

ARLOFF DISCUSSES HORROR ON THE AIR!

# Radio Stars

LINE  
POINTS

WEDDING  
BELLS FOR  
KATE  
SMITH?

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.  
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ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

# *New* IRRESISTIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK!



Now — a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now — an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

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THAT LURE USE  
IRRESISTIBLE  
*Lip Lure*

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ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

"Appalling!"

**A DOWAGER AND A  
DENTIST BATTLE  
ABOUT A TURKEY LEG**

"Sensible!"



SAYS  
DOWAGER



SAYS  
DENTIST



*(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)*

YOU know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—socially.

But your dentist will retort: "Excuse?—The picture *needs* no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise... and our modern soft-food diet does *not* give it to them. It's our creamy, well-

cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"*Pink Tooth Brush*" is a warning signal! When you see it—*see* your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—but *your dentist should make the decision*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as

your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves... So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward *complete* oral health... Change to Ipana and massage today.



# RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

## 28 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

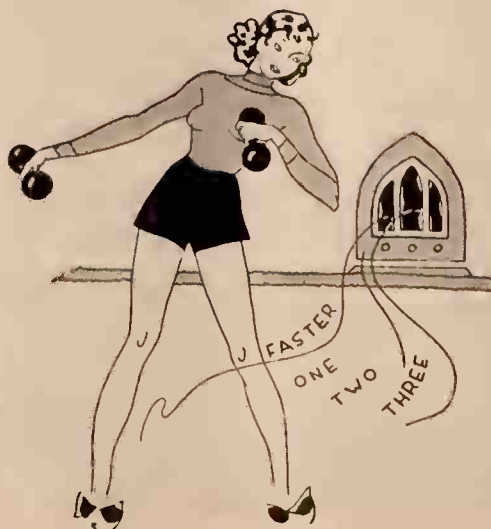
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**YESTERDAY  
TIRED...  
NERVOUS...  
BILIOUS...**



**TODAY—  
FRESH, RESTED,  
FEELING FINE**

#### HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.\* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

\* Longer if you wish.



*They were BORN to play these roles*

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!



**HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!**

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" (Brown and Freed) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results... but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number... "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

*Clark*  
**GABLE**  
*Jeanette*  
**MAC DONALD**

IN **San Francisco**

WITH  
*Spencer* **TRACY**

Jack Holt • Ted Healy • Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco...with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball"...with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House...Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

# RADIO RAMBLINGS



"Now let's get this straight, Georgie-Porgie," says Gracie Allen to George Burns as they read over their scripts for their merry Wednesday evening show.

Top, right, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia excoriates the New Deal. Above, Lucy Monroe, soprano of the *American Album of Familiar Music*.

## HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

DO you want to write a radio script? Or to be one of radio's singing stars? Or do you fancy yourself as a comedian on the air?

If you cherish a secret ambition for a career along any of these lines, here are some of the essential requirements for success in these special fields of radio entertainment:

*COURTENAY SAVAGE*, head of the CBS dramatics and continuity department, offers these tips on script writing:

"The first requirements," Savage says, "are vividness and clarity of action, through dialogue rather than narration. Next, each character must be addressed by name as soon as he or she comes into the scene. There must always be at least two persons before the microphone. On the other hand, too many characters in a script lead to confusion, due to the difficulty of keeping unseen actors in mind."

As to the proper length of a script, Mr. Savage says: "A fifteen-minute script should average thirteen or fourteen double-spaced typewritten pages, providing the dialogue is not too short. Dialogue should be crisp, but not monosyllabic. A half-hour program requires from twenty-three to thirty pages." (Continued on page 95)



Pauline Morin is the sweet contralto soloist with the Morin Sisters.



Top picture, Shy Kenny Baker, tenor on the Jack Benny program, confers with Mrs. Baker and the pup. Above, two popular stars at a recent ball at Hollywood's Hotel Biltmore, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.



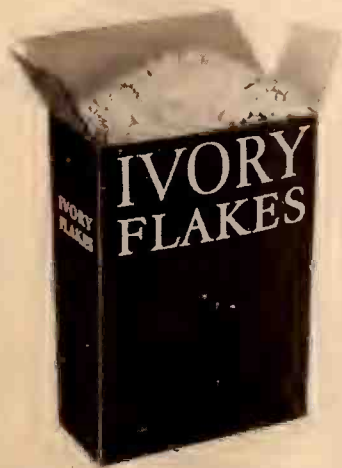
**D  
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goes your clothes upkeep!...

when you buy "Ivory-washables"

Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful . . . fresh . . . appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so *easy* to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics *tested by 6 Ivory washings*. So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright . . . crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!



99 <sup>4</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % pure

# "HOW I ENDED CONSTIPATION"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



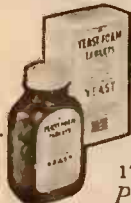
Clarence A. Rutting  
NOTARY PUBLIC



**W**HY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

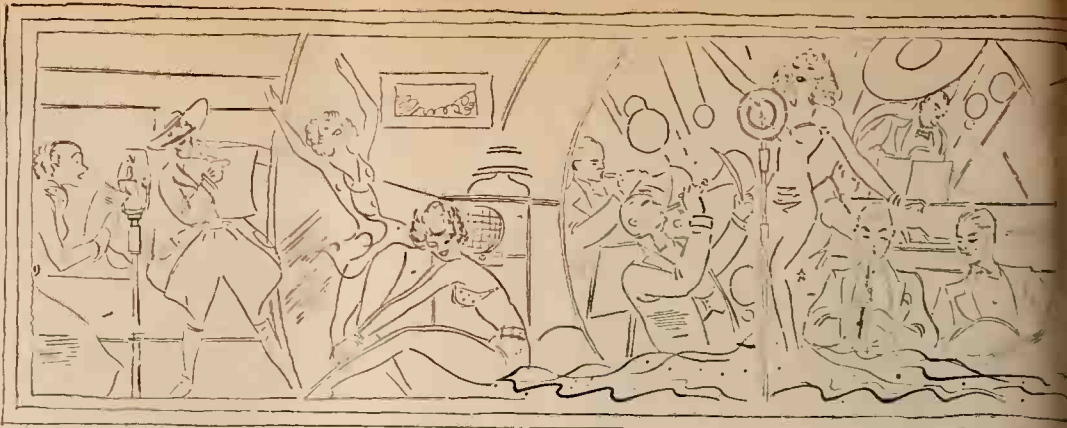
There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore natural digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands—bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free introductory pack-  
age of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM-6-36

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Cincinnati Post, Cincinnati, O.  
Chuck Goy  
Dayton Daily News, Dayton, O.  
Vivion M. Gardner  
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).....91.0%  
*Month after month, always first choice with the critics.*
2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) .. 85.6  
*Symphonic music rules the air waves.*
3. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) .. 85.0  
*Interesting that the first three most popular programs should be symphony orchestras.*
4. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....84.3  
*Still leading all the comics.*
5. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) .....83.6  
*Fred Allen has taught Jack Benny the meaning of competition.*
6. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).....83.3  
*Successful Broadway stage plays interestingly condensed to an hour's entertainment.*
7. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC).....83.1  
*Rudy Vallee is still tops in the variety field. Guest stars, somehow, always sound better on his program.*
8. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA (NBC) .....82.2  
*Jessica Dragonette continues to lead the way for sopranos.*
9. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (CBS) .....82.2  
*Fonnie Brice, Benny Fields, Patti Chapin and Al Goodman's music are the highlights. Current winner of the Distinguished Service to Radio Award.*
10. A. & P. GYPSIES (NBC) .....81.5  
*Harry Horlick, conductor, knows exactly what listeners enjoy in music.*
11. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....81.5  
*We're all a member of it. Radio drama at its best.*
12. ED WYNN (CBS).....81.4  
*They always sound like new ones when Ed tells 'em. Lennie Hayton's music.*
13. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....81.0  
*Informal Bing. Big time guest stars. A grand band.*
14. THE MAGIC KEY OF R.C.A. (NBC) 80.6  
*Recent winner of the Distinguished Service to Radio award.*
15. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS) 80.1  
*Nina Martini, Rosa Ponselle and the music of Andre Kostelanetz equaled by few on the air.*
16. RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS) .....79.8  
*The British band master who shows America how best to play its dance tunes.*
17. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) .....77.5  
*Consistently enjoyable. However, cutting the program from an hour into two half hours hasn't been an improvement.*
18. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC)....77.3  
*Lionel Barrymore is wise head man on this show and doing nicely. Thank you.*
19. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC) .76.7  
*Fireside favorite. His choice of songs invariably for the majority.*
20. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC).....76.5  
*Margaret Speaks, Nelson Eddy, Richard Crooks and William Daly's music. Margaret is marvelous.*
21. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).....75.8  
*Guy Lombardo's distinctive style never tires.*
22. ON THE AIR WITH LUD GLUSKIN (CBS) .....75.8  
*The trick arrangements will get you.*
23. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).....75.6  
*Salace.*
24. HOUR OF CHARM (CBS).....75.4  
*Phil Spitalny conducting an all-girl ensemble Remarkably well done.*
25. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....75.3  
*The screen stars in picture previews with Louella Parsons and Dick Powell in charge.*
26. PHIL BAKER—HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) .....75.1  
*Beetle and Battle, Phil's stooges, are certain laugh-getters.*
27. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC).....74.6  
*Your favorites beautifully rendered by Frank Munn and Lucy Monroe.*
28. RICHARD HIMBER AND HIS STUDENT-BAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).....74.6  
*Smooth and smart.*
29. BOAKE CARTER (CBS).....74.3  
*Favorite commentator of the critics.*
30. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS) 74.3  
*Important American historical events, dramatically enacted.*
31. THE SINGING LADY (NBC).....74.3  
*Primarily for the kids, but grownups will enjoy her.*
32. JACK HYLTON IN "YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (CBS) .....74.1  
*An English importation, but thoroughly American.*
33. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....74.1  
*Highlighting the news.*
34. EDWIN C. HILL (NBC).....74.0  
*Specializing in the human element of the news.*
35. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC) .....73.8  
*Superlative entertainment, with Paul performing perfectly as a genial master of ceremonies.*
36. PARTIES AT PICKFAIR (CBS)....73.7  
*Off to a poor start, but Mary Pickford definitely has caught on.*
37. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) .....73.5  
*Gracie is still the funniest comedienne on the air, her material helping immensely.*
38. AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).....73.4  
*Fun and philosophy which improves with a first nighter.*
39. FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOUGERSON AND DON AMECHE (NBC) .73.3  
*Amusing original radio plays, spiritedly performed.*
40. JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTHERN AMERICANS (CBS) .....73.3  
*The real McCoy.*
41. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC).....73.2  
*Guest stars aplenty and from all fields of activity.*



# His Waning Love KINDLED AGAIN!



## REVIEW

Leo Miller  
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Charlotte Geer  
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.  
Richard G. Moffett  
Florida  
Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.  
James Sullivan  
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.  
Robert S. Stephan  
Cleveland Plain Dealer, Cleveland, O.

Andrew W. Smith  
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.  
Richard Peters  
Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.  
Andrew W. Foppe  
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.  
Oscar H. Fernbach  
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.



- 42. HORACE HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS) ... 72.9  
*A la Fred Waring.*
  - 43. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE DOG DRAMAS (NBC) ... 72.6  
*Terhune's thrilling tales are making dog lovers of us all.*
  - 44. MELODIANA (CBS) ... 72.6  
*Bernice Claire is featured with Abe Lyman's orchestra. Excellent.*
  - 45. CAMEL CARAVAN (CBS) ... 72.4  
*Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis and the exciting strains of Glen Gray's music.*
  - 46. EASY ACES (NBC) ... 72.2  
*Definitely on the upgrade. They were number seventy-six in last month's ratings.*
  - 47. LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS) (CBS) ... 72.1  
*Frank Munn working magic with his voice.*
  - 48. FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS) ... 72.1  
*An impressive galaxy of guest stars.*
  - 49. U. S. NAVY BAND (CBS) ... 72.1  
*Tastefully selected programs.*
  - 50. RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC) ... 71.8  
*With the able assistance of Virginia Rea and Jan Peerce.*
  - 51. U. S. ARMY BAND (CBS) ... 71.8  
*Not as martial as the name suggests.*
  - 52. CHRYSLER AIR SHOW (CBS) ... 71.5  
*Alexander Gray is the headliner.*
  - 53. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS) ... 71.5  
*Beatrice Lillie is starred. She's better on the stage.*
  - 54. THE BAKERS BROADCAST (NBC) 71.4  
*Bob Ripley is still surprising us and the Hilliard-Nelson combination is still charming us.*
  - 55. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ... 71.4  
*The announcements pull the average down.*
  - 56. MUSIC BY RICHARD HIMBER-LUDEN (NBC) ... 71.2  
*High-brow harmonies.*
  - 57. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC) ... 70.5  
*The Major's professionals.*
  - 58. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC) ... 70.3  
*Ben's own classic humor and swell dance music.*
  - 59. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC) ... 70.2  
*The critics were kinder last month.*
  - 60. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS) ... 70.0  
*Heart throbs.*
  - 61. ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC) ... 69.7  
*Chilling mystery dramas.*
  - 62. LADY ESTHER SERENADE (NBC) 69.6  
*The soothing melodies of Wayne King.*
  - 63. BENAY VENUTA (CBS) ... 69.3  
*Sponsors please note.*
  - 64. TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOTEERS (CBS) ... 69.0  
*Ted's best work is done at a football game.*
- (Continued on page 104)

Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS  
... it gives you that alluring all-over fragrance

Mavis is more than a talcum... its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects

your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!  
Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

**MAVIS**  
Genuine  
Mavis  
Talcum  
IN THE RED  
CONTAINER



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680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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

MM-6

WHEN Jessica Dragonette had her hair cut, that was almost front page news. Jessica, with her honey-colored waist-length tresses, seemed like some Mid-Victorian angel. Then she proposed having her hair cut. Her family protested. Her business advisers protested. Her fans protested. But Jessica did it. With the result—a more modern, more smartly coiffed, younger-looking Jessica.

Some predicted dire things for Jessica's career, once her crowning glory was clipped into a Twentieth century bob. They said: "She has spoiled our picture of her. Now she is 'just another girl.'" But Jessica hasn't spoiled our picture of her. Events have since shown that she is just as strong as ever in the affections of the millions who admire her. And Jessica never will be "just another girl."

Most of us have long since learned how much easier short hair is to brush, to keep well groomed and waved. How much more youthifying it is. And how much cooler! The day I read of Jessica Dragonette's spirited trip to the hairdressers, I decided that Jessica was a girl after any beauty editor's heart. She has spunk. She has courage. She has common sense. And in addition, needless to say, beauty and intelligence.

Since that day I have wanted to get Jessica to pose for us with her hairbrush in hand, her smart coiffure the highlight of attention. But I had the good fortune to have her graciously pose not only for that particular illustration, but for the whole complete trio of brushes for beauty.

Jessica says that one important secret of the health and gloss of her hair is her regular use of the hairbrush. She brushes her hair regularly with a vibrating motion which stimulates the scalp but doesn't disturb the wave. With a certain clever type of hairbrush, it is possible to vibrate the brush in a movement which conforms with the undulations in the hair and does not spoil the wave. Of course, Jessica's hair is naturally wavy, so she doesn't have to worry, as most of us do, about disturbing a "fresh set."

This particular type of hairbrush that I mentioned has uneven cut bristles so cleverly tufted that the irregular bristle trim does not stretch the wave but gives the hair a greater tendency to curl naturally by increasing its buoyancy and elasticity. Hairdressers recom-

# KEEP YOUNG AND *Beautiful*

## Brushes for Beauty! Jessica Dragonette recommends three • • • By Mary Biddle

mend it especially for permanently waved hair.

The regular and correct use of a good hair-brush brings out the full radiance and charm of the hair. It increases hair beauty by a healthy stimulation of the scalp circulation, by aiding the even distribution of the natural oils that feed the hair and by loosening and removing dead cuticle and scaly deposits from the hair and scalp.

Jessica's skin is delicate and translucent, part of her flower-like charm.



A hair-brush with irregular bristles stimulates the scalp but doesn't disturb the wave.



A small nail brush does an excellent job of cleansing and whitening hands and nails.

Nothing applied to the surface of the skin, believes the exquisite Jessica, can be of any benefit unless there is a basic, scrupulous cleanliness. She finds a soft complexion brush a valuable aid in cleansing.

Many of you write me to ask whether you should use a complexion brush, and if so, how it should be used. A complexion brush is of great help because it combines in its use the three factors necessary for skin health (1) it cleanses, (2) it massages, and (3) it stimulates. The friction of the bristles helps to stimu-

late the skin so that it can throw off accumulations. The bristles can get into the crevices of the nose and the depression of the chin where black-heads lodge in the greatest number, much better than can a wash cloth or the fingertips. The correct way to use a complexion brush is this: First saturate the brush with a generous lather of facial soap. Using a rotary manipulation, similar to the movements of a clock, upward, outward, and around, work the brush over the face without pulling or stretching the skin. After a thorough scrubbing, rinse the face—first in warm water to remove the lather and particles brought to the surface, then with cold water and your favorite skin tonic to contract the pores. Now that the weather is getting warmer, it's a smart idea to keep your skin tonic in the refrigerator, where it always will be cold and ready for use and doubly refreshing.

The particular complexion brush that Jessica is shown using is egg-shaped, and fits perfectly into the hand. Its bristles stimulate the circulation but they are soft enough not to irritate the skin.



The bristles of the complexion brush stimulate but do not hurt the skin.

Jessica's hands are like her. There is almost a spiritual quality about their tapered delicacy and yet they are strong and characterful. They are exquisite, lily-like, and the fingertips have a polish of natural pink.

A small nail brush, such as Jessica is shown using, can do an excellent job of cleansing and whitening the hands and nails. The bristles get in and under the nail bed and edge. Especially in this season of enthusiastic gardening. . . . When you're planting your new zinnias, you will most certainly need some sessions with the hand brush.

When you talk beauty in terms of circulation, you're talking truth! Hair and complexions all stand in need of a spring house-cleaning and that means a lot of brushing and polishing.

Along with your brushing and scalp massage, give yourself a series of hot oil treatments if you're planning to get a new spring permanent. I'm all agog about a brand new type of permanent-waving machine. It is nothing short of miraculous and one of the amazing things about it is the fact that it has no overhead wires. The machine itself looks for all the world like a de luxe radio cabinet, and, with the aid of green lights and red lights and a musical bell, it gives a permanent in one minute and a half. It reverses the usual method of getting the customer fastened into the heater-clamps before turning on the heat. for with this method the heater-clamps are applied at their maximum heat, cooling off while on the head.

(Continued on page 94)

**"For a smooth, soft skin—**



*Give me Camay"*



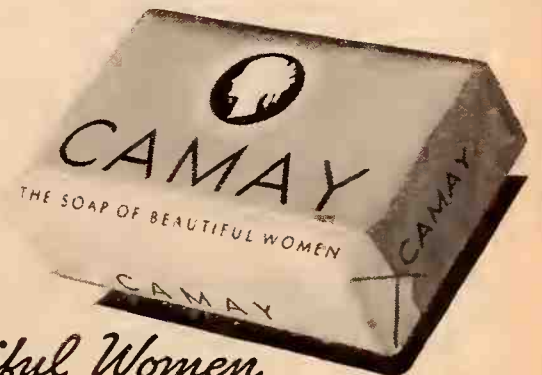
NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair . . . smiling hazel eyes—and her skin . . . well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for *you*, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently . . . that's because

it is made *milder, far milder!*

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

*Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.*



**CAMAY**

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

# THE RADIO HOSTESS PRESENTS Frank Parker

IT HAS often been said that the best cooks in the world are men and that the best judges of cooking also are members of the male sex. All this is open to argument, of course. But there is no question in my mind that the surest way to learn about some interesting dishes and the best way to get a good slant on masculine food tastes is to ask a *bachelor* what he likes to eat. For a bachelor, after all, eats what he pleases, when he pleases and where he pleases—which makes it fairly certain that he can give us gals some pretty useful pointers on the sort of foods that are sure to make a hit with men in general and our own “preferred” male in particular. Especially when the bachelor in question is as charming as Frank Parker, whom I interviewed recently.

For the good spirits of this handsome tenor star of radio and screen are infectious and his affable attitude is of the sort to win an interviewer's appreciation. Within a minute after meeting Mr. Parker I was completely at ease and Frank had promised to talk without reservations on *What a bachelor likes to eat—and why!* Furthermore he had agreed to pose at his own apartment in the

very act of eating his favorite salad combination.

This happened backstage at Columbia's Little Theatre of the Air, where a rehearsal for the regular Saturday evening broadcast of the *Atlantic Family* was in progress. These rehearsals are even more amusing than is listening to this gay half hour of entertainment over the air. For Frank displays a sense of humor and a feeling for fun not usually associated with tenors. While the other star of the program, Bob Hope, puts in merry asides which add to the gaiety of the occasion although not included in the script.

When Frank stepped up to the microphone, however, everyone in the darkened auditorium and on the stage paid him the compliment of their complete and admiring attention. He sang for this small but appreciative audience the same songs that would be heard the next evening by a vast army of admirers.

The rehearsal over, on we went to Frank's apartment: secretary, publicity manager, photographer and yours truly! And our genial host, of course, not one whit perturbed



Frank Parker, tenor star of the *Atlantic Family*, lunching on his favorite salad. (Left) To induce men to enjoy vegetables, add this tasty dish of seasoned rice.



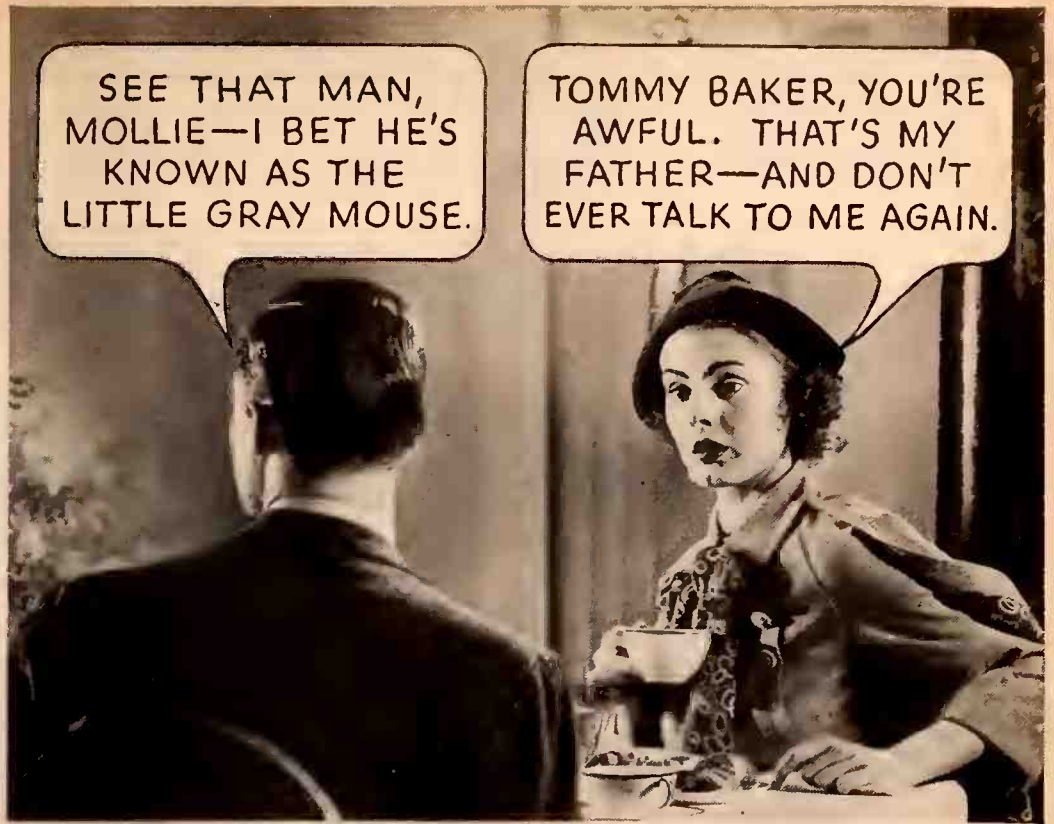
## Introducing some tempting dishes and tips on masculine tastes

by the unexpectedly augmented gathering. There again you have the bachelor slant on things. Here there was no need to worry about the home reception, for such informal gatherings are expected and welcomed. And certainly by now no party of five or even fifty could surprise Luccetta, the colored maid who, soon after our arrival, was busily at work concocting Frank's favorite light luncheon dish in the Parker kitchen.

This "snack" lunch consists of a salad and hamburger combination, attractively served on a single plate, with coffee as the only accompaniment. It is not followed by a dessert, either, for Frank does not care for sweets. But if the usual masculine sweet-tooth is missing, the familiar masculine liking for shell fish, cheese and meat dishes is pronounced. Ask Frank what he likes to eat and you'll hear about steaks, lobster, Welsh Rarebit and the like.

"How about vegetables?" I hazarded, noting that the Parker *Salad Plate* introduced two vegetables in a rather subtle *now-you-eat-this-because-it's-good-for-you-even-if-you-don't-like-it* manner.

I learned that Frank thinks (as most fellows do) that vegetables  
(Continued on page 79)



SEE THAT MAN, MOLLIE—I BET HE'S KNOWN AS THE LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.

TOMMY BAKER, YOU'RE AWFUL. THAT'S MY FATHER—AND DON'T EVER TALK TO ME AGAIN.



"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"  
"My mother does—and goodbye!"



"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"  
"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"

### FEW WEEKS LATER—



"Pshaw, we'll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray—and it wasn't my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That golden soap is so full of naphtha that every bit of dirt goes."



"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."  
"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

# Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

# CAN KATE SMITH FIND

She probably receives more proposals than any other

By Ruth Biery

THEY had told me that Kate Smith has no glamour. They had said I would find her amusing but much less fascinating than the Joan Crawfords, Marlene Dietrichs, Kay Francis I have spent half-a-life interviewing. I would like Kate Smith, they said, but I would find nothing I could write about her.

As usual, "they"—the gossips who can tell you all about famous people—were wrong. Frightfully wrong. Kate Smith has that kind of glamour which is the greatest of all! The glamour which does not lie on the surface glaring like snow in a bright sun, but the glamour of real womanhood which lies hidden deeply within the heart and the soul, more glorious because it never has been flaunted or paraded.

God does curious things when he shapes his human beings. He gives a Marlene Dietrich the most beautiful ankles in the world, and gives Joan Crawford that dynamic something which makes all tingle to the electrical current radiating from her. He gives Kate Smith a big body—one which has weighed from 225 to 240 pounds since she was a youngster. And yet, despite ankles and dynamos and large bodies, down underneath He created them all—women. Just women.

Kate Smith is woman. Just woman. She faced life at twenty, when she was slipping out of adolescence, as does every other young woman! "*Here I am! I am Kate Smith with the heart and the soul and the body which God gave me. What am I going to do about it?*"

Love! Ah, love, after all, is the most important thing in the world to a woman. We try to deny it. We do deny it. It is the one lie we all tell—we women who try to substitute professions for it. We say we prefer Fame. We pretend we are willing to sacrifice for money, position, influence, the one real thrill of *being women*. We know we lie but we hope the world does not know it.

I do not know the suffering Kate Smith had as a youngster, but I can easily imagine it. Although I was not as large as Kate, still I was over-big when I was an adolescent. My playmates called me *Fatty Greenfield*. The "Fatty" was for my size; the "Greenfield" for my lack of sophistication. Fat little girls, at whom the boys laugh rather than kiss behind syringa bushes, never become sophisticated. They have no opportunity to learn sophistication.



Photo by Maurice Seymour

"To have a home, husband, babies . . . Perhaps, some day," Kate Smith says. "But not now . . . I am absolutely happy behind the microphone."

And as the boys, and sometimes the girls, teased me because my body was not cute and shapely, so they must have teased Kate Smith. My face was not un-pretty; Kate's was and is very pretty. But our faces were overshadowed by our bodies. The other children could not see either our faces or our souls because of the bulwark Nature had placed before them.

I doubt if grown-ups ever suffer as much as children do. A child who is singled out as "different" from other children is the real Pagliacci of any community. She pretends she doesn't care but down underneath she becomes an inferno—a seething, boiling cauldron burning up all other emotions into one: *determination*. Not resentment but determination. She doesn't blame the other children. They can't help it. She doesn't blame God. His work is done. But she makes up her mind to "show 'em." She decides to become somebody, somebody really great, somebody so important that these others will seem utterly unimportant.

Kate Smith today is twenty-six. She has accomplished her determination in a very few years. Few women could have done it, but few women have the determination of this woman. Few women have her energy, her honesty

# LOVE ?

## woman in America

her singularity of purpose. And yet her road has not been easy. It has been Hades—again and again.

What did she have to use as equipment for her battle to "show 'em"? Only what God had given her. A body too big—but a body which looked funny. (And when any of us have anything which "looks funny," we have a certain something to sell. The finest kind of entertainment is what looks or sounds "funny".) And in addition—that voice. A voice which is as natural, as spontaneous as the gurgles of a baby.

*Honeymoon Lane* and *Flying High* were stage shows which made Kate Smith instantaneously successful. She made people laugh. She made them listen. And she made herself the most miserable young woman in America.

She's perfectly frank about it. Kate Smith is so honest she could not be anything but frank, even about her own suffering. "I took the laughs and I was the stooge. Bertahr didn't like it. He didn't do anything off-stage. He waited until we were on the stage. Then he put a lines which weren't written in the script. He made extra fun of me. I hated every moment of it. Earl Carroll wouldn't do anything about it because it made people laugh. I made up my mind to leave the stage when my contract was up and become a nurse. I never missed a show, even though I ended each one thinking I never could go through another."

And that wasn't all. A young woman, yearning with all the normal notions of any young woman, the rage among all the other girls of the same age. Lovely young girls with lovely young bodies who graduated in a dazzling chorus. The men laughed at *her*—but they smiled at the chorus. They went back stage and hung around the door waiting for the beautiful girls to emerge and smile at them or accept their dinner invitations. But they didn't smile at Kate or ask her to dinner. It she happened to pass out and



**NO  
PICTURE!**

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

**W**ED LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera.

We'd like to print micro-photographs, too, of the tissues of the alimentary tract. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

### WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

### WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know that you've even taken a laxative. And that's as it should be ... You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! You will have no stomach pains. You won't

be nauseated. You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste.

In the morning your constipation will be completely relieved. You'll feel fine!

### 30 YEARS' PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this ... for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets —  
remember

**EX-LAX**  
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

### TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-66

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

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

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



Bert Lawson

Ed Wynn suggests a musical arrangement to Lennie Hayton, orchestra leader on his new program.



Wide World

Ed Wynn, as Gulliver the Traveler, with John S. Young, who is the announcer on the Ed Wynn program.

# ED WYNN WAS FORCED TO

WE won't keep you in suspense. Ed Wynn—Gulliver to you—came back to radio after an eight-months absence because you and Betsy and Bill Jones could not get along without him. This is literally true.

His is one of the few cases in entertainment history where you, the audience, got up and demanded that a star come back. And having insisted politely, cussed, written letters and telephoned—you had your way. He came back. Ed Wynn should go down in the annals of radio as the man who really, truly and on the level was "brought back by popular request." In most other cases I know, "Popular Request" is a phrase invented by the management—a device for persuading the public to remain interested.

The story has never been told before—here it is for the first time.

Radio, as you know, is the youngest of the arts. Yet its history already is scarred with the tragedies of the large number of men and women who have failed. Don't we all remember stars ballyhooed to microphone glory and then heard from no more? I can think of a dozen. How many stage and movie stars can we tick off, stars of established reputation who came blithely to the mike, confidence in every accent, and then—*singo!*

Yes, what happened to Maurice Chevalier? Radio yanked him right off the top of the world, finished him for the theater, the movies and the mike. If you doubt these episodes are tragic, you have only to sit with a star, day in, day out, watching the fan mail dwindle down to one letter a day, and then to the postman's, "Nothing for you today, Mr. . . ."

Well, that was the tragedy which folks, who thought

they knew, figured had come to Ed Wynn when he took off his Fire Chief's helmet and left the Texaco program. The boys in the corridor and the boys at the bars—the journalistic noblemen who think keyholes are monocles—they said: "There goes Ed Wynn. He was great in his time. But he's giggled into a network for the last time."

Here are the facts which say they were wrong:

Ed Wynn left Texaco for several reasons. First, Ed Wynn had been doing the Fire Chief program for over three years. I was showman enough to feel that the time had come to give the public something else.

Secondly, he was tired. Unlike other topflight comedians, Ed used no gag man—no script writer; he did it himself, even his last joke and "so-o-o-oh." He had been doing it for a long time.

Finally, he was staggering under a load of domestic and legal troubles that would have broken the back of a weaker man. Listen, you who retire to a sanitarium when you get bawled out by the boss. Gulliver was besieged by something more than 115 people—all claims for money as a result of his attempt to start a new broadcasting chain. His wife and mother were ill. He, himself, was down physically; every time a door slammed his nerves did a tap dance.

So Ed Wynn left the NBC studios, stood a moment on the sidewalk taking long deep breaths. He was free—free, for the first time in twenty years! And he loved the sensation.

"I was miserable and run down and I decided that I never would go back to radio again," he told me.

By George  
Kent

Ed felt he was through on the air but listeners didn't





Gulliver does his stuff before the mike in the old, familiar fashion.

# RETURN !

I wanted was to go away somewhere, where I didn't have to answer the telephone, where there were no gags to think of, no autograph collectors . . . and so I went home to where my boat was anchored. It's a big boat and we had been using it to live on—like a houseboat. I got on the boat and soon I heard the sweet sound an anchor makes coming up out of the mud. We were on our way—to the first real rest of my career."

