City, Wis.; Alice Johnson, 236 Nicol St., New Haven, Conn.; Frithe Bell, 446 Lincoln St., Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Irwin C. Smith, 317 E. High Ave., Redmont, N. C.

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Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 9)

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

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is trying to create an illusion for unseen audiences, to play to two different galleries. And no player can disregard the people before him. For these he must be concerned about his gestures, facial expressions and other essentials of the stage itself. Therefore it is better if he has only to concentrate on the little black gadget that brings him to his real audience. Besides, it would be a ghastly thing if the script called for me to be shot and the man with the big cards, that tell people how to react, pulled out by mistake the one marked "Applause!"

Bio-briefs for your scrapbook:

George Burns—Gracie Allen's George! George was born in New York. Made his debut as a dancer at Coney Island when he was fourteen. Played in Nashville throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles. While appearing in a New Jersey city, he met Gracie Allen. They teamed together and were married in 1926. Have enjoyed an uninterrupted radio run since 1932. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. Writes most of his own material.

Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor and one of the soloists of the Pre-

stone concert, made his first public appearance as a singer at the age of twelve. One of the outstanding events of his early life was his appearance as boy soprano with Madame Schumann-Heink. A native of Trenton, New Jersey, he enlisted in the 62nd Aero Squadron during the World War, despite the fact that he was under age, and served until the Armistice. He did not actually choose music as a career until after his return from the war. Then he sang in a New York City church and with the New York Symphony Orchestra. His debut was made in Europe, followed in 1933, by his debut with the New York Metropolitan Opera.

Harry Von Zell, one of radio's best known announcers, was born twenty-nine years ago in Indianapolis, Indiana. He received his education at the University of California, singing and playing the ukulele, he broke into radio over KFWB, Los Angeles. Later he abandoned singing for announcing.

Popeye the Sailorman, in real life, is Floyd Buckley, veteran NBC actor. Sixty-one years old, and young for his years, Buckley was born on a ranch, served in border patrols and met adventure in the Klondike and in the Spanish-American

(Continued on page 10)



The banjo-eyed comedian has his serious moments. Eddio Cantor snapped in earnest conversation with Gladys Swarthout, opera, radio and movie star, at the dedication of the Will Rogers Sound Stage at the 20th Century-Fox Studio.

RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 97)

E. Crawford, 4025 University Ave., Des Moines, Ia.; Elizabeth Rankin, 6005 N. Smith Ave., Portland, Ore.; Roy Anderson, 1777 Basin St., Muskegon, Mich.; Peggy Oliver, 15 O'Neill St., Providence, R. I.; Ethel A. Monk, 13 Inzerne Ave., Lee Park; Mary Nichols, 369 North South St., Wilmington, Ohio; Helen R. Miller, 7152 1/2 South Newport Ave., Tampa, Fla.; George E. Lane, Carleton, Mich.; Mrs. Donald Quinn, 241 Mississippi Ave., Joliet, Ill.; Constance Sokolos, 1063 N. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.; Anna R. Dobie, 43 Bowdoin St., Maplewood, N. J.; Rose Luerbest, 1621 Juniata St., Philadelphia; Mrs. William Facey, Danvers, Mass.; Maude Thomas, 215 Lexington Ave., Mobile, Ala.; Gladys Malenfant, 128 Norfolk St., Auburn, R. I.; Dorotha West, 1422 M St., W.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Laura M. Nieblum, 142 High St., Rochester, N. Y.

