

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

MARCH

10

CENTS



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HURRICANE TAMER!

This is one of the greatest stories we've ever published. Read how a lone broadcaster fights wind and wave with the tormented lightning of radio. Written by Harold M. Farbas, on page 24

CAN MAE WEST BEAT THE RADIO JINX?

Mae West has a way of getting what she wants. Now she wants to be a radio star. Can she make you like her? Margaret Dale thinks so. Read her story on page 10.

Watch for, in a future issue, the most searching story ever written about Lanny Ross.

The Largest Circulation of Any Radio Magazine

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, *Editor*

ABRIL LAMARQUE, *Art Editor*

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••• RADIO STARS' BOARD OF REVIEW



Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News



Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union



Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Company

Last month we had two 5-star programs. This month we have none. It just goes to show that radio actors and actresses rise and fall in quality just like the rest of us. Could that be why we like them so much?

The highest rating of the month was given to the symphonic program of Frank Black and his orchestra with Egon Petri, concert pianist—an NBC program. Only 1/18th of a vote kept this program out of the 5-star class.

Interesting, also, is the fact that we have five 2-star programs. Why? Well, listen to them and see what you think.

Again this month we give you the pictures of six more members of the Board of Review. We want you to know the critics who pass on these programs. Others will be printed from time to time.

FIVE STAR ROLL-CALL Symbols

***** Excellent

**** Good

*** Fair

** Poor

* Not Recommended

**** A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC).
By now, a standard brand of entertainment.

**** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).

**** COLUMBIA SYMPHONY WITH HOWARD BARLOW (CBS).

**** PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
The maestro and his beer are both good.

**** WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN (CBS).

**** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF & CANTOR (NBC).
Mrs. Rubinoff helps a lot.

**** CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).

**** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).

**** FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
Hollywood's talent could be better.

**** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
Still an aw-high presentation.

**** OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING & DAVID ROSS (CBS).
Even imitators cannot dim the luster of Waring's chorus.

**** NINO MARTINI (CBS).

**** KRAFT PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN (NBC).

**** RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ROXY (NBC).

**** BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

**** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN & FRANK MUNN (NBC).

**** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).

**** LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
Before the advent of the opera.

**** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).
Just about the best high-grade humor available.

**** NBC SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH EGON PETRI & FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) Sun nights.

**** This, says the Board, is radio's best program.

**** SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).

**** JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

**** THE IPANA TROUBADORS WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

**** JOHN MCCORMACK WITH WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

**** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAUT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS) Wed nights.

**** THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH ETHEL WATERS, GED BEATTY & DORSEY ORCHESTRA (CBS).

**** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

**** LINT HOUR WITH ERNO RAPEE, NINO MARTINI, JANE FROMAN, JULIUS TANNEN & TED HUSING (CBS).

**** FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS WITH MILDRED BAILY, DO RE MI TRIO, ETON BOYS, JACK WHITE (CBS).

**** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).

**** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

**** THE GOLDBERGS, PEPSODENT PROGRAM (NBC).

**** BLACKSTONE PLANTATION WITH SANDERSON & CRUMMIT (NBC).

**** BOND BREAD WITH SANDERSON & CRUMMIT (CBS).

**** CHASE & SANBORN TEA WITH GEO. OLSEN & BERT LAHR (NBC).
LaHR leaves the air before you read this. Too bad.

**** PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

**** GULF PROGRAM WITH GEORGE COHAN
Splendid and original.

**** END CRIME CLUES (NBC).

**** EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).

**** PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).

Do you agree; or don't you? Here they are—the expert opinions of the



Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald



C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star



Dan Thompson
Louisville Times

- *** CUTEY PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC)
Too many people are saying "let's NOT listen to Harris."
- *** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC) (CBS)
Thanks for improving those blues, Lady Esther.
- *** REAL SILK WITH TED WEFMS (NBC).
- *** MANHATTAN MERRY GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYONS TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
- *** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).
- *** SUNDAY AT SEPH PARKER'S (NBC).
It's too bad Seph's Friidative Friends are so terrible
- *** VANITY FAIR, POND'S PROGRAM WITH VICTOR TONG AND LEE WILEY (NBC).
Before Maude Adams appeared on the scene with her dramatic skills.
- *** HUDSON-ESSEX PROGRAM WITH B. A. ROLFE (NBC).
- *** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- *** SINGING LADY (NBC).
- *** FOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- *** TEXACO PROGRAM WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
- *** MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
- *** OLEP RIVER WITH WILLARD ROBISON (CBS).
- *** BUICK PROGRAM WITH GUSTAVE HAFNSCHEN (NBC).
- *** THE SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBB, SIE (NBC).
- *** WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
- *** HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAUDE HUPKINS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Deteriorating rapidly
- *** ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
- *** LIVES AT STAKE (NBC).
- *** CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- *** NESTLE WITH FTHFI SHUTTA & WALTER O'NEALE (NBC).
Spirited and deft performance.
- *** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).

- *** MYRT AND MARGE
- *** WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY AND LENNIE HAYTON (CBS)
The Mills Brothers added to this for a time.
- *** EX-LAX WITH GERTRUDE NEISEN, LULU MCCONNELL & ISHAM JONES (CBS).
- *** CALIF. MELODIES WITH RAYMOND FAIGE (CBS).
- *** LADY ACES (CBS).
A mid-day delight with the ladies.
- *** THREADS OF HAPPINESS WITH TOMMY McLAUGHIN (CBS).
- *** ELDER MICHAUX & HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS). Sat. nights.
- *** GEORGIE JESSEL (CBS)
Jessel is finding himself and improving constantly.
- *** WARDEN LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS (N. SING SING (NBC).
- *** SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW WITH CLIFF SOLBER, MORIN SISTERS & HAROLD STOKES (NBC).
- *** THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE & MARK (NBC).
- *** WEICH GRAPE JUICE PROGRAM WITH IRENE RICH (NBC).
- *** WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
Here's a hill-billy evening for You.
- *** HAPPY WONDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DUFFY, FRANK LUTHER & JACK PARKER (CBS).
- *** COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE (CBS).
- *** SWIFT REVUE WITH OLSEN AND JOHNSON (NBC).
- *** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH HELEN MORGAN (CBS).
- *** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
But he's got one of the blazes of the audience.
- *** FRED PROGRAM WITH LUM & ABNER (NBC).
- *** POTASH & PERLMUTTER (NBC)
Apparently, this is a consistent 2-starrer.
- *** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC)
His bosses recently gave him a new contract.
- *** MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).

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- Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.
- Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

best radio critics from coast to coast assembled for you by RADIO STARS



VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

Name your favorite songbird. Name your favorite announcer! Name your favorite funster! Name your poison—and we'll have another of the same. Yowsir, it's balloting time in Broadcastland, and if you're a loyal citizen you'll arm yourself with pen or pencil and tear into the official ticket listed below.

Fan clubs, fan dancers, and fan-tan addicts are showing us who's who in the kilocycle parade. They're saying it with

votes. If you're a Dragonette booster, show her your appreciation by giving her your support. Or maybe it's Ben Bernie you admire. Or Wayne King. Or Amos 'n' Andy. Or Brussels sprouts. Anyhow, give it a vote, plizz!

Fill in the spaces on the ballot printed below. Name and address, thank you. Age, too. (For women only: your vote will count whether you give your right age or not.) And mail before February 28, 1934, to the Vote Editor of RADIO STARS.

The RADIO STARS Magazine's National Radio Popularity Poll OFFICIAL BALLOT

1.
(Favorite Announcer)

2.
(Favorite Comedian)

3.
(Favorite Orchestra Leader)

4.
(Favorite Orchestra)

5.
(Favorite Actor)

6.
(Favorite Actress)

7.
(Favorite Male Classic Singer)

8.
(Favorite Female Classic Singer)

9.
(Favorite Male Popular Singer)

10.
(Favorite Female Popular Singer)

Your Name.....

Street and No.