In a little more than three years Ed Wynn has earned from radio something over a million dollars—yet he hated it. He was tired of the entire business of entertainment. Here he was sprawled on the deck—no longer a celebrity, simply Ed Wynn, private citizen—sailing up the coast of Maine to meet a few old friends, do a little fishing, and see his son perform in a little summer resort stock company.

Sitting in his dressing-room the other day after rehearsal, taking the make-up off his face with smears of cold cream, he sighed:

"Oh, I had a wonderful time—a wonderful time! Five months of it. Sailing here, sailing there, talking over old times with a friend—no noise, no (Continued on page 72)

agree with him

*Pond's—First to Give You  
"GLARE-PROOF" Powder*

# NEW SUNLIGHT SHADES

*Flatter You in Glaring Light*



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

NOW Pond's softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin . . . flatters you—with new "Sunlight" powder shades. "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.



Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.

**MONEY-BACK TRIAL**—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



**-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB**



THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW -

MRS. WHITE'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL



**NEXT DAY**

I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE

I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!



**NEXT WEEK**

NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT..

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?



**LATER**

MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!



SAY, MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE-LAST FOR YOU -

JIMMY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU**

**A**FTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about 1/2 hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!



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



*Joe*

## DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



*The Ziegfeld Follies*, starring Fannie Brice, Benny Fields, Patti Chapin, Al Goodman and his orchestra, is, like the famous stage show series, gay, tuneful and skillfully presented. The late Florenz Ziegfeld firmly believed in an elaborate presentation for his artists, convinced that if they didn't get attention, the presentation would. When both clicked, it meant a smash hit! Which explains the success of the air version—the artists and presentation are both attention-getters.

It is an extraordinarily good musical show. Broadway at its merriest. You will appreciate the fame of Fannie Brice, who, despite it, works as conscientiously as ever. The veteran Benny Fields and lovely Patti Chapin do likewise. All perform with that air of certainty which comes only of knowing they're in a hit.

To *The Ziegfeld Follies*, a delightfully conceived hour of cheerful entertainment with exceptional talent, marvelous material, expert presentation and believable commercial announcements, RADIO STARS Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Fanny Brice  
as Baby Snooks

*Lester C. Grady*  
—Editor.

# HORROR

**"All sheerest horror is in sound," says Boris Karloff, who thinks radio the best medium for horror thrills**



WHAT HORROR should I find, I wondered, as I ascended the crooked stone steps of the *haunted* house of Boris Karloff, hidden away in remote Cold Water Canyon on the outskirts of Beverly Hills.

The house is low and rambling and hidden from human eyes by trees and foliage and vast clumps of geranium gone mad. No photograph can be made of it from the lonely road it faces.

It is the famous *Haunted House of Hepburn*. It is the house which, when Kate lived there, she claimed was haunted, infested with spirits, whose chairs rocked and creaked emptily, whose doors and windows one could hear opening and closing without the touch of human hands. There was, she is reported to have said, one room in particular into which her dogs could not go without strange and eerie howls issuing from their throats, the hair on their backs rising and bristling. On more than one occasion Kate's agents were summoned hastily, in the dead o' night, to come up and save their client from *ha'nt-hysteria!*

Boris Karloff bought this house, with its two-and-a-half acres of untamed land, with, at the garden's end, two ancient pillars bearing the legendary words *Quinta Nirvana*. Neither the original owners nor Miss Hepburn ever were able to explain from whence those marble shafts had come, who had put them there, or who had inscribed the fatalistic words. Mr. Karloff had them removed.

I wondered, as I entered the green-shaded garden, greeted by five dogs, what strange company *Frankenstein* and the ha'nts of Hepburn might make here, screened from the outer world.

Mr. Karloff received me in the living-room. Sun-flooded it was at this bright noon hour. The white-washed brick walls, the raftered ceiling, the red chintzes, the books and smoking equipment, the sprays of golden acacia, the substantial bulk of the Karloff luggage, ready to be moved en route to England—the whole gently casual effect of the place



# ON THE AIR

By Gladys

## Hall

seemed, I thought, an unlikely haven for ghosts. A ping-pong table occupied the low-ceiled gallery running the length of the living-room. Sunny canaries chirped and trilled in their cages. The stiff-patterned lace of olive trees brushed the roof. A radio hummed in a distant room.

Rather precipitately I said to Mr. Karloff: "Is the house haunted? Do you believe in ghosts?"

"If you should ask me, really," Boris Karloff was saying, his pipe clamped comfortably between his teeth, "I would say that the most authentic ghosts, possibly the only ghosts of today, are the ghosts released by science to roam the earth and the ether. The voices which come, bodiless, over stations KFI and KHJ and others. If one can believe in the radio . . . if one realizes that one is listening to the chimes of Westminster, to the voice of Mahatma Gandhi in India, to the voice of Mussolini in Italy . . . then one easily should be able to believe that even the next world can communicate with us *if we have the properly sensitized receiving apparatus, if our 'channels' are clear and open* . . .

"One of the future developments of radio," said Boris Karloff gravely, "may be to establish long-wave contact with—the world beyond."

Mr. Karloff has been on the Shell Hour. He has been on the Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee. But has turned down more radio offers than he has accepted because, to him, radio is the most far-reaching, the most penetrating, the most vitally important medium in the world. And he will do nothing unless he feels that what he does is right for him. He will not appear *gratis*, on any of the social hours. He is the one star in Hollywood who dared to turn down a well-known columnist when she invited him to appear on her guest-hour program. He said: "I had a very good reason for refusing. I do not believe that an artist who works for his living should be expected to perform *gratis* for the sake of doing so. If it is for charity, that is different. Otherwise—*no*."

On the Shell and Fleischmann hours Mr. Karloff has done scenes from *Death Takes A Holiday* and *Jekyll and Hyde* and other famous plays. He first did *Death Takes A Holiday* on the Shell Hour and when Rudy Vallee heard it he was so impressed with the Karloff voice and rendition that he asked him to do the same scenes on his hour.

And here is the strangest (Continued on page 60)



*Fannie of*

**Fannie Brice, famous comedienne:  
unusual things about broadcasting**

THE FIRST time Fannie Brice appeared on the air was twelve years ago . . . with me. It was a radio interview. The station *W.E.A.F.*, then situated on Cortlandt Street.

Of course, in those days, Miss Brice and her fellow actors didn't take this microphone business seriously. Why should they? It was only a means of getting a little extra publicity and was something of an adventure, but as a way of making money? Don't be silly, child! You only earn money in the theatre and in the movies, if you're very beautiful.

Fannie was a good sport. Genuinely interested in anything new. So she promised to broadcast an interview with me. I wrote it out beforehand, then an unheard of procedure. All she had to do was to read the typewritten pages.

We were due at the station at quarter to eight. I remember being very nervous during dinner. I thought we'd never make it. Fannie wouldn't hurry. She loves to eat. And, after all, what was radio anyway? And suppose she did get there late, what difference would a few minutes make? So Fanny reasoned. We left her house, a private residence between Riverside and West End Avenue, at about seven-thirty. Somehow we did get to *WEAF* on time.

As soon as we faced the microphone Fannie, usually the personification of poise, started to tremble. Her hands shook as they held the manuscript.

Later, on the way to the theater, where she was ap-

pearing in an edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies*, Fannie explained: "It was such a weird feeling. Besides, I had to read lines. I like to know my material."

We went on to talk of other things. She happened to mention that she had purchased the house in which she was then living from a family named Colgate.

Neither of us dreamed that, years later, the same Colgate family would pay her to star before one of the weirdest microphones in Palmolive's *Ziegfeld Follies on the Air*.

They are her sponsors for a long while to come. She has signed a year's contract (it has its options), but at the end of the year, if they still want her and she wants them, Fannie Brice receives a weekly raise of twenty-five hundred dollars.

And as Frank Fay said of it: "That's some raise!"



# the Follies

of the Ziegfeld Follies, says some

By Nanette Kutner

"I don't know," said Fannie. "I would have preferred in driblets. This way they get all the breaks. And I'd like to go away in the summer. Can't we change it, Mr. Rose?"

"I'm afraid not. It's too late," said Mr. Rose. Billy Rose, Fannie Brice's producer-husband, made the deal. Here enters the astuteness of Fannie. She certainly is smart enough to handle her own business affairs. He is one of the cleverest women I know, so clever that she fully realizes the value of femininity and plays up to the intellect of a man. Mr. Rose is her manager. She does what he says.

"And I don't have to bother with the advertising men. I don't know one of these agencies from another," said Fannie Brice.

This was three nights before her first broadcast in *The*

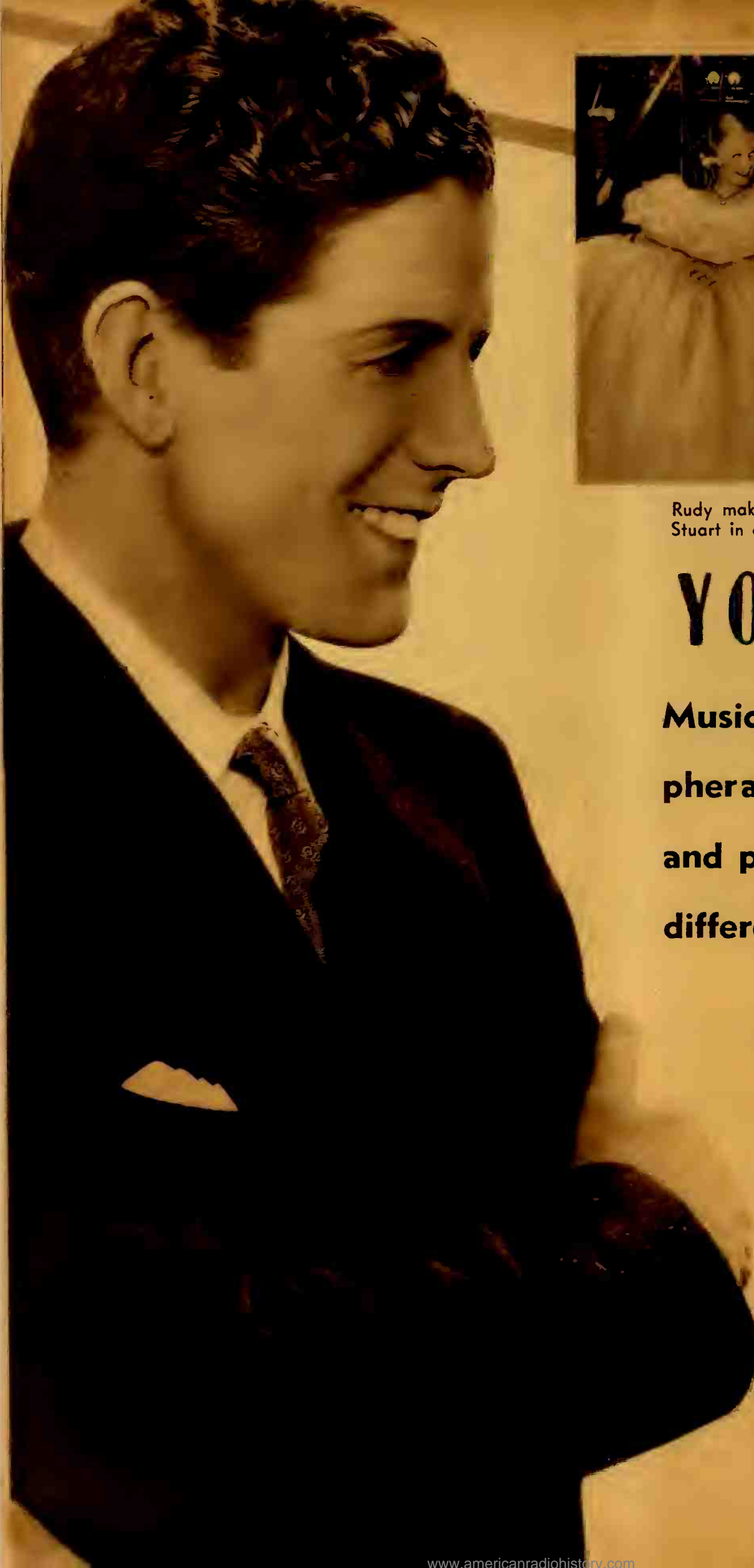
*Ziegfeld Follies of the Air*. We were seated in her dressing-room, backstage of the Shuberts' *Ziegfeld Follies*. Frank Fay, fresh from his Vallee triumphs, Ann Pennington, who is Fannie Brice's girl chum, Billy Rose, Adele, Fannie's maid, a trained nurse and myself.

Due to illness Fannie already had missed the first of the air series. She still was in great pain from neuritis and she still kept her trained nurse, who told me what a battle Fannie was fighting.

"Because she doesn't want to put the cast out of work," said the nurse.

It is revealing to note that Fannie Brice is so important to the stage *Follies*, that the two nights she was out of the show they were obliged to close it. That meant an entire cast minus work and salaries. It is impossible to find a satisfactory substitute for Brice. Perhaps this is the reason why she is the sole member of Mr. Ziegfeld's original revue who appears in all three of the new versions—stage, radio and screen. In the picture, *The Great Ziegfeld*, actors play the parts of many Ziegfeld stars. Men like Cantor and Will Rogers are impersonated. But Fannie Brice was signed to play herself. There was no adequate substitute.

She is a wealthy woman. During this past severe winter while her throat and chest ached from laryngitis, her bones from neuritis, she easily could have afforded to desert the *Follies*, and sun herself upon the beaches of Florida. Al Jolson has done (Continued on page 76)



Rudy makes a call on lovely Gloria Stuart in a Hollywood movie studio.

# YOU JUST

**Musician, lover, philosopher and friend—idealistic and practical—how many different people is Rudy Vallee?**

**By**

**Winifred Warren**

Reinald Werrenrath, noted musician, says of Rudy Vallee: "It's too bad that he has the reputation of crooner. He really is great musician."





Two good friends, Rudy and Major Bowes, talk things over together.



With his dog, Gust, to whom Rudy long has been unfalteringly devoted.

# CAN'T FIGURE HIM OUT !

**F**OUR people were seated around a dinner table. One said: "There really are sixteen people in this room!"

She was referring to the theory of an Italian philosopher that each of the four people was what he really was but that each also was what the other three thought he was! In the mind—there were sixteen persons present.

The thought flashed immediately through my mind, "How many people is Rudy Vallee, really?"

Each time I see Rudy, I decide he is a completely different person. I know many others feel the same way. What is he, in reality?

The first time I saw Rudy Vallee was when he was making his first picture in Hollywood. I was sent to interview him. I tried for thirty minutes to get him to say something intelligent or at least interesting. It was like trying to pull screws from a packing box with your finger nails. I left with the mental picture of Rudy Vallee as the most conceited human being I ever had met.

Of course he is conceited! One side of him. He could not have achieved the success which so abundantly is his, if he weren't. He must have belief in himself. How can anyone sell himself, if he doesn't? My mind flashes to the young boy just out of Yale who went to New York, saxophone under his arm, to make himself wealthy and famous. What did he carry with him? A press book, full of clippings about Rudy Vallee in his home town, at Yale, in England—Rudy Vallee, the *A-1* saxophonist. Rudy Vallee believed in Rudy Vallee from the beginning. He still does.

A friend was talking with Reinald Werrenrath. Vallee's name was mentioned. Werrenrath said: "It is too bad that man has the reputation of a crooner. He really is a great musician. He knows as much, if not more, about music than many symphony orchestra leaders."

This was a real tribute, coming from a musician of Werrenrath's importance. I hurried over to the Broadhurst theatre to talk to Rudy Vallee about music. Was Werrenrath's picture of this man a true one?

"My knowledge of music is not academic," Rudy Vallee frankly told me. "Damrosch has forgotten more than I know but frankly I feel I am superior to Damrosch in certain respects. My music is of the soul. I have a great instinctive knowledge of music within myself. Of the seven great gifts of music, I have five. I lack these two: the power to compose and the ability to distinguish between all musical instruments, I have that to some degree, since I can distinguish twenty-eight, the number I use in my orchestra."

Does that statement sound conceited? Yet that is no more conceited than the statement which comes from anyone of us who say we know what we know without hypocrisy or pretending.

So Werrenrath's picture of Vallee was correct. He is a great musician, for which he is given too little credit.

I talked with a woman who had loved Rudy. Had loved him with madness, with tenderness, with jealousy—even with hatred. A woman who had loved Rudy Vallee as woman has loved man from the very beginning. And although she now is married to another man whom she loves in another way, she sees Rudy as a young god who stepped down from Olympus to translate a brief period of her life from monotony to heaven. To her, he is and always will be a fascinating, devilish, intriguing human being. A man to make you laugh, a man to make you cry, but always a man never to be forgotten.

I was chatting with a reporter, a young girl reporter. She had been sent to interview Rudy. He was not in his living-room and she had several moments to wait for him. She noticed a bookcase and squatted on the floor before it. She pulled out one volume after another. They all were upon philosophy and psychology. She was reading one when he entered. "But I didn't know you were interested in philosophy," Rudy Vallee said.

He sat upon the floor beside her. For two hours they discussed philosophy. Was Nietzsche correct or does Freud know the root of man's being?

When she talked to me of Rudy Vallee, she saw him as a man of brilliance, of learning. (Continued on page 66)

# RADIO'S MOST THRILLING

**Who are the most thrilling men on the air? Do you agree with Jeanette MacDonald's choice? It may surprise you!**

**By Faith Service**

"—and love" said Jeanette, "should be soothing as well as thrilling. . ."

We were spending the evening together, Jeanette and I. And we had been comparing notes on the men of the air who give us the most thrills. Jeanette had been saying that Bing gives to his radio fans the love which is both soothing and thrilling. . . .

We were curled up on pale green loveseats in the Early American living-room in Jeanette's charming Monterey-Colonial house in Brentwood. The house, leased by Jeanette and her mother, was built and owned by Neil Hamilton. There were red roses vased against the panelled walls. The rug was scarlet. The divans faded green. Eucalyptus logs sizzed fragrantly on the hearth. There were silver cigarette boxes and crystal jars of candy to meet the groping hand. Jeanette wore brown slacks and jumper, her tawny hair slicked mercilessly back from her Greek-coin face. She was about ready for the shower and the cold cream and early-to-bed—against an early call in the morning. An early call to the set of *San Francisco* which she was making with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. And she managed to look beautiful without benefit of make-up.

I fired such questions as these: "Which ones—among the men on the air—do you think flutter feminine hearts the most? Which ones sing the love songs the most touchingly? How much has the sound of the voice to do with love, d'you think? Have you ever been disappointed when you have met the possessor of a thrilling male voice face to face?"

Jeanette took the questions in the order named.

"I may omit some of the better air heart-flutterers because I am not exactly familiar with all of them.

So, with apologies for any omissions, I would say that Nelson Eddy, John Charles Thomas, James Melton, Frank Parker, Lawrence Tibbett, Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee are among the supreme flutterers. I imagine that Nelson is about the most thrilling of the male stars on radio right now.

He was popular before he ever made pictures. Now his pictures feed his radio appeal. The fans of the air know what he looks like as they listen to him.

And he is an answer, one of the best, to your question

about whether I've ever been disappointed in the men of the air when I've met them personally—Nelson is grand to gaze upon. He's even better looking off the screen than on, I should say. That height and breadth, the silver-gold hair and blue eyes make a stunning ensemble. I can assure girls that they never would be disappointed at meeting Nelson in the flesh.

"I've never been disappointed in any of them for that matter. Lawrence Tibbett is lusty and vital, with a robust, vigorous quality which is better than conventional good looks. Which is good looks. James Melton is dark and young and charming. Bing is . . . but that takes us back to where we were when I said that love should be thrilling and soothing, too. And that's just what love is, I think, when Bing sings. . . . When Nelson broadcasts, or John Charles Thomas or Lawrence, the radio fans feel, I think, that they are listening to a professional performance; they feel that the stars are singing to the audience in the broadcasting station, to audiences all over the country. They are tuning in, they know, on a professional performance, stirring and splendid and magnificently done. They are one of many, of multitudes privileged to hear the golden gods chanting on Olympus.

"But when Bing sings . . . you feel that he is singing, not to an audience, but to *you* . . . and to *me* . . . each girl who listens feels that the song is for her and for her alone. It is intimate. Rudy Vallee has the same quality. . . .

"I recall going to a dinner at the Cocomanut Grove one night, some years ago. Bing had just begun to sing there. No one had heard of him then. Came a moment in the evening when our hostess, a mature woman, shushed the talk and the laughter with a peremptory gesture. She said: 'Listen—listen with your ears and with your heart. Bing Crosby is going to sing—he's wonderful—he's marvelous—he has given me back my youth again . . . honeysuckle and moonlight and a canoe on the river . . . the front porch and the hammock and young love . . . listen . . .' And her eyes shone, her lips were parted ten years had dropped' from her. . . .

"I didn't understand it then. I do, now. Nelson is magnificent—but unattainable. Bing is folksy and attainable. Nelson is the hero whose chariot thunder around the moon. Bing is the boy next door who stop for you in his Fliv.

"Girls in small towns, girls anywhere, might think that they never could aspire to Nelson. It would be too much to expect. But Bing—Bing could belong. They

(Continued on page 90)

**MEN !**



anette Mac-  
nald, lovely  
nging star  
the screen.

Harry Von Zell  
of the Town  
Hall Tonight.

Poley McClintock,  
Priscilla Lane,  
Johnnie Davis,  
of The Pennsylvanians.

Ruby Keeler,  
Dick Powell,  
in Colleen.

Pat Murphy is  
"Scoop" Curtis  
of Girl Alone.

NBC

Betty Winkler,  
Ted Maxwell.  
Lights Out.

# IN THE RADIO

Betty Lou  
son, leading lady  
of *The First  
Nighter*.

# SPOTLIGHT . . .

Piano partners  
Pearl Gran and  
Margaret Smith.

Breakfast on  
the *Forever*  
Young program.  
Jack Roseleigh,  
Betty Wragge,  
Marian Barney,  
Curtis Arnall.

Rudy Vallee,  
with the medal  
awarded to him  
by Radio Stars.

Kay Weber with  
Jimmy Dorsey's  
Orchestra.

# NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

Everything's all right with Jack Benny! Maybe he just

WHEN the listening public, made up of a vast number of differing individuals, gets together and agrees on one performer as the top in his field, that, dear radio friends, is something. And when radio critics across the country pool their likes and dislikes and rate a performer first place, that, again, is something.

But when critics and lay public together, with remarkable unanimity, place a well-sponsored laurel wreath on the same program—that program has an odd way of turning out to be Jack Benny's.

You probably are aware by now that this is the third consecutive year Jack Benny has won first place in the National Radio Editors' Poll, as a comedian. And it's the second consecutive year the Jello program has won first place, as a whole.

In the Crosley Poll—which is a canvass of listeners—the Benny program took first place among half-hour shows, first place among comedy shows and second place in the whole radio field. After five years in radio that's not only reaching the top, but, what is more important, staying there.

Looking closely at the Benny brow, there are no evident signs or scratches visible from the laurels that have been heaped thereon. His hats, too, I believe, still fit.

"Naturally," Jack Benny says, "it's gratifying to come out first on the poll. It's nice to feel that the critics agree on you and your show as the leader. But what we're most interested in is not so much winning the poll as in staying among the top few. And that's pretty tough."

Saying so, Jack didn't look particularly dismayed at the prospect. "With several comedy shows running close together, just one slip, one performance a little under par, puts you second.

And that's bound to happen occasionally.

And then, if at the same time your show slips a little, another program improves, you're third. So we

don't worry about trying to keep in first place; we try to keep the general level high enough to see that we're included in the leading three or four."

Jack shook his head. "I feel terrible," he said with the same calm, affability you hear on the radio. He says practically everything that way. My guess is that if the building were on fire Jack Benny would greet the fire department with the same blend amiability, saying: "Jell-o folks—come right in and bring your hose," and make his quiet exit, first, of course, seeing that Mary—Mrs. Benny—and their beloved baby Joan, were safe.

"You have a cold?" I suggested shrewdly.

He nodded. "I was wondering whether I ought to go out tonight or not. We've got tickets for the theater and Mary was sort of figuring on going."

"If she knew you didn't feel well," I said, as much like the Voice of Experience as possible, "she probably wouldn't want to go."

"That's just it. She won't let me go if she knows. And then suppose I *want* to go after all?" He grinned disarmingly with unaffected naïveté. As a matter of fact Jack Benny is the only celebrity I can think of who could truly be called boyish without its sounding sickening.

"We get to see so few shows," he explained, "being out on the Coast so much, we like to take in as many as possible when we're in New York."

"By the way," I asked, "how do you like the Coast?"

"Fine," Benny nodded. "We're very happy out there . . . like it fine."

"Of course," I suggested, "you had the usual trouble in Hollywood. . . ."

"Trouble?" Jack looked blank.

"The exasperations everyone meets making pictures . . . you know . . . *Once in a Lifetime*. . . ." Jack being fresh from Hollywood, thought your reporter, here was a chance to get an earful of new horrible movie adventures.

"No, we didn't have any trouble out there."

"You mean you *like* Hollywood?"

Below, left, the Jack Bennys entertain two friends at dinner at the Hotel Miramar in Hollywood. (Left to right) Bert Wheeler, Jean Chadburne, Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Benny) and Jack. And over at the right, Jack pounds out copy for his Sunday night broadcast. Upper right, Jack and Mary at breakfast in their apartment.



By Jack

Hanley

## doesn't know trouble

"Sure. Making pictures is all right." And there's one of the outstanding features of the Benny makeup. Practically everything is all right with Jack. Without being a rubber-stamp or a yes-man, Jack Benny hasn't a mad on with anything in the world.

"You know, there's so much money tied up in the picture business," he said, "and so many variables involved, they can't do things very differently. They work under terrific pressure, paying enormous salaries and overhead. Personally, I think they do a pretty good job, all considered."

Another dream shattered! Another illusion gone! I tried a flank attack.

"You were about the first radio comedian really to 'kid' your sponsor," I said. "I suppose you had plenty of sponsor trouble." Show me a radio artist who hasn't! Benny did show me.

"Well—just a little, at first," he admitted. "But as soon as they saw it wasn't a bad idea they were swell about it. On the whole, I'd say we've never had any sponsor trouble."

What can you do with a guy like that? There was no use talking about comedy material difficulties.

Harry Conn has been writing the Benny shows for five years, in collaboration with Jack, and Jack not only admits it, but paid him tribute over the air the night he was awarded first place in the radio poll.

*Continued on page 62)*



# HOLLYWOOD

## Why did Bernice Claire return to radio work when she had had such notable success in the movies in Hollywood?

IF she were a man, you might refer to her as a "square shooter" or a "grand guy"—or by any of those pleasant phrases we apply to people who keep faith with themselves and with the world. In these troublous times it's good to meet people who cherish high standards and live up to them.

It was good to meet Bernice Claire. She, too, plays the game squarely—and takes no credit for it.

She was sitting at the piano when I called, singing softly in the gathering dusk of late afternoon—a slim, small person with soft blonde curls and blue and shining eyes. Her voice rose sweetly, effortlessly, in a strain of pure music.

She rose and flew to greet me as I entered. "I was just trying out my voice," she said. "I haven't felt up to singing for a couple of days."

It sounded enchanting, I told her. Why, I wondered aloud, can't we hear such music on the popular radio programs, instead of the time-worn sentimental songs. "Do you have a chance," I asked, "to select any of the songs you love for your programs?"

Bernice Claire laughed. "Oh, I should say not!" Her blue eyes twinkled. "Sometimes I think they don't even know what I *can* sing. . . ."

"But couldn't you—if you felt strongly about it—choose what you'd like to sing, once in a while?"

"Oh, yes. . . ." She curled up in a chair, her feet tucked under her. "I could. . . . They're lovely to me—the people I work for. I'm sure, if I asked, they'd be willing. . . . But, after all—"

she was serious now—"they're paying for what *they* want. Why shouldn't they have it? Why should I demand what *I* want?"

I liked that honest answer! And I liked this honest, forthright little person, who sees things clearly, objectively, not shadowed by any sense of her own importance. She even had a kind word for sponsors, those much maligned individuals to



whom, as she reminded me, we owe so much delightful radio entertainment.

"Would you like some tea and toast?" asked Bernice. "I really haven't eaten a thing for two days—I've been fighting off a cold and a touch of fever. . . ."

And as she busied herself in the kitchenette of her home-like apartment I concluded that it also was characteristic of her to be a ready and gracious hostess, who she might have postponed our engagement to code herself.

"My doctor said I ought to go to Florida or Bermuda for a week or two," she called gaily, setting the kettle to boil and cutting thin slices of bread for toast.

"Are you planning to go?" I asked, as she came back to spread a cloth on the tea table.

"Oh—" Again the twinkle in her eyes—"I suppose 'the public' wouldn't miss me! But you know how it is—you hate to leave your job. I don't think *they'd* mind she went on, referring to the producers of her program. "They were so sweet when I wanted to go to London to make *Two Hearts in Harmony* last summer. They thought it was wonderful for me to have that opportunity. But I don't want to go away now."

"Did you enjoy the London venture?" I asked her. "Oh, yes!" she said enthusiastically. "I went over



# COULDN'T HOLD HER



By

Sally

Hobson

Bernice Claire, lovely young singer of *Waltz Time* and *Melodiana*, is an outdoor girl. She loves walking and also takes a daily swim to keep fit.

—*The Song of the Flame, Kiss Me Again, Spring Is Here* and *Top Speed*.

With all that gratifying achievement, why, I wondered, didn't she continue in pictures?

"It was like this," Bernice explained. "You see, I came in on the last cycle of the old musicals. Their day was done, for the time being. . . . I might have gone on into straight dramatic rôles in the movies—I'd have liked that. . . ." She sipped her tea and gazed thoughtfully into space, as if seeing Bernice Claire in a rôle that might have been.

I looked at the charming small figure in dark blue pyjamas and rose-colored blouse, tucked into the big chair opposite me, and, listening to her delightful speaking voice with its smooth flow and clear, precise enunciation, it was easy to believe that she might have gone far in a movie career, if she had not left Hollywood.

"Why did you come away just then?" I asked.

"Why, I had a contract with Schwab and Mandel," Bernice said. "They had been very nice to me. They gave me my start, you know, in *The Desert Song*. Then they released me for those five pictures. That is," she corrected herself, "they didn't precisely release me—I was sort of out on a leash! They let me go out to make the pictures, but at that time they wanted me to come back to New York to star in the Broadway revival of *The Chocolate Soldier*. So, of course, I came. . . ."

Which disposes of a theory some have whispered—that Bernice Claire couldn't go on in movies because she "didn't have what it takes"—that she lacked that essential something—call it glamour, or what you will—that Hollywood demands.

Knowing Bernice, you would understand that any contract, verbal or written, would be kept by her to the fullest extent of the letter and spirit. You would

(Continued on page 68)

the *Normandie*. It was my first ocean voyage. No, I wasn't seasick—but the vibration! When I landed, even my teeth were shaking! I came home on a small French boat—it was lovely. I love the French way of seeming so anxious to do everything to please you. It makes you feel so pleasantly important!

"I loved London," she mused. "Of course, I like New York better than any other city. But New York is the New World and London is the Old World—and so interesting. But the climate! Rain—and cold. . . . We had tea every afternoon on the set. That's where I learned to love having tea every day."

She likes Hollywood better, so far as movie work is concerned, Bernice said. We spoke of the pictures she had made so successfully there. *No, No, Nanette* is reputed to have made over a million dollars.

Her start in movies came, she told me, without any seeking on her part. She was playing the prima donna rôle in a western company of *The Desert Song*, when Alexander Gray, radio and movie baritone, wanted to make a movie test and asked her to do a scene from *The Desert Song* with him. It proved a highly successful test, winning Gray a starring rôle in *Nana* and the rôle in *No, No, Nanette* for Bernice.

After that she made four other pictures in Hollywood

# SMALL TOWN STUFF IN A BIG WAY..!

By Miriam Rogers

Lum 'n' Abner  
enjoy a game  
of checkers  
in the Jot-'Em-  
Down store.



*"TOO MUCH comfort is disease that takes a good porous plaster full of trouble to cure."*

That's an "old Ed'ards saying," such as Lum is fond of using to point his remarks as such as he frequently is forced to expound at long and difficult length when Abner's familiar "hunh?" proclaims lack of understanding.

To city folks Lum and Abner have the appeal of variety of something new and different. To country folks, they have the charm of the known and the familiar, the man down the street, the man behind the counter of the general store. The recognizable dialect does not offend them; on the contrary, it draws them closer. The homely wisdom, the simple adventures, many problems ring true, seem part of their own life.



Wide World

Left to right, Chester Lauck, who's (Lum), with Norris Goff, (Abner), and their wives.

## Lum and Abner, of the Jot-'Em-Down store, put Pine Ridge on the map in their endearing radio program

Lauck explained. "Dick Huddleston is a real person, a grocer in Waters, Arkansas—and a grand person he is, too. But actually, to me and Goff, Lum and Abner are even more real. Since we first created them, they've developed, logically, consistently, until they seem as real as we are ourselves."

And, to my mind, that explains in a nutshell the appeal Lum and Abner have for their hearers everywhere. They are real people, and their problems are real problems, their town so real that Waters, Arkansas, the prototype of Pine Ridge in real life, is about to have its name changed legally—to Pine Ridge! And in Mena, Arkansas, stickers for automobiles have been issued saying: *Lum and Abner's Home Town*.

It is not hard to understand how this has come about. One of the simple tenets on which the boys have based their career is: "Write about what you know, out of your own experience." And there is nothing they know so well, so understandingly, as

life in a small town with the endearing personalities that make up a small town.

They both were born in Arkansas, Abner thirty years ago and Lum four years before that. When they still were small boys, the Laucks moved to Mena, Arkansas, where the Goffs already lived, and in a little while 'Tuffy' Goff, small but full of vim and vigor, and the taller, older Chet Lauck were fast friends. As they grew older, inevitably their paths separated, but just as inevitably drew together again.