Fifty 7th Prizes (Mux Factor Lip-stick each): Graham H. Shiner, 451 Thompson Ave., East Haven, Conn.; Mrs. J. E. McKean, 2854 Fairchild Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. N. Roy, 160 Water St., Augusta, Me.; Mrs. Bertha Conklin, Richfield Sta., R. D. No. 4, N. Y.; Georgia Lopez, 4129 Sheenwood St., Louis, Mo.; Victor Gens, 2223 Penn St., Harrisburg, Pa.; Chas. F. Nichols, 41 Arden St., Providence, R. I.; Helene Breitschlag, 537 Edgewood Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Janet P. Thomsen, 15 Arayk Rd., Brooklyn, New York City; Margaret White, 123 Nagle St., Paterson, N. J.; Helen Haskell, 652 Herman St., Burlington, Wisc.; Elizabeth Milliken, 104 Hiram Ave., Liverpool, N. Y.; Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl. S. W., Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Paul Ambrose, 1125-17th Ave., Altoona, Pa.; Alma J. Bruno, 931 Julian St., Denver, Colo.; Esther Zealast, 1260 Nicholas St., Vincennes, Ind.; Margaret Kaulhold, 142 Rutherford Pl., North Arlington, N. J.; Gladys Hall, Box 15, Satsima, Ala.; Naomi Trimpfeller, 615 N. Wayne St., Kenton, Ohio; Elben Hofmann, 315 Marvin Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; Jack E. Fry, 1080 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.; Ethel Johnson, 1915 Carteret, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. Howard Atkinson, 621 Charlotte Ave., South Bend, Ind.; Stephen Foto, 313 Main St., Pine Bluff, Ark.; Arlene Anderson, Watertown, S. D.; Genevieve Flory, 1347 Short Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio; Mary Shaw, 19 Suebar Road, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Andrew Johnson, 7001 Havelock Ave., Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Paul Hill, 1130 North West St., Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. C. H. Potcher, P. O. Box 1087, Harrisburg, Pa.; Anna F. Johnson, 1540 Shely St., Youngstown, Ohio; John M. Shuck, 2814 N. 19th St., Phila., Pa.; George Paul Lamb, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.; Bob W. Jackson, 3 Curry St., So. Charleston, W. Va.; Wmifred Hand, 1365 Revere St., Niles, Mich.; Evelyn Newsum, 19 Trenton Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Helen Roman, P. O. Box 21, Middleport, Pa.; Martha T. Taylor, 597 North Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Ethel A. Ontario, 138 S. Ferris St., Bowling Green, Ohio; Fred M. Fiebling, 30 Spring St., Bath, Me.; Elizabeth Burgess, 323 So. Tims Ave., Ingham, N. Y.; Gladys Isomauer, Fanktown, Md.; Mrs. John A. Cavanaugh, 427 E. Amberson, Greencastle, Ind.; Nell Carpenter, Lawndale, N. C.; Ruth Blodgett,

428 Baverly Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.; Isabel Chizmar, 139 Welles St., Nanticoke, Pa.; Raymond Treat, 102 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y.; Melvin Neiman, 455 Chestnut St., Pottstown, Pa.; Ralph Keston, 37 Murray Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Mavis E. Falter, 326 Third Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

Fifty 8th Prizes (Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Record each): Lois Winick, R. D. No. 5, York, Pa.; Gladys MacWhirland, 117 South St., Wrentham, Mass.; Jack Crum, Fargo, N. D.; Rosell Rossell, 4824 Foll St., Benwood, W. Va.; Anne Marley, 304 N. L. St., Crappo, Maryland, Calif.; Mrs. Frith Owens, 1702 Gainsmoin St., Laredo, Tex.; F. Dougherty, 773 Beach Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Gertrude Thompson, Detroit Lakes, Minn.; Mrs. J. H. Phillips, 507 Lauderdale St., Selma, Ala.; Gertrude H. Caswell, Avalon, Catalina Island, Calif.; Blanche A. Templeman, 337 W. Mason St., Jackson, Mich.; Nancy Tevahl, R. R. 4, Box 168, Tiffin, Ohio; C. Emery Stevens, 318 W. Second St., S. Newton, Ia.; Mary Elizabeth Challes, 518 East Polk Ave., Harlingen, Tex.; Janice Nicholson, 1420 Mattern Ave., Des Moines, Ia.; Dorothy Okitsu, P. O. Box 5, Orinda, Wash.; Mrs. A. C. Hoover, Apt. 9, Arcadia Court, Pontiac, Mich.; Burly Duchett, 35 N. Linwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.; L. Kammerer, 7 de Mot Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.; Sally Williams, 1111 Caldwell St., Greensboro, N. C.; G. H. Riethe, 227 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.; Elizabeth T. Southall, 1520 Gwinnett St., Augusta, Ga.; Fannie Aganias, 17 Main St., Warwick, N. Y.; Mrs. Eira Evans, 504 Short St., Throop, Pa.; Irene Miesmeier, 315 W. 25th St., Minneapolis, Minn.; L. Ertle, 2611 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif.; Eleanor Shea, 10 Faneuse Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.; Lena Bertella, 136 Fifth St., Rochester, N. Y.; Myovne Chym, 715 Commercial St., San Francisco, Calif.; Elizabeth Butterworth, 580 Straight St., Paterson, N. J.; Mildred L. Way, 121 So. Barbara St., Mount Joy, Pa.; Mrs. George J. Martin, 1423 South 12th St., Waco, Tex.; Kathryn Riley, Kt. 2, Box 284, Preston, Calif.; Mrs. James S. Reed, 216 Cummins St., Johnstown, Pa.; Jean B. Reppke, 1800 Meridian Ave., S. Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Chas. Wehrbe, 120 Ivy St., New Haven, Conn.; Ruth Bray, 8 Collins St., Hartford, Conn.; Barbara Inuler, 1211 Holly Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Wilton W. Gloegs, Box 392, Ottumville, Minn.; Eula Carr, Box 5, Cumberland, Ohio; Wayne Davis, 1111 W. Nevada St., Urbana, Ill.; Georgia Ray, 223-78th St., Brooklyn, New York City; Mrs. Josephine B. Clark, 501 West High St., Urbana, Ill.; Isabella I. Francis, 615 Altamond Blvd., Trackville, Pa.; Ruth Conn, 121 S. President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. O. A. Smith, Hartwick, N. Y.; Mildred Barwell, 1333 Second St., Kennebaker, N. Y.; Joan Kushman, 296 Weyquid Ave., Newark, N. J.; Edith E. Young, East Amherst, N. H.; Rose Ebermann, 389 Park Ave., West New York, New Jersey.