City and State

Type of Radio You Have

Year It Was Purchased

Your Age

Mail all entries before Feb. 28, 1934, to RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Ave., New York City

IT'S WHISPERED THAT ...

Announcing the contest winners and telling tales about the radio folks who are really lovable people

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Helen Breckner, 757 Fairwood Avenue, Troy, N. Y.; Adolph Spallung, 411 East 13th Street, St. Ignace, Mich.; and Dorothy D. Jell, 432 Quaker Mine Court, San Antonio, Tex.

In the next issue of *Radio Stars*, the winners for the second contest will be announced. Watch for the pair who may be among the lucky ones.

CAL TENNEY of CBS boasts of going on the stage at the age of sixteen—carrying a glass of water to William de Mille.

CLYDE McCRY, "The Sugar Blues" maestro, reached the venerable age of thirty on December 29. He took occasion to announce on that day that he would not marry, no sir, until he was thirty-five. His friends recalled that Wayne King had posted \$42,000 as guarantee when he was barely past thirty that he would not marry until he was forty. Before two years were up he forked out the dough.

LIEUT. COMMANDER F. G. W. SETTLE and Maj. Chester L. Fordney, stratospheric balloonists and record height broadcasters, were introduced as a surprise feature of Chicago's Radio Revue for charity. Afterwards they dropped into NBB headquarters and heard their two conversations between the earth and stratosphere, which had been recorded in Chicago, played for them by phonograph.

BEYUSE of the startling popularity of Eddie Cantor on his return to the air, and the steady interest displayed in variety programs, we all begot discussing furiously the other guy who started it all. We mutually agreed that the first variety program was broadcast over a coast-to-coast network back in September, 1930. It was called the "Radio Follies" and was originated and produced by the then stage director for Earl Carroll, Herman D. Hoyer, brother of Helen Hoyer, whose stories of the private lives of radio stars are published in this magazine. Strangely enough, we recalled that it was then that Cantor first appeared on the air. With him were Gus Lombardo's Royal Canadians, and announcements were made by the effusive Brokenshire.

HEAR ye! Hear ye! *Radio Stars* announces the winners of its first home contest—the one published in the December issue. Gather up your chairs, Unlax! Here goes!

Mr. J. R. Ross of 5 West Rock Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut, can now fall off his chair. He wins first! He's the fellow who'll get the first trip to New York City and be entertained by his favorite radio star who happens to be Eddie Cantor.

The following ten ladies and gents may write I. O. U.'s up to \$5. Each was that amount for second prizes. Miss Eva Newsome, 19 Traction Avenue, Dayton, O.; Miss Arline Morath, 4109 Beachwood Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss A. May Holaday, Box 600, San Jose, Calif.; Mrs. Myrtle T. Schwartz, 7515 Briar Road, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Robert H. Mueller, Route 4, Spring Avenue, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Edna D. Birge, North Edmonds, Wash.; Miss Elizabeth Keller, 37 Bartlett Street, New Brunswick, N. J.; Miss Kay Smith, 510 Walnut Street, Cedar Falls, Ia.; Harry Wellington, 115 West Ruttenhouse Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich.; and Miss Ethel Gids, 1659 Arden Street, Chicago Heights, Ill.

There are fifty third prizes. And if you think it was an easy job picking them, you're April Fooled. Soooooo, here you are, dollar winners! Marguerite Haven, Lyman, Wash.; Jeanette B. Stom, 201 East Court Street, Ottumwa, Ia.; Paul S. Metcalf, 3625 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Leonard R. Nisula, 16 Nichols Street, Fitchburg, Mass.; D. W. Casady, 335 Sherman Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Vera G. Winters, 1303 West 22nd Street, Des Moines, Ia.; Fred Rudolph, 499 East 4th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.;



What's a mere jinx to Mae West? What this gal wants, this gal gets. Diamonds, jewelry and other things like that. And now she wants the air—a great piece of it!

CAN MAE WEST BEAT THE RADIO JINX?

By MARGARET DALE

IT'S the biggest news of the day. Around Radio Row there are wondering whisperers, excited speculations...