Chet Lauck studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, then at the University of Arkansas. Norris Goff studied there, too, a few years later, but left to conclude his studies at the University of Oklahoma. While Goff still was a student, Lauck was in Texas, head of a commercial art agency and editor of a local magazine.

But they soon were together again, back home in Mena, where Lauck became head of a local automobile finance company and Goff assisted his father in the wholesale grocery business. What knowledge young Goff may have lacked concerning his fellow men in the neighboring towns was gained on his leisurely business trips through that region.

"Swollen rivers or bad weather, or something of the sort, was always delaying me, forcing me upon some farmer and his household, but always they welcomed me with open arms, shared their meals, (Continued on page 85)

And whether they live in Arkansas, in Oklahoma, in Kentucky or Indiana, on the Pacific Coast or 'down east', they recognize themselves or their friends, feel a deep kinship to these two old fellows, feel that Lum and Abner's Pine Ridge is 'back home!'

"You know, we're sort of like Mussolini," young Chester Lauck, who is Lum Edwards, said with a laugh. "We've created Pine Ridge and all the people in it—the mayor, the justice of the peace, the fire chief, the grocer—we are dictators by 'remote control,' and it is something of a responsibility!"

"We have to be careful," Norris Goff—better known as Abner Peabody—explained earnestly, "not to do anything that real people in a real little town wouldn't do. Sometimes we get into trouble—like raising taxes this winter. Lum found, time he got it all figured out, he'd have everybody paying in more than they actually made! So you see we have to take care to keep it logical and true to life."

"But it's an outlet for our own ambition," Lauck's eyes twinkled. "It's *our* town and we can run it to suit ourselves!"

"If we want to pave streets, we don't have to float any bonds," Goff concurred.

They laughed, but they really take it very seriously, this town of theirs and all the townspeople.

"Only one character is based on an actual person,"

Newest photographs  
of popular stars of radio  
in this month's review



Above, Armida, bewitching Mexican singer, who is a gay feature of *Paris Night Life* program. Below, Maxine Gray, whose warm voice is a high light of the Phil Baker broadcast.



Jack Benny in  
a new scrapel  
But Jack is al-  
ways hopefull

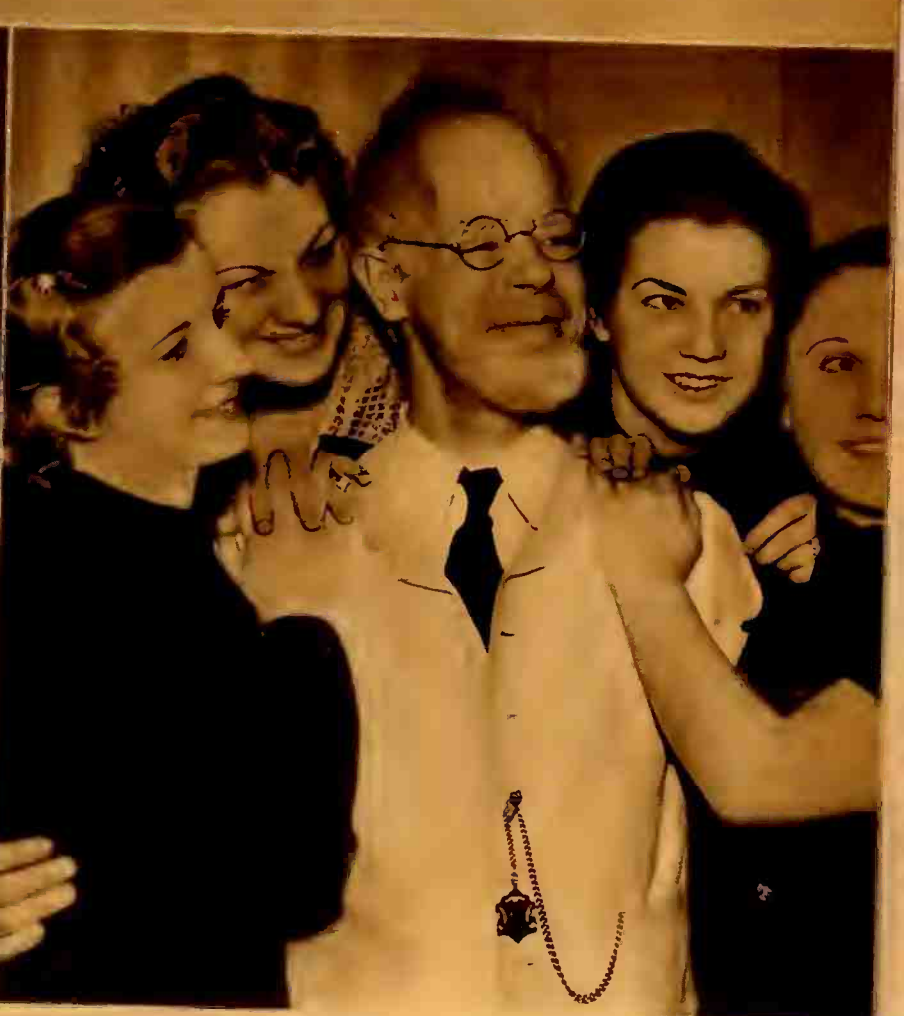


• • • FROM




Above, radio singer Harriet Hilliard, and her husband, bandleader Ozzie Nelson. Below, Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley at one of his Sunday evening broadcasts.

Above, Kate Smith, with George Olsen, whose *Celebrity Night* guest she was. Below, Pat Barrett (*Uncle Ezra*), Lee Hassell, Sally Foster, Evelyn Wood, Verne Hassell.



# THE REVIEWING STAND



# HERE'S A VERY CURIOUS MAN

By Elizabeth  
Benneche Petersen

## A dynamo of curiosity and

HITCH your dreams to a dynamo and you're going to places.

Make that dynamo yourself and you're going to see that. That's what Phillips Lord has done. Hitched his dreams to that dynamo that is himself. That dynamo composed of restlessness and energy and curiosity.

Take his curiosity, his outstanding characteristic. His energy has made him harness it into just so much man horse-power.

A lazy person, or a person who liked to stay put, would not take that curiosity out in prying and gossip. But even if he weren't the most voracious, understanding person he ever met, Phil Lord's restlessness would allow him to get out in one place long enough to get acquainted with anyone. He would not be bored.

His curiosity is insatiable. He wants to do everything there is to do and see everything there is to see. Everything interests him. People, things, people, people most of all.

Phillips Lord, of two radio hits, Seth Parker and the Gang Busters.



Lord believes everyone should be fingerprinted. Here he demonstrates the method for Alice Reinhart and Laetitia Whedon.



A Gang Busters broadcast. California's Chief of Police, William A. Hollaman, (right) is with Lord at the microphone.

## energy, Phillip Lord seeks the reason for everything

The new elevator man, for instance, who carried him up to his offices that morning. Most people wouldn't have noticed him particularly, wouldn't have seen his fists clench instinctively when a smug, well-dressed man berated him indignantly because he failed to stop the elevator at the exact line with the floor.

Phil Lord noticed. "That elevator man's nerves were at the breaking point." You could almost see Lord's brain working behind his keen blue eyes as he spoke. "He was all ready to shoot out at that man but he didn't. Now you could see he wasn't the sort who would pull his punches. He had red hair and snapping blue eyes and a pugnacious grin. The sort of fellow who'd lose his job before he'd let anyone step on him. And yet he swallowed that ridiculous outburst.

"I've been thinking about him, wondering just what it was that made him take it. Maybe he has a sick wife. Maybe he knows she's going to die in a few weeks and there are so many things he wants to do for her. So many things he wants to buy for her. Things he couldn't buy or couldn't buy if he lost his job.

"Maybe he's not married at all. Maybe it was a girl or his mother or a child or even a dog that made him hold back. I sure would like to know what it was that made that fellow go against his instincts that way."

Phil Lord never will know, for his curiosity isn't the driving sort that would make him ask questions. But you may be sure he already has discovered five or six reasons for it in his own mind and that every one of those reasons make a story. A story you'll be hearing over your radio some night on one of his programs.

It's that same curiosity that sent him off on his twenty-

one-months' cruise of Southern seas. He wanted to see places. Not the usual tourist stops. Not London or Paris or Madrid or Rome. But the far-flung corners of the world. Timor, Samoa, Timbuctoo. Places like that.

He didn't go on a *de luxe* liner that served civilized meals and offered recreation in the form of swimming pools and deck tennis and contract in the smoking salon after dinner.

He went on the *Seth Parker*, the old-fashioned sailing ship he bought and, as one of the crew, he wore dungarees. And his recreation came in manning masts and reefing sails and fighting hurricanes and typhoons. He ate the crude, substantial fare known to sailormen and sometimes when storms delayed the ship from putting into port, he went hungry.

Twenty-one months of sea and far places. . . . A month later he resumed his *Seth Parker* broadcast, that miracle of radio that has kept its popularity for seven years.

An exciting time to come back. When he left, gangsters were having things their own way and there wasn't much anybody seemed able to do about it. But things had changed. The G-Men had come into prominence.

"The tables were turned all right." The eager boy who lurks in all adventurous souls was uppermost in Phil Lord as he spoke. "For the first time the public was seeing gangsters as they really are—drab cowards! The color and dash now had been usurped by the daring government men. The G-Men were giving all the thrills now."

Phil Lord threw himself into the excitement of it all as all his life he has thrown himself into the heart of things. He wanted to know (Continued on page 74)



The crowd gathers about Jerry Belcher for the evening broadcast of Vox Pop.



Wide World Ph

## Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher bring passersby to the microphone in their gay, impromptu Vox Pop program

I WAS sent to interview the two most interviewing interviewers in the United States. I was scared. For Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson had Vox Popped thousands and thousands of people, in theater entrances, on street corners, in hotel lobbies—butchers, bakers, labor strike-breakers, poets, co-eds, chorus tow-heads, housekeepers, preachers, sowers and reapers. In other words, they had quizzed people in all walks of life.

I approached them with a question on my lips. "Is your program really on the level?" I asked.

They answered me with a *rat-a-tat-tat* barrage of queries: "Where is Singapore? How many legs has a Caucasian? Would you rather be right than be president? In which direction does a pig's tail curl? What is music? What kind of a man is a lady's man? How far is—"

Their voices went on and on, in rising inflections. Suddenly it occurred to me that the way to get a statement from these quiz-experts was to ask them an answer!

So I said, "Your program isn't on the level. I'll bet you employ stooges!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Parks Johnson, the more serious of the Vox Pop team, began, punctuating with exclamation marks:

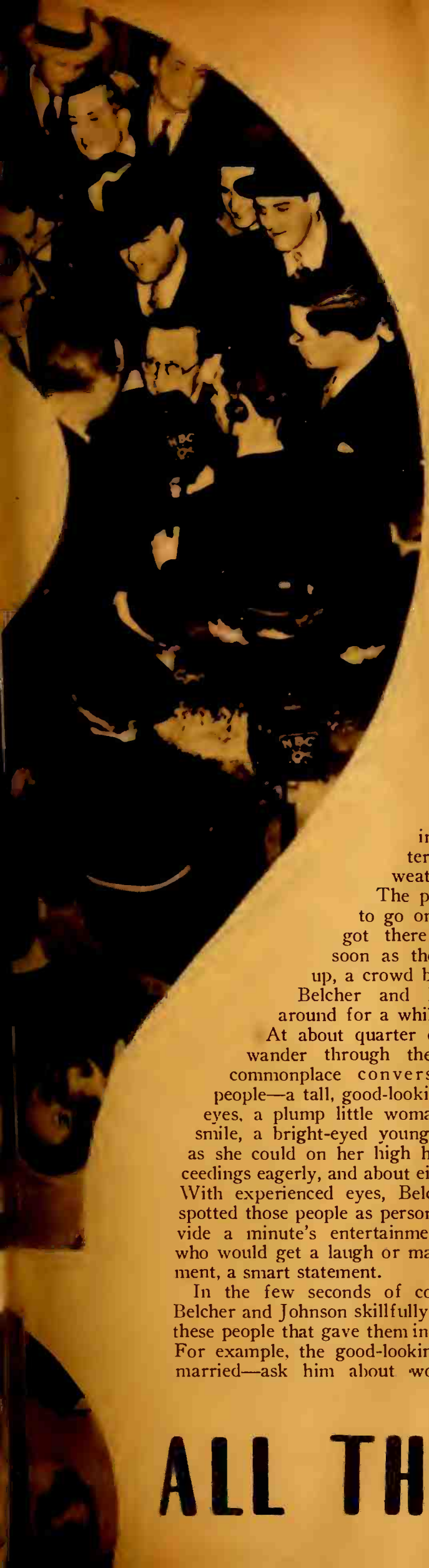
"We're constantly being accused of stooging our program," he said, "but it isn't true. We go to our broadcasts without knowing who will be on the program. Up till the time we go on the air we don't even know exactly what questions we are going to ask. The chief value of our program is its spontaneity. We're beginning our fifth year on the air in October, and we believe we've lasted only because the program is spontaneous. We could never capture that spontaneity if we used planned interviews or planted stooges in the crowd."

That sounded convincing, but Jerry Belcher, the other member of the Voice of the People team, suggested, "Why don't you come with us to the broadcast tonight? When you watch us work, you'll certainly be convinced that the program is entirely impromptu."

They were broadcasting that night from the lobby of a Broadway movie theater. They always choose, just before the broadcast, a busy spot somewhere in mid-Manhattan. Usually it's a street corner

# ... THEY KNOW





Parks Johnson takes turns with Jerry Belcher for their radio interviews.

## By Mildred Mastin

in nice weather, a theater or hotel lobby if the weather is bad.

The program was scheduled to go on at nine o'clock. We got there at eight-thirty. As soon as the microphone was set up, a crowd began to gather. Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson stood around for a while watching the people.

At about quarter of nine they began to wander through the crowd, striking up commonplace conversations with various people—a tall, good-looking boy with intelligent eyes, a plump little woman with a goodnatured smile, a bright-eyed youngster who stood as tall as she could on her high heels and watched proceedings eagerly, and about eight or ten other people. With experienced eyes, Belcher and Johnson had spotted those people as personalities who would provide a minute's entertainment on the air—people who would get a laugh or make an interesting comment, a smart statement.

In the few seconds of conversation with them, Belcher and Johnson skillfully found out things about these people that gave them instant ideas for questions. For example, the good-looking lad was soon to be married—ask him about women, blondes, babies.

His answers would be amusing. The bright little girl teetering on her high heels had just come to New York from Macon, Gaw'gia. Ask her anything, and the radio audience would find delight in her heavy Southern accent, her eager naïveté at the Big City she was seeing for the first time. The Vox-Poppers' talent for spotting these "naturals" is very important.

Having lined up these people and asked their permission to call them to the microphone if needed, the program proceeded much like any other broadcast—except that the control box was set up against a cigar counter—and the crowd of spectators grew by the minute.

The two men take turns interviewing. While Johnson is asking a young man whether or not he prefers short skirts, Belcher is moving quietly into the crowd to beckon in the next interviewee.

You know those being questioned are not stooges when you see them before the microphone! Without exception, they all were scared. The Vox Poppers say that no matter how eager a person is to go on, or (*Continued on page 82*)

# ALL THE QUESTIONS



# FRANK FAY

One of the newer recruits to the radio roster, Frank Fay, of course, is an old-timer in the entertainment world. His comedy is brilliant. Heard with Rudy Vallee on the Fleischmann Variety Hour. Frank now presents his own program from Hollywood.

# MARGE

Donna Damerel, whom you know as Marge, is the younger half of the team of "Myrt and Marge," whose trials and triumphs are broadcast five nights each week over the Columbia network. In private life Donna is Mrs. Eugene Kretzinger.





Peggy Hopkins Joyce, one of Abe Lyman's rumored flames.



Abe Lyman



Another of the glamor girls, Fifi Dorsay, with Abe Lyman.

# WHY ABE LYMAN

IT HAS taken Abe Lyman eleven years to get around to telling this Romance Story to end all Abe Lyman Romance Stories.

Ever since Abe began his career, at the age of 25, as a drummer in an obscure Chicago café orchestra, there have been stories written linking his name with just about every stage and movie star of prominence—with the possible exception of Shirley Temple. Good-natured Abe stood for them all. In the first place, he doesn't like to contradict anyone who, well-meaning if inaccurate, writes a nice story about him; and in the second place he frankly admits that, to an entertainer, publicity is publicity. In other words, subscribing to that very prevalent theory among the folk of show business: "It's okay, as long as you spell my name right."

But now Abe is tired of it. Tired of reading that he is this way about so-and-so; that way about someone else, or carrying the torch for some lady who, though undoubtedly charming, he never has seen more

than once or twice in his life.

Ruth Roland, Barbara LaMarr, Thelma Todd, Hannah Williams, Estelle Taylor, Princess White, the Indian beauty, Mary McCormic of the opera, Fifi Dorsay, Harriet Hilliard, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and last but not least, tap-dancing Eleanor Powell, among the glamorous ladies with whom various chroniclers from time to time have linked radio's confirmed and eligible bachelor.

So here, for the first time, is the official "low-down" from Abe himself.

Of all the women to whom Abe has been reportedly attached, there were but two who evoked more than passing interest. Every other romance ascribed to good-looking bandsman has been, to put it bluntly, so much applesauce.

In his thirty-six years, Abe has been betrothed and in love with, only Eleanor Powell and the Thelma Todd. And for both Miss Powell and the Miss Todd, Abe continues to have the highest re-

**Radio's eligible and confirmed bachelor has been linked**



Estelle Taylor, screen and stage star, once reported to have won Abe's heart.



Long before Eleanor Powell became a famous star, Abe Lyman loved her.

# WON'T WED By Ruth Geri

The romances came to naught because—well, let Abe tell that.

"I don't think I'll ever marry. I'm not the marrying kind. I can't fall in love," he confided to me.

It sounds almost like a page from Ripley. *Abe Lyman, radio's most confirmed faller-in-lover, can't fall in love*, the Believe-it-or-not man would put it. But it's true, Abe, himself, says so.

"If I could ever lose my head, and tumble head over heels, then I suppose I'd get married—and maybe I'd be better off," Abe explained. "But I can't. Every time I do fall in love with a girl, no matter how charming she is, nor how much I like to be with her, my better judgment always warns me to stop.

"I know I shouldn't marry a woman in the profession, because, while some such marriages *take*, many more go on the rocks. There is enough natural jealousy in the state of marriage without adding jealousy natural and inevitable to two professional people.

"I know I shouldn't marry a girl outside of the profession, because in that case the chances are I'd simply make her unhappy. A nice girl would be fast asleep when I was just finishing work. I never could take her out anywhere and if she came to the café where I happened to be playing every night, she'd interfere with my work. Couldn't help it."

Abe Lyman loved Thelma Todd. He would have married her had she remained the Thelma Todd with whom he fell in love. But her work came between them, although not as movie work usually does come between a star and the man who loves her. Thelma hated Hollywood. Hated it with all her heart. And her hatred made her a disillusioned woman.

So, inevitably, Abe and Thelma drifted apart.

Abe fell in love with talented Eleanor Powell before she achieved stardom, while she still was an earnest struggling girl, trying to find an opportunity to make good. Her chance came in the midst of their romance. Hollywood called her. Later (Continued on page 84)

**by rumor with many glamorous girls. Why doesn't he marry?**



Upper left, radio newlyweds, Jerry Belcher of Vox Pop fame and his bride, the former Ruth Love. Both are natives of Texas but had to come to New York to meet. And above, Col. Stoopnagle (F. Chase Taylor) recently married Kay Bell, Paul Whiteman's secretary. (L. to R.) Budd Hulick, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Catherine O'Connor.

Upper Right, Gogo De Lys, popular CBS songstress, rehearses for a broadcast. Gogo made her professional debut with Jimmie Grier's band at the Coconut Grove. Above, a scene from one of the broadcasts of the ever-popular Goldbergs. Left to right, James R. Walter, Gertrude Berg, the author and star, and Roslyn Silbe.

# BETWEEN BROADCASTS

**Popular Personalities  
of the radio roster away  
from the microphone**





Upper left, three of radio's notables, Jane Pickens, Sigmund Romberg, Vivienne Segal. Upper right, the Lombardo brothers work on a musical arrangement. (Left to right) Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor Lombardo. Above, Hal Kemp lives an evening at home with Mrs. Kemp and their children and the family puppy.

Ethel Blume, sixteen-year-old NBC star.

**Romance and Ramona—a  
girl who had no girlhood  
and a man who understood**

**By Dorothy Brooks**



RAMONA! The name promises romance, suggests a mysterious, deep-eyed siren. See Ramona in the broadcasting studio and the impression is heightened. Nimble fingers caress piano keys, her voice lends subtle significance to the simplest lyrics, the lights reflect the sheen of dark hair and make dancing daggers of light on her Spanish combs. You have the perfect illusion of sophisticated, exotic worldliness.

Yet the real Ramona contradicts that impression. Her hair is not slinky black, it is brown—just plain, ordinary brown—and curls about her face. Her eyes are not Latin black. They are cornflower blue. Her friendly smile belies the illusion of mystery you might have carried away from the studio. At home, in her charmingly simple apartment, she will smile at the bewilderment of the visitor who has come to see Ramona, the star, and meets instead Raymona Davies the girl.

"Yes, I know I don't look as you expected me to look," she admits. "That's the curse of my name, but I can't help it! My parents called me *Raymona*—the *Ray* for my dad, whose name was Raymond, and *Mona* for my mother. But after I went on the air, I used to get letters addressed to *Ray Mona*, so just to keep the writers straight I had to drop the misleading 'y'

"And my hair? Oh, I used to have a frightful time keeping it plastered down! But I've stopped that. Do you like it this way?"

The tall girl curled up on the blue studio couch, woolly robe and silk pyjamas blending their tones with it. She was a girl about to enjoy that greatest of all feminine luxuries—a good old-fashioned gab-fest.

She held aloft a tiny blue porcelain bunny. "Don't you just love him—that round little face? I love things all round, no angle. I hate angles. Now he——"

She never finished her admiration of the bunny, for the little door from the kitchen



ette opened and a man walked in, bearing steaming cups of coffee. As though the astonishing phenomenon of a man in that thoroughly feminine environment were not enough, Ramona introduced him and—he was her ex-husband! All the politeness in the world could not still the stifled gasp of surprise.

Ramona smiled, then spoke seriously: "I can't see a single, solitary reason why Davy and I shouldn't remain friends just because we happen to have been married and divorced," she said. "We've always been friends and we're friends still. What's odd about that?"

"And beside, it isn't just friendship, because I couldn't do without Davy. He's my business manager, you know. Heaven knows, I need one! Why, I need a pencil and paper to add two and two!" She smiled fondly at Davy.

To any interviewer, a situation like that prompts questions: Why the divorce? Does this friendly association mean reconciliation?

Ramona, anticipating the questions, explained. She told me her story—the story of a girl who missed her girlhood and is busy now catching up with it.

Here it is, as she told it.

Ramona was fated from birth to a roving existence. Her mother and father were divorced when she was two and her stepfather's business kept the family moving from city to city.

"I was born in Cincinnati," she said, "but I always regard Ashland, Kentucky, and Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Columbus and Kansas City as my home towns, too.

"Our house always was a mad-house—but loads of fun! Mother was very strict and always wanted me to be where she could keep an eye on me, but she was clever about it, too. She made home so pleasant, my friends always chose to be there rather than anywhere else. We were welcome to rip up the rugs, move the furniture, bang on the piano, sing until we were hoarse and have a grand time."

When Ramona was sixteen Don Bestor heard her play on a local Kansas City radio station and immediately

asked her to join his band, Ramona explained to me.

"I was crazy about the idea, but I told him it would be impossible. Mother never would let me go."

However, braving Mother was a mere nothing to Bestor when a future star was at stake, so the band leader headed a deputation of two—the other one being his right-hand assistant, bass tuba player, and arranger—to cajole Ramona's mother into seeing the light. Incidentally, the other member of the deputation was a young man named David Davies.

The earnestness of Bestor and the persuasiveness of David Davies were too much even for her mother and Ramona soon was off on a glorious, glamorous adventure.

But theatrical life from in front of the footlights is one thing. It's vastly different on the other side! The last show was over at ten o'clock and then there stretched a lonely, dreary night in a hotel room which, for a girl used to ripping up the rugs, moving the furniture and having a merry time, can be very lonely and dreary indeed.

The boys on the band went out on parties and had a good time. Ramona used to hear them talking about them the next day. But she was just a kid. They couldn't have taken her along even if they'd wanted to—and they didn't want to, even if they could.

There was, however, one young man who didn't drink and who didn't go to parties. He liked to read books and take walks. Ramona had nothing to do but read books and take walks—so, naturally, the two had a lot in common.

The young man's name was David Davies.

They were playing in Baltimore one night and, after the show, they walked along the waterfront, exploring the wharves, watching the boats roll idly at anchor. Ramona forgot her nostalgia for home. David Davies was so understanding, so friendly. . . . There is no use going into great detail. There could be but one result. They were married.

When Bestor's crew played Pittsburgh, which you will recall is one of Ramona's home towns, the pianist was initiated into the mysteries of (*Continued on page 78*)

SHE CAN'T  
DO WITHOUT  
HER EX-HUBBY!

# MATINEE IDOL OF THE AIR



The achingly beautiful story of Verona's two lovers is retold in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, with Leslie Howard as Romeo, Norma Shearer as Juliet and, as the spirited Mercutio, John Barrymore. Upper right, Mercutio gives Romeo subtle advice on revenge for the tragic slaying of Mercutio. Above, Romeo climbs Juliet's balcony in the first meeting of the lovers.

MISS ROSE WINSLOW,  
of New York, Tuxedo Park,  
and Newport,

dining at the Savoy-Plaza,  
New York. Miss Winslow  
is a descendant of Govern-  
or Winslow of the  
Mayflower Pilgrims.  
She made her *début* in  
Newport in 1932. Miss  
Winslow says: "Camels  
couldn't be milder. They  
never have any un-  
pleasant effect on my  
nerves or my throat. I  
smoke them constantly  
—all through the day,  
and find them particularly  
welcome at mealtimes."



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## A delightful way to aid DIGESTION

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases

the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

*Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's  
costlier tobaccos. Among them are:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia

Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond

Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston

Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond

Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington

Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago

Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia

Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York

Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York

Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

### COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC . . . THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



*For Digestion's sake  
smoke Camels*

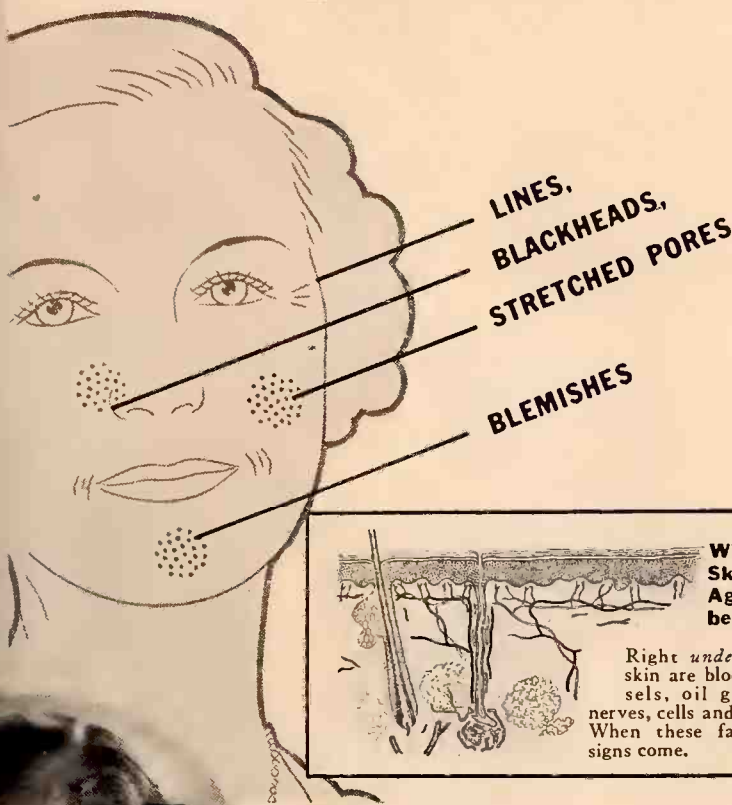
# MAJOR EDWARD BOWES

The Major in a happy mood! And why shouldn't he be happy? He recently celebrated the first anniversary of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour on NBC. In the past year he and his program have attained the dignity of a national institution. Despite all you may hear from a disappointed amateur or disgruntled critic, the fact remains that Major Bowes has helped many aspiring amateurs, has reopened many a closed theatre with his traveling units and, best of all, he has provided topnotch radio entertainment, which is the real test of successful showmanship.



# SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR  
LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN  
ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"



**Where Skin Age begins—**  
Right under your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer— even blackheads disappear!— after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres  
to win back Smooth Line-free skin  
End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly shed any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off— Their hidden starting place known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in that's called your *underskin*.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the underskins that should keep skin firm.

**Deep-skin treatment needed**  
When why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give



**Lady Daphne Straight**

granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faith-

fully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty.

**Fight Skin Age this way**

*Every night*, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

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

POND'S, Dept. F128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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

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# GLAZO

*presents*

**A NEW POLISH  
FAR SUPERIOR  
TO ALL OLD-STYLE  
FORMULAS**



**The most important news  
in years, for lovely hands**

**H**ERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several extra days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.



# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

**STARS OF THE AIR FRANKLY  
ANSWER THEIR FANS' QUESTIONS**

Do you find it difficult after playing a part intensely and sincerely to resume your own personality?

*Thornton Fisher:* "Bluntly, I do not think any radio performer ever loses his or her personality in front of a microphone. The actors in my cast are still Bill, Johnny and Joe. I believe that there has been an over-emphasis on one's losing oneself in a rôle on the stage or in radio. The actor and the audience always feel subconsciously that Hampden, Barrymore, or the obscure members of the cast are still the same people. I have discussed this with many American and British actors and they have agreed with me. Losing oneself is the bunk."

*Betty Lou Gerson:* "Yes . . . I think one carries over a little of the glamor of the assumed rôle. It is hard to differentiate immediately afterwards between yourself and your make-believe."

*Harry von Zell:* "I found it difficult when I was a member of the March of Time cast to change my pace from the driving, staccato delivery that program required to the more natural, conversational style necessary on other programs."

*Loretta Lee:* "Yes . . . very often. Also when I have a sad song on my program and am feeling gay, it is quite difficult to submerge my gaiety to a point where I can effectively deliver the number."

*Parks Johnson:* "In our Vox Pop program, neither Jerry nor I play a part. We are at all times just ourselves. It happens to be that kind of program—we'd not last six weeks were we to assume a part."

*Olga Albani:* "There always is a lingering sense of the rôle just played and I have a feeling for a while that I am not quite myself."

*David Ross:* "After stepping out of an engrossing rôle, naturally it takes time to cool off. This cooling-off process varies with the individual.

By the time you have left the stage and have chatted with friends, you have ceased boiling and begin to return to your normal self again."

*Helen Marshall:* "No, as soon as I depart from the scene of the crime I return to normal, such as it is."

*Ray Perkins:* "That is a question more for a dramatic actor. The rôle I play on the air is that of Ray Perkins (in his better aspects). After a program I find it easy to subside to the ordinary, everyday, garden variety of Perkins."

*Bernice Claire:* "No . . . to act well, one's moods must easily be changed."

*Curtis Arnall:* "If you are a radio actor who is called upon for a great deal of work you find that after a while you are forced to draw on your 'character source of supply' to such an extent that you become more or less mechanical. When you reach the stage, you naturally discard your character immediately after your line and drop back into your normal personality."

*Nino Martini:* "No. Years of preparation and training for opera and concert have made it possible for me to feel very deeply what I am portraying and still almost immediately divest myself of the mood as one slips off a coat."

*Virginia Ferrill:* "Absolutely because I live the part I play."

*Art van Harvey:* "Some characters do not affect me at all, but in cases it requires several minutes for me to resume my own personality during which time I want to relax completely and smoke a cigarette."

*Lucy Mowroc:* "Yes, but only in the theater or opera."

*Bing Crosby:* "I generally act naturally."

*Fritzi Scheff:* "The minute I leave the stage or the mike, I become myself."

*John Barclay:* "Excuse me, nuts!"

*Benay Venuta:* "Not being an actress I (Continued on page 55)

The snapshot came  
when I was feeling  
low, wondering if  
our great day—  
THE DAY—will ever  
come. I can't tell you  
how much new courage  
it brought me. Darling!  
Bob



A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories . . . hopes . . . the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the  
film in the familiar  
yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—  
you must take Today

# BEWARE

of wax like this in  
Face Cream!



For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the *wax-free* cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the *wax-free* cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you *know* a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because *you see it happen*.

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at \$1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don't have all the facts on how cosmetics are made. So *insist on LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA*. Guaranteed *wax-free!*



You smooth it on



It disappears



Then reappears



with deep-pore dirt



**SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM**

**FREE! 3-FACIAL PACKAGE**

(paste coupon on postcard, or mail)

LUXOR, LTD., Dept. J-4  
1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. I usually purchase cosmetics at \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (name of store)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 54)



Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Belzemiére Belanger, is known to the radio audiences as Gogo DeLys. Gago's songs are heard over CBS.

cannot answer this—but on the stage I find no difficulty in resuming my own personality after playing a part."

**Bob Burns:** "I don't attempt anything that isn't my line, because that would make me an actor."

**Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu'n' Em):** "I frequently find it difficult to come down to earth after an intense skit. Eating and sleeping are usually out of the question for a while."

**Don Ameche:** "I believe that the very definition and nature of acting carries with it the capability of dropping or assuming instantly a 'part'."