One hundred 9th Prizes (Sheet of "Big Broadcast Of 1935" Music each): Irene Marshall, Dowling Park, Fla.; Helena M. Sweet, 152 Wayland Ave., Cranston, R. I.

(Continued on page 101)

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-50¢

Be Wise Alkalize

These Alka-Seltzer tablets are flavored with an original, soothing citrus flavor. Colds, Headaches, and other common Aches and Pains covered by experts at 30¢-50¢ (4¢ each tablet)

Vivacious Ella Logan, torch singer specialist, has become one of the most popular NBC entertainers.

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 28)

DRY SKIN!
Asteatosis
ROBS VICTIMS OF SKIN BEAUTY!
 Exposure to winds—lantern, to remove cosmetics properly—
 ...
WHAT IS ASTEATOSIS?
 ...
LANDER OLIVE OIL CREAM
 for dry skin
LANDER FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



You'll feel that you know the
 Broadway-Hillbilly
WALTER O'KEEFE
 lots better after you read the
 story about him in the March
 issue of
RADIO STARS

**BROWN BLONDES
 WANT GOLDEN HAIR?**



**Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair
 2 to 4 Shades Lighter**

WHAT hair girl with dull brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant golden hair? Any girl of course! But men, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drawback, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair—try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring golden blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX FOR BRONZE AND BROWN HAIR



Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Fred Allen), one of the bright spots of "Town Hall Tonight," compares her crowing with that of the world's crowing champion, "Chatterbox Pete," singing rooster appearing as one of the Town Hall amateurs.

war. Beginning his stage career at the turn of the century, Buckley was in the original Floradora cast and was featured in other classics of the gay nineties.

Cliff Arquette, acting as editor and publisher of the "Welcome Valley Chronicle," while Edgar Y. Faust is in Hollywood, is a Believe-It-Not character. Besides being a character actor and comedian, Cliff is a song, script and comedy writer, producer of vaudeville and radio shows, artist, proprietor, singer, sculptor, cartoonist, wood worker, tap dancer, make-up expert, master of seven musical instruments—the piano, clarinet, trumpet, violin, guitar, saxophone and trombone. (Well, maybe not master, but he can play them all!) Also, at one time or another, Cliff has worked as a golf caddy, window dresser, butcher's helper, barker in an amusement park, assistant civil engineer, and, just before he came to Chicago, he was one of Walt Disney's sound men recording noises to be used in Mickey Mouse pictures. He's only thirty, and he has been in show business since he was twelve taking time out for some of these other things when there was no theatrical work to be had and he needed money.

Kenny Baker, young California actor and new singing stooge on the Jack Benny program earned the money for his mus-

ical education by working as a day laborer on the construction of the Boulder Dam. His vocal coach is the brother of Donald Novis, popular NBC tenor. Kenny was born twenty-three years ago in Montevideo, California. He is tall, slender, and has only reddish-brown hair. His first job was singing as boy soprano in a local church choir. He is unmarried.