Mae West is coming on the air. Mae West is *not* coming on the air. Mae West... Mae West... Mae West.

Well, I've got my money down. I'm betting on Mae. I'm betting she'll be on the air before many months—perhaps before you even read this—and I'm betting she can make you like her earthy, I-can-dish-it-out-if-you-can-take-it attitude toward life.

For Mae West gets what she wants. Does what she wants to do. Her history proves it.

But can she beat the radio jinx? I mean the jinx that has sent one Hollywood pretender after another back to his Beverly hillside. Somehow, our cinema sure-shots have turned to duds in my loud-speaker and yours. Pickford and Crawford and Fairbanks sound like any dime-a-dozen ether entertainers you ever dialed out of your life.

But Mae West? Well, eighteen months ago the smartest smoothies in the picture business said Mae hadn't a chance against the slim-hipped buxomies of Hollywood. So she made a picture and showed 'em. She made another picture and showed 'em twice.

A bright-brained emur of the air lanes decided she could do the same for the kilobycle crowd. The wires to Hollywood buzzed with gold-embossed invitations.

Said Mae: "\$7,500 per broadcast, pretty please."

Businesslike, the sponsor wired back, "\$5,000."

Mae compromised. At \$9,600 per broadcast. Not bad, eh? Enough anyhow to put Mae across the tape first in the radio salary sweepstakes.

Then, something happened. It is rumored that her prospective sponsors got chills and fever trying to think up ways of keeping her rough-and-ready chatter from offending the nation's blue-noses. Anyhow, the deal was declared off.

So what next? Your guess is as good as mine. Anyhow, the radio jinx is already working against the screen's hip-thrilling hellion. Her first job didn't materialize. But soon, another may. Before many moons have passed, I've a hunch you'll be cheering a new queen of the air.

If you care to step behind the scenes for a few minutes, I'll let you in on a secret reason or three.

Here—this'll give you a rough idea: before and since Mae West appeared on the Hollywood scene, the Big Bad Wolf of the movie magnates has been the board of review, consisting of a group of energetic, if a wee bit cautious, ladies who decide what is and what is not injurious to your morals and mine, if any.

How would they receive the cinema antics of this frank, fearless newcomer? No word-mincer, Mae West had achieved the headlines some years before because of the little matter of "Sex," a play which was considered too slick even for New York's city slickers. And Mae had written it herself—and was now writing her own movie stories. Both Mae and Paramount, her producers, were worried. If the board didn't approve "She Done Him Wrong" the public would never get a chance to approve or disapprove. And then too, the board might order that line or this to be cut or this scene or that to be "jerked." The picture, in short, might be spoiled.

Here's what happened. A tea was given for the board of review. Mae West was present. She talked to the



ladies, frankly, fearlessly. "Sex is beautiful!" she said. She told them that sex is only unhealthy when it is surreptitious; be open-and-above-board about the facts of life and this country will be a far better place.

I don't have to tell you that "She Done Him Wrong" reached the screen in your favorite theatre virtually (maybe virtually isn't just the right word) intact. Sex, you see, is beautiful. Mae West gets what she wants. If she wants beautiful sex, she gets it.

If there were doubts about how far anyone could go on the screen, consider the matter of the radio. You will remember reading in *RADIO STARS* how song lyrics are changed to conform to other standards.

Consider then with what Mae had to contend. She knew that the public expected a certain something from her: a racy, tantalizing type of material which would compensate for their inability to see those swaying hips, that exotic face with the narrowing eyes and the distending nostrils.

But Mae is accustomed to facing situations like that. All her life she's said, "I can do it" whenever anyone scoffed "It can't be done." That's one thing that makes her the biggest news in radio!

Mae has trained herself to get what she wants. Just as her dad, in the good old days of John L. Sullivan, trained himself to land an uppercut. As a result of that training, he won prominence as a featherweight boxer. (He's a chiropractor now.) Just so has her early training of landing psychological uppercuts brought Mae to the point where her mental footwork invariably gains her a knockout.