**Teddy Bergman:** "Fortunately for me (*twenty-two dialects*) . . . no!"

**Nick Dawson:** ". . . depending on the situation and material."

**Igor Gorin:** "I always live the part I am doing at the time, but once the performance is over, I immediately return to myself."

**Comrad Thibault:** "No. In my particular case, the part I am playing is more or less in the nature of vocal interpretation. Even were I to do work more along histrionic lines, still do not think that it would be difficult to be myself when the part ended."

**Does reading from script interfere with the smoothness of your performance?**

**Capt. Tim Healy:** "I don't like reading from script because I believe that when you know what you are talking about you can give a much better performance, more natural than you can by reading the script."

**Virginia Ferrill:** "I always feel that I give a better performance. I have had time to memorize the script."

**Ray Perkins:** "No. I always have."  
(Continued on page 58)



# CUTIE



## ELMONT TRIES TO PUT ONE OVER



### Men rush the girls who wear the New Bright Cutex Nails



You won't be a wallflower if you wear the new bright Cutex Nails. Try them and see if the grandest men don't notice you and flock around.

Cutex Ruby will make your oldest black frock look as if it were going places. Cutex Rust will make your grays and beiges twice as exciting. Cutex Rose will fem-

inize all your sports things.

And remember—every Cutex shade goes on smoothly, never cracks and keeps its lovely sparkle for days. Only 35¢ a bottle at your favorite store in 8 authentic shades. Let Cutex give you modern glamour today!

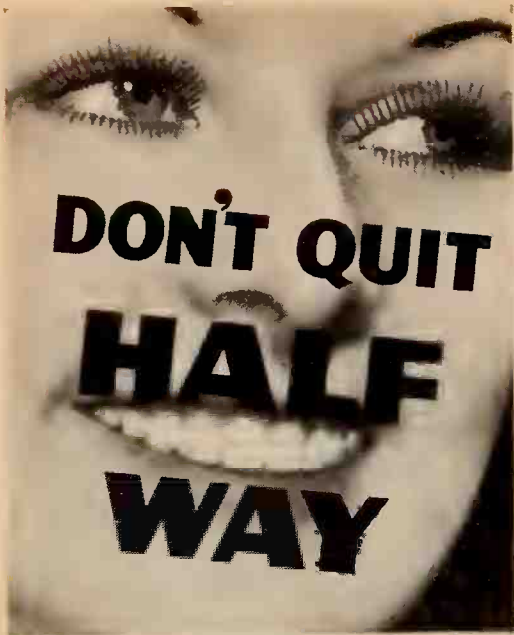
Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.  
Dept. 6-M-6, 191 Hudson St., New York  
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)  
I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose  Cardinal  Rust  Ruby   
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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



**DON'T QUIT  
HALF  
WAY**

**Forhan's goes deeper**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

**CLEANS TEETH**

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

**SAVES GUMS**

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

**Forhan's**



*Skin torment*  
of eczema, rashes, chafing,  
dryness—quickly checked and  
healing promoted with  
**Resinol**

Sample free. Resinol, Dept 10B, Balto. Md.

**KEEPS WHITE SHOES  
new!**

**SNO-KIST**  
for all white shoes

A lasting white that penetrates without rubbing—softens leather. Makes a high polish or dull finish. Does NOT rub off. Large 3 oz. bottle or tube.....10c  
At leading 5 and 10 cent stores

SNO-KIST . . . PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**SNO-KIST  
SHOE WHITENER**

*Nothing But the Truth?*

(Continued from page 56)

endeavored to read a script with naturalness, the easy mood and even the hesitancy that goes with an impromptu conversational manner."

*Olga Albani*: "Not a bit; in fact it is a great help, for with the script I can play with color and inflection in my voice and truly enjoy my own performance, knowing that I am completely secure."

*Ed McConnell*: "I am sure the reading from script would interfere with the smoothness of my delivery, should I be held to the letter of the copy. I use my script as a reminder of the things I wish to say and do and as a governor on the time necessary to do them. Often I find myself discussing at the beginning of a program something which is contained in the final part of my script."

*Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em)*: "I would rather *ad lib* than read, if that were possible. We lose quite a bit by getting everything down on paper. However, we gain organization of matter and smoothness."

*Nino Martini*: "I feel that it does not, inasmuch as I make it a point, thoroughly to familiarize myself with any script before using it . . . so that when the time comes it serves more as a precaution than as a necessity."

*Bernice Claire*: "To me it is hard to read from script—because seeing the printed page usually makes me conscious of what I am saying rather than enabling me to think the thought I am trying to express."



George Olsen who, with Ethel Shut (Mrs. Olsen) stars in *Celebrity Nig*.

*Curtis Arnall*: "Reading from script should not interfere with smoothness of performance if an actor has discovered the rhythm of the script."

*Helen Marshall*: "I feel I get spontaneity when I don't use it."

*Harry von Zell*: "Not unless it is poorly written or unnatural and so in its form."

*Thornton Fisher*: "On the contrary, it improves it. It gives courage, to face his script. There is nothing left to chance. I believe that most radio artists agree with me."

*Gogo de Lys*: "I develop confidence by holding the music in my hands."

*Bing Crosby*: "Don't read end to matter."

*Elsie Hitz*: "It did when I began radio, but I never even thought of it now."

*Art van Harvey*: "Not that I notice. I do find, however, that although I am reading I am going through the facial expressions, gestures of the character. This perhaps look a bit foolish, but I believe it is essential in order to portray the character well."

*Benay Venuta*: "It makes me comfortable to have to stick exclusively to the script."

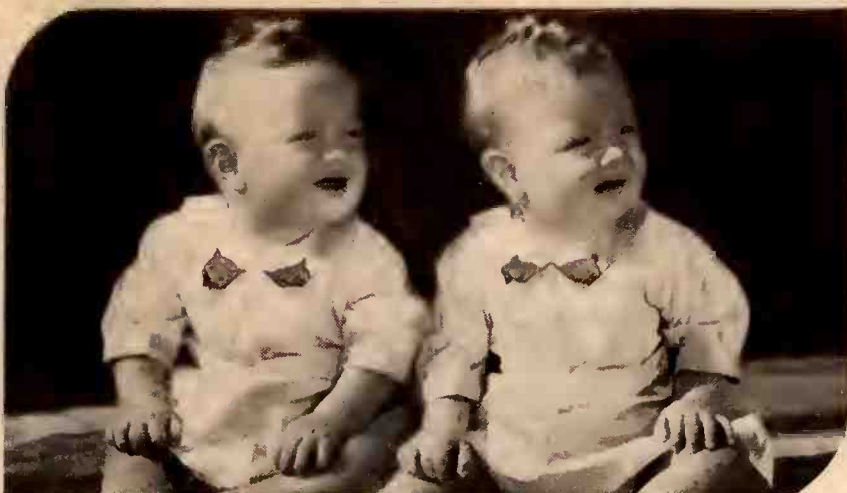
*Parks Johnson*: "It is difficult for me to work from a script. My 'script' for a Vox Pop show consists of headlines and my work is fifty to sixty per cent. spontaneous."  
(Continued on page 100)



America's leading romantic tenor, Frank Parker, during one of his *Atlantic Family* broadcasts, Saturdays.



Virginia Verrill sings on her own program, every Thursday, from 6:00—6:15 p.m. EST over CBS.



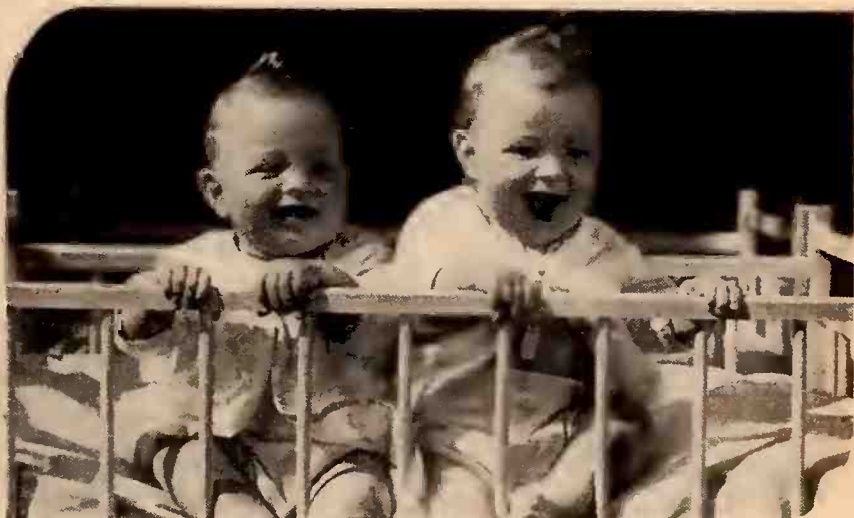
*“What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that’s a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner’s ready, you pack us off to bed!”*



Another view of Gulliver, The Traveler, Ed Wynn, with his sponsor signing on the dotted line.



*“We won’t lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long. . . you’ll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we’re prickly and cross!”*



*“Ah-h. . . ! She’s getting the Johnson’s Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we’ll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!”*



former stenographer, Minnabelle Abbott now enjoys a dramatic career. She plays Mary Sothern in the *Life of Mary Sothern* series.



*“I’m Johnson’s Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I’m made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies’ skins—Johnson’s Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!”*

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

# Horror on the Air

(Continued from page 21)

YOU CAN'T  
FOOL ME ...  
THAT POWDER  
ISN'T  
ANTISEPTIC!



I want  
MENNEN POWDER  
'cause it protects me  
'gainst Infection

"See here Mummy! Aren't my *outsides* as important as my *insides*? You give me pasteurized milk 'stead of plain milk, 'cause you want to keep my insides safe from nasty germs. Well, I want my outsides protected, too! That's why I want the baby powder that's *Antiseptic*. I mean Mennen. A teller's entitled to more than just a *dusting* powder for his skin, nowadays. This Mennen Powder makes the skin a mighty UN-healthy place for germs to try to do their breeding. Besides . . . I like the way it prevents chafing and rawness. So be a sweetheart, mummy—give me the greater SAFETY of Mennen Antiseptic Powder—please. . . ."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

**MENNEN**  
*Antiseptic*  
**POWDER**

of strange things: Boris Karloff, who has scared half of the human race into hair-raising hysteria, is himself terrified of the microphone.

He said: "I ran away from home, in England, when I was very young. I've worked on farms in Canada. I've tramped all over the world. I've been hungry and friendless and forlorn. I've played in horror plays, although I like to get away from the word 'horror' as much as I can. I've about run the gamut of human experience. I suppose the very names of the plays I've done, on the screen and over the air—*The Walking Dead* and *The Invisible Ray* being the last screen plays—are calculated to strike terror to the human heart. But only one thing in my life has ever struck terror to my heart and that one thing is the microphone in a broadcasting station!

"I'm plain scared of radio's monster! Fine thing for Frankenstein to admit, isn't it? But it's the truth. When I have to spend ten minutes on the air they are the longest, the most fraught-with-terror ten minutes I've ever known. Talk about 'invisible rays'—why," laughed Mr. Karloff grimly, "when I am on the air and when I begin to send my voice out into invisible space I can hear The Raven croaking '*Nevermore!*' And I know what that croaking means—that nevermore can I recall it . . . nevermore. . . ."

"I know, then, what ghosts are . . . the bodiless, voiceless, invisible but terribly potent ghosts of all the radio listeners. . . ."

"There is something so *final* about radio. There can be no retakes. An error made is an error made and cannot be recalled.

"I always insist on having soft music played while I am broadcasting. Submerged music which does not detract from the voice but which seems to provide a curtain between me and my radio audiences. A soft blanket or blur of protectiveness behind which I can hide. . . ."

Frankenstein hiding behind soft music!

I said: "Do you believe that horror can be done on the air? I mean, as effectively, as chillingly done as the thrills and spine-shudders you give us on the screen?"

"More effectively," said Mr. Karloff emphatically. "Why not? For isn't horror really more horrible as an audible sensation than as a visible sensation, *really*? I mean, if you only hear a thing—a cry in the night, a moan, a scream, a wail—isn't it more horrible than if you can see what is making the moan or the wail or the scream?"

"Even in the matter of this 'haunted' house . . . What really is supposed to haunt it is sound. Or sounds. Miss Hepburn never declared, so far as I know, that she saw anything. All of the horror came through the medium of her ears. She heard strange sounds. She heard doors creaking and windows rattling. She heard the dogs whine and howl when they entered that certain room.

"All sheerest horror is in sound. The wail of the banshee . . . the sepulchral 'voice from the tomb' . . . the moan in the

night when the ancestral ghost haunts the corridor of an ancient castle . . . the spirit voices of Uncle Henry and Aunt Mehitable, conjured by a spirit medium . . . all sound.

"And so the radio, the invisible ether, is undoubtedly the best medium for giving real horror thrills. For when we can see a thing, no matter how misshapen and hideous the thing may be, we know the worst of it. We know beyond any grisly doubt, what it is we have to deal with. The mystery has become manifest and one can deal with what one can see.

"But the Unseen, the ghastly scream out of Nowhere, the cry in the dark . . . if we do not know, through our eyes *what bodies these sounds wear*, we are helpless and being helpless, a thousand times more terrified.

"Horror need not be housed in a distorted body. Even when I played in *Frankenstein*, the most grotesque and horrible of any make-up I ever have used, the main reaction I got from my fans was—*sympathy*. Not horror, not fright, but sympathy for me. And most of my Frankenstein fans are children and their letter told me how sorry they felt for 'the poor old thing.'

"No, horror, real horror is in the situation. There must be the situation, implicit with dread potentialities before the can be horror. Certainly many a mild-mannered, very normal-looking man may be a murderer. Distorted bodies, ugly faces do not necessarily harbour evil spirits. Some of the most expert purveyors of horror on the screen—well, take Peter Lorre for example. Peter plays his rôles without benefit of grotesque make-up. He in real life, a rosy-checked, wholesome-looking chap. But place him in a situation sinister enough and he will freeze the blood in your veins.

"Take the police calls which come over the air: '*Calling car 9999 . . . Calling Car 4878 . . .*' There is nothing horrible about the men who are broadcasting hurry calls. They are probably good best Irish policemen. But we can't see them and the situations they conjure send shivers down our spines . . . a woman being murdered on such and such a street . . . suspicious looking characters seen entering a deserted house . . . unnatural sounds emanating from an upper window . . . the situations are implicit with horror. And, in radio, the situation is the thing.

"Naturally when we have visual means it helps. But if we haven't it—as in radio—then there must be the situation conceived by a mind adept at giving audible thrills. And as for the actor—must let the situation seep into his mind and impregnate the timbre of his voice until that voice goes out over the air saturated with horror and foreboding dread.

"I have been offered many a radio script and have read it and turned it down, saying: 'This will be no good on the air. The requirements are too visual. The situation must be seen.' In *Death Takes A Hand*.

which was not horror, by the way, but beauty—the situation is there, ready-made. Death visiting the earth . . . that's all radio audiences needed to know to feel the full portent of the thing. It was infinitely more macabre *not* to be able to see Death . . . the disembodied voice gave a finer illusion than any man of flesh and blood playing Death on stage or screen. That is a perfect example of how much more authentic horror can be made on the air than by any other medium.

"In *Jekyll and Hyde*, on the other hand, the entire effect is up to the actor and the control and manipulation of his voice. I had to let evil seep into my voice when I played *Hyde* and I had to change the whole timbre and tone-quality of my voice when I was the kindly *Jekyll*.

"Horror on the air can be more chilling than horror placed in any other medium because the air is the natural element of horror. Two things are necessary—horror must be implicit in the situation and the actor must have such perfect control of his voice that he can run the gamut of good and evil, of the natural and the supernatural."

I rose to go. The luggage was being removed from the living-room. Mr. Karloff was *en route* to England to make *The Man Who Lived Again* for Gaumont-British. From the distance I could hear the guttural voice of Violet. The canaries sang. The dogs nuzzled the kind hand of their master.

Mr. Karloff said: "I hope, one of these days, to be able to give you the shudder of your life, over the air . . . and, who knows, the day may come when actors long dead and gone will be talking to you from a world reached, entered . . . by radio . . ."

**BUT I'M 31.. I'll never get married now!**



**FRANCES WAS WRONG—A FRIENDLY HINT HELPED HER WIN ROMANCE**



The gentleman from Arkansas! Bob Bins, First Citizen of Van Buren and inventor of the celebrated bazooka which you hear, along with Bob's reliable patter, on Bing Crosby's *Music Hall* program Thursday nights. Mr. NBC. Bob naturally appreciates the bazooka, but he is glad to steal a moment away from it now and then for a friendly session with a pipe.



RALPH'S THE ONLY BEAU I'VE EVER HAD, AND THAT'S ALL OVER NOW

NOW, FRAN, DON'T GIVE UP. WE'LL HAVE HIM BACK, BEGGING FOR DATES

LATER

BUT I JUST CAN'T TELL FRAN ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS

I BET SHE'D CATCH ON, IF YOU SAID YOU NEVER MISS LUXING UNDIES, AFTER EACH WEARING

**FRAN TOOK BETH'S HINT AND NOW...**



I'M THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE AFTER NEARLY LOSING YOU!

THE LUCK IS MINE, DARLING. THANKS TO LUX

**Avoid Offending**

Many girls lose out on friendship, romance—because of one unforgivable fault . . . perspiration odor in underthings.

Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux takes away perspiration odor, yet keeps colors lovely. Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have—saves fabrics from injurious cake-soap rubbing. *Safe in water, safe in Lux.*



# Nothing Ever Happens

(Continued from page 31)



Now there is a dainty  
**GREASELESS** way to  
Feminine Antisepsis



Each in individual glass vial

ZONITORS, snowy-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

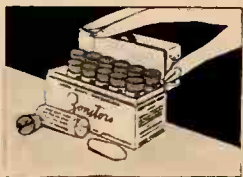
● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle, favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Complete instructions in package. All druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Zonitors  
FOR  
FEMININE HYGIENE  
Snowy White • Greaseless



Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, "A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene" RS-66

Name.....

Address.....

## VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—**NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT** all druggists.



**NR TO-NIGHT  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT**

**FREE:** Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Turns. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 6411-9, St. Louis, Mo.

He pays his writer perhaps a bigger salary than any other comedian on the air and is a firm believer in the fact that the success of a comedy show depends upon a close collaboration between writer and comedian.

"I don't care if George Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind and a dozen others write a show," Jack says, "it still won't be right unless the writer and comedian build it together. We're lucky in that our comedy is more a matter of personalities than just gags. I've found that the listeners like built-up characters and that one funny line, in character, is worth a dozen planted gags."

Jack Benny can call it luck. The record shows, however, that he has been one of the few headline acts to encourage the build-up of other characters on his show. Frank Parker, Don Bestor, Don Wilson and many others have had their chances at being comedians as well as doing their own specialties. And I don't think it's "luck" that makes personality the main ingredient of Benny's program. Jack's personality is definitely his own; he sounds friendly, unassuming, bland and affable. As a matter of fact, he is the same way off-mike. It's not something he adopts for the air. Jack Benny was doing just the same type of comedy, in the same style, when he was playing vaudeville with his fiddle under his arm and when he was a featured comedian in Broadway revues.

But drama? Where was the drama—

the fierce struggle for a place in the radio firmament? The battle for recognition?

"Tell me about the time you first started in radio," I suggested. "You were out of the *Vanities*—with no job—determined to make a place for yourself on the air . . ."

Jack grinned apologetically as he rejected my prompting.

"Well," he said, "it wasn't just that way. I left the show with twenty weeks still to go."

"But wasn't it a zero hour for you? Didn't you stake everything on the hope of landing a radio spot?"

"Uh . . . well . . . you see I was getting \$1,500.00 a week with *Vanities*," he amended regretfully. "I had appeared on Ed Sullivan's show one night as a guest performer. And I figured there was no reason why I shouldn't do all right on the air. We went down to Florida for a couple of weeks and thought it over. When we came back we signed up with *Canada Dry*."

No drama again. That doesn't mean of course, that Jack Benny just walked into things, always. The real reason is that his rise to fame was no overnight sensation. It was built upon years of work in the theatre. As Jack puts it: "After you've been playing around for twenty odd years, you've got a certain feeling of security."

And a well-earned sense of security too. It's true that Benny wasn't facing starvation when he left a \$1,500-job to try for the radio. It's also true that with



Vivian della Chiesa, young soprano of *Musical Footnotes*, Sundays on CBS

out the gradual and steady upward climb of those twenty-four years he probably would have gone the way of most overnight successes—a skyrocket rise and fall.

I gave up in despair. "Hasn't anything exciting ever happened to you?"

He shook his head, mildly sorrowful. "I've had less excitement than anybody in show business," he confessed. "It's been a steady pull. When we went on the air . . ." (He almost always says "we", even if Mary Livingstone wasn't then with him in the show). "When we went on the air, at first nobody paid very much attention to us. We went right along, sneaking up gradually. But nothing much happens."

"There must be some things that get your goat."

"Well—we had a touch of annoyance with listeners who resent perfectly harmless gags. There was the time a girl sang: 'Canada be the spring . . .' you know, to the tune of *Love in Bloom*. Well, several Canadians wrote in, objecting to it. Lord knows why! So, not long ago, we were going to do a travesty bit on the Northwest Mounted Police. We were afraid that would bring some more 'resenting' letters in. So we worked it out to let Mary apparently be writing the script, right while we were doing it."

You've probably heard it . . . the typewriter would tap, and then they would play a five-minute scene Mary had "written" in half a minute.

"To make doubly sure, we set the scene in Alaska, instead of Canada, and put in a line to cover it. I said to Mary: 'There aren't any Mounties in Alaska! And Mary said: *I know—but it's colder there!*'"

"Did it spoil the scene?" I asked hopefully. Jack grinned.

"No . . . it was done to prevent any squawks, but it turned out funnier that way than it would have been otherwise."

"Then there's nothing," I sighed, "that you have to complain about?"

"Well," he said, grinning again, "back in the old days, in the theatre, when you made two thousand a week it was *yours*."

But he didn't look very upset about it. And there you have Jack Benny—the man to whom nothing ever happens, except a steady climb to success, a busy life, a happy home and an adopted daughter he's quite screwy about. Their best friends are Burns and Allen. When the Bennys are in New York they live at the Burns and Allen apartment, and use the Burns and Allen car. And George and Gracie use the Benny car, out in Los Angeles. I didn't go into what happens when both couples are at the same place.

Mary and Gracie get together and swap stories about their babies and make gifts to the youngsters; gifts that are much alike, as each of them have the same toys."

Jack likes New York, he likes Los Angeles; he likes stage and screen and radio work. He likes playing to a studio audience and figures it helps a comedy show. But he'd give it up if the other comedians did. He likes being head man in comedy, but he'd be satisfied if he were second or third. He's easy-going, pleasant and affable as he sounds. It's not very thrilling, but what can you do about it?

Well, you can listen to his show and laugh at his comedy and like him.

It isn't difficult.



THEN SHE FREEZES UP— AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!



HERE I WAS THINKING I'D FOUND THE ONE AND ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SUDDEN COLD SHOULDER?

WELL, LET'S GET ON AGAIN, SAY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FRED...



...SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH— SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST!

IS MY FACE RED! ME FOR A DENTIST AT THE CHICAGO STOP!



SO THAT EVENING...

WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH? IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

MANY THANKS, DOC ...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY!



1,000 MILES LATER

YOU HAVE MY ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT YOU ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT!

YOU BET! WITH BELLS ON!

THAT DENTIST IN CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS STUFF WHEN HE RECOMMENDED COLGATE'S!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

### Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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



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



## Can Kate Smith Find Love?

(Continued from page 15)



One of Kate Smith's earliest ambitions was to be a trained nurse. But fifty million radio fans are happy that she chose a different career.

happened to see her, they'd laugh, rather than smile, and say: "Now, isn't she a riot!"

Oh, I know so well what Kate Smith suffered, with her natural normal emotions of wanting to be loved and admired like those other girls, because I, myself, have been through it.

Her determination weakened again and again during the run of *Flying High*. It weakened most, however, when she received word her father was dying. Kate Smith adored her father. He, of all the men in the world, loved her not because she was the funny girl in a show but because she was Kate Smith, a fine human being. She telephoned her producer that she must leave.

"I pleaded with him. I tried to explain to him. I told him my mother would not have telephoned me if it were not serious. He would not let me go. It never entered my head to go then. I was under contract to him." She said it simply, as she says everything, while we stood behind the microphone awaiting her broadcast. She stood there, one of the highest-paid radio artists in the world—one of the highest-paid women in the world—talking about her father as any woman would talk about her father. There were tears in her eyes. The orchestra leader spoke to her. She shrugged impatiently. What was an orchestra leader, a microphone, an audience which sends her more than ten thousand letters monthly, compared to *her father*? But there was that contract to which she had signed her name, promising to appear each night for a producer. When she finally did get away—her father had died just two hours before her arrival.

She told the producer, when it was over: "Some day, when this play is ended on Broadway and you want me to go on the road, I will say *no!* You have done nothing for me. You would not let me go to my father. Why should I do anything for you?"

"And I did. I laughed at him when he tried to persuade me." Only then, did she turn back to her orchestra leader, her microphone and thoughts of the twenty million people who listen to her singing.

And yet she did not say it revengefully. She said it emotionally, regretfully, a little yearningly—because she, Kate Smith, cannot talk without showing some emotion.

I really believe she would have left the world of Fame when *Flying High* went on to the road if it had not been for one of those weird accidents which so often happen. She would have turned to nursing, to devote all of her thwarted emotions to the sick. She would have become one of the nurses of whom you never hear but who save human lives, not so much through technique as through the love, the great love, they bring to that borderland between life and death. When medicine fails—ah, how many nurses have encouraged a sick one to live on because of that something for which science has no explanation, which they bring into a room.

But fate intervened. Ted Collins saw Kate in the show and decided that she should become Queen of The Air. He talked with her. You know that story. He is the manager who has made Kate Smith known throughout our nation.

On May first, her twenty-seventh birthday, she celebrates her fifth anniversary

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at Your  
Fingertips



**A**ND what a bottle! Smart, streamlined and generous—in keeping with the gorgeous polish it contains . . . Make no mistake—*Chic is as fine a polish as money can buy.* The ultra smart shades are the last word in tone beauty. With them on your dressing table there is no mood or costume that may not be accented with glamorous fingertips, almost as quickly as the thought occurs. *Chic* applies so easily—so smoothly and so lustrously, yet it never peels or cracks. *Chic Polish Remover*, or *Oily Polish Remover*, a boon to brittle nails, and *Chic Cuticle Remover* complete your finger tip beauty treatment.

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Five and Ten Cent Stores

10¢



# ARTISTS AND MODELS Say...

on the air. At that time she will have more than two million dollars in cash. At times, she has made as much as \$12,000 weekly. She could be making that much at this moment, if she would accept all the offers made her.

But she loves the air. "I am absolutely happy behind this microphone." She looked at it tenderly. "I live for it," she added simply.

And yet as she stood there, speaking of her love for that cold little black beetle, I knew she, too, was fibbing. No woman can live for a career only. I know. She knows. Only she hoped I didn't know! "And love and marriage?" I asked.

"Oh, of course . . . I suppose every woman—" her voice trailed into silence for a moment. "To have a home, a husband, babies . . . Perhaps, some day. But not now. I do not go out with men, except in large crowds. I never go into night clubs. I'd rather go into my kitchen and bake a cake! I love to cook." Her eyes brightened. "My microphone, my cooking, my sports . . . They are holding the train for Lake Placid for me tonight, so that I can catch it after my broadcast. Sports! Bob-sledding, skiing, skating, tennis, swimming, hand ball—"

She listed practically every sport in the dictionary. She did not tell me, what I already knew that she is master of each one of them. She has a bob-sled team at Lake Placid. She skis down the most dangerous slides. When she was learning to skate, she would not give up although she took so many tumbles, she was black and blue from head to foot. Her friends were frightened for fear she would break her neck. But her neck was not important to Kate. Being the best skater on the pond was! She can hold her own today on any pond.

I want to ask you what you like most about Kate Smith's voice? Is it her fine range? Her naturalness? Her clarity? Or is it that emotional ring which does something you can't quite explain, even to yourself? I believe that it is the emotion which comes unconsciously from her soul. The romance which lies hidden so deeply within her—coming out through song; the energy of womanhood, coming out through song, skating, skiing and bob-sledding!

How many men would like to marry the Kate Smith of this moment!

Fame! Decency! Health! Two million dollars! She probably receives more proposals than any other woman in America.

But can she forget? Can she forget the little boys who teased her when she was a youngster? Can she forget the men who waited for the slim chorus beauties and passed her by, even though she was the hit of a show on Broadway? Can she forget that to marry Fame is often the ambition of men? And can a woman as fine as Kate Smith want marriage for anything but Kate Smith, the woman?

Can Kate Smith find love? I hope so! For she is a woman. And although she can smile today and let the rest of the world pass by, although she can do anything in the world she pleases—even to living in a single, inexpensive apartment as she does please—yet she never will be what really was intended unless she can find love, the real tribute, to a real woman with real glamour.



one of the many famous illustrators and artists who approve the new MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP.

**B**EAUTIFUL models, brilliant artists, stage, screen, and society stars agree: wear Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup!

For here at last is makeup that matches . . . harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in true color symphony. And here's make-up that's right for you . . . for it's all scientifically keyed to your personality color, that

color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

Drug and department stores are now featuring this new makeup . . . Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, or Mascara . . . guaranteed by Richard Hudnut . . . full size packages, each 55¢. (Canada. 65¢).

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Harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55 cents each. Ask for DRESDEN type, if your eyes are blue; PATRICIAN type, if your eyes are gray; CONTINENTAL type, if your eyes are hazel; PARISIAN type, if your eyes are brown.

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## MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT

**"No more 'tired,'  
'let-down feeling' for me."**



**"I reasoned that  
my red blood corpuscle strength  
was low and I simply  
took a course of S.S.S. Tonic  
and built it back."**

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

**SSS  
TONIC**

**Makes you  
feel like  
yourself  
again**



## You Just Can't Figure Him Out

(Continued from page 25)

She reminded me that he had graduated from Yale and had studied with and become the friend of Yale's greatest professors. I laughed at her but I went over to the Broadhurst Theatre to talk to Rudy about philosophy. He smiled slightly at my questions and said shyly: "But I have a degree as Bachelor of Philosophy. Psychology is all right. I think Pitkin has it sized up the best. But none of it matters much unless you know how to apply it so you can enjoy just living."

And I knew the other reporter was right in the picture she had.

Conceit; musician; lover; philosopher!

William S. Hart, famous cowboy star of the silent films, thinks the world and all of Rudy Vallee. They are the kind of friends who make the word "friendship" mean something vital in any language. I am certain that one of the links between them must be their fondness for dogs. Rudy has a dog who is a friend. A National Broadcasting photographer took a picture of the two, standing together. The photographer asked Rudy to autograph the picture and then said, meaning it as a joke, "Can't we have the dog's autograph

also?" But to Rudy, you don't joke about a dog. He went home and got the animal, brought him back to N.B.C., put a pen between his nails and helped the dog to sign his name beneath his master's. And the photographer saw Rudy as a man who has a real respect, and a real love for a dumb fellow being.

I have spent hours talking with the employees who work in his large suite of offices in New York City. I would like to give you the picture as one of them, who has worked with him ever since he went on the Fleischmann Hour in 1928, sees it: "He is first of all, *New England*. He doesn't like to have anybody pry into his personal life; considers it almost an insult. It has been very hard for him to adjust himself to any kind of publicity. It is a battle he never has conquered and never will. I do not think Mr. Vallee himself understands why. It is because he is so wholly New England. Do you know the New England household? Do you know the character of men like Rudy's father and grandfather, who were guardians of the household and as such would not allow anyone to peep within it? Rudy inherits this guardianship. It is not a pose



Singing sweetly in the rhythm parade on Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties program, little Durelle Alexander is caught unaware by the camera. According to Whiteman, Durelle is a little lady with a great big way with a song

*A Breakfast fit for a Queen of the Screen*

with him. He actually hates publicity and often hates himself for hating it.

"He is idealistic. He is disappointed if anything falls beneath perfection. He actually suffers. He wants perfection for himself so much that he actually has acquired the ability to look at himself objectively, as a third person and often calls himself "he" when speaking of himself.

"I always have thought that Mr. Vallee would have made an excellent doctor or minister. He has the force of conviction necessary to get people into a church; he has the quick sympathy and domination over mind essential to the famous bedside manner.

"His faith in his friends almost frightens you. No one dares criticize anyone whom Mr. Vallee likes. As you know, there is nothing more cruel than to have your faith shaken. When Mr. Vallee finds that a friend is not worthy he is utterly ill mentally and physically.

"He is very old-fashioned about women. He believes the man should be the boss. He believes the man should give the protection. He believes a woman should depend upon her husband. He is a throw-back to the romantic period. He doesn't have much use for modern youth."

And while this person, who has known him so long, was talking about Rudy and his ideas and ideals about women, I thought of Fay Webb and tried to picture her depending upon a man for protection and guidance and inspiration. And in that light I felt that I knew why this much-talked-about marriage had ended in failure. I knew Fay Webb in Santa Monica and Hollywood and I know she is a very modern young woman. As for his first marriage, made so many years ago and annulled as marriages between youngsters are likely to be, that didn't even matter. They hadn't even gone to college then.

Rudy Vallee! One man—and yet how many men? How many people are all of us?

Again I talked with him in his dressing-room at the Broadhurst Theatre. I asked him what he considered the one essential of life. And he talked about *common sense*.

"For example, it's common sense to put the best fuel into an engine. I like the best food because it is cheaper, since it makes the engine go better. I like smooth sheets because a rough sheet may irritate my skin and that is not good for the engine. I seldom smoke. I seldom take a drink because smoking and drinking do not help the engine. I take care of my health. I get my sleep. It is *common sense*."