Heard along the corridors:

Horace Heidt is called the best dressed man around the Chicago studios. George Barris was named George Brinsford by his parents. . . Xavier Cugat was a first violinist in the Havana Grand Opera Company when he was ten years old. . . Marian Jordan (Molly of 'Fibber McGee and Molly') is a sister of Charles Hugo of Hong Kong China, the man who introduced talking pictures into the Orient. . . Grace Moore is the daughter of a United States Army officer, Colonel R. F. Moore of Jellico, Tennessee. . . In the privacy of his home Fred Allen plays the saxophone and the banjo—not at the same time, however. . . Phillips Lord is an inveterate reader of mystery stories. . . Aldo Ricci is now at the head of two orchestras, "The Phantom Strings," for concert music, and the "Rhythmic Brass."
 (Continued on page 102)

RADIO STARS

(Continued from Page 8)

I.; Mary McGee, 1236 Milwaukee St., Denver, Colo.; Mary Cahoon, 721 Fanning Place, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. E. G. Cooper, Clamath St., Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. J. H. Carlson, Portsmouth, N. H.; Margaret Esterline, 5105 N. Madison St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Margaret Cross, 1942 W. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Jean Prichard, 65-22-50th Road, Massapequa, Long Island, N. Y.; Edith L. Miller, 15419 Fairwood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Paul Lindman, 654-29nd St., San Pedro, Calif.; Margaret A. Kimer, 618-7th Ave. North, Detroit, Mich.; Elizabeth G. Hitchcock, Windsor, Mass.; Kathleen Gensbarger, 3736 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty Brockway, Beach Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Helen M. Brown, 10 Elm St., Greenville, N. Y.; Madeline Bruler, Thora, Ontario, Canada; Robert A. Blake, Silver Lake, N. H.; Catherine Sullivan, 3129 Hudson Ave., Youngstown, Ohio; Gertrude Coles, 1 Leading St., Marlton, N. J.; Mary F. Casey, 2417 Valentine Ave., Bronx, New York City; Catherine Askey, 499 S. Market St., Mechanicsville, Pa.; Norma Deems, R R 5, Lafayette, Ind.; Leslie D. Alexander, Daves, W. Va.; Family 07106, 141 Boywood Road, R. F. D. No. 1, Wilmington, Del.; Bernice Trevioli, 125 Van Buren St., Terre Haute, Ind.; Florence Kohnfelder, 619 W. 175th St., New York, N. Y.; Jean Busby, 7 Wabash St., Albany, N. Y.; Evelyn Carl, 334 So. 9th St., Geneva, N.Y.; Retha Meek, 1440 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; Catherine Corrigan, 151 E. South St., Canton, N. Y.; Grace I. Gregory, 365 W. 20th St., New York, N. Y.; Emma Brennan, 3720 Barne St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. C. Melton, Box 627, Eckart, Tex.; L. P. Gwyn, 1072 South Barclay St., Memphis, Tenn.; Lynn S. Gray, Thompson Road, Webster, Mass.; Nell F. Weiss, 429 South West St., Carlsville, Ill.; Mrs. C. O. Brannon, 11 Mt. Nord, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Anna Malz, 2983 Larkside Rd., Fairview, Camden, N. J.; Mrs. William C. Clanton, Black River, New York; Marie Graczyk, 15347 Wilhelme, Detroit, Mich.; Helen Durka, 71 Woltz Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Edith Tierney, 1205 So. 2nd St., Norfolk, Neb.; Grace M. Arthur, 897 South Ave. Burnham, Litchfield Junction, Canada; Norma Bruce, 22 Legion Parkway, Lancaster, N. Y.; Marie Young, 98 Ward Ave., Ithaca, W. Va.; Kay Roberts, 1425 W. Kilbourn Ave. Apt. 7, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. M. Bonham, 498 So. 9th St., San Jose, Calif.; Virginia Schumblacker, 3248 Audubon, East St. Louis, Ill.; Elizabeth Bell, 120 South Congress, Rushville, Ill.; Helen Hoel, 219 Oakwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.; Thelma M. Barr, 71 Sunline Rd., Cip-