Mae started on her stage ambitions at an early age. While Eva Tanguay was informing an enthusiastic world that she didn't care, little Mae, aged five, was giving precocious imitations of the vaudeville favorite. And at church socials, a booking she couldn't get today!

Can you picture her as Little Lord Fauntleroy? As Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? As Little Willie in "East Lynne"? Can you hear her moaning, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," in "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"?

It's hard to picture it, but for six years (until she was twelve) Mae West had a job in the city of her birth, Brooklyn, New York, playing all those parts in a stock company.

Plenty of opportunity during those early days of training to fight for your rights. Burlesque . . . vaudeville . . . musical comedy . . . introducing the "shimmy" to jaded spectators, giving (Continued on page 72)

By JOSEPH
KENT*It's the***B U N K !**

EVERY single night you listen to your radio, you're fooled not once but a half dozen times. You're told, either directly or by implication, that such a thing is true about this or that person. Actually, it's the bunk.

Day by day broadcasting is getting more and more shot with fly-fishhooks. Why? Well, some people think it is good business.

Glance at the movies, if you want a precedent. When Marlene Dietrich came over from Germany and told Paramount officials that she was married and had a daughter, Maria, they told her that being a mother and a wife was not glamorous. Why couldn't she say she was single and heart-free? Marlene refused to do this. If she had to lie, she said, she would give out no interviews at all. In the end Paramount officials let her have her way.

When Cecil B. DeMille was looking for a girl with virginal eyes for "This Day and Age," he selected Judith Allen. He asked her if she had been married and she said she never had been. He believed her. He needed a girl for the picture who could act like a virgin and he thought that the only kind of girl who could play the part was a girl who actually was a virgin. Later, after half the picture had been shot it came out that Judith was married to a wrestler and that she was getting a divorce from him. DeMille took the hoax like a good sport and got all the publicity he could out of it.

In the field of radio many legends have been created around radio personalities.

Del Campo (left), Chilean tenor, has two press agents trying to push him to fame. You think you hear Rubinoff talking? No. It's Ted Bergman (center). The Three Keys (right) were ballhoed to fame but couldn't hold it.

For instance, there is one young woman on a famous NBC musical program who is supposed to be the apple of every college boy's eye. Maybe she is, but what the college boys don't know and what radio officials don't want them to know is that the sweet young thing is married to a middle-aged man who acts as her manager. He doesn't want anyone to know that they are married and yet he can't help making a noise like a husband. And sometimes, when interviewers come to see the sweet young thing, he forgets that he isn't her husband and invites them to "come up and see us sometime."

And then there is another couple whose devotion to each other is a legend among radio fans. And devoted to each other they really are. But the world has been led to believe that neither of them has ever been married before. That's the bunk. The woman has been married once before, but it was a brief, bitter, unhappy marriage.

You could write a book about the marriages of radio stars. Which of them are married and which aren't? You think you know—but do you? A few stars, like George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, like Morton Downey, like Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit (Continued on page 71)

Have they fooled you? These Hill Billies who never saw hills!

S H H N H H H



A CLASSICAL JAZZSTER

RUBINOFF is radio's Lon Chaney. Doubt it? Look at that funny-face overhead and say he isn't missing a great career in the talkies. Directing his merry men is no poker-pan job for this much-abused maestro. It's an exercise, musical and muscular and facial.

On the airwaves you meet no more ridiculed person. Eddie Cantor puts him on the pan at every opportunity. Rumors have it that Rubínoff burns up but the smoke doesn't reach the mike or the public. Why? Maybe Rubínoff knows more and more people get indignant every

week at La Cantor's Sabbath tongue lashings.

Born in Russia, he had to come to America to make himself famous. Classics were his first love. And then jazz—but only when he found he could turn jazz into classics by the magic in his bow and his Stradivarius.

That Strad of his is his dearest possession. And why not? It cost more than ten Rolls-Royces. It requires the attention of a baby or a collie pup, with certain subtle differences. But it sings in its master's inspired hands and carries its inspiration into millions of homes.

He says his favorite radio star is Eddie Cantor.