Common Sense! I wonder if it is not common sense that ties all the different people in each one of us together?

There are as many men in Rudy Vallee as there are women and men who know him. Each one of us sees something different behind that winning smile, that crooning voice, that subtle personality which charms us over the radio and in the theatre and in person. And yet he is one man—a man who stands at the top of his profession making thousands upon thousands of dollars weekly. Now, after all, could he be doing that if just plain common sense didn't tie all his personalities into one—as common sense should tie all of our many selves together into what we are within ourselves and what we become professionally.

# BETTE DAVIS

Winner of the

1935 Motion Picture Academy Award



STAR OF THE NEW "GOLDEN ARROW" WARNER BROS. PICTURE

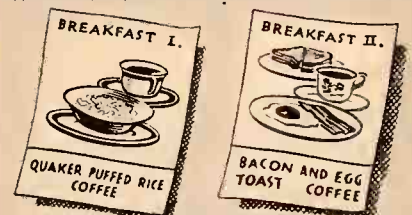


**FIT** for king or queen is this favorite breakfast of BETTE DAVIS! Mixing lemon juice with prune juice is a delicious new idea from Hollywood. But the all-star combination that makes this menu such a royal taste-treat is crispy, crunchy Quaker Puffed Rice topped off with raspberries. And what a difference just a bit of cream makes in the scrambled eggs!

Your grocer is displaying this easy-to-prepare BETTE DAVIS breakfast now. Order the ingredients you need and enjoy it tomorrow!

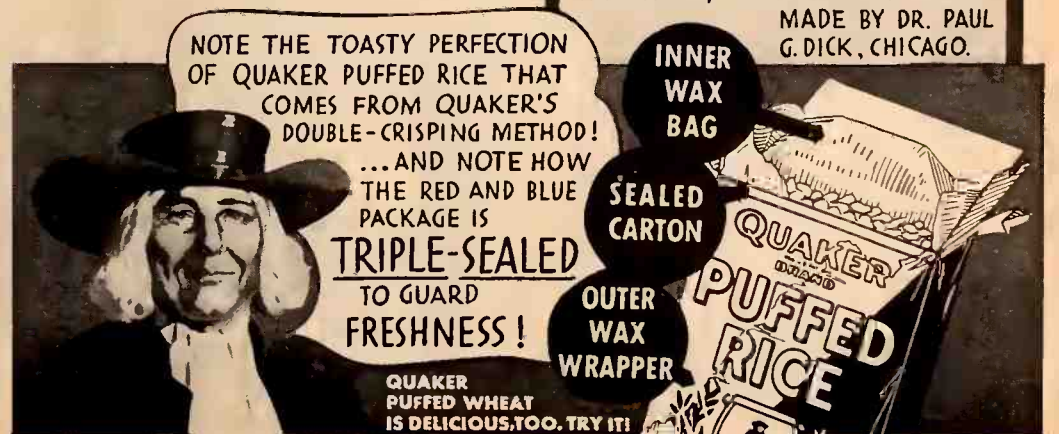
## DIGESTS FASTER!

QUAKER PUFFED RICE HAS THE SPEEDY DIGESTIBILITY SO IMPORTANT TO BUSY PEOPLE IN THESE HIGH-TENSION TIMES. "SHOT FROM GUNS", EACH GRAIN EXPANDS 8 TIMES NATURAL SIZE AND FOOD CELLS BURST OPEN TO ABSORB DIGESTIVE JUICES QUICKLY. COMPARE THESE TWO FINE BREAKFASTS:



THIS QUAKER PUFFED RICE BREAKFAST WAS DIGESTED IN THE STOMACH 45 MINUTES FASTER THAN BREAKFAST NO. II, ACCORDING TO TESTS MADE BY DR. PAUL G. DICK, CHICAGO.

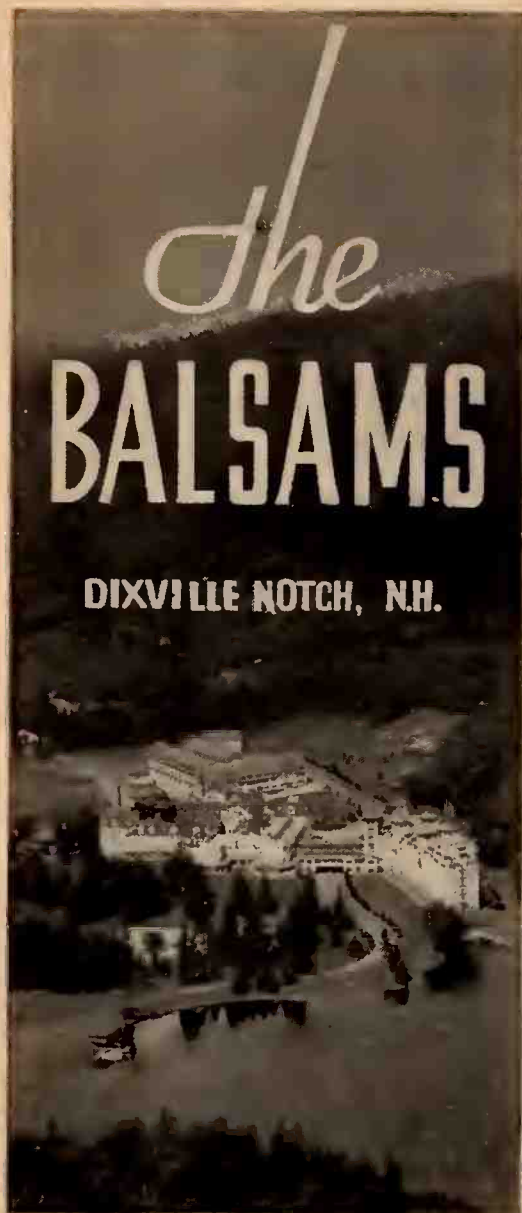
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QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS DELICIOUS, TOO. TRY IT!

## Hollywood Couldn't Hold Her

(Continued from page 33)



# The BALSAMS

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In the White Mountains...

Here is everything to make vacation happiness complete. 4600 acre estate on Lake Gloriette. Golf on 18 hole championship course, swimming, canoeing, tennis, dancing, riding, archery, bowling, movies, shooting. No Hay Fever. Rates from \$6 a day including meals. Select clientele. Fireproof rooms for 500.

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understand, too, that she never would permit herself to feel that in making that decision she had sacrificed a possible movie career. She did what seemed right to her, and cherished no regrets.

"After the run of *The Chocolate Soldier* was finished," Bernice said, "I made a concert tour through Canada. Then I came back to New York and made a personal appearance tour and guest appearances on several radio programs. Then I started my first radio series, co-starring with Frank Munn in *Lavender and Old Lace*, on Tuesdays, and *Melodiana*, Sundays.

"I really love radio work," she went on. "It isn't hard—and the associations are so pleasant . . . Both of the boys I sing with—Frank Munn, in *Waltz Time*, on Fridays and Oliver Smith, in *Melodiana*, on Sundays—are just grand. Frank Munn is one of the kindest people I know. He has helped me in my work, many a time . . . And then, radio gives you time to study and practise and to enjoy your home . . ." She glanced contentedly about the room with its big concert grand piano, on which was draped a Paisley shawl, its books and pictures and cushiony chairs and deep-piled soft blue rugs, the stack of music, waiting to be catalogued and filed in the new music cabinet she had just bought. ("I just haven't felt like tackling that job yet!" she laughed.)

"Of course, I'm all alone," she said. "But I don't mind it . . . Mother couldn't come East. She is in Oakland, California—where I was born. My brother's wife died, and Mother is taking care of his two children. She isn't a 'stage mother,'

anyway—just a 'home-body' sort of person. She wouldn't like New York, for long . . .

"No, I'm not married. There's no story there!" She shook her blonde head. "And I never have any goofy love affairs . . . I don't do anything exciting . . . But I like having my own home. I like New York."

"Even in the winter, when it's so cold? And even in the summer, when it's hot?" I asked. "Most people who 'really love New York,' spend half of the year south, and the other half somewhere else!"

"Well—in the winter I can't walk as much as I like to—it's so icy and slippery . . . I love to walk. I had a little wirehaired fox terrier. We had grand long walks, in the park and all around. But I had to give him away . . . It's not fair to keep a dog in an apartment. I couldn't take him everywhere—and often I'd be away all day and he'd be shut up alone with nothing to do but sleep, or chew up the rugs!" She laughed. "Then I'd come home tired and ready to curl up and do nothing—and he'd be all set to go out and have a time! But he has a grand time now. I gave him to some friends who live out in the country and he can romp all day. I miss him, but it's better for him. A dog has to have a good time, just like any of us . . .

"In the summer," she went on, "I go to the beach. Some friends of mine have a summer home at a Jersey resort—one of those little cottages right on the beach. I go down there every week. Not week-ends, though—when there's a crowd. I go down on Monday or Tuesday and stay



One of radio's outstanding male trios, the Songcopators, featured with Red Nichols' orchestra. (left to right) Russ Crowell, George Bacon, Jack Wilcher.

till Thursday—then come back for my Friday and Sunday programs. The swimming is great down there! I love to swim. In salt water, that is. In the ocean. I don't like lakes and ponds.

"Some day . . ." She paused to munch a bit of cinnamon toast reflectively. "Some day I'm going to buy a house . . . That is, I'm going to buy another house. I've bought the one my father and mother live in, in Oakland, for them. And some day I'm going to buy one for myself—you know, one of those grand little houses made out of an old barn or something!" Her eyes sparkled. "Somewhere out in the country—Connecticut, maybe—where I can drive in to New York for my work."

"And then—" I supplied, "you'll marry and 'settle down' and have a nice little family of future radio stars."

"Oh, no!" Bernice shook her head determinedly, but her blue eyes twinkled. "Oh, definitely—no! That's not in the picture."

"Oh?" I said. "You think marriage and a career are not compatible? You have definite plans for the future, that exclude marriage? Looking toward opera?"

"No," said Bernice again. And she smiled. "No, I haven't any dreams of an operatic career . . . And I really haven't any definite plans . . ."

"In the beginning," she mused reflectively, "when I was quite a small child, I thought I would be a dancer. But I didn't have any definitely crystallized ambitions . . . I just took dancing lessons and thought, vaguely, it would be nice to dance on the stage. My father makes electric signs and, through that, he had a connection with the theatre. And I had an uncle who was an actor for a time. So, of course, I thought the theatre was very glamorous . . ."

"I wouldn't have been a good dancer, though—" she confessed. "That is, not exceptional. I haven't the build for it. A dancer should be long and slim . . ." (Bernice is five feet-two and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds.) "I still take dancing lessons," she added. "Tap dancing—just for fun and exercise."

"Then, when I was in high school," she went on, "it was decided that I had a voice. My high school music teacher, Alice Eggers, really started me on my singing career. She introduced me to Emil Pollack, who was Jeritza's accompanist. He was out in Oakland for a short time, giving a music course. He heard me sing and told me I ought to go to New York."

"So I thought, if he thought my voice was good enough for New York, I would go. And one day I went . . . I didn't know a soul in New York except Mr. and Mrs. Pollack—so I looked them up and they were awfully kind to me. Mr. Pollack introduced me to Schwab and Mandel—and they gave me a chance to try out in *The Desert Song*. And you know the rest . . ."

"Things work out right for you, I guess," said Bernice, "when you're ready for them."

Which, after all, is a pretty good design for living. Working hard, living anely, studying seriously, giving people what they want and pay for, playing the game fairly and squarely—whatever comes, Bernice will be ready for it.

With such characteristics, you can't lose!

# Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.



IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once*, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is *you!*

## There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

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There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



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**By Catherine  
Hoffman**

**Leopold Stokowski, symphonic genius, knows exactly what we like**



Leopold Stokowski, world-famous conductor.

## SALESMAN OF THE SYMPHONY

SALESMAN of the symphony to America's millions, the man who has taken the boredom out of Bach and supplanted Chopsticks with Tschai-kowsky, Radio's Number 1 Maestro, Leopold Stokowski, has gone Hollywood.

At least, he's become a pal of Bing Crosby, he thinks Charlie Chaplin one of the world's great musicians, and Hollywood's superspecial stars cooed over him recently at a tea given for him by Joan Crawford and her husband, Franchot Tone. All of which adds to the already startling variety of interests which the great conductor has had in the past. It might be well for someone to tip off the Golden City of Girls and Gelatine to watch out—for what Stokowski has touched in the past has had some pretty interesting changes happen to it.

That probably is the key to Stokowski's personality—to the success which has brought him from the or-

ganist's bench in a tiny London church to the conductor's stand of one of the world's great orchestras. Some years ago Stokowski refused to broadcast on the radio, claiming that it distorted music. Thinking it over later, he saw that it was foolish not to seize this opportunity of bringing good music to millions; perhaps something could be done about the distortion. So he went on the radio, admitting he knew nothing about it. But he didn't stay ignorant—he set out to know everything he could about broadcasting. He made recordings of his broadcasts as picked up by radios; he went into control-rooms, he talked to engineers; he experimented with the positions of his orchestra until the musicians were dizzy; he went with his problems to distinguished physicists and scientists. Thus every year, since Stokowski's advent on the radio, has seen a continuous improvement of his broadcasts, so that the full qual-

ity of the great music of symphony orchestras might go into the homes of listeners.

Right now, Stokowski is in the midst of what he considers the biggest idea of his career—a tour, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, of the United States and Canada. When Stokowski suggested the idea some nine or ten months ago, a lot of the experts did a lot of joking about it pointing out that it was obviously impossible, for one reason because it would cost too much. These same experts today are not doing so much joking, because Stokowski put the idea into action and today the great conductor is rolling along in the ten-car air-conditioned Philadelphia Special, which is taking the orchestra on its transcontinental trek. The train looks like a rolling hotel and a five and ten-cent store rolled into one and marks a new high in special gadgets.

Besides a shower bath car, the

train has a circulating library for the musicians, specially selected porters, and closets to keep the tail coats of the musicians unwrinkled. The baggage cars alone are a triumph of some kind. A quarter of a million dollars worth of precious instruments, which could not be duplicated anywhere in the world, are being carried through all kinds of weather and some very careful precautions have to be taken to insure their safety. All kinds of queer shaped cradles, trunks, rests and containers have been devised to assist Marshall, the Philadelphia's veteran baggageman, in keeping the instruments safe.

This tour marks the realization of one of Stokowski's great ambitions—an ambition which began many years ago, when he had his first American conducting job with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Stokowski had been appointed when he was only twenty-three and, after a season in Cincinnati, began a tour of Ohio towns, which was greeted with such enthusiasm that he made up his mind that some day he would tour the entire country. It was this first tour which won him the job with the Philadelphia Orchestra and marked the beginning of his bid for world fame.

"The tour is my life long ambition come true at last," said Stokowski in the quick staccato accents, which distinguish him both on and off the concert stage. "I always have wanted to bring music to people all over the country, in fact all over the world."

Stokowski is very serious about this business of bringing music to everyone. It is this which has prompted his radio appearances, despite their technical flaws, it is this which has led him to devote himself so intensely to sound science, it is this feeling which has caused him to spend so much time in making records, which he feels offer a broad new field for the development of music.

Strangely enough, this tour which means so much to Leopold Stokowski has backfired in one way. As he told Bing Crosby in a radio interview a few weeks ago, the tour has split the Philadelphia wide open in a feud, and what is not surprising, the subject is women. Some of the orchestra wanted to take along their wives, some emphatically wanted them left at home. Some of the single men suggested that it would be a swell idea if they could bring their girl friends, but another contingent of bachelors didn't want any women along. Then one of the three women who are members of the orchestra

(Continued on page 105)



ROSITA MORENO  
in "HOUSE OF A  
THOUSAND CANDLES,"  
a REPUBLIC PICTURE

## DOUBLY ATTRACTIVE . . .

*since she learned the secret of*

## FASCINATING EYES

**M**EN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle . . . your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



# WINX

*Eye Beautifiers*

# IF Perspiration were a TIGER



— you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scaring claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, \$1.00 and up.



**Kleinert's**  
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**DRESS  
SHIELDS**



# Ed Wynn Was Forced to Return

(Continued from page 17)

business. Five months of it. Part of the time my mother was along, and that made my vacation complete.

"She's over seventy years old. And a little deaf. What is more—she was just out of a sick bed. She wouldn't dream of coming with me on a voyage. So I shanghaied her! You see, she was accustomed to coming on board the boat and sleeping on it, because it always had been at anchor. Well, she went to her cabin and fell asleep. And then we started the engine. When she woke up, we were at sea. It was wonderful—the expression on her face when she saw we were moving. She loved it!"

As the summer lengthened, it became clear to Ed Wynn that he was not going to be permitted to retire—not without a struggle. Whenever the ship put into port, Ed found a sack full of letters waiting for him. Letters from you and Betsy and Bill Jones, and all your relatives and their friends. The letters were all types, shapes and sizes, scented with twenty-dollar perfume and the smell of prisons and hospitals whence many of them came. They pleaded pitifully, they ranted and called him a "quitter," they offered to start a boycott of radio—if the networks refused to give him a job.

There also were letters from advertising agencies, offering him jobs, sponsors. Offers from theatrical agents. Offers from business men. Some of them extremely attractive.

In addition, Ed Wynn found waiting for him on the dock, sleek, persuasive gentlemen from the broadcasting companies and from these same advertising agencies—how they learned his itinerary he never has found out—waiting there to lure him back to the microphone. Later he learned that these people had been bombarded by mail on the part of the audience that insisted on having back their giggling comedian.

To these letters and to these visitors, Ed Wynn's reply was the same. No, he wanted a rest—and a rest he was going to have. He was convinced that he had given his fans all the *Fire Chief* they could stand. And nothing could make him change his mind.

During the five months, he consented to only one public appearance—and that at the request of the Governor of Maine. He was getting ready to go out and act as toastmaster before a large gathering when word was flashed to him that his old friend, Will Rogers, had been killed in an airplane crash. Characteristically he refused to go out and act the funny man on such an occasion. Instead he drove up to the place where Mrs. Rogers was staying and emptied his wallet on the table so that she would have funds to pay for the pressing emergency. He was about to take her to New York when a similar offer came from the Lindberghs.

In August, Gulliver weakened for the first time in his resolve not to return to radio. An especially persistent advertising man camped on his trail—a represen-

tative of a group of ice companies. Instead of turning him down, Ed informed him that if he was to remain available for a program, the ice people would have to pay him for an option on his services.

"I never expected that they would take me seriously," said the comedian. "No one ever had paid for such an option before. I said it, thinking that would scare them away."

These people, however, were not easily scared. The reply came back to Ed:

"How much?"

Ed replied: "\$5,000.00."

There was a check in the next mail. He showed me a photostatic copy of the check—the first ever paid for an option on a radio star's services. However, neither the ice companies nor the National Broadcasting Company were able to work out a program and so nothing came of the option.

"Towards the end of August," Ed Wynn continued, "I began to be bored with all this inactivity. My life has been a busy one. I have written and composed the music for a half-dozen plays. Produced them too. For twenty-five years I have been constantly in action. And so, I was bored.

"You know my troubles. Recently they have been acute. But they have been with me for fifteen years without a let-up. I do not know how I have been able to go on . . . So, I decided to do something—something new, something that would relieve my boredom and help me to get rid of the anguish that was bottled up inside of me. I decided to produce a play.

"I had a choice of two: one, a farce—the other, a drama, written by a Hungarian, full of pathos. I chose the drama. It was a failure. I dropped \$51,000.00 on it. But that did not bother me because in producing it, I had got rid of something, expressed an emotion that I had not been able to express in any other way. This play, with all its tears and heartbreak, was my own small tragedy—and I felt no end relieved."

The production of the play was important—because it cleared the atmosphere for Ed Wynn, tranquilized him, made him look at life with quiet eyes once more. He began to read the letters more seriously, more sympathetically.

This is a story difficult to believe perhaps, but the letters, still flooding in on him with every mail delivery, swung him from his decision to stay away from radio. Nothing else did it. He remembers the letters in the handwriting of children, in the illiterate scrawls out of the Cumberland Mountains, neatly typewritten on the stationery of important executives—thousands of them.

Restored by his long rest, emptied of his emotion by the production of a drama, Ed Wynn again was the born clown. The old hankering for the tanbark, the crowds, the shouts of uncontrollable laughter at his fun, came back.

That was his mood when an old friend,



Walter Chrysler, sent his agents to see him. The Plymouth car wanted Ed Wynn. Its advertising agency and its officials came to Ed and said:

"We want a radio program this winter. And you're it."

"You know," Ed said, "Texaco paid me a lot of money."

"How much do you want," they said.

"I am not one to want a raise in pay. I'll take the same thing from you."

"It's a deal," they said.

The type of program, the details—none of these things were discussed. It was only after the contracts were signed that the hunt for a radio program began. The name, Gulliver, came to him one evening. And to him, it means not the old Gulliver who traveled among the giants—but a man who traveled so much that people call him "Gulliver."

Eleven days later, Ed Wynn was at the microphone. Twenty-nine thousand letters saluted him, in the next three days, welcomed him back. Once again the old clown had rolled his audience into the aisles.

So, there you have it—the story of how Ed Wynn departed from radio with a resolve never to come back again; how he rested five months on the sea, produced a play—and how, feeling his sane, normal self again, he read the letters written to him by thousands who loved him, how reading them he became convinced that it was a mistake to desert them and how, at last, he decided that perhaps it was a mistake to leave radio—and so he came back.

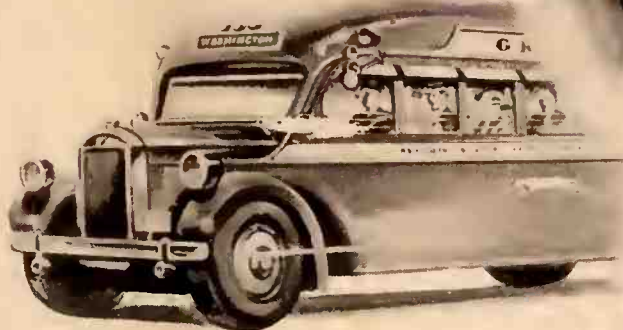
For all of which, you probably are extremely grateful—but you can't be any more grateful than I am.

*We need Ed Wynn!*



Last autumn Wallace Beery discovered a new singer—Marjorie Lane—whose songs you heard on the *Shell Chateau* program. Now Marjorie's the vocalist with Phil Ohman's orchestra, heard several nights weekly over NBC from Hollywood's Café Trocadero.

*"Now I know how Columbus felt -"*



## I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA!"



"I'm an explorer! I've found out more about this great country of ours in three weeks than I could have in a lifetime poring over geography books. And what a comfortable way to explore... in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip, going one way, returning another, was less than gas and oil for a small private auto! Here are a few of my delightful memories:



"Everyone aboard the big bus smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were headed—and why!



"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see men, like microscopic spiders, spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.



"What a thrill... when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our road, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream.



"I will never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside rainbow-colored Apache Trail.



"In the shade of a giant redwood grove, it took fifteen of us, stretching our arms wide, to encircle one of those tremendous trees.



"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's marvelous Natural Bridge—an experience I will always remember!"

*Why don't you plan to discover this amazing America for yourself? Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical. Start now, by mailing this coupon.*

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Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition , Great Lakes Exposition , San Diego Exposition . (Check which one.) If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on the margin below, and we will send full information.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Here's a Very Curious Man

(Continued from page 39)

**Be Wise — Alkalize**

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

30¢-60¢

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE.

BUT IF I DO, I'M WISE ENOUGH TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE

HEADACHE

NO-BOD-DEE KNOWS HOW GOOD WE FEEL WE AL-KAL-IZED AF-TER THAT MEAL

ACID INDIGESTION

DO YOU JOHN AND MARY LOU, TAKE ALKA-SELTZER, TRIED AND TRUE, TO KEEP YOU WELL?

I DO!

EXCESS ACIDITY

A Most Amazing Story About the PICKENS SISTERS in Our Next Issue

## HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

more about this absorbing change. Everything there was to know. Particularly he wanted to find out what it was that made a gangster of one man and a Government man of another.

At first it was because he was avid to know what was going on that made him see gangsters in their cells and talk to the men responsible for their capture. Curiosity again, but as usual it was to serve Phil Lord well. For out of it, was born the *Gang Busters*.

"When we first began to broadcast descriptions of wanted criminals and missing persons at the end of each program, we hoped to be able to help in this national criminal round-up," he explained. "But we had no idea how successful it was going to prove. Through information that's come from our listeners many a criminal has been put behind bars and we get wires from Police Chiefs all over the country asking for our help.

"Many a missing person is home again, too, as a result of these broadcasts. Funny thing about that. Often it is the missing persons themselves who have got in touch with us. Understandable enough, I suppose. Everyone likes to tell his side of a story. I've talked to some of them and written to others and it's amazing how people will listen to an outsider, even when he tells them they're in the wrong, as I've had to do sometimes. Anyway, the upshot of it usually is that both sides are willing to take their part of the blame and compromise. In spite of the way things may look on the surface, you'll find families really want to hold together."

Gratifying results these. And though Phil Lord feels that the real work of the program hasn't even begun, he already has received over fifteen thousand clues concerning important crimes from his listeners and the police of thirty states are working on the information supplied by him. Over two hundred *Gang Buster Crime Clubs* have been organized in a working effort to prevent crime.

Phil Lord cut out a man-sized job for himself with these two important programs. Writing all his scripts as he does, directing and acting in them, makes a tremendous undertaking. But he did not stop there. Before long another was added. The *Thrill* program which rapidly is proving as popular as the other two.

"People whose lives go on in the same even routine, day after day, are fascinated by the unusual in other lives," he explained. "They thrill to the experience told by these people whose lives have been carried out of the humdrum by the amazing things that have happened to them. The woman who was scalped by Indians when she was a child, the man in Wyoming who had a meteor fall at his feet, the taxi driver who was lost on Galapagos Island and lived on turtle eggs until he was rescued—and all the other unusual guests we feature on this program—have proved a tremendous drawing power.

"It requires a lot of research, both in finding them and in proving their stories.

For every thrill must be authenticated before we use it. It's fun, though, finding these people. Both the *Explorers* and *Adventurers* clubs have given us some of them. We've found others through books and newspapers and our listeners have suggested still others, so it doesn't look as if we would ever run out of material."

On the surface it would seem strange that the man who has endeared himself to millions as wise old *Seth Parker* with his homely philosophy and Sunday Night hymn singing could turn around and be equally convincing in the rip-snorting *Gang Busters* and *Thrill* programs.

But if you look below the surface you'll find it isn't so strange after all. For the *Seth Parker* program really has been the pace-maker for the others. Analyze it and you'll find in every broadcast some human equation. You'll find mild thrills and excitement as well as tolerance and moderation. Above all, that humanness that enables Phil Lord, a young man in his early thirties, to enact salty, old *Seth Parker* so well that even now many of his listeners think of him as a religious old farmer living in Jonesport, Maine. It is that same humaneness that has made his other programs equally convincing.

His mail shows that over sixty per cent of his fans listen in to all of his program a fact that points to a basic similarity between them. That similarity is Phil Lord's thirst for living, his understanding and his unbounded zest for finding out things.

One of Phillips Lord's best friends, was a boy with him in Meriden, that Connecticut town where his father was a minister. says that Lord was the traditional clergyman's son, always getting in scrapes through his boundless energy.

"Phil was the adventuresome one of our gang," he laughed. "But even in his adventures took a practical turn. never played the games of Cowboys and Indians, or soldiers the way the rest of us did. There always was a business angle in his adventures.

"For instance, saving his money to buy a few chickens and starting a chicken farm was a far more engrossing game to him than any of the stereotyped ones the rest of us played. When he went to his grandfather's farm in Maine, on his summer vacations, he used to write to me and his letters were full of schemes for making money.

"I've always felt it wasn't so much that he wanted to make money as it was that he wanted to prove that his schemes were sound and workable. The impossible never interested him. That inquiring mind of his never seemed to drain itself of ideas, it never leaned toward the bizarre or impractical. No day-dreams revolved around a fabulous Aladdin's lamp for him. He spent his days thinking, instead of wishing as the rest of us did.

"He rebelled against routine. On his Sundays his chore was to clean his father's huge Reo car, a job that took four or five hours. Phil would work on it an hour or so and all the time his thoughts



Mary Morgan, director of the Institute of Personality and Charm, with her twin secretaries, Virginia and Pauline Warren, of Batavia, Illinois.

churning to find a way to make the rest of us finish the job. And he always did find one.

"One day he had to change a tire that was beginning to wear. He invited the gang for a ride and of course we went. About five miles out of town the car stopped and after jiggling the gadgets on the dashboard for a few minutes, Phil announced that something was wrong with the engine and suggested that we might as well change that tire while we waited. All the time we were working on that job under a broiling sun, Phil kept tinkering with the machinery and when we hopped into the car again it went off like a streak. There was a gleam in his eyes but to this day Phil hasn't admitted that he tricked us."

Phil Lord still has that knack of making other people work for him. More than that he makes them do things his way. Seeing him rehearsing his cast is to know why he has been called the one-man show of radio. Every one of his actors plays his part as Phil Lord would play it.

"No!" He had been lolling in his chair as the cast were reading their lines, seemingly miles away from the conference room where they were rehearsing. But now an inflection in an actor's voice had jerked him erect and his eyes were blazing. "You've got that wrong! That man you're playing is a desperado. Listen to the thing he pulled off in Texas and you'll know he *couldn't* speak that way!"

And after Phil Lord had told the story about the criminal in the script, the story he had taken the trouble to find out for himself, the man who was portraying him for radio had a real picture of him. So real, that when he read the line again it rang true. For it was the way the man himself would have said it.

Afterwards Phil Lord explained that it is because he has a good ear and a retentive memory that he is able to mimic voices so accurately and teach other people the same trick.

"It's timing, too." He went on. "A script has rhythm just the way a symphony orchestra has. And just as a violin coming in a split-second too soon or a piccolo half a note too high can spoil a concert, so a wrong inflection can ruin the whole effect of a scene."

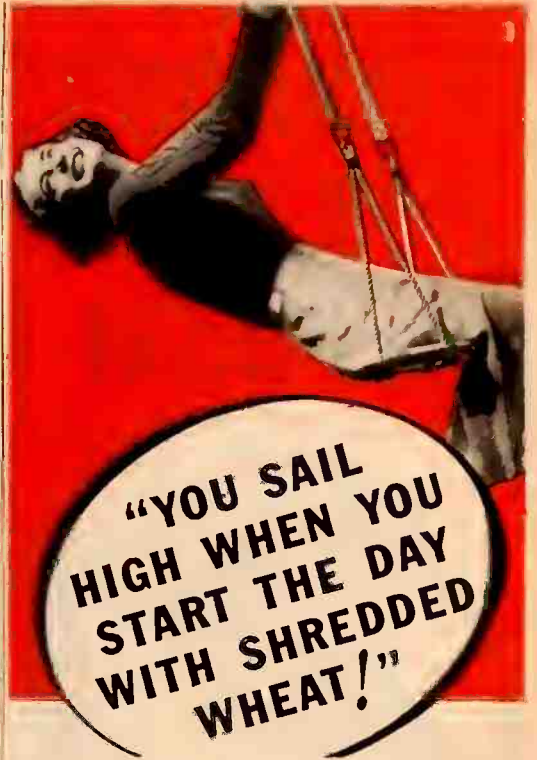
Timing, of course. It's the thing that has made a failure of many a play and motion picture and radio program and made a success of just as many others. But Phil Lord has more than perfect timing.

It's that way he has of delving into things and finding out what it is that makes people tick. It's the details about their lives, the little things about their character, the things they've done and the things they've left undone, all that store of knowledge he has gleaned about them, that make him able to portray them. It isn't so much the words a person speaks, as the thought that lies behind those words that makes Phil Lord convincing in any characterization.

Curiosity again, or maybe we'll call it by its other name, imagination. Curiosity, restlessness, energy. They've all served Phil Lord instead of compelling him to serve them.

Faults or virtues depend on what you make of them. Restlessness has made hoboes of many boys. Energy has landed others behind bars. Curiosity can make of anyone a pest to be shunned by his fellows. And yet it is these qualities that have made Phil Lord one of the outstanding successes of radio as well as a success as a human being.

You see, he makes virtues of them.



"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."



**PACKED WITH VITAL NOURISHMENT**

Crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat gives you vital food essentials because it's 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. Eat it every day for a rich supply of carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts and proteins.



**SHREDDED WHEAT**

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Seal



**A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**"I COULDN'T  
TAKE A STEP  
IN PEACE!**



**Every Move,  
Every Position,  
Cost Me Pain"**

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

**A Scientific Formula**

Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

**Real 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.

**Send for Trial Tube**

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.  
Dept. 37-M-2, St. Louis, Mo.

**MAIL!**

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

*Fannie of the Follies*

(Continued from page 23)

this often. Not Miss Brice. Instead she appeared at every performance, sometimes with a temperature as high as one-hundred-and-three, at all times in excruciating pain.

I like her for not putting on an act about it; I like her for saying what she said to me:

"I gave a better performance when I was very sick than when I was well. I felt so rotten that I tried extra hard." She made one of the inimitable Brice faces. "Maybe I should be sick all the time!"

She handed Billy Rose her radio script to read.

"I want Bill to go over it," she said.

"I'll bet you'll be great," remarked Frank Fay.

"I don't know," worried Fannie. And she repeated what she had said, years before. "I hate to read lines. I like to know my material. Reading makes me ill-at-ease; it rattles me. Besides, I think the voice on the air paints a character for the listener. Therefore a performer should portray only one character and make that one register. In the stage show here, I do Baby Snooks, an Englishwoman, a girl from Texas, and a lady from the Bronx. My problem is which one shall I give the radio audience, and will they think that voice is actually mine?"