per Park, Pa.; Mrs. Elsie McDowell, 1596 Halber St., St. Louis, Mo.; Thelma Paves, Box 23, Fort Ordick, Pa.; E. J. Hildebrand, 718 West St., Charlottesville, Va.; Jack E. Gray, 1880 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.; Ellen Heisman, 315 Mayan Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; Mrs. Gertrude J. Campbell, 621 Walnut Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Gladys van Sest, 307 Yarnmouth Road, Rochester, N. Y.; Wilfron Murray, 2-01 State St., East Long, Ill.; Pauline Myser, Putnam Ave., Friesland, N. J.; Mrs. 245 McFarquar Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Catherine Hoel, Wauvotville, Box 312, N. Y. Grae, M. Casper, 2323 Cedar Pt. S. W., Canton, Ohio; Elizabeth Muliken, 104 Hyman Ave., Liverpool, N. Y.; Helen Haskell, 652 Hernon St., Burlington, N. Y.; Margaret White, 123 Langton, N. Y.; Robert M. Irwin, 199 Peace St., Stratford, Conn.; Mrs. L. A. Burnett, 305 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Wash.; Mrs. G. E. Bryant, 1719 Danforth St., San Diego, Calif.; Betty Burford, R R 4, Box 18, Moscow, Idaho; Pauline Calkins, 8023 South V St., Tacoma, Wash.; Hilda Nash, 2213 Trumpet St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; Marjorie D. Cooper, 1424 North Medall Ave., Tucson, Ariz.; William Hart, 810 Republic Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; Rae Kent Sholberg, 631 Colorado Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.; D. M. Davis, Rt. 5, Co. H., Santa Rosa, Calif.; Virginia P. Rogers, 185 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.; Frances McBurn, Byram Terrace, Mrs. G. M. Graham, 410 Hill St., Niles, Mich.; Charabelle Hemmer, 251 South St., Jacksonport, N. Y.; Marie H. Otto, 210 E. Bunker St., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Corram M. Iron, 3017 Queen Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Harold J. Holtz, 26 Mallon Rd., Rochester, Mass.; Barbara Pankak, 4554 Liberty Rd., South Euclid, Ohio; Mrs. Florence Schmitt, 134 Fall St., Pastoria, Ohio; Anne McFrasas, 549 So. R. Ave., St. Maria, Calif.; Mita Marie Montenson, 489 West Bijou St., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Catherine Doyle, 45 Park St., Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Kavata, 301 West Court St., Cincinnati, Ohio; Margaret Downing, 2107 E. Liberty St., Savannah, Georgia; Howard Robison, 612 W. Francis St., Graton, W. Va.; Florence Naples, 11 Providence St., Taylville, Conn.; Eva Mozak, Ward 804 City Hall Bank Bldg., Wichita Falls, Tex.; Edith Platt, 191 S. Main St., Alhambra, N. Y.; Harold R. Tamer, 41 Marshall Ave., Mohawk, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. V. Road, 2111 Woodbine Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.; Cora Riley Ratus Street, Plattsmouth, N. Y.; Helen Meyer, 3532 Wisconsin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Stella Mae Owen, 322 W. B. Hutchinson, Kansas, Mo. L. 1-0



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is - soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT 10¢ STORES

NEW EASY WAY TO KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
10¢

A new job, neatly done! No damage to your workbench! No taping needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords 10¢. At Kroger's.

LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME

Keep an A-B-C, learn correct technique in illustrated booklet. Your choice of **BEGINNERS or ADVANCED TAP or BALLROOM COURSE** \$1.00. Includes 100 pages of new songs. (California Government, etc.)

FREE with \$2 order - your choice any pair of dancing shoes for 100¢. **ALL COURSES \$1.00** each.

BACH BILLY TUBERTHART by Beston Treat

HAIR Lovelier THAN EVER BEFORE

STAR-SHEEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
SOLD AT ALL 16¢ STORES

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF RADIO STARS

An Enlightening Interview with
POLICE COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE
of New York City

In which he states that radio is the greatest advancement in police work since the invention of finger printing.

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 100)



SIMPLE SIMON

MET A PIEMAN
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;
HE NOW EATS TUMS
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES . . .
DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS!

IT isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harmful alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10¢ at all drug stores.



Free! Successful Prescription from California-Thrombosis, Alkaloid, and Tums, and N.R. must stamp for medicine and prescription. A. M. Lawrence, Inc., Dept. 28-56, St. Louis, Mo.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$1,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Get Certified Public Accountant's title in 10 to 12 W. W. Keefe's authoritative course in spare time for C. P. A. qualification in a complete accounting practice. Thousands of graduates are now earning splendid opportunities of work. C. P. A.'s including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free literature. Keefe's University, Dept. 2318H, Chicago. The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s



Rubinoff shows Alice Faye his Stradivarius, valued at \$100,000.



Connie Boswell, warm-voiced Southern soloist whose singing features outstanding song hits of the day on the "Refreshment Time" program with Ray Noble's orchestra. One of the famous Boswell sisters, she made her first public appearance playing the violin and piano. The sisters hail from New Orleans.

strings," for dance music . . . The saddest moment on Sunday evening: When you have to decide between the Benny and the Woolcott programs . . . Rachel Carby, vivacious French singer of the "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" made her operatic debut at seventeen in the lyric soprano role of Nedda in "Pagliacci," at the Theatre Royal Monnaie in Brussels . . . John Charles Thomas decides momentous questions by tossing a coin. He did it when he chose between music and medicine as a profession.

Out of our mail bag this month came three books which seem to deserve special mention. These are: "Fan Mail" by Lowell Thomas, a collection of letters; "Air Storming," by Hendrik Van Loon, comprising forty radio talks; and "Radio Personalities," an elaborate year-book of personalities of the air, reminding one in

presentation—and price—of the college year book.

Also a letter, from Frank B. Maxin, of Portland, Maine.

Mr. Maxin writes:
Dear Sir:

After listening one evening to the final commercial announcement on Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" program, in which Harry Van Zell extolled the greatness of both Ipana and Sal Hepatica, I was astonished to hear the orchestra burst forth: "I've got a feelin' you're feelin' it!"
Yours hot

Well, one never knows!

Jumbo on the Air

The elephant after whom the fire chief broadcast is named is not used on the pro-

gram . . . They can't cure the bulky beast by the script because, as Announcer Lois Wittes says: "An editor does not remember that long . . ." Wittes also is the author of the statement that Jimmy Thompson stands side-wise at the "mike" because his nose is so long it would knock the "mike" over from the front . . . And there is so much equipment back stage in the New York Hippodrome that the NBC engineers are fearful that Billy Rose's hired hands will mistake their portable control room for a lion's cage some night and begin tossing steaks into it . . . Which steaks, incidentally, might not be so bad, when with the extended hours of rehearsal required for the broadcast each week . . . The production and direction master, Announcer Wittes—says twenty-five hours of preparation is required for every Tuesday's thirty minutes on the air . . . The time is divided into four hours for script conference, eight for rehearsal of principals, six for the band and chorus, and about seven hours more for ending everybody together and the polishing off processes . . . Also from the department of statistics comes the news that forty persons, aside from those heard on the air, are accessories before, during and after the broadcast fact . . .

Along the lines of the *Radio* theme, forty-five hundred persons crowded into the Hippodrome to see the First Chief show each week this number of guests being three times more than the capacity of the auditorium studio in Radio City, which, studio is the largest in the world . . . And the demand for tickets to the performance is greater than ever before . . . There's a line in the Chief hat hanging over the broadcasting arena, the hat, of course, being a plug for the sponsor, but the line is so built of such and such material that it serves as a massive acoustical property . . .

At the Zero Hour

Fred Allen, looking like a lawyer coming into court, walks briskly to the "mike," rakes his script out of a brief case and puts it on a stand.

Helen Hayes gets a firm handshake by way of encouragement from her husband Charles MacArthur, who attacks every "New Penny" broadcast.

Jack Benny lights up a fresh cigar.

Eugene Lubetkin goes off to a cot next to lumber on the larynx by shouting, "Me, Me, My; My, My, My; Wo Ma, Ma," and sounds as if in distress.

Phil Baker patiently explains a joke to the show-waited Bottle.

Mary Livingston powders her nose.

Bud Kemp adjusts a rubber band to keep his blonde hair from falling into his eyes during the program.

Portland Hogg looks for friends in the audience.

Johnny Green practices his dialect on Bob Wilson.

Kennan Baker used to working before the cameras straggles out his tie.

Edith Maeve ambles out the Helen

Hayes script, finds a seat in the corner of the studio and takes out her knitting.

Edith Maeve, Phil Baker's "Angel-face," gets a final hair-combing from her mother who sits in the wings during the show.

Bob Livingston always ties his shoe-laces tighter.

Mark Hennig, musical director for the Hayes program, takes a new unsharpened pencil from his pocket to serve as a baton. He uses a fresh one for each performance.

Helen gives a final "voice level" of his haunting inflection at the request of the control-room.

Peter Iwan Neenan mistaps his wrist watch and bangs it on the podium.

Sponsors just wait.

Jack Benny Statistics

To date Jack Benny has sprung 2,483 jokes since he has been on the air. Wascog statistical in the eve of his 20thth anniversary which was celebrated over the NBC-WIZ network Sunday, December 1, the snave never went to the files for material for the first time in his comedy career and emerged with some other illuminating figures.

60 burlesque dramatizations of famous plays and films have been staged. The most successful was "Grand Hotel," which popular demand forced Jack to repeat twice.