"So Fannie's compromising," laughed Billy Rose. "She's playing herself on the air—Fannie Brice—who plays all the other characters."

"I'm going to do a lot of Baby Snooks sketches," she said. "Audiences love her. And I think that, as a child, there was a great deal of the Snooks in me."

With that Fannie launched into one of

her funny stories. It dealt with herself when she was a little girl living in Brooklyn, who took her kid brother, Lew, to Coney Island. They had a dime apiece, enough for carfare there and back. This did not satisfy Fannie, who cherished visions of the scenic railway. So before boarding the trolley she confiscated Lew's dime, hiding it along with hers in the depths of a pocket. Next she gathered a few pebbles, tied her handkerchief neatly around them, and claspng her small brother's hand, boarded the trolley. Once seated, she exhibited the handkerchief, loudly informing anyone within earshot that her money was wrapped up in it. Then she started a brisk game of bean bag with brother Lew, using the handkerchief as the bag. When the conductor approached to collect their fares, Fannie, with an aim and timing worthy of Dizzy Dean, batted the bag out of the window, thereupon setting up such a wail and crying such big salty tears that had Mr. Belasco (who, later, to the tune of stardom, did recognize her dramatic ability) been on the spot, even he would have been fooled. As it was, the passengers fell for it and not only paid her fare and her brother's, but showered plenty of spending money for Coney Island.

I laughed at Fannie's story, just as everyone laughs at Fannie's stories. Then I said goodbye.

I did not see her again until the broadcast. She came, escorted by her trained nurse. Gone was the trembling Fannie who faced radio years ago; here was someone who had found a wondrous new medium.

She romped through the program to the



Irene Beasley, National Broadcasting Company's sustaining artist, is heard on a number of their programs.

delight of the CBS theater audience. There was the time Tiny Ruffner, accompanied by the music, described an imaginative bevy of girls who were supposed to be parading down a flight of steps, Ziegfeld fashion.

"And now comes the girl from Spain," said Mr. Ruffner, when, to his surprise, up jumped Miss Brice and did an impromptu Spanish dance, the while she put her fingers to that funny mouth of hers, warning the audience not to laugh and spoil the number.

There was also the time she thought she was through, waved goodbye and ran off the stage, only to be yanked back. Miss Brice had made a slight mistake. The program was only half over!

I liked all her numbers with the exception of one, that of a woman making a speech at a club. Here appeared the self-conscious Fannie reading from a paper.

The following afternoon I told her this. Fannie is the sort of person who wants and expects her friends to tell her the truth. She can take it.

"You know what happened to that bit," she explained. "It's really very funny . . . a hysterical woman at a club meeting, and the more hysterical she grows the higher pitched is my voice. But when I got up there to do it, dat ole debil, laryngitis, took its hold. I couldn't raise my voice. It was a ghastly feeling. I had to play the whole thing in four notes. This made me self-conscious and I didn't raise my eyes from the paper. That's always bad. No matter how funny a line is, it won't get a laugh unless I make a face.

"I was thrilled by the program," she said. "It was so professional. It went

with such snap and precision. It was like a three-ring circus. I felt something I never before had experienced in radio; I felt excited, as I do on the stage."

I asked her what she thought of the story running through the revue. No *Ziegfeld Follies* ever had a story.

"It's right in radio," she told me. "The thread of a plot is not put there for entertainment. It's for curiosity—for suspense. It's to make people listen in the next week to see if the star really gets the note from the usher. In the theater a freak attraction will outdraw any vaudeville act, no matter how good that act may be. This holds good in radio.

"I'm the type who prefers sophisticated comedy, but I've been studying radio. I've watched it carefully. With the exceptions of Fred Allen and Jack Benny, sophistication seldom goes on the air. They want the simple story. Look at most successful programs . . . look at *Showboat*. That's what I want . . . a *Showboat* of *The Follies*."

She was interrupted by the telephone. It was her good friend, Miss Beatrice Lillie. At first their conversation was like any conversation between any two women.

Said Miss Brice: "What dress did she wear? . . . The pink with the white lace? Sure, I know she got it there. They make all her clothes . . . Forty-six, I tell you, if she's a day."

Then. "You did hear it? . . . What did you think? . . . I'm glad you said that . . . I know you wouldn't say it if you didn't mean it."

Next Beatrice Lillie must have commented upon the make-up of the program.

"Listen, honey," replied Fannie. "I wouldn't take a half hour with all that responsibility, not for a million. I want a show in back of me. Actually I do more than a half hour in this, but it's all divided up and it's staged so that the whole show isn't on my shoulders. And that story. That's what they want, honey. No, not in New York, but all over America . . . and that's what counts!"

Later, after hanging up the receiver, she turned to me. She spoke softly. "It is what counts."

"What?" I asked.

"America . . . We theatre people live in such a narrow world that we're liable to forget. Ziegfeld knew this. He knew a lot, that man! He once gave me a piece of advice that I'll never forget. He said: *Never be too big for your job!* And he was so right. Get too big for a job and it's goodbye career! I've seen it time and again.

"Do you know," she added, "for years now I've applied that advice to whatever I do. Take radio . . . No going into it as the star dabbling in a sideline—not for me! And why should I think I'm so big I can hold a half hour, week after week, all by myself? Instead I used the Ziegfeld principle—a show—a solid show. I'm just a part of it, for it's the whole set-up, the background, the music, the stooges, the material, my co-stars, everything together that spells entertainment."

If it hadn't been for that neuritis I would have patted Fannie Brice on the back. Wise Miss Brice. Not only listening to a showman like Billy Rose and the late Ziegfeld, but graciously taking their advice, using it all to its full advantage.

WHITE RIT took last year's color OUT  
 . . . a new color with INSTANT RIT and . . .

## LOOK! It's a NEW DRESS!

You'll hardly believe your eyes as White Rit dissolves the old dye out of every fibre — leaves it virgin clear — permits you to transform a dark dress to a radiant pastel shade — easily and safely.

White Rit is harmless as boiling water — acts only on the dye, not on the fabric — won't injure the sheerest chiffons!

Also use White Rit in the laundry to make white goods really white, to remove ink spots, rust marks, mildew stains, fruit and grass stains! Works like magic.



White Rit  
 has been approved by  
 Good Housekeeping Institute  
 as a whitener

### To Polish Tarnished Silverware

• Bring a pan of water to a boil, drop in White Rit. Take off the stove. Then put in silverware for about one minute. That's all! — no rubbing, no polishing — just wipe dry and the silver will be shiny and new again!



## WHITE RIT

the harmless color remover

White Rit is the companion to Rit Tints and Dyes. 33 Sparkling Colors!



# She Can't Do Without Her Ex-Hubby

(Continued from page 49)



TOAST to *Loveliness*

ONLY the girl whose perfectly-groomed hair reflects her fastidiousness is in demand. Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring. It cleanses both scalp and hair and imparts a delightful golden sheen. For those who prefer a darker shade, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo made with pure Egyptian Henna.



10c for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

*Nestle* Golden SHAMPOO  
The NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

**Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!**



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific

way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

**GRAY FADED HAIR**

Women, girls, men with gray, faded streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Vallgny, Dept. 33, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y. C.

**ITCH**

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

radio via Station KDKA. Somehow, she never knew exactly how, she found herself teamed with the vice-president of a Pittsburgh bank, whom she had met through mutual friends, playing over the station on a program called *Twenty Fingers of Sweetness*. For the banker it was diversion, but for Ramona it was deadly earnest. She foresaw the vast possibilities of radio for her peculiar style.

So she and David Davies parted from the Bestor organization and for the next few years all their energies, all their thoughts, were centered in building Ramona into a star of the airwaves. Ambition transcended their personal emotions.

The story of Ramona's subsequent successes is familiar. She became a star, but she did not rest on her laurels. She did, however, take a breathing spell.

Tied up to an exclusive contract with Paul Whiteman, her career was at a temporary standstill. A standstill in a pleasant place, to be sure, but nevertheless a standstill. So Ramona had time to look about and consider what else life had to offer beside the success she had achieved as a pianist-singer. She looked back over the eight years since she had joined Don Bestor's band and discovered that she had skipped a whole chapter of life—a glamorous chapter, too.

Ramona had had no girlhood. Her

another man. Insidious, horrid little whispers, whispers that shame such a splendid feeling of camaraderie as existed between Ramona and David Davies. That feeling had increased with the years, although the first fire of their romance had dimmed and given way to mature understanding.

There was only one way to still the wagging tongues. Their friendship stood like a rock and divorce would not shake it.



Dolly Dawn, CBS star, sings with the George Hall Orchestra at Hotel Taft.



Erno Rapee, conductor of the 70-piece General Motors Symphony Orchestra.

work, her early marriage, had precluded that. She never had been a young care-free girl, with dates and beaux and little flirtations and romantic dreams. She had leaped from childhood into womanhood. She decided that something ought to be done about it. For instance, aside from her work, her consuming passion was dancing—but she hadn't had time to dance.

So she embarked on a dancing spree.

But Ramona was married! And you know how people will whisper when a married woman goes out dancing with

Yet Ramona hesitated. It seemed unfair. Probably it never would have materialized had not the understanding Davies seen the sacrifice Ramona was making. He didn't want her to give up her youth. She could have it now. He wouldn't stand in the way. In short, he was one of those rare mortals—an understanding man.

So, quietly, with all friendliness, they were divorced.

Will they re-marry?

The future holds that secret. At the moment, Ramona's breathing spell is ended. She has had her fling. It is over. She must go back to work. She is about to embark on new adventures; she has new worlds to conquer. She no longer is tied up by contracts, and soon she will have one or even two radio programs of her own. She will take one more step up the ladder of fame. There will be a new, a more serious Ramona.

There, for the first time, is told the secret of this charming girl's success and romance. You know how she feels about David Davies and how he feels about her. The future—well, who can speak of that? Not even Ramona or David Davies.

Whatever happens will not happen in the immediate future, because Ramona just now is a very busy young woman. Her mind is thoroughly occupied. Here is just one more secret. She is studying drama. She has set a goal for herself. She wants to become an actress. Why?

Well—because Ramona is like that.

# The Radio Hostess

(Continued from page 13)



Frank Parker likes his vegetables tricked up a bit. Also, being of Italian descent, he has an inherited taste for Italian cooking. And for a certain lobster dish, his praise assumes extraordinarily lyric proportions.

always should be tricked up a bit to make them more appetizing. Camouflages that appeal to him include Hollandaise, Vinaigrette and Cheese Sauces. He also favors Vegetable Cups. For these, hollowed-out vegetables such as tomatoes, green peppers, beets, very large onions and carrots, are used. These serve as shells into which is placed a stuffing of highly-seasoned rice to give added flavor. You'll find that this idea will appeal greatly to most men who, in general, share Frank's and *not* Popeye's opinion of spinach!

A Welsh Rarebit Club Sandwich is another lunch or supper favorite of Frank Parker's. It's a swell party sandwich, too, for a whole bunch of people can take a hand in making it—although a lone host or hostess could assemble it in no time, if need be! No cooking skill is required, either. All anyone needs is to have the ingredients and the recipe. And all one has to do to get a copy of this recipe is to send in to us and ask for it. Printed on a card and expressed in simple, understandable terms, directions for making this Welsh Rarebit Club Sandwich come to you absolutely free—as one of the cards in this month's Radio Hostess leaflet—a regular feature of our magazine.

You'll also find in this leaflet detailed

(Continued on page 80)

★ *I*F YOU would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...*immediately*...and enjoy a beauty bath sensation...try the Linit Beauty Bath. ★



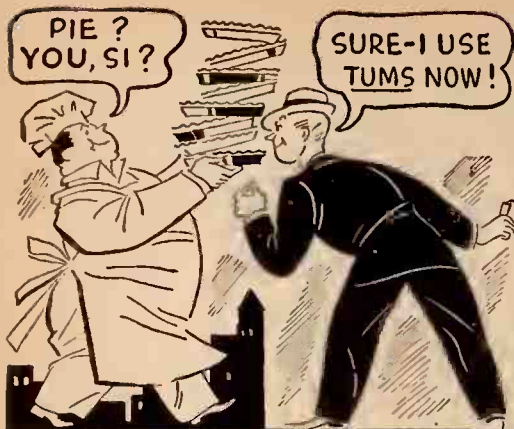
... AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...*soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

*for fine Laundering*

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.





**SIMPLE SIMON**

**MET A PIEMAN  
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;  
HE NOW EATS TUMS  
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES . . .  
DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!**

**Stop SAYING "NO"  
TO FAVORITE FOODS!**

IT isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10c at all drug stores.



**FREE:** Beautiful five-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2H-50, St. Louis, Mo.

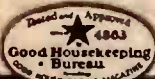
*Avoid* **METATARSALGIA**  
*It's dangerous!*



If you have collouses on the ball of your foot, cramped toes, leg or foot pains, or swelling on in-step, you probably have metatarsalgia — caused by a weak metatarsal arch. Get immediate relief with the CRO-PAX Collous Remover and Metatarsal Support. Thousands use this treatment. Relief guaranteed. Only 10c each.

Other CRO-PAX Foot Appliances and Remedies similarly low priced.

At All 10c Stores



**THE FOREST CITY RUBBER CO.  
CRO-PAX DIV. • CLEVELAND, O.**

**CRO-PAX Foot Aids**

*The Radio Hostess*

(Continued from page 79)

instructions for making the other two dishes I mentioned, which are big favorites of Mr. Parker's, too. The first is the *Parker Plate Luncheon*, which provides you with a new and colorful vegetable salad, designed to intrigue even the most confirmed hater of salad greens. On the same card are directions for cooking hamburgers the way that Frank—and most men—like them cooked.

The second recipe card tells you how to make Vegetable Cups, with directions for fixing the vegetables themselves as well as for the flavorsome filling that goes into them.

And now we come to a short description of perhaps the grandest of all the Frank Parker food preferences. This dish is called *Lobster à la Fra Diavolo*. It is a regular Friday specialty of an Italian restaurant in New York, a place patronized in great part by singers from the Metropolitan Opera House, who share with Frank a liking for Italian cooking at its best. Mr. Parker, you know, is of Italian descent and I've heard it said that we inherit a decided taste for the foods of our ancestors. Whether that is true or not I've never proved to my own complete satisfaction, but I'm sure that in this case, at least, I recognized more than a casual interest in this particular food. Why, in describing this dish Frank used words of praise that poured out like the lyrics of a well-known song and made me so hungry that I set out forthwith in search of the recipe.

Since, before leaving, I had the foresight to secure the address of the restaurant from Frank, it was not at all difficult to sample this food masterpiece myself. The next step, of course, was to get the recipe—which also did not present insurmountable obstacles. So you'll find *Lobster à la Fra Diavolo* included in this month's leaflet. It will serve as a reminder that some of Frank's charm can be traced to his Italian ancestry, just as some of the lyric qualities of his voice stem from that same race famous for its singers, its music and now its *Lobster à la Fra Diavolo*!

So be sure to send for your copy of the leaflet which contains the recipes for all four of Frank Parker's favorite dishes. Through learning how the foods are prepared for one of Radio's most eligible bachelors, you'll learn how to cook things

that are sure to appeal to other men as well. Incidentally, I'll wager you will like these dishes, too!

**VINAIGRETTE SAUCE**

(for asparagus, cold meats and fish)

- 1 teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- 1 tablespoon chopped cucumber pickle
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon minced chives

Combine salt, pepper and paprika. Add other ingredients in order given. Mix together thoroughly.

**HOLLANDAISE SAUCE**

(for vegetables, fish and eggs)

- ½ cup butter
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- yolks of 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons boiling water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper

Place butter in a bowl. Cover with cold water and mash with a wooden spoon. Drain thoroughly and divide into three pieces. Place one piece of butter in top of double boiler together with egg yolks and lemon juice. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly with a wire whisk or rotary egg beater, until butter melts. Then add second piece of butter and as sauce thickens add third piece. Add boiling water slowly, cook a minute or two longer, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add seasoning.

**CHEESE SAUCE**

(for vegetables and eggs)

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1¼ cups scalded milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup grated American cheese

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour, stir until blended, then cook over boiling water for 5 minutes. Add scalded milk slowly. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add seasonings and cheese. Cook over boiling water until cheese is melted and sauce is smooth.

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

Please send me—ABSOLUTELY FREE—a leaflet containing tested recipes for Frank Parker's Favorite Foods.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....



# How Joan made her Party a Success

BY John Held Jr.



1 "Oh Betty—what am I to do! It's my turn to have the boys and girls up to my house for a party. And our living room curtains and everything are so faded."



2 "Why, Joan, that's easy. Tintex is your answer. It makes faded curtains, drapes, table scarves, lampshades and slip covers just like new!"



3 That night—"Why Mother—tinting with Tintex is just fun. You'll never know our living room when we get through. Now I know my party will be a success!"



5 Next day—"Miss Clark—I mean, Joan. I had such a pleasant evening at your lovely home. May I call again some evening real soon?"



4 Next night—"Joan, this is such an attractive room—so gay and cheerful. And that's just the way your party is, too. You're some hostess!"

## Tintex Tints and Dyes



WHY have a colorless home—when it is so easy to give everything gay new color with Tintex. In your wardrobe, too, Tintex restores faded colors, or brings different colors, if you wish. 41 fashionable colors at drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Instead of using lipstick  
**TATTOO**  
**YOUR LIPS**

*Tattooed lips can't chap!*

Now... for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof... actually makes lips smoother... younger... much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on... let it set... wipe it off. Only the color stays... and it really stays... regardless. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then... tattoo your lips! TATTOO, \$1 everywhere.

CORAL EXOTIC NATURAL PASTEL HAWAIIAN

**TATTOO**  
 SOUTH SEA COLOR FOR LIPS

If you have one single  
**GRAY HAIR**  
 mail this coupon

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE... Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money back guarantee. Or send for Free Test.



**Test it FREE**

We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. See for yourself. No risk this way. Mail coupon for Free Test.

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
 2313 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....  
 Street.....  
 City..... State.....  
 Color of your hair?.....

*They Know All the Questions*

(Continued from page 41)

how great his poise beforehand, he always gets mike-fright.

But Belcher and Johnson are reassuring with the people at the microphone. They put a hand on their shoulders to steady them, they cover up any hesitation with a small comment and put them at ease with friendly smiles.

When the program ended, Belcher and Johnson listened eagerly for any comment from the dispersing crowd. They were upset because someone thought it was a little unfair to stump a sweet young thing by asking her for a definition of electricity. They try always to avoid confusing or fussing an interviewee.

Of course, when they asked the about-to-be-married young man if he knew the proper way to fold a baby's diaper, he was a bit fussed. But so were Messers Belcher and Johnson when, in the several days following, they got hundreds of replies from young mothers, many with properly folded diapers enclosed, because the young man had given the wrong answer.

The Vox Poppers hadn't corrected the young man because it's part of their successful policy never to correct a person over the air. They believe the listeners in would resent their showing up a volunteer. In pitying the helpless amateur, the radio audience might feel antagonistic toward the men who had tripped him.

Their entire policy, in fact, is to keep the program happy. They avoid personal questions and all queries dealing with religion or politics. For these might arouse antagonism. They avoid anything depressing. Many listeners have written them, asking them to pose the old question: "If your mother and your wife were drowning and you could save only one, which would you choose?" Hundreds of questions similarly depressing or morbid are sent them, but they never use them.

On the other hand, they do ask serious questions. "What can the average man do to make streets safer for pedestrian traffic?" "Do you think that jazz has a rightful place among the fine music of the world?" They aim on their programs to keep a careful balance between the frivolous and the serious; the laugh-getting and the thought-provoking. It's Johnson who usually picks the folks who are naturals for the serious questions, and Belcher who spots those who are quick at amusing answers.

Once in a while the interviewed person cracks back with a surprise. There was the young man whom they asked: "Could you talk for thirty seconds on the subject of baby carriages?" They expected him to hesitate or say 'no.' But the boy, much to their surprise, launched into a discussion without hesitation, and gave them thirty-seconds of hilarious free-wheeling on the subject of perambulators. They wish they had one like him at every broadcast!

Only a few times have they misjudged their volunteer and brought to the microphone a person who wise-cracked back at

them in an unpleasant way. When this happens, the other member of the team quietly brings up the next person to be interviewed and the interview with the discordant fellow is pleasantly but quickly terminated. However, neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Belcher object to their interviewee kidding them if it's done in a spirit of fun and is amusing.

Women are more likely to hedge than men. Many listeners write requesting them to interview less women and more men. Mr. Belcher explains the woman's attitude as one of defense.

"The ladies are willing to go on the program," he says, "but in front of the microphone they suddenly are afraid of being embarrassed or teased. So they are apt to answer questions defensively, or get a little vindictive when they don't know the answer. Men are more willing to 'take it.' But when we do interview a woman who has a man's attitude, who isn't defensive, she always gives us a better interview than the men."

Only twice in all their years of interviewing have they encountered people well-informed enough to answer correctly every question asked. One was an oil-man from Texas, the other a girl student in New York. All the other thousands of people interviewed could easily be tripped on such simple queries as: "What year did the United States join the League of Nations?" or "With what kind of a weapon did Sampson kill Goliath?"

One of their most successful interviews, however, was with a delightful old lady from Brooklyn who didn't answer a question. She got mike-fright and was too self-conscious to speak. She just laughed. So charmingly infectious was her laugh all the spectators soon joined in. Those listening caught it, too, and the little old lady, still chortling, bowed from the microphone, having created a coast-to-coast network of laughter for more than a minute. The boys got a lot of fan mail on the strength of the laughing interview asking for more!

Occasionally the boys are stumped for a moment by a startling answer to a simple question. Imagine Mr. Belcher's surprise, for example, when he asked a man one night: "Are you married?" And the volunteer answered: "Am I married? Say, I've been married fourteen times to fourteen different women!" And he proudly took fourteen wedding certificate from his pocket to prove it. And another night when Mr. Johnson asked a man what his occupation was and he answered: "sell rabbits' feet." He did, too!

"You can see," Mr. Johnson explains "that we can't plan our programs ahead of time, for we never know what types of people are going to be present. Naturally when a man tells Jerry he's been married fourteen times, the radio audience wants Jerry to ask him questions about married life and women. And when fellow tells me he's a rabbits' feet salesman, listeners expect some wise and interesting conversation on the subject of

luck and superstitions. It we tried to plan our program at all, we'd kill it."

"Of course," Mr. Belcher added, "many of the questions asked we have in mind, using them when nothing definite is suggested by the person being interviewed. Afraid of running out of questions? Never!" he laughed. "We have questions pouring in constantly from listeners, though, as a matter of fact, we can't use many of these. But we have twenty thousand questions left over from our Texas broadcasting days."

The Texas broadcasting days started in the fall of 1932, in Houston. After two years of highly successfully Vox-Pop ping in their own state, NBC invited them to New York and a spot on a coast-to-coast hook-up. They haven't had a week of idleness since.

They were scared of New York at first, fearful that the crowds on New York City street corners might be more difficult to work with than those in Texas. "But they aren't," says Johnson. "We find people in New York just as friendly and coöperative as they were at home. And they give us the same sort of answers."

The program itself is probably one of the most nerve-wracking on the air to conduct. For they never know from minute to minute what is going to happen. They have to be constantly alert.

"But we love it," the pair agrees, "and in one way we have it all over most other fellows in radio. We don't have to go to rehearsals!"

# DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

### One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the

right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

### One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder — and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

### Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

.....  
 (You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (23)  
 Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. **FREE**  
 Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.  
 Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... State.....  
 (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)  
 .....



John Boles, famous movie singing star, with Sigmund Romberg, famous composer. Boles has sung many of Romberg's lovely songs. In fact, there are few singers who haven't sung the Romberg melodies on radio, screen and stage. His opera, *May Wine*, is one of the highlights of the current Broadway theatrical season. Romberg now is in California, composing music for screen operettas. On Monday nights he conducts his orchestra for the Swift program, with Lionel Barrymore and guest artists, on WEA network.

# Why Abe Lyman Won't Wed

(Continued from page 45)

she returned to New York to star in a Broadway musical.

But now Eleanor was famous. She no longer was a struggling kid. She was a star, a real professional—and Abe, you will recall, has said he does not feel that any marriage with a professional could be successful. He couldn't selfishly ask Eleanor to give up her career. Perhaps, it wouldn't have done any good. But definitely, after Eleanor became famous, things weren't the same. Eleanor gave Abe back his gorgeous ring, but they are still the greatest of friends.

"Of course," Abe said with resignation, "I guess as long as my career lasts, I'll always be reading in the papers I'm in love with this girl or that girl. The truth of the matter will be that I've taken her once to a night club—but that seems to

be enough to start the gossips talking.

"Now wait and watch—you'll see in the paper one of these days that Abe Lyman is in the throes of another romance!"

Abe pondered morosely.

"Women!" he exclaimed at length. "Say, when I do have any time left over from my work, I'd rather use it to see a baseball game or a prize fight, or to play golf with the boys."

Abe Lyman, Lothario of Broadway, speaking!

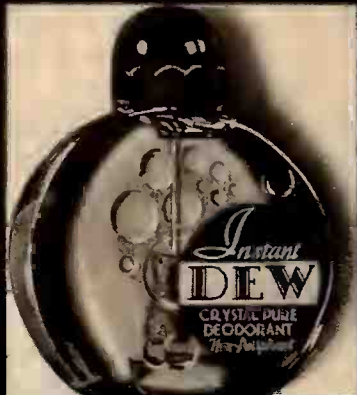
"Well, you'll retire someday. Won't you think of marriage then?" I asked.

"Retire! Ha, ha! That's a hot one!" Abe laughed. "When I retire, I'll be so old nobody would want me. When I retire—voluntarily, that is—it'll be because the baton keeps getting tangled up in my whiskers."



Mayor Frank Shaw, of Los Angeles, congratulates Sam Hayes, *The Richfield Reporter*, upon the 1500th consecutive broadcast of his nightly news program. Sam never has missed a broadcast, and never has "blown up" in his lines. In addition to his runner up record, as second to Amos and Andy in point of endurance on the air, Sam is a record contract-performer. His arrangements with his sponsor are made under a three-year agreement.

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# Small Town Stuff in a Big Way

(Continued from page 35)

gave me the best they had, whether they could afford it or not—and never would accept a dime. They'd be insulted if I offered them anything—I had to get around it by leaving something when they weren't looking."

In this way, he came to know intimately their way of life, their dialect, their philosophy, the strength and fineness of their simple code. And these contacts and this sympathetic understanding were shared by Chester Lauck.

In these days, of course, they had no thought beyond their own businesses, but in their spare time they did enjoy amateur theatricals and soon found themselves a popular team at local entertainments.

They had reason to be pleased with their success in a show which they put on to raise money for people left destitute and homeless by a flood, in 1931, but still they did not think of themselves as actors. However their fame spread and when the Hot Springs radio station decided to feature a Mena Day program, the Mena Lions' Club—president, Chester Lauck—accepted the invitation.

On the way to that broadcast, which was to prove such a turning point in their lives, young Lauck and Goff decided that they'd try something a little different. They had been putting on blackface acts, but they knew a sudden desire to do something

different, something original, something entirely their own. Five minutes before the broadcast, the idea still was nebulous but persistent and when the announcer asked them what they intended to call themselves, they decided on the spur of the moment on *Lum and Abner*.

Unalarmed by the mike, or by their lack of preparation, the boys went on the air and chattered inspiredly in the manner of the people they were familiar with—the farmers who loved to gather and philosophize about the stove of the nearest general store. Thus *Lum and Abner*—and Pine Ridge—were born!

That first broadcast led to an invitation to do a series of nine—and the young grocery salesman and the automobile finance man had found a new thrill in life!

The fan response to that first program, which led the Hot Springs station to extend the invitation, was but a small indication of what *Lum and Abner* were to mean to a constantly increasing public.

Their career hasn't been all smooth sailing—they have had different sponsors and have been limited to small stations and few outlets, but the boys never have wavered in their determination or in their sincerity, either in days of adversity or in these pleasanter days of well-earned fame and success.

"It isn't just comedy we want to put

over," Chester Lauck explained. "I think, if we have done anything to be proud of, it is just that we have created a better understanding of small-town people. City people used the term 'hick' in a derogatory way—and the radio public thought that all performers who came out of the hills were hillbillies and yodelers. Well, we tried to give them a different picture—to show them that country people get more out of life, that they aren't to be pitied—that they are the salt of the earth!"

"Well," said Norris Goff, and it was a long-drawn, appreciative *well*, "that was a long speech, for you!" He laughed, but turned to me, all seriousness again. "It is true, just the same—they spend more time building a life than a fortune. They have high ideals—they care about their honor, their reputation in the community. We forget that sort of thing, living in a city where nobody knows us and nobody cares."

"They're the backbone of the country," Lauck chimed in. "Their vocabulary may be limited, but they are keen-minded, they have their wits about them."

"And they can say more with one word—get more shades of meaning, more variations in the one word *well*, for instance, than you could imagine. They can say a whole sentence with it! And they feel deeply, borrow everyone's sorrow—"

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Miss Wendy Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., New York: "I smooth my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Make-up looks smart!"

### When you Melt away dead skin cells

YOU really have the softest skin imaginable. If you'd only bring it out! Its true softness is hidden by dull, dead cells—which you yourself can *melt* away.

Day after day, your skin is drying out. Little cells are forever shriveling into dry, flaky bits—mean "powder catchers"! But you can smooth your skin *instantly*—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A distinguished dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches the skin, an instant softening takes place. Dried-out surface cells melt

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Try Pond's Vanishing Cream with the coupon below. See how it puts an end to roughness, an end to powder trouble. Starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin! Apply it twice a day . . .

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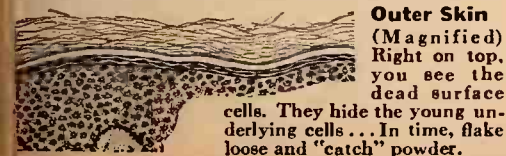
**Overnight for lasting softness**—Every night after your regular cleansing, spread Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy, won't show.

Just goes on invisibly . . . melting away every last roughness, softening your skin the whole night through!

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Four of radio's smoothest voices—those of Morton Downey and the Pickens sisters—who sing for the *Evening in Paris* night club of the air over NBC. But there's no cover charge to hear these singers, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

"They are pessimists to the last ditch," Lauck agreed, "but their sympathy is real, sincere."

"Well, their lives are serious, they have plenty to worry about—weather and crops and never much money," Goff summarized. "That's why our sketches have to have a serious side, to be true to life."

"And the seriousness accentuates the comedy," his partner contributed. "Makes the comedy stand out, gives body to the sketch, makes the characters more real! And we feel as if they really did exist—"

"That's why we don't use gags," Goff said. "Fans send them in—good ones, too—but our people don't talk that way."

No, such people as Lum and Abner, Dick Huddleston, Squire Skimp, Cedric Weehunt, and all the rest of them, would have nothing but contempt for such artificial wit. Theirs is a deeper, more significant wit—and wisdom. And for real humor, give me one of Lum Ed'ards' sayings—and Abner's perplexed and querulous "Humh?" and his disgusted: "If you'd just say what you mean and not allus talk so literary, Lum!" Or, again, Abner's low-voiced comments while Lum is talking over the party wire!

Chester Lauck plays Lum, Grandpappy Spears (he describes the latter as "mostly a despicable little wart, but you overlook it

because of his years") and the inimitable Cedric Weehunt, the town's dull boy.

"You find one like him in every town," Goff said: "Not half-witted, but just slow—good at collecting bees or sawing wood or telling you where and how to find the best trout or get the most birds, but not so good at books."

Norris Goff plays Abner Peabody, Squire Skimp and the real hero of these little sketches, Dick Huddleston. Dick is a grand character, steady, honest, generous and understanding. He gives balance, gives weight to the program. The real Dick, in Waters, Arkansas, is a great power for good in his community—and incidentally he gets a great deal of pleasure out of his career as a radio star by proxy and even has a heavy fan mail! A few years ago, young Norris Goff was selling him groceries for his general store and now he is proud to be the inspiration, almost the mainspring of this delightful program.

And that, I think, brings us to one thing the boys deserve greatest credit for—they have put all these people, the one real, the others imaginary but more or less based on people they have known, before the public without offending anyone. Their created characters are so true to life, not satirized or made fun of, but straight-

forward, honest-to-goodness people. The very same sort of people who willingly drive many miles from their own outlying farms, to witness a performance by Lum and Abner at the nearest theatre. (Each week-end, they make personal appearances in vaudeville in towns in West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana.)

Recently, as they were leaving a small-town theatre after their show, they overheard a farmer say: "Well, I drove in forty miles to see 'em—and I'm glad I done it."

To them, that is the highest praise. And they have had fans drive a hundred and even a hundred and fifty miles to see them!

Of course you picture Lum and Abner as two old codgers, warming themselves, with their friends, beside the pot-bellied stove of the *Jot 'Em Down* store. It is something of a shock to find instead two good-looking young men in a shiny office with modernistic furniture—white-leather-covered, low-slung chairs with pipes for legs—instead of cracker barrels to sit on! And white walls and a blue carpet, instead of sawdust on the floor and dusty shelves piled high with package goods. . . .

And can that tall chap with curly black hair and snappy blue eyes be the deep-voiced, slow-spoken Lum? And is this likeable lad, short and blond, hardly more than a boy, the querulous old fellow with the high-pitched voice and the silly laugh—Abner Peabody himself?

But they have more in common with their characters than appears on the surface. . . .

Their characterizations are cleverly drawn, cleverly portrayed—they have given as many as eighteen characterizations in one fifteen-minute broadcast, and fifty over a period of time, and it is amazing how clearly differentiated, how distinct each character is.

They don't write their script until the day it is to be broadcast, don't plot their story in advance, but they have found that writing it out does enable them to give a smoother broadcast.