30 poems have been recited by Mary Livingston, "Labor Day On Labor Day" making the biggest hit. Mary also is responsible for the popularization of two national catch-lines "OK, Toots" and "What's she got that I haven't got?"

55 different stanzas have been used by Jack from time to time, including one stanza-team, the Chicken Sisters. He has worked for four sponsors.

744 musical selections have been used on the Benny programs exclusive of 17 attempts to play "Love In Bloom." 101 of these have been vocals, the rest orchestral. Benny bandmasters have been George Olsen, Ted Weems, Frank Black, Don Boston Jimmy Greer and Johnny Green. His singing stanzas have included "Hallelujah, Hallelujah" Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker, Michael Bartlett and Kenny Baker. Mary Livingstonet joined songland on 77 occasions.

125 letters "poured" in as the result of the first Benny broadcast. Now his mail is said to average in the vicinity of 2,000 pages weekly. More than 4,500 pages of typed script have been used while he has been on the air. His ad-libbed lines, of which there is no record, would fill another 1,000 pages.

Benny has smoked the same brand of cigar—an eight-inch long Havana—during each broadcast. The oldest occurrence during 200 broadcasts took place last spring when Mary lambled just at the sign-off. It was the occasion when Fred Allen and Portland Hogg made guest appearances.

The End

Stop Baby's COUGH
The "Moist-Throat" Way



• Tender little throats should be healed the moist-throat way with Perussin which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It checks coughs quickly and safely. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Perussin were filed in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seek & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y.C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Perussin—quick!

Name _____
Address _____

Learn Radio in 12 WEEKS
BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS

Prepares for jobs in Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc. By 12 weeks practical shop training in Coyle School of Radio. Employment Service. Many excellent openings. Write for Brochure. Radio and Television Schools, Inc. 300 S. Paulina St., Dept. 26-18, Chicago, Illinois

NEVER TOOK A LESSON FROM A TEACHER

yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends



You too can learn to play and improvise the amazingly simple way. No scientific teacher. No theory. A series of practical exercises that will give you the ability to play any instrument in 12 weeks. This is the only method that is so simple that a child can learn it. The only one that is so easy that a beginner can learn it. The only one that is so fun that a child will want to learn it.

EASY METHOD

Send 49¢ to buy the first lesson. This will give you the first lesson. If you prefer to work on your own, you can buy the first lesson for 1.00. If you want to work on your own, you can buy the first lesson for 1.00. If you want to work on your own, you can buy the first lesson for 1.00.

EARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Practical Music
Guitar (24 lessons)
Drum (12 lessons)
Piano (12 lessons)
Saxophone (12 lessons)
Orchestra (12 lessons)

DEMONSTRATION LESSON FREE!
Send 1¢ for a free demonstration lesson. This will give you the first lesson. If you prefer to work on your own, you can buy the first lesson for 1.00. If you want to work on your own, you can buy the first lesson for 1.00.

COMING!!! IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF RADIO STARS
A gay and highly entertaining story of that popular radio team.
"MYRT AND MARGE"

Radio Laughs

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

Apropos of Gracie Allen's attempt to put the needle through the camel's eye, GRACIE remarked:

GRACIE: Oh Georgie Porgie, isn't it wonderful that scientists invented the needle and saved so many lives?

GEORGE: Saved so many lives, Gracie?



Why?

GRACIE: Because—they save millions of lives by people not swallowing them.

(BURNS & ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Show.)

FLODIE: Do you mean to tell me that the entire play is on these two sheets of paper?

PARKYAKARKUS: Sure . . . It's a bedroom play and all we need is two sheets.

(EDDIE CANTOR AND PARKYAKARKUS, Pebeo Program.)



CANTOR: Remember your friend—the blonde typist who used to work here? I got her a job, too.

WALLINGTON: I guess she's worked for every man in the building.

CANTOR: Yes, Jimmie—she's on her last lap.

(EDDIE CANTOR AND JIMMIE WASHINGTON, Pebeo Program.)

JANE: My father's a G-dan.

GOODMAN: What do you mean?

JANE: Every time he writes it costs me a dollar.

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACT, Easy Act.)

PICK: Pat, does you know what a potato chip is?

PAT: Sho. It's a potato shaving—starched.

PICK: Mah good man, you has been drinking.

PAT: No man, I ain't been drinking. I been eating frog's legs an' what you smell is the hops!

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

FLODIE: I had dinner with a friend the other night and was he a frank! He says,

"Are oysters in season?" I wait some oysters. I don't want 'em too cold . . . and I don't want 'em too large, too young or too old and I want 'em right away!"

And the waiter says, "Okay, umize—do you want 'em with or without pearls?"

(EDDIE GARR, on Palace Varieties.)

WILLIS: Motor car manufacturers are getting pretty modern, but they still haven't developed a special brake for speeders.

PORHLIND: What kind of a brake?

WILLIS: In the driver's leg when he steps on the gas!

(BUD ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GOODMAN: Jace, I'm 3-banned of you. You have no idea or I'd say—you should never have had four spades on that hand. You're probably the worst bidder I've ever seen.

JANE: Yes—and you're probably the best after-bidder speaker in America!

GOODMAN: Well, I've got a yen for some Chow Mein.

JANE: Oh tell me, how much Chow Mein can you get for a yen?

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACT, Easy Act.)

MOT ISSIS: It cracks mah nerves to look at you.

JANE: Why's wrong with mah looks?

MOT ISSIS: You looks like an It hat down 'thruah.

(MOT ISSIS AND JANE, Marywell House Show Book.)



BAKER: One of these days I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker—not your last piece!

BETTIE: Believe it or not, I sleep with my brother on the edge of a roof.

BAKER: Where's your brother now?

BETTIE: This morning he got up on the wrong side of bed!

(PHIL BAKER, BETTIE & BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)



PORHLIND: Papa has gone to the hospital on account of horse-nail's Fair.

FLODIE: How could horse-nail's knee put your father in the hospital?

PORHLIND: Mama can't hit him sitting on it.

(BUD ALLEN AND PORHLIND, Town Hall Tonight.)

BESSIE GLASS: There are two worlds: To be or not to be . . . and I'm going to be.

(GERTRUDE BERG, House of Glass.)



Lovely Lily Pons, greatest coloratura soprano of a generation, practises long hours every day. Despite her gratifying success in Grand Opera, in the concert field, on the air and now in the movies, Lily does not relax in her studying.

Radio Laughs

(Continued from page 105)

JIM: What kind of a house did you have in the country, Dan?

DAN: We had what I calls a bungalow, Mistuh Jim.

JIM: A bungalow, eh?

DAN: Yassuh! De carpenter bungled de job an' I still owe for it!

JIM: Dan, does your wife make your salary go a long way?

DAN: Does she make it go a long way? Boss, she make it go so far dat none of it ever comes back!

(*Lazy Dan.* OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

TOM: I'm working in a nut and bolt factory.

GEORGE: What arg you doing in a nut and bolt factory?

TOM: Nutting.

GEORGE: And they pay you for that?

TOM: Why, I do nutting faster than anybody in the factory!

(*TOM HOWARD AND GEORGE SHELTON.* Bruno Seltzer Program.)

PICK: What did dat last chicken dinner cost you?

PAT: Ten shays in jail. An' den I had a terrible fight with my wife.

PICK: Is dat so? An' how did it come out?

PAT: Dey took us boys to de hospital. Dectuh took three stitches in my wife. . . . den he took at me an' says "Anybody here nota serious machine?"

(*Pick and Pat.* ONE NIGHT STANDS.)

MARY: I played football at Vassar.

JACK: Go on—who could a girls' football team play against?

MARY: The Notre Dames.

(*JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE.* Jello Program.)

PAT: Let's send Little Nell to the mountains.

PICK: We can't do that . . . there's wars in them thar mountains.

PAT: Don't worry about Little Nell . . . she rides a bicycle. She knows how to handle bars.

(*PICK AND PAT.* One Night Stands.)

BOB: Pigg—no razorback hogs—driven in I an' Baren, Arkansas, are certainly something. One day a pig ate sixteen sticks of dynamite. Then he crawled under the barn. I made some up and kicked the pig, blew up the barn, killed the mule and blew out the windows in the house. And for a couple of days we certainly had a mighty sick pig!

(*BOB BURNS.* on Kraft Program.)

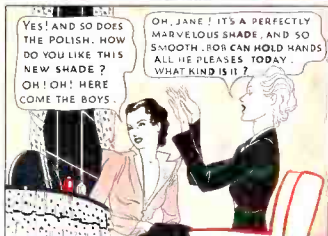
FANNIE (As Pocahontas): Smitty, not even a goodbye kiss?

SMITH: You would relish that?

FANNIE: Yeah—you know—Indian relish!

(*FANNIE BRICE.* on *Vallee Varieties.*)

How Mary kept Her Date With Bob



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