"Lum is the stenographer," Abner laughed, "but we work it out together. We



Debonair and smiling, Walter Woolf King, the singing host of the *Flying Red Horse Tavern*, broadcasts every Friday. He also stars in Sigmund Romberg's operetta, *May Wine*.

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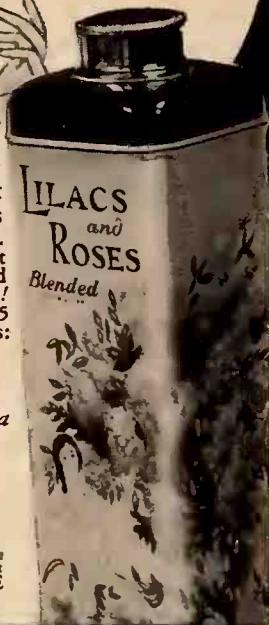
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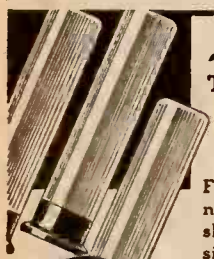
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FREE... your chance to discover new allure by finding the right shade for your lips! Three full trial sizes of the famous Rejuvia Lipstick... each in a new seductive color... sent upon receipt of 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing cost. For beauty's sake. ACT NOW!

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just get together and begin to talk as those two old fellows would—we even think like them, it seems.”

“One thing just leads to another,” Lum continued. “And it seems more spontaneous to have the thing unravel itself, than to have it all plotted out.”

The boys keep in close touch with the folks back home and make trips whenever possible for ‘local color’ and to refresh their dialect. And you can see that they have kept their love for simple things, that Pine Ridge means more to them than Chicago!

“I’d leave right now,” Abner confessed, “for some home-cooked chicken and fresh vegetables—but do you know what they’d give me if they knew I was coming? Chicken is everyday grub to them—they’d hike down to the store and lay in a supply of canned goods and give me my dinner all out of cans! That’s a real dinner, a party dinner to them!”

But these are busy days, with a heavy, unvarying schedule, so the trips to Mena or Waters have to be made singly, leaving the other to carry on the program alone. Consequently, they don’t get there very often, but it all remains vivid in their minds and in their sketches.

Coming to the office at 2 P. M. or thereabouts, they attend to fan mail and to the writing of their evening’s script. Then they broadcast at 7:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, and again at 9:15 P. M. for the Pacific Coast. This just leaves time in between for their family and social life. Both boys are married, to Arkansas girls, and the Laucks have two little girls, the Goffs a little boy.

They like best to work without an audience, believing that any actor unconsciously plays to the studio audience if one is present.

“I prefer to have the audience ‘listen in through a knothole!’” Lauck said.

“We assume the different characters as we play,” Goff commented. “For instance, when Chet is Lum, he rears back and makes himself, as well as his voice big, and when he plays Grandpappy Spears, he hunches himself up and twists his face—we don’t have to worry about how we’d look to an audience and it helps in our characterization.”

“We do our own sound effects, too,” Lauck added, “as far as possible.”

“What about such an audience as you had in Radio City?” I queried, reminding them of their trip to New York this win-



Harriet Hilliard, glamour girl of radio and a recent success in motion pictures, is reported to be headed straight for screen stardom. She is heard Sunday evenings at 7:30 p. m. on the *Bakers Broadcast*, with Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader and Harriet's husband, and Robert L. (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley.





Gertrude Berg is at home in the kitchen. Also she is wife, mother, pianist, singer, writer and actress.

ter and their appearance on the Magic Key program.

"We didn't pay any attention to them —just turned our backs to them and went on with our show."

They have little spare time, but both are golf enthusiasts and get in as much of this fascinating sport as they can in the summer. And enjoy tennis and swimming.

"And I am a boat enthusiast," Norris Goff contributed, "that is, I have a boat —if that makes you an enthusiast!"

While they were in New York, they went aboard the *Monarch*, Bermuda liner, and were as strongly tempted to run away as they have ever been in their lives.

"They almost had to smoke me off," Goff confessed. "I just wanted someone to say one cross word!"

But the cross word was unspoken, and they returned perforce to Chicago, where they have continued to be very much on the job.

Since the early days when they were on the air under the sponsorship of the Quaker Oats Company and later when they put on a local show for Ford dealers and subsequently for the Ford Motor Company, the boys have been gratified by a constantly increasing audience. But it remained for Mr. Horlick, of the Horlick Malted Milk Corporation, to prove himself a real fan and to bring the boys to a wider public.

Under the Ford sponsorship, *Lum and Abner* had been featured in the opening program at Radio City, but at that time, and for some months under the Horlick sponsorship, their broadcasts were limited to western outlets. Mr. Horlick, however, was instrumental in forming the Mutual Broadcasting System, so that this program might have better distribution.

And the grand consequence of that is that, wherever you are, you have but to turn your dial at the proper hour, and the soft strains of *Eleanor* and the brisk and kindly voice of Carlton Brickert will transport you swiftly to Pine Ridge, and to the Jot 'Em Down Store, where those grand old fellows, *Lum and Abner*, and their amusing, heart-warming friends, will give you a cheery welcome!



**TO BE BEAUTIFUL**  
 be sure to go to  
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 weekly. Also, daily  
 help keep your face-  
 muscles young with  
**DOUBLE MINT gum.**

Q-125

# Radio's Most Thrilling Men

(Continued from page 26)



SANI-FLUSH is made on purpose to clean toilets. It carries away unsightly spots and stains. It removes ugly incrustations. And—more than that—Sani-Flush purifies the unseen trap that no other cleaning-method can reach.

Sani-Flush is sure-death to toilet odors and germs. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. That's the end of it. Porcelain glistens like new. Odors disappear. Dangerous germs are banished.

Sani-Flush saves you all unpleasant work. It is perfectly safe. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Cantou, Ohio.



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Don't confuse KLEAROL Acne Lotion No. 1 with ordinary preparations. It works amazingly fast because it is compounded of costly ingredients similar to those prescribed time and time again by skin specialists! Send 10c for generous sized sample.

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look at Bing and they think of their George. Perhaps they've been wishing that George's hair might be dark and sleek like, say George Raft's. But Bing's hair is not sleek and dark. Bing's hair is just American-colored hair like—well, like George's. They've been thinking, critically, that George's eyes were too pale, too blue. Well, but Bing's eyes are pale and blue, too. By the time they get through, George has had quite a build-up. They feel a good deal more satisfied with George. George might be very much like Bing—if George could only sing. But, after all, they can always listen to Bing singing, so it's all right.

"Yes, there is definitely something in the sound of the voice which has more

to do with love than we know of. It is the sound, that throaty, peculiar little something in Bing's voice which has netted and snared the feminine hearts of the world. It is something masterful and tender and grave and stern in Nelson's voice which has accomplished the same, in his way. Girls fell in love with Nelson—girls fell in love with Bing before they ever saw them. The voice told them all they needed to know, gave them all they needed to have . . .

"Of course I'm really more interested in women on the air than I am in men. Especially in women singers. Lily Pons and Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and Margaret Speaks . . . women who are doing my sort of thing. I always listen



Here are The Landt Trio and White, whose songs and comedy have been heard for the past seven years on NBC morning programs. Top left, Howard White, the accompanist. At his right, Dan Landt, bass baritone. Below are Jack and Karl Landt, tenors. They are on the air each week-day at 8:45 a. m. E.S.T. over an NBC network, and each Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45 p. m.

to them. I like to know what they are singing, and how.

"On the other hand, women's speaking voices on the air are, almost all of them, strangely unattractive. Women announcers, for instance," groaned Jeanette. "They always sound as though they were giving lessons in diction—rather prissy lessons. Or they sound as though they had just come from having their voices placed. They sound irritating and unnatural and artificial. I suppose it's because women always have been more affected, as a sex, than men. Most of us have little affectations of one sort or another, gestures or facial expressions or tricks of speech or something. And when women go on the air, it is all there—the affectation—packed into the voice. The male announcers sound natural and convincing and earnest. They have something to say and they say it and that is that.

"Men, as a rule, are more popular on the air than women are, I think. There never has been a feminine Bing Crosby nor a feminine rival to Rudy Vallee. I doubt that there ever will be. Perhaps it is because young men are not the fan material young women are. I can't imagine a group of high school or college lads clustered about a radio, hanging with bated breath and beating heart on every tune and tone of a radio crooneress. An isolated boy here and there might have a crush on some radio star but he would take his crush up to his room with him and keep it there, in secrecy. He'd never infect a group with it . . . it wouldn't be contagious.

"As to that, Bing and Rudy never have



The candid camera caught the rarely photographed Toscanini in action at Carnegie Hall during a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic Society.

had any very serious rivals among their own sex. I think that is because all the other crooners imitate them. They are not original. Every band in the country has its crooner but every crooner is an imitator of Bing and Rudy . . . Some day some young man will arise with something original in his voice and then we will have another crooning star . . .

"Honestly, you know," said Jeanette, stretching her slim length on the pale

green couch, "honestly, I didn't expect to go on and on like this. It's really presumptuous of me to be talking about radio at all. I know so very little about it. I've had such very little experience on the air. One broadcast when I was back East. A guest hour, very seldom. And I *want* to be on the air. I haven't, you see, been able to broadcast because the terms of my contract forbid it. An occasional guest hour is permissible, but no series. I can't *really* broadcast. I've argued about it with the Front Office. At first, it didn't matter so much to me. I was intent on my picture career. I'm still intent on it. But now, I want to be on the air, too. I want terribly to be able to take advantage of some of the very flattering offers which come to me—well, almost daily. And not just because of the money offered.

"I want to be on the air because I like to believe that a whole new world of fans is waiting for me. Fans who never have seen me on the screen as well as fans who have. Anyone wants to make new friends. And there is, I think, something infinitely more intimate between a radio star and his fans than there is between a movie star and his. A radio performer is right with the fans. I would feel, on the air, as though I were right in the kitchens and parlours and bedrooms of my fans. I would become on the air, a part of the daily life of the home. I would be a member of the family, coming home at eventide.

"I wouldn't think, for instance, of missing Ed Wynn when he broadcasts. I love him. I wouldn't shut him off any more than I would shut the front door in the face of an old familiar friend. My mother

## In the month of

# ROSES and ROMANCE



## WOODBURY'S Facial Powder



### This Lovely Clinging Face Powder Will Help You Play Your Part

IF YOU want your skin to have the petal-smoothness that will tempt his touch . . . try the flattering face powder that Woodbury skin scientists prepare! See how alluring it will make you look!

For Woodbury's has three very special virtues. It clings until you wash it off. Its uniformly fine texture and even tone, due to a new, improved process of blending,

der invisible against your skin. And Woodbury's *does not clog the pores*...because it lies smoothly on the outer surface of the skin. Never sinks down into the pores to stretch or coarsen them.

The six shades harmonize with the true skin tones. One suits your coloring so exactly that it will make you look perfectly natural, yet lovelier than ever before! \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

### FREE! SIX SKIN-BLOOM SHADES (Enough for a Week's Trial)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9166 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

(Paste on penny postcard, or mail in envelope NOW)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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AVOID IMITATIONS. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.



# Sweet AND Low

WHEN the last sweet note of your favorite program has faded and you've clicked off the radio, then, of course, it's time for a snack.

Make your before-bedtime meal a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes. These golden flakes are wholesome, delicious, and so easy to digest, they help you to sleep soundly. Every grocer sells them and the price is low.

You'll enjoy these programs:

### HOLLYWOOD TALENT PARADE

Starring Ben Alexander—on the Mountain and Pacific Coast N. B. C. Red Network Thursday nights.

### KELLOGG'S SINGING LADY

Every day except Saturday and Sunday—5:30 to 5:45 over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network.

Nothing takes the place of

*Kellogg's*

**CORN FLAKES**



SOILED WINDOW SHADES?  
NEVER AGAIN..

**"I Keep My Windows Spic and Span with 15c CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES"**

CLEVER ME! I've found that 15c CLOPAYS look every bit as rich and lovely as costly shades. And they're so inexpensive I simply rip them off the rollers when they're soiled and attach fresh new ones in a jiffy with that patented gummed strip." Try it yourself! Millions now use 15c CLOPAYS! They wear amazingly—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Variety of smart patterns and rich, plain colors. Also see the new 15c \*CLOPAY LINTONE that "looks like costly linen." See them in leading 5 & 10 and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE COLOR SAMPLES to CLOPAY CORP., 1598 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

tunes in, regularly, on Myrt and Marge. We always listen to Burns and Allen. They're not just entertainers . . . they're more like old friends who drop in at certain times, are expected, are welcome and are painfully missed if they are 'detained.'

"You don't have to be visited in a theatre, when you broadcast you are there in the family group. I want to be in the family groups, too. And this," said Jeanette tersely, "this indicates how I feel about radio—when my contract is finished, I shall not re-sign unless I am permitted to do radio."

Jeanette's mother came in to bring us hot chocolate and to take the MacDonald doggie for his nocturnal stroll.

Jeanette said, as we straightened our spines and sipped calories. "I have one other—well, 'sentiment' for want of a better word—about radio. It's this: *our futures are on the air*. Those of us who might have had no futures have them now. The air is our soundest insurance. It is our old-age pension.

"When I say that radio is our soundest insurance I mean this . . . Youth is relatively easy to 'sell.' Youth is decked out

with bright flowers and the talents of youth shine in the April sun. But bright flowers fade and beauty tarnishes with the years. And there comes the day—there *has* come that dread day in the lives of many an actor and actress and singer, too—when footlights and cameras say: '*Nevermore!*' And there has been a disconsolate creeping away, defeated. But now that dread day need never dawn. There now is another field—the *air*. And on the air it doesn't matter that youth is gone. It doesn't matter whether we are too fat or too thin, eighteen or eighty, so long as the voice is there.

"I've often thought—doubtless everyone has—of what it might be if I should have some kind of an accident—in a car, perhaps. Suppose I should sustain some injury to my face, lose an arm or a leg. I would be done for on the screen. Disabled and put away, It wouldn't matter on the air.

"It wouldn't matter. And there is another blessing of radio work, I should think . . . it makes less of a demand on the entertainers than any other form of entertaining. There is an hour, perhaps a two-hour rehearsal before a broadcast. I believe. I



Rachel Carlay, French prima donna of NBC's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* program, hands out a little Gallic wisdom: "American girls, they rush into love and fall out of it quickly. French women love wisely—and wed." On marriage: "American women ruin their chances by ruling their men—French women rule by yielding."



Hal Totten (left) and Clem McCarthy, veteran sports announcers.

realize that it is important to build each broadcast so that it crescendos, so to speak, never lags or falters or drops in the middle. I really think that being a guest artist on a guest artist program is about the hardest radio feat of all. For you have then two or three songs to sing, at most. And in that brief space of time you must stand or fall. But on a regular series . . . why, the radio fans who write in and request songs really arrange your programs for you—and there you are!

"And when I say that the radio is our 'old age pension,' continued Jeanette, looking absurdly adolescent as she sat tailor-fashion and stirred chocolate, "I mean that although faces may fade and bodies lose their slenderness, the voice should mellow with age. The voice, like wine and fine individuals, should grow rarer and finer with the passing of years, with the garnering of experience, the savouring of life. It was Nellie Melba, I think, who after several failures, returned to London and at the age of sixty, scored the supreme triumph of her career. But she must have been faintly conscious of the garment of those sixty years. How much freer and like herself she might have felt if the sixty years need not have shown . . . if the beautiful ripened voice had come over the air, ageless, eternal . . .

"I think there will be mutual benefits—between artists and the medium of radio. To the radio the artists will bring their perfections, their well-shaped, exquisitely skilled tools, their consummate artistry. And to the artists the radio will give—life as everlasting as life ever is.

"It's a tremendous thing when you *really* pause to consider it . . . radio . . ." said Jeanette gravely. "When you realize that it can come into the home . . . to the sick-bed . . . to the old . . . to the poor . . . when it can open the eyes of the blind . . . when it can place history and adventure and song in the lap of little crippled children . . . when it can bring such love as Nelson Eddy gives in song . . . as Bing and Rudy give in crooning . . . and when it can reward its artists with faithfulness unto death . . ."

The MacDonald doggie came in, with neighboring gossip. And I went out.

*Captured!  
the eternal odor of love*



# GARDENIA

NO perfume thrill you've ever had will equal your first acquaintance with FAOEN's new Gardenia. Here's a new perfume of rare emotional appeal . . . created to key the senses to the true joy of living—and loving. To transform occasions into events and to transform you in the imagination of others as that enviable being—the unforgettable woman! Try this unforgettable fragrance today.



A lush, heady Gardenia blend for the woman who loves the touch of velvet, the whiteness of snow, the glamour of spring and the aura of luxury. A perfume ever reminiscent of Spring . . . and eternal romance. The new vanity size on sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Trial size **10c**

## PARK & TILFORD

*Gardenia*

FAOEN

# Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 11)



The genuine Drip-O-lator makes coffee with the exacting precision that a baker produces fine pastry. That's why every cup is exactly right every time. You will enjoy not only uniformly good coffee but the smart beauty of the modern new model shown above. Be sure to look for the name Drip-O-lator stamped in the base.

THE ENTERPRISE ALUMINUM CO.  
MASSILLON OHIO

THE GENUINE DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT & RETAIL STORES

**REMOVES HAIR**

**PERFUMED**

**X-BAZIN**

**CREAM or POWDER**

Simply apply — wash off.

Giant Size Tube or Powder

never costs more than . . .

**50c**

Smaller Tube

**10c**

ALL DRUG DEPT STORES — TEN CENT STORES

**EASILY · QUICKLY · SURELY**

**LEARN TO IRON**

*beautifully, speedily, happily!*

**QUICK ELASTIC**

**HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS**



**Don't Let Your Iron Get You Down**

Here's starch, in powder form, plus gliding ingredients combined to make hot starching easy. And to make irons fairly glide. A wonderful invention we wish you would try. Write us, The Hubinger Co., number 277, Keokuk, Ia. for our little proof packet—ask for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch". We believe it will reveal for you an easy way to avoid needless exhaustion in ironing. Send for it today.



Ethel Shutta, soloist of the *Dr. West's Celebrity Night* program, on NBC.

While the hair is being wound, the heater-clamps are heated by pushing a button on the machine. A red light shows. When the clamps have reached the proper temperature, on comes a green light. The engineers call this electro-thermo control. The heater-clamps are put on the head, and the operator sets the indicator on the dial to a minute and a half. A bell will ring as soon as the minute and a half are up and the heater-clamps are removed to reveal a permanent wave of perfect uniformity. I saw (and felt) four heads of hair that were waved by this machine at an introductory demonstration—blonde, red-head, brunette, and white hair—and the result was a glorious sheen and a soft texture, as well as a perfect wave.

If you have taken care of your hair with a brushing campaign and a perfect permanent and you want to do your complexion housecleaning next, you will want to order a supply of the amazing soap which contains the benefits of "filtered sunshine." We all know that sunshine brings sparkle, vibrancy, and radiance into our beings. It can accomplish miracles in health and beauty. This soap will shed a new light on your spring complexion treatments. It is not a new soap, except for the addition of the sunshine element; rather it is an old favorite of long stand-

ing, but an ingredient in its formula has now been irradiated with sunshine. Scientific tests have proven that this irradiated ingredient is absorbed by the skin, so that now you can give your skin some of the benefits of sunshine every time you wash.

In connection with your spring brushing and polishing campaign, I have several special bulletins which I am sure you will find helpful, and which are yours for the clipping of the coupon, and a self-addressed stamped envelope. If you wish the names of products described in these columns, won't you drop me a line? Personal questions are always personally answered.

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

Kindly send me you bulletin on:

- Normal and dry skin
- Blackheads and oily skin
- Care of the hair

Name.....

Address.....

(Please inclose stamped addressed envelope)

# Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 6)

"Writers should submit two or three sample scripts in sequence, with a brief outline of programs to follow. And don't imitate shores already on the air.

"Last, but not least," Savage advises, "don't write your story to please a possible sponsor. Write it to please yourself and give it all you've got in plot, characterization and technique. Your chances of getting it accepted will be greater."

Mr. Savage and his two assistants read, on an average, fifty scripts a week, the majority of them being unsolicited—every offering being considered in hope of discovering a suitable idea.

ED WYNN, long one of radio's most popular comedians, now on the air as Gulliver, the Traveler, lists the following as important elements for a successful comedian: Good taste, personality, talent and material.

"Good taste," Wynn explains, "is the most important item in successful comedy. The public must never be offended. Personality," he continues, "precedes both talent and material. A vivid personality often wins favor, with only a modicum of talent." Material, to Wynn, is least important. Naturally one should seek for new and original material, but often old jokes are funniest, when 'dressed up.'

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, conductor of the Chesterfield series of concerts, has made a close study of the microphone's vocal requirements. In his opinion the outstanding radio singer must possess: A vivid vocal personality, a wide range of tone color in the voice, an individual style of singing and a highly developed breath control. "The voice must be devoid of tremolo," says Kostelanetz.

Mr. Kostelanetz stresses the importance of individuality. "A second Kate Smith or Bing Crosby or Nino Martini, with the same style or tone color of any one of these artists, probably would find it a handicap rather than an asset. Imitators, even able ones, of prominent artists on the air today find quick obscurity."

## IF YOU WOULD BE AN ANNOUNCER—

In Radio City there is a school established by NBC to train radio announcers. Dan Russell directs the school, which is under the supervision of Pat Kelly, chief of NBC's staff of announcers. Among its students are former page boys and guides at Radio City, two of whom already have graduated into announcerial positions.

## "THE SOUL OF JAZZ"

That's "swing" music, according to Bob Crosby.

We've been hearing a lot about swing music lately, so we went in search of a definition. Marshall Stearns says: "Swing is the yeast in the musical brew." And Louis Armstrong declares: "Swing is music as it should be played." "Swing," says Bud Freeman, "is a musician's music."

Just how it all adds up, we're not sure! "We don't know much about music, but

# She has what it takes



*except one thing*

She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum—it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration—the odor.

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

# MUM



**ON SANITARY NAPKINS.** This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

## takes the odor out of perspiration

**WASN'T HER FACE RED**

When She Overheard that "Catty" Remark about her

**GRAYING HAIR**

"How Much Older She Looks than Her Husband."



**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

A daintier preparation, keeps ALL your hair one even, lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color. Cleanly, economically used in hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention not needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

**BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.**  
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.  
Send in plain wrapping. M. G.-32  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....  
State Original Color of Hair

**ITCHING Stops Quick!**



SKIN  
OUT-  
BREAKS



RASHES  
ECZEMA



FOOT  
ITCH

WHY writhe and squirm helplessly under itching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable blessing for relief of rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops quickly. Smarting, burning disappear. Angry redness vanishes. Used by doctors and hospitals for 25 years. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping. Get Hydrosal from your druggist now! Liquid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.

**Hydrosal**

**BE AN ARTIST**

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Thirty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries.

Write today for Art Year Book  
**SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART**  
Dept. 236, 100 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.



**BE A NURSE**

**MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK**  
You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 37 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.  
**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 236, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.....  
City.....State.....Age.....

Wide World Photo



Gladys Swarthout, star of opera, screen and radio, and her husband, Frank Chapman, concert singer, enjoyed a recent vacation together in Nassau, B.W.I. Miss Swarthout's latest movie, with Jan Kiepura, is *Give Us This Night*.

we know what we like?" is our test. So, if you like "swing"—it's the real thing. If you don't—

**MOVIE STARS AT THE MIKE**

Janet Gaynor, teeth chattering, red hair flaming, almost needing to be held up—then digging in and delivering . . . Claudette Colbert, nervous and taut like a race-horse before the starting-bell . . . Miriam Hopkins, striding up and down, chain-smoking cigarettes, during rehearsal—calm before the mike . . . Mae West, finding it all very funny—playing a torrid love scene with someone on a different mike, ten feet away . . . Ronald Coleman, looking bored to hide his nervousness . . . Ruby Keeler, trying to conceal her jitters, as Husband Al Jolson smiles and nods encouragement from the control booth . . . Victor McLaglen losing his place in the script and ad libbing to cover up . . . Jean Harlow, quiet and thoughtful. At intervals she powders her nose or lights a cigarette, but she lets nothing upset her . . . Spencer Tracy chewing gum throughout the broadcast . . . Freddie Bartholomew, self-possessed, as always.

**IN A WORD**

Picking ten men as the most charming in radio, Lucy Monroe characterizes them in a word:  
Don Ameche (actor) . . . sophisticated

- John Barclay (singer) . . . sophisticated
- Phil Ducey (singer) . . . enthusiastic
- Gustave Haenschen (conductor) . . . goodnatured
- Leslie Howard (actor) . . . appealing
- Frank Munn (singer) . . . sincere
- Wilfred Pelletier (conductor) . . . wise
- Deems Taylor (commentator) . . . amusing
- Alexander Woolcott (commentator) . . . urbane

The sum of these qualities, Lucy thinks, would make the ideal man.  
Who is he?

**MIKE SKETCH**

In private life he is Pat Barrett. On the air he is Uncle Ezra, heard over NBC's National Barn Dance, Saturday nights. Pat is the creator of the series centered around the fictitious radio station E-Z-R-A at Rosedale. The program has been on the air for over three years. Pat was born in Holden, Missouri. His parents were actors. He has been married twenty-three years to the Cecelia in his show. He has two prize-winning dogs, Whiskey, a springer spaniel and Danny, an Irish setter. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing. In his spare time he makes trout-flies and now has over 3,000 of them. Also he teaches neighborhood children to make their own flies.



AMONG THE AIRCASTERS

Eddie Dowling, who with his wife, Ray Dooley, comedienne, is featured in the new NBC series, *The Elgin Revue*, was master of ceremonies on the late Florenz Ziegfeld's original *Follies*. A number of radio's notables owe their start on the air to Dowling—among them Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Jean Sargent, Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan and Al Goodman.

Conductor Wilfred Pelletier began his musical career at the age of nine, playing drums in a Montreal movie orchestra.

Oley Speaks, composer of "Sylvia," calls Frank Munn the best interpreter of his famous song.

Walter Cassell, NBC baritone and one of the recent auditioners on the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, played trumpet in orchestras for eight years, before he became known as a singer.

Sally Singer, heard with Jerry Cooper on the *Musical Toast* series, has decided to use her own name—Sally Schermerhorn—for radio. The Schermerhorns are one of the oldest Dutch families in America.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Perhaps you imagine that it would be fun to be an orchestra leader. Harry Sosnik thinks so, too. But take a look at his day . . . This young maestro, who also is noted as a pianist, arranger and composer, starts the day at nine a. m. and quits work at one a. m. the following day! Each week he prepares fifty songs for his nine broadcasts, has several hours daily of rehearsal, new arrangements to write, conferences with music publishers, managers and so on, and his nightly program at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. Besides all that he reads daily a far from considerable amount of fan mail and once a month he writes a new composition for his publishers. Between whiles he finds time for recreation. Sounds exhausting—but Harry declares that he enjoys it.

THIS 'N' THAT

Here's a man who has gone to the dogs and is glad of it! In the days of silent pictures he was leading man for movie star Marguerite Clark. Then he abandoned the screen to make a very good living by his animal imitations. Now you hear Bradley Barker contribute the canine voices to Albert Payson Terhune's dog dramas, as well as performing a similar act on other programs. It may be a dog's life—but it's all right with Bradley Barker.

Probably you wouldn't be particularly interested to read that Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kubelsky (she's the former Sayde Marks) recently celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary. Nevertheless they're folks you know and love—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, no less!

Announcer Alois Havrilla, who was born in what is now Czecho-Slovakia, is married to the former Marion Munson, a descendant of John Howland of Mayflower fame.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Bill wanted to be an actor. To be an actor, you had to have experience. If you had money, you could study at the Good-

HOW "SKINNY" ALICE CHANGED HER LUCK



WHY ALICE! THERE GOES JACK WITH THAT SMITH GIRL

I KNOW...BUT I CAN'T COMPETE WITH HER FIGURE



LOOK AT ME, I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE WITH JACK, I'M SO SKINNY

I'LL TELL YOU HOW I GAINED 10 LBS. IN 3 WEEKS



WHY AREN'T YOU SEEING THAT SMITH GIRL NOW, JACK?

WHO WANTS TO LOOK AT ANYONE BUT YOU, GORGEOUS?

THOUSANDS GAIN 5 TO 15 LBS. WITH NEW "7-POWER" YEAST

IT'S really a shame for so many to be skinny and without friends when this new, easy treatment has given thousands solid, normally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, is that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new health and glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of energizing iron which strengthen the blood.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few short weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models



Youthful looking  
**HAIR**

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



10c

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

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

**Nestle COLORINSE**  
The NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY, N.Y.

MARY BIDDLE CAN HELP SOLVE YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS . . . SEE PAGE 10 IN THIS ISSUE.

**Two Approved Treatments**



1 for **Freckles**

*Stillman's Freckle Cream*

You can banish those ugly, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear . . .

50c  
A JAR

2 for **Pimples**

*Stillman's Actone*

No one likes pimples. You can get rid of yours — have a clear skin again with Stillman's Actone. It's guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Takes only a few seconds to apply — then immediately becomes invisible. Write today for \$1 folder "Pimples removed" . . .

by **Stillman's**  
• AT ALL DRUG STORES •

FREE BOOKLETS ON REQUEST  
THE STILLMAN CO., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.



One of radio's pioneer "big name" orchestras, Harry Reser's Eskimos, began broadcasting ten years ago and still continue with the same sponsor.

man Theatre in Chicago. But Bill had no money . . .

That didn't stop him, however. Any kind of a job would bring in some money. So Bill became a bus boy in a Chicago restaurant. You got enough to eat there, and a place to sleep didn't cost much — so you could save nearly all you earned.

Bill took the coveted course at the Goodman Theatre. Then he started bravely out in search of a job on the stage. That wasn't so easy to find. The best he could get was a brief fling at a juvenile part in stock.

Radio, thought Bill — that was the answer . . . So to the broadcasting station Bill went and, being Bill, he convinced the manager that he was the very man they wanted.

And thus the one-part man of the stage became the one-man show of the air! Bill Baar of the *Grandpa Burton* program has played over 1,000 different characters in his brief radio career. They range from a 6-year-old boy to 76-year-old Grandpa Burton. (Bill himself is twenty-six.) In each broadcast he portrays from seven to twenty-two different characters, without the help of gadgets or microphonic tricks. There's always room at the top!

**THE RHYTHM BOYS**

For two years they were a unit in Paul Whiteman's band. Bing Crosby was one of the first Rhythm Boys. When he struck out for himself, the unit continued, composed of George MacDonald, Al Dary, Ray Kulz and Jimmie Nole. Then Nole left and was replaced by "Ice" Switzler.

The boys want this understood, because Crosby's fame has led some people to believe that these boys are trying to cash in on it by using the name of his original unit. Whereas, with replacements, it still actually is the original Rhythm Boys.

They're on the air twice weekly, Tuesdays and Thursdays, over WABC.

**CARVETH WELLS COMMENTS**

Carveth Wells, star of the Conoco Travel Bureau program, thinks everything is grand about America except its women's voices. "American women have spoiled their voices," he says, "by shrieking at cocktail parties."

Also Wells, a highly-paid star of radio for many years, now "Exploring America" on a 20-state hook-up under sponsorship of the Continental Oil Com-

pany, passes on a shred of advice for aspiring radio performers.

"Keep away from elocution schools," he says. "Elocution lessons make you about as interesting as a jackass.

"Make your hobbies the principal part of your life. You'll last longer.

"Cultivate lower tones in your voice repertoire. I didn't break into the big money until I changed my voice from tenor to bass."

Stay-at-home professors who think they know nearly everything have grown tired of challenging the truth of the radio tales told by Wells, who recently returned to the air on the Conoco Travel Bureau program after a three-year holiday devoted chiefly to wandering.

They didn't believe him when he said he had seen, in the Malay jungle, fish that climb trees and worms that come out of the ground and whistle at humans, but Wells proved he was right. On a recent exploration of the Canal Zone and the west coast of Mexico, Wells found a place where college professors are kept in cages while wild animals wander at large. On the way home, he drank boiling water comfortably. The explanation (of course there is one) follows: Professors are put in cages to study animals, because that's the best way to make observations at close range. And anyone can drink boiling water if the water is boiled at a sufficiently high altitude. Atop a really high mountain it boils while still virtually cold.

#### SHORT LINES

Major Edward Bowes is said to be writing his biography . . . Virginia Rea was born in Louisville, Kentucky . . . Rubinoff never has missed a broadcast or a rehearsal and always keeps an appointment on the dot . . . Grace Moore's Spanish husband, Valentin Ferrara, once was a bull-fighter in his native land . . . John Barclay is the husband of Madame Dagmar Rybnar, noted pianist . . . Red Nichols conducts with a pencil, when not playing the trumpet in his Friday evening show . . . Conductor Rico Marchelli is a clever caricaturist and also paints in oils . . . Stuart Allen, soloist with Richard Himber, went to school with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie . . . Graham McNamee is Irish, not Scotch. He was born in Washington . . . Lucy Monroe is bored by blond men and bridge . . . Frank Munn loathes early rising . . . And Priscilla Lane hates spinach . . . What's yours? . . . At seventeen, Jack Hylton, London conductor, was directing the orchestra of an opera company touring England . . . Maxine, lovely Hour of Charm vocalist, was born in Columbus, Ohio, twenty-one years ago . . . Patti Chapin, of the Ziegfeld Follies series, loves sports clothes, gardenias and emeralds . . . Fifi D'Orsay, of the *Folies Bergere of the Air*, is as French as the Boulevard St. Germain, but she was born in Montreal, Canada. Her full name is Marie Rose Angelina Yvonne Lussier d'Sablon Fifi D'Orsay—and the late Will Rogers used to call her *Froggy!* . . . Lennie Hayton directs the music on two famous CBS broadcasts—Ed Wynn's *Gulliver the Traveler* and the *Flying Red Horse Tavern*, with Beatrice Lillie, Walter Woolf King and others . . . Frank Tours, who conducts the orchestra for the John Charles Thomas concerts, is the son of Berthold Tours, English composer.



## ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE UNDER TWO FLAGS

In the Foreign Legion, you never ask a man about his post. Yet everyone knew Sergeant Victor to be a true English gentleman. His courage, courtesy, and charm won for him the love and respect of everyone, and of three people especially . . . three who became important factors in his life . . . *Cigarette*, the pretty cafe girl, who risked her life to save his . . . brusque, blunt *Major Doyle*, who loved Victor as a brother, but who was driven by jealousy to order him on a mission that meant certain death . . . beautiful *Lady Venetia Cunningham*, whom Victor knew was the one and only girl he could ever love.

What was this man's secret . . . a secret that made him willing to go to certain death for Major Doyle, renouncing love and life?

Don't miss "Under Two Flags," a thrilling romance of the Foreign Legion. You will find the complete story of this new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, with Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, and Victor McLaglen, in the June issue.

Other features for June include: "The King Steps Out," starring Grace Moore and Franchot Tone, "Showboat," with Irene Dunne, "San Francisco," with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald, "The Princess Comes Across," starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," with William Powell and Jean Arthur . . . And the complete \$2.00 novel for June is the story of "Hearts Divided," with Marion Davies and Dick Powell. Also, a jewelry gift from Grace Moore!

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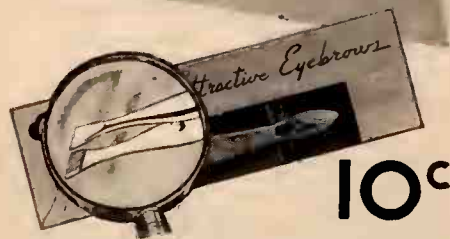
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# Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 58)

I prefer to prepare myself mentally for the job, then experience the joy of meeting any and all situations as they arise."

**Betty Lou Gerson:** "No—perhaps it did at first, but after so many performances it has become automatic and I find the attitude I bring to radio and script-reading is entirely different from that of the theatre and the memorized lines."

**Don Ameche:** "Radio acting of its very nature will not be as effective in character portrayal as theatre acting; but I don't think that memorized lines would be any more conducive to smoothness than lines read from script."

**Ozzie Nelson:** "No, I find it gives me much more assurance."

**Igor Gorin:** "I prefer to memorize everything I do before the mike."

**John Barclay:** "No, it becomes a habit."

**Jose Manzanaras:** "Yes . . . my foreign accent interferes sometimes."

**Teddy Bergman:** "No—it only hampers playing up to the studio audience, which is just as well."

**Deems Taylor:** "On the contrary . . . it eliminates the necessity for fumbling for words."

**Bob Burns:** "No . . . but then I don't stick to script."

**David Ross:** "A smooth reading can be achieved when you are thoroughly familiar with your script."

**Frank Parker:** "It did at one time—but not now."

**Nick Dawson:** "Only in scenes where violent action or emotion must be depicted, i.e. where gestures and body postures are necessary to produce the 'feeling' of the rôle."

**Do you think that the recent classical trend in both radio drama and radio music is here to stay?**

**Ray Perkins:** "Popular interest and appreciation in the more intelligent levels of music and the drama seems constantly to be growing. Once a taste is acquired for things that are mentally stimulating, it is rarely lost. Hence the answer is 'yes'."

**Elsie Hitz:** "The quality of all broadcasts seems to be improving. I can't see any reason why the classical trend should not continue."

**Teddy Bergman:** "It always will be a definite part of radio entertainment."

**Betty Lou Gerson:** "I think there is room for both classical and modern drama. I have done little of the former but am much interested in it. As far as music is concerned, classical is the form I prefer. I do hope it will stay. People are becoming familiar with it and that should prove the conclusive factor."

**Captain Tim Healy:** "With all the musical trash that is on the air, there should be something of a classical nature to balance the situation. Otherwise, how are the youngsters of today to know that there is such a thing as good music?"

**Helen Marshall:** "From my own per-

sonal experience I must say 'no' . . . but I would like to add that I hope it is here to stay."

**Harry von Zell:** "Because of radio's vast coverage of great masses of people, I believe it futile to predict the permanent success of any particular type of entertainment. I do believe that a general trend toward a higher standard of entertainment is definite and is the result of public demand and appreciation."

**Bernice Claire:** "To know good music is to love good music. And radio, steadily and surely, is familiarizing the layman with the best."

**Rosario Bowdon:** "It is only a matter of introducing to the American public the best in music and drama. Their support once gained, I feel sure it will stay. For basically Americans have demonstrated a desire for anything cultural and inspiring."

**Frank Parker:** "Definitely yes."

**Olga Albani:** "I do. Perhaps I am prejudiced in my desire that it should be so, but I think the general public is educated to the finer things and a great artist today is looked upon by almost everyone with respect and admiration."

**Andre Kostelanetz:** "Here to stay and progress."

**Benay Venuta:** "I haven't noticed any increasing classical trend."

**John Barclay:** "It is necessary if the whole public is to be entertained."

**Loretta Lee:** "The word 'classical' implies something of rare beauty and longevity. I believe that the finer things in entertainment always will have a place in radio entertainment."

**David Ross:** "I can make no prophesies as to future trends, but it is safe to say that radio always will use the so-called classic drama, though not quite as consistently as classic music."

**Lucy Monroe:** "I'm sure of it."

**Jose Manzanaras:** "Beautiful art cannot be forgotten."

**Bob Burns:** "There always will be a demand for the classical element."

**Virginia Verrill:** "No. It's over most listeners' heads."

**Lennie Hayton:** "It is necessary and will stay."

**Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu, 'n' Em):** "It would seem that the classical, being perennially good in all fields of art, always would find an audience in radio."

**Bing Crosby:** "Yes . . . and increase."

**Parks Johnson:** "I hope and believe the classical trend in radio drama and music is here to stay. We are being 'educated' to them most skillfully, both by artists and by those men behind the guns who keep a finger on the pulse of the public."

**Jerry Belcher:** "No, because the classical can be pushed only a certain distance beyond public demand, for educational purposes. After this it will curb itself."

**Nino Martini:** "I feel that the best in all fields of entertainment will be increasingly demanded over the radio."

**Nick Dawson:** "It has been my ex-

perience that all types of material are popular in a more or less orderly and recurring cycle."

*Ozzie Nelson:* "No. I think people like to understand the lyrics of the songs they are hearing. The members of the American public are sincere and unaffected."

*Ted Husing:* "Yes, and I hope that the solons move in a crew of experts in both fields."

*Conrad Thibault:* "There is plenty of room for more serious types of programs and the public, I feel, will welcome the opportunity of hearing entertainment along more classical lines."

*Igor Gorin:* "There is every indication that the public is growing ever more appreciative of classical music. My fan mail gives proof of this daily."

*Don Ameche:* "In the case of music there can be no doubt; likewise in the case of drama, the classical trend should have more than a fighting chance."

*Curtis Arnall:* "I think radio eventually will become a medium for classics in spite of the fact that a few producers are trying to make it a tabloid."

*Ray Block:* "Radio in this country has educated the masses to good music and has naturally increased the demand for it."

*Art van Harvey:* "Yes, I do. Radio still is more or less of a toddling infant but steadily learning to walk better each week."

*Ed McConnell:* "Since classical music and drama always have been the backbone of world entertainment, I see no reason why they should not prove quite as effective and permanent in radio as in their other fields."

*Abe Lyman:* "I think nothing ever will take the place of popular music."

*Deems Taylor:* "Certainly it is here to stay. Public taste isn't like a window shade. When it goes up, it stays up."

**Do you think that radio should be allowed to become a political organ?**

*Olga Albani:* "Since political personalities and factions can express themselves in newspapers, I do not see why they should not be allowed to reach their public through radio as well."

*Deems Taylor:* "If you mean a vehicle for the communication of any and all political views, yes. If you mean the mouthpiece of any one political party, never, God willing."

*Bernice Claire:* "Radio should be a medium of exchange of political ideas and debate . . . but never a propaganda-spreading medium for the benefit of politicians seeking office."

*Art van Harvey:* "The average public is liable to be swayed by a good radio voice rather than by sound logic on the part of an opponent who happens not to be so fortunate as to possess a good radio voice."

*Fritzi Scheff:* "All messages of importance to the general public should be aired over the radio."

*Captain Tim Healy:* "If radio carries the political messages of those aspiring to govern the people, it is fulfilling one of its important duties. Messages of this sort provide invaluable assistance in coming to a decision on political issues affecting our future."



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 Blonde or brunette, gain for yourself everlasting glamour of soft lustrous hair.  
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 Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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*Loretta Lee:* "The radio is primarily a cultural and recreational industry, and while the news of current political trends is desirable, radio must always remain unbiased and impartial."

*Bob Burns:* "Yes—it enables the politicians to reach the people and if the politician is a crook or a wind-bag, it can be detected more easily over the radio than in the newspapers or other written communications."

*Helen King:* "Decidedly not!"

*David Ross:* "If by that question you mean government-controlled radio, I say 'no.' From what I hear of the government-controlled radio in some of the European countries, I think that it is healthier for radio to function as a private enterprise."

*Betty Lou Gerson:* "I think that radio should remain as it is—a non-political organ allowing both parties the privilege of campaign speeches over its network."

*Harry von Zell:* "Yes—but only for the purpose of bringing both sides of all major political issues before the general public, so as to induce careful analysis of such questions by people at large."

*Elsie Hits:* "Under no circumstances!"

*John Barclay:* "I think the broadcasting of campaign speeches constitutes a public service."

*Virginia Verrill:* "Absolutely not. So many people listen to their radios for entertainment and are not in the least interested in politics."

*Rosario Bourdon:* "Yes; and I believe that the executives of the radio networks have managed the situation admirably up to now, in that they have without partisanship allowed vital problems to be placed before the people."

*Don Ameche:* "No; I think that it should be used for instruction and amusement only. The instruction would include, of course, enlightenment on national affairs."

*Lucy Monroe:* "Yes, providing it is an impartial one."

*Nino Martini:* "Decidedly not. I am convinced nothing could be more destructive to the success of radio than for it to become a political mouthpiece."

*Igor Gorin:* "I do not think that this question is acute as yet."

*Teddy Bergman:* "I believe broadcasting facilities should be at the disposal of anyone who has anything to say for the enlightenment of the people."

*Helen Marshall:* "Certainly not. Radio's goal should be education and entertainment."

*Nick Dawson:* "I think that the answer to this question should and will be determined by the attitude of the listening audience. It is material comparable to editorial matter in publications."

*Benay Venuta:* "No! Because radio's functions are primarily reporting and entertaining and not propaganda."

*Ray Block:* "Topics of public interest should be discussed on the air, but to insure non-favoritism pros and cons of any question should be dealt with on the same program."

*Jose Manzanares:* "If the cause is sincere and honest . . . yes."

*Thornton Fisher:* "The very nature of radio precludes any possibility of such a catastrophic eventuality. It is decidedly an informative rather than a partisan instrument or medium."

*Curtis Arnall:* "I think radio should have the same freedom as the press, politically or otherwise."

*Jerry Belcher:* "Absolutely no. In cases where it has been a political organ, it has ceased to be a force for peace and has become instead a force for war."

*Parks Johnson:* "Radio should be used to inform, educate, amuse. It should be open to politics—yes—but impartially."

*Ozzie Nelson:* "Radio, as the best medium for reaching the greatest number of people, should be available for political speeches."

*Bob Crosby:* "I believe in its use by the president to inform the people of what is being accomplished by the government."

*Bing Crosby:* "As much right as newspapers . . . but it may lose entertainment value."

*Richard Himber:* "To a certain extent . . . by all means."

*Ed McConnell:* "Radio should never be permitted to express only the views of those who happen to own the various channels. It should be open to all sides."

*Conrad Thibault:* "If radio is used for the purpose of debate on a political question and the matter is of direct concern to the public."

*Lennie Hayton:* "I do not think that radio should be allowed to become a political organ, but it should give equal facility for all parties concerned and not play favorites. To provide the opportunity of hearing the various political arguments direct through radio is a vital public service."

*Donald Novis:* "Not a political organ but a public utility as it is today."

## Has there been any predicament in your broadcasting career when your presence of mind saved the day?

*Parks Johnson:* "There was the case of the gentleman and his wife, both between three and four sheets to the wind, who insisted on either broadcasting or else busting up the show. No help being in sight, I interviewed the lady . . . for they really meant business and the crowd thought it would be fun. This was perhaps my most difficult Vox Pop interview, but it carried through without unfortunate results. Took me several hours to get over the ensuing jitters!"

*Bernice Claire:* "I am glad to say that nothing so far has depended on my presence of mind."

*Ozzie Nelson:* "During our Bakers' Broadcast last year I was singing a new song and when I stood up to the mike to sing I found that I had a copy of the wrong song. I delivered sixteen full measures of Gertrude Stein-ish lyrics, made up on the spur of the moment, until my first violinist grasped the situation and shoved the correct song into my hands."

*Olga Albani:* "There have been several minor accidents, such as getting a wrong cue or turning two pages instead of one, but I have always managed to save my performance."

*Nick Dawson:* "On one occasion—when the sound effects man mislaid his device for simulating the sound of horses' hooves, I stepped close to the microphone

and made the sound by clicking my tongue against my teeth."

**Gogo de Lys:** "There have been a few predicaments, but it usually has been someone else's presence of mind that saved the day."

**Nino Martini:** "In all truth I cannot recall any such incident. Radio is so well prepared and perfectly timed in advance that things always have come through just about as expected."

**Captain Tim Healy:** "As the feature on a program like mine, it is my duty to watch all phases of the broadcast as far as they affect me. Owing to a long commercial it may be obvious that we are going overtime; then, knowing my story thoroughly, I am able to ease the situation by throwing away a sheet or two from my script."

**Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu, 'n' Em):** "Not anything unusual. We have had to *ad lib* a number of times due to accidents of one kind or another. In November this year Clara accidentally knocked the studio lamp over as I came up to a speech, so I had to *ad lib* freely until we could get things in hand."

**Bing Crosby:** "Not presence of mind . . . luck!"

**Lucy Monroe:** "Once dropped my music while singing and on another occasion I was unable to find my music as the time for my solo came. In both cases I knew the words—fortunately!"

**Bob Burns:** "I never have done anything that important."

**Loretta Lee:** "Yes, in one of my early broadcasts, I was quite nervous and dropped the song sheet I was following. Luckily it was a 'hot' song, and I was able to fill in with 'ho de ho's' and rhythm 'breaks'."

**Deems Taylor:** "The second act of 'La Boheme' began one time while I was busily discussing the plot of the first act. I said, I believe: 'Oops! Here's the second act!'—if you call that saving the day!"

**Ed McConnell:** "There have been many times when things, which I fortunately was able to cover up by so-called presence of mind, have gone wrong in the studio. Every so often in my sleep I dream of such predicaments, and I can assure you that it is a nightmare."

**Art van Harvey:** "Yes. On the air one evening, Howard Thurston, the magician, lost his place and started to yell 'Stand by, stand by!' (while on the air, incidentally). I was supposed to be carrying a heavy cash register, and I had to stand and *ad lib* for almost a minute until one of the other actors found his place and raised the sheets in proper order."

**Elsie Hitz:** "I was doing a remote-control broadcast from my home during the *Magic Voice*. The orchestra missed a cue and did not come in. I had to *ad lib* until the cast in the studio wondered what I was talking about. Finally the director realized he hadn't given the orchestra leader his cue; he did so, and we went on."

**Virginia Verrill:** "On one occasion, an announcer on my radio program made the mistake of announcing that I was appearing in person at the competitive theatre rather than the one at which I was actually appearing. I took his script and wrote the correct name on it while singing my first song. He gave the corrected announcement at the close of my first number."

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# Board of Review

(Continued from page 9)

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Victor Young is on both NBC and CBS radio programs.

- 65. EDDIE CANTOR (CBS).....68.6  
*Music by Louis Gress and a round of comedy by Eddie and Parkyakarkus.*
- 66. GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).....68.3  
*Proving that fiction is stranger than truth.*
- 67. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).....68.1  
*Lively entertainment from the first toot of the whistle.*
- 68. GANG BUSTERS (CBS).....67.8  
*The war against crime marches on.*
- 69. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP (NBC).....67.8  
*Behind the scenes in stardom.*
- 70. KATE SMITH (CBS).....67.6  
*An American institution.*
- 71. WARDEN LAWES (NBC).....67.6  
*The country's first expert on crime broaches his own private stock of stories.*
- 72. PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).....67.5  
*Leo Reisman, Phil Ducey, Sally Schermerhorn and Johnny. Sophistication, as you like it.*
- 73. JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).....67.1  
*Gossip flashes by radio's ace scandal-monger.*
- 74. FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE (CBS).....67.0  
*Summarizes the week's occurrences in the nation's capital.*
- 75. YOUR HIT PARADE (CBS) (NBC).....67.0  
*A review of the week's top-notch numbers.*
- 76. MUSICAL REVERIES WITH STUART CHURCHILL (NBC).....66.6  
*You must dial in Stuart.*
- 77. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).....66.5  
*The romance of the west lives again.*
- 78. HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).....66.5  
*Ted recreates the atmosphere of many an old Broadway hit. Guest artists.*
- 79. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).....66.5  
*The poet of optimism presents a half hour of good cheer.*
- 80. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).....66.2  
*Tunes in a tea-shop.*
- 81. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (NBC).....66.2  
*Comedy par excellence.*
- 82. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).....66.2  
*Throwing the spotlight on this younger generation.*
- 83. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).....66.2  
*Rustic terpsichore.*
- 84. IRENE RICH (NBC).....66.1  
*Irene Rich starring in fifteen minute dramas.*
- 85. TITO GUIZAR (CBS).....66.0  
*Latin melodies, mostly, with guitar accompaniment.*
- 86. PICK AND PAT (CBS).....65.8  
*Two colored fellers brimful of lazy darky humor.*
- 87. GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC).....65.5  
*Impartial news interpretations.*
- 88. VOX POP THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).....65.5  
*A fascinating parade of human nature.*
- 89. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).....65.4  
*Gus Van reviving the fun of the cake-walk era.*
- 90. MARY MARLIN (CBS).....65.3  
*Light, romantic drama.*
- 91. BOB BECKER'S CHATS ABOUT DOGS (NBC).....65.0  
*How not to treat your canine pets, by an expert.*
- 92. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS).....64.3
- 93. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC).....64.3  
*Drama on the instalment plan.*
- 94. BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS).....63.7  
*A book lover reviews the latest in current literature.*
- 95. JUMBO FIRE CHIEF SHOW (NBC).....63.2  
*Eddy Duchin's society music and Donald Norris' vocals.*
- 96. LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC).....62.3  
*Rural humor and philosophy presented in Pine Ridge dramas.*
- 97. EVENING IN PARIS (NBC).....62.1  
*Pickens Sisters rhythms and songs by Morton Downey.*
- 98. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).....62.0  
*Reminiscent of the almost-forgotten crystal set era.*
- 99. GOGO DE LYS (CBS).....61.5  
*Easy on the ears.*
- 100. CAPT. TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES (NBC).....60.8  
*Postage stamps are the inspiration for these exciting adventure tales.*
- 101. MUSICAL FOOTNOTES (CBS).....60.0  
*Featuring the soprano voice of Vivian della Chiesa.*
- 102. VIC AND SADE (NBC).....59.2  
*Amusing sketches of family life.*
- 103. MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).....58.2  
*Melodramatic adventures with music.*
- 104. HARRY RESER AND HIS CLICQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS (NBC).....57.5  
*Rollicking banjo tunes by Harry.*
- 105. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT (CBS).....57.3  
*With Ray Perkins as master of ceremonies.*
- 106. BETTY AND BOB (NBC).....55.2  
*Recipes and domestic skits.*
- 107. LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).....55.1  
*Stories, philosophy, and music in extra slow tempo.*
- 108. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC).....53.2  
*The combined efforts of Georges Metaxa, Rachel Carlay, and Andy Sanella's music provide dashing entertainment.*
- 109. SINGIN' SAM (CBS).....53.2  
*Specializing in the current popular tunes.*
- 110. JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).....52.6  
*Featuring the man who spends his time being a good Samaritan.*
- 111. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).....51.3  
*Intelligent, sympathetic advice on human problems.*
- 112. SMILING ED (CBS).....51.1  
*Ranging from hymns to popular ballads.*
- 113. POPEYE THE SAILOR (NBC).....50.8  
*He's funnier on the screen and in the newspapers.*
- 114. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).....49.8  
*Fantastic-plus.*
- 115. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).....49.6  
*Another comic strip gone haywire.*
- 116. JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS).....48.8  
*Long a favorite with the growing boy.*
- 117. TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).....48.0  
*Juvenile farc.*
- 118. MA PERKINS (NBC).....39.2  
*Mother knows best.*



Phil Ohman is maestro of his own orchestra at the exclusive Cafe Trocadero in Hollywood, heard over NBC.



# Salesman of the Symphony

(Continued from page 71)

thereupon demanded that she be allowed to take her baby. Stokowski refused, but compromised and allowed one of the other women to bring along her dog as the tour's official mascot.

Sitting in the little modern studio, which he has designed and built himself, Stokowski relaxes and talks about his work and music and his future. The pale green room, lit by chromium lamps and a warm fireplace and dominated by a black Oriental ikon, is an excellent background for his vivid personality. Clad in lounge clothes—blue wool sweater, black sateen trousers, and comfortable leather slippers, Stokowski talked easily.

"I have made thousands of friends over the radio and just as many more through our records—I think the tour will give me a splendid chance to meet these people before I enter upon my laboratory years—more than that I think it will give me a chance to know what they think, what they feel about music."

He paused to sip a cup of tea, adding brown sugar from an aluminum canister on the table. The brown sugar takes a prominent place in a diet, which is largely made up of raw vegetables.

"You know, the best part of the tour, according to the men of the orchestra, is Hollywood. Everyone of them wants to play for Walt Disney and see how he likes our kind of symphony. We all like his Silly Symphonies. And, of course, they all want to see Charlie Chaplin and Mae West. Seriously though, I myself am looking forward to Hollywood and the motion pictures. I believe that an entirely new kind of music, based on the sounds of nature and machinery and everyday life, is going to be developed for motion pictures."

"Why has the music loving public increased so vastly in the last five or ten years?" I asked him.

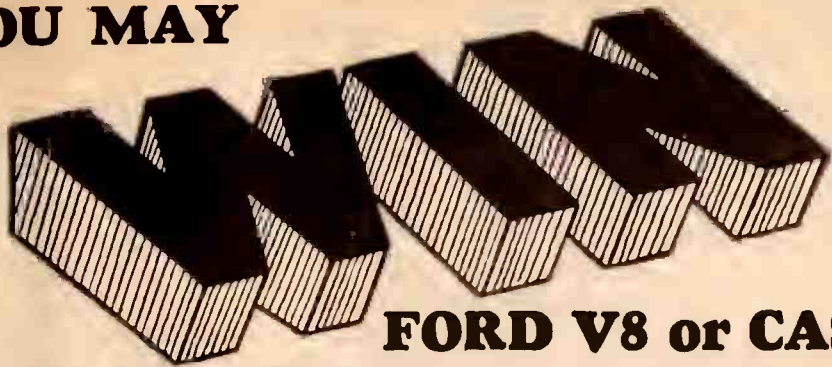
"Because symphonic music threw away its high hat. In former years, this music was considered the exclusive property of the highbrow—people were afraid of it. Between a concert of classical music and a vaudeville show, people naturally chose the vaudeville show. Music isn't highbrow—it is just a series of black marks on paper, until it is recreated in the consciousness of living people. When we ceased to think of evening clothes, and began thinking of the real people sitting out there in the audience, our music began to have a wide appeal."

"How should one listen to music?"

Stokowski leaned back silent for a moment, while his lean long fingers drummed on the table before him. "Everybody listens to music in his own way, and whatever way that happens to be is the right way for that particular person. Each one of us has a different reaction to music and each should follow his or her own way of listening."

(Continued on page 106)

## YOU MAY



## FORD V8 or CASH

Are you smart? Here's a puzzle that will test your wits. The Scrambled Letters below, when properly re-arranged, will spell the name of a Famous Movie Star.

Probably you know the names of most of the Famous Movie Stars, but just to refresh your memory we mention a few: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Joan Crawford, Shirley Temple, Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Dick Powell, Warner Baxter and Kay Francis.



These scrambled letters will spell the name of a Famous Movie Star when they are properly re-arranged. Start switching the letters around; see if you can figure it out. If your answer is correct, you will receive at once, A LARGE SIZE PICTURE OF THIS FAMOUS MOVIE STAR FREE!—beautifully colored and suitable for framing—and the opportunity to win a FORD V-8 SEDAN or the cash. It makes no difference where you live, you can take part.

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SEND NO MONEY! Just your answer to the Movie Scramble above. USE THE COUPON. HURRY—Address: Radio Station

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San Francisco, Cal.

**COUPON**  
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San Francisco, Cal.

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Street.....

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

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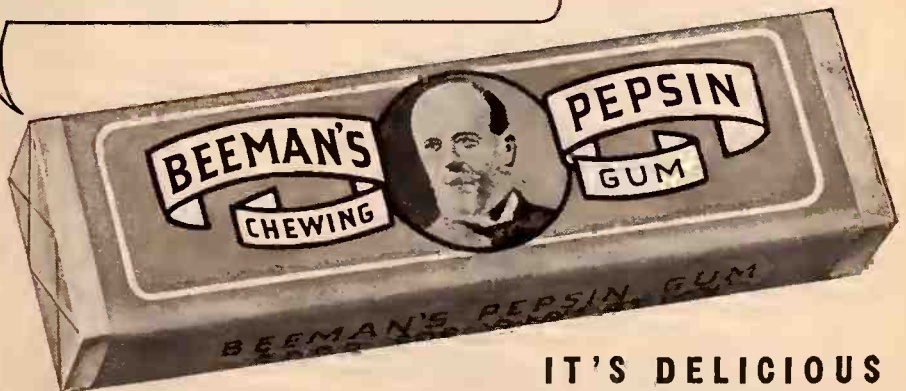
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IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

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**OLIVE TABLETS**  
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HAVE YOU READ MARY BIDDLE'S ARTICLE ON BEAUTY IN THIS ISSUE? SEE PAGE 10

**GIVE BROWNISH  
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beamlike  
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**BLONDEx** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

# Salesman of the Symphony

(Continued from page 105)

There are a few simple rules to follow for true appreciation of good music:

"Relax!" said the maestro crisply. "Reach a completely receptive mood. If you try too hard to enjoy music, it hinders true appreciation. Let the music speak for itself. Let it flow deeply into your soul. Let your emotions have free rein.

"There is a message in good music for everybody. It will be a different message for each of us, but it will be there. For music appeals to every type of human emotion—love, faith, sorrow, heroism, self-sacrifice, ecstasy, despair. Music when brilliantly played and receptively listened to is a purge of all the emotions, leaving one refreshed, inspired, new born."

Musie has its greatest future, and its greatest work among the masses of America, believes Stokowski. From farm and factory, field and city, he thinks, will come the great audiences for serious music.

The reason for all this is that Stokowski himself is a sincere believer in the value of work. Whenever he can slip away from Philadelphia, he goes to his farm in Connecticut to work—and that means work. For his place is no literary farm—it is right in the heart of the tobacco fields, cultivated by hardy Polish farmers, and Stokowski works the same way they do. The farm has no conventional garden, no fancy sun porches and no striped awnings. It is a simple place where the fields come right up to the door. Back of the house is a mountain, which Stokowski climbs when he wants peace and rest.

A few miles from the house on a river floats an ark—a gay, madly decorated Noah's Ark, where Stokowski, his two children and the children from all the neighborhood have parties.

Whenever a longer rest period awaits Stokowski, he flies to California to his ranch set deep in the Sierras. Here most of his work preparing the coming season's broadcasts, his concert programs, is done. Here, too, he works most intensely at his newest and most absorbing passion—the study of science, from which he thinks will come advances which will revolutionize the progress of music. He predicts that through the modern sciences of radio, of wired radio, and of disc and film recording, beauties in music which have never before been heard will be created.

It is difficult when talking to Stokowski not to be carried away with his ambitions and his dreams. He believes so intensely in them, and communicates his intensity.

"People want the best in music and they always will. If they did not, I would step down from the podium forever and never conduct again as long as I lived."

And he means what he says. But he knows, as we all know, that he never will be permitted to relinquish entirely his great conducting career, even though he will hand over the reins next season to Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Minneapolis Orchestra.

# BRIDE of DEATH

Widowed, love-starved and lonely, Mrs. Catherine Clarke, of Boston, joyously boarded a train for Spokane to marry a lover she had never seen. Through a "marriage agency," she had become acquainted with him, and during the ensuing affectionate correspondence they had agreed to become man and wife. Too late she learned it was a new kind of racket . . . a racket in league with death!

Read "Bride of Death," complete in the June **INSIDE DETECTIVE** Magazine. In this dramatic story Hollis B. Fultz exposes the "mail order" marriage racket that has lured Catherine Clarke and many others to doom instead of happiness.

Other absorbing features for June include "The Red Riddle of the Childhood Sweetheart" . . . "Arizona's Weird Polygamy Cult" . . . "The Blonde Wildcat" . . . "Nine Mad Dogs" . . . "Ladies Who Kill" . . . These and many other stories and features in the June issue make it one of the most exciting issues to date!

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The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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# RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

MARY: Gee . . . look at that big lion!  
 JACK: Yes . . . that's the one that brought Frank Buck back alive.  
 (JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

BOTTLE: I say, Mr. Parker . . . why is that doctor standing on his head?  
 BAKER: He's treating a man with an upside down stomach.  
 (PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

JACQUES: I don't know why I put on weight in America . . . I come from Wales, you know.  
 MAN: From Wales . . . really?  
 GRACIE: Sure, you can see yourself he couldn't come from sardines!  
 GEORGE: Listen—Jacques Renard may be fat but at least he has a brain.  
 GRACIE: Oh George . . . don't be envious!  
 (BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)



WALTER: Deane Janis sings "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" while I accompany her by singing "I'm Laying All My Eggs in One Theatre!"  
 (WALTER O'KEEFE, Camel Program.)

GRACIE: Hiawatha belongs to the Hock Shop Tribe of Indians.  
 GEORGE: Hock Shop Tribe?  
 GRACIE: Sure . . . Pawnees. Now—you and Miltie play Laughing Water's two sons.  
 GEORGE: I didn't know Laughing Water had two sons.  
 GRACIE: Sure—hot and cold.  
 (BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

ED: I went to a movie theatre . . . it used to be an ice skating rink, but they made a theatre out of it. And now it seats just as many people . . . A man came in . . . he was so bald he could get a haircut with his hat on!  
 KID: Say—I'd like to see the crazy cat you've got.  
 ED: Crazy cat? I have no crazy cat! What makes you think that?  
 KID: Well, everyone says you've got a silly puss!  
 (ED WYNN, Plymouth Program.)



GEORGE: Stop it, Tom . . . you're making a fool out of yourself.  
 TOM: Well, I'm a self-made man and everybody makes a mistake once in a while.  
 (TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Vallee Program.)

BOB BURNS: We have a thing called a kitchenette in our apartment . . . a kitchenette ain't nothing in the world but a narrow aisle that runs between a gas stove and a can of tomatoes.  
 (BOB BURNS, on Kraft Program.)

AL: What's the matter, Vic?  
 VIC: My mouth feels like a parade ground.  
 AL: Why?  
 VIC: Two dentists have been drilling on it all morning.  
 (AL JOLSON and VICTOR YOUNG on Shell Chateau Program.)

BOTTLE: I think my wife is part Indian.  
 BAKER: Why?  
 BOTTLE: Every time she walks in her sleep she takes the blanket with her.  
 (PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

ERNIE: A Chinaman goes into a dentist's office . . . what time is it?  
 VAL: All right . . . what time is it?  
 ERNIE: Tooth-hurty!  
 (VAL and ERNIE STANTON, Kraft Program.)



CANTOR: Jimmy, I had a dozen sittings today.  
 JIMMY: At the photographer's?  
 CANTOR: No . . . I was roller skating.  
 (EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMY WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

GEORGE: What name does your daddy use when he gets arrested?  
 GRACIE: Oh, he always uses the same name . . . Bloom.  
 GEORGE: He uses the name of Bloom?  
 GRACIE: Sure, Bloom . . . the full name is Nom-de-Bloom.  
 (BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

WALTER: I wonder why the baby's crying? . . . He's got everything to live for . . . he even looks like me.  
 DEANE: Sure . . . that's why he's crying.  
 (WALTER O'KEEFE, Camel Caravan.)



ED: I saw some trees in the woods . . . they were Old Maid Pines.  
 JOHN: Old Maid Pines! Why?  
 ED: Hee . . . hee . . . nobody ever axed them! And the woods were full of weeds . . .  
 JOHN: Full of weeds?  
 ED: Yes . . . but the ones called Widow's Weeds were the easiest to kill!  
 JOHN: Widow's Weeds! Why are they easiest to kill?  
 ED: You just say "Wilt Thou?" and they wilt!  
 (ED WYNN and JOHN S. YOUNG, Plymouth Program.)

CANTOR: Jimmy, I'm publishing a newspaper.  
 JIMMY: Maybe I can help you . . . I've had experience in journalism.  
 EDDIE: All right; I'll make you my problem editor. There's no salary.  
 JIMMY: No salary? How can I live?  
 EDDIE: That's your first problem.  
 (EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMY WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

PORTLAND: It must have been an awfully mean stork that brought you.  
 FRED: It wasn't a stork that brought me. My folks filled in the last line of a limerick and I was mailed to the house.  
 (FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

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