RADIO NEEDED HER

TAMARA, dark eyed and lovely Russian singer, steps to the microphone and sings to an audience that extends from coast to coast—but she remembers the night when she cowered and shivered beneath a stack of damp, old straw praying that no one would hear her—that no one would see her.

It was in her teens in her native Russia when the cry "The bandits—the bandits are coming!" meant the start of the revolution. And Tamara's grandmother, her face grim with the lurking danger, ran to hide the girl and her baby brother beneath the old straw stack.

Death was in the air that night. Guns roared. Flames crackled. Peasants scurried to seek safety. Throughout that night and the following day Tamara and her kin lay huddled in the dampness of the straw as the sounds of havoc in the village resounded in their ears.

Then came the order, "Fire that straw stack!" Drunken bandits obeyed and rode away. Only the dampness of the straw saved the three lives.

Five years later that young Russian girl came to America. She had heard of the glamor of Broadway, of the acclaim afforded artists of the stage. She wanted that kind of a life—not so much for the glamor itself, but that she wanted to act—to sing, to dance. She asked for a chorus job and was turned down flat. She tried again. In a few months she was rocketed to Broadway stardom.

When radio looked for new voices, Tamara could not be ignored. She had something radio needed.



**ANNOUNCER
PLU-PERFECT**

HIS diction is perfect. So says the Academy of Arts and Letters. Now James Wallington, NBC announcer, is showing friends a smart-cut medal which the Academy recently awarded him because he says a lot of good words for people.

When Jimmie first started announcing up in Schenectady, he realized what he was up against and set out to conquer the air waves. Now as a diction winner (and there have been only five, you know), as stooge for Eddie Cantor who might be called radio's most popular comedian, as announcer for the ever popular Rudy Vallee and the old faithful Lowell Thomas, Jimmie has reached his dream's climax. But those who really know him say, "He'll go even higher." If he does, he'll make radio history.

He's a long way from the career of a minister which he decided upon back in his 'teens in Auburn, N. Y. But he's happy, successful and bringing more enjoyment into American homes than even our biggest pulpit could afford.

Jimmie is more than an announcer. He likes to do many of the things you like to do. To hunt, swim, dance and travel. He owns his own yacht and spends a lot of spare time in the summers cruising around Long Island Sound with Mrs. Wallington.

He needs relaxation like that. Plenty of it. His work is far from easy, you know. He's the fellow, for instance, who first broadcast under water.





Fred Waring made Evalyn Nair (above) a featured dancer with his stage shows. Dancing led to love and he made her Mrs. Waring. Below, Smilin' Fred.



one putting work ahead of everything. Like any other woman she wanted to come first with the man she loved. She could not reconcile herself to the fact that here was a man with whom his work would always come first no matter how deeply he loved her. It must have seemed to her that she was receiving the mere crumbs of his attention.

If Fred Waring had been an ordinary business man, working from nine to five each weekday and able to devote all his evenings to his wife, all might have gone gloriously between them.

Of all the men in radio I doubt if there is one who is a greater idealist than Fred Waring. If it had been only his career that was at stake he would have sacrificed a great deal to make his marriage a success. But there were the other men in his organization to think of. He couldn't leave them in the lurch. He couldn't put half-hearted effort into his work

As a result there were many misunderstandings.

There was, for instance, that night in Paris, when Fred arrived late at a party at which his wife was waiting for him. You see, the same evening a girl who had been signed by his organization was having a club opening and it was imperative for Fred Waring to attend to see that everything went off right. As soon as he was sure that things were all right he rushed off to the party where Dorothy was waiting for him. But she could not understand why it had been necessary for him to attend the club opening. She did not realize that it was part of his business to attend that opening; she misconstrued it as a social date that he had put ahead of the party he was to attend with her.

How can you explain those things? With each word you say the situation only grows harder; the breach between two people wider.

THINGS went on like this for several years. You cannot blame Fred Waring for acting the way he did; you cannot blame Dorothy McAteer for feeling unhappy and neglected. All you can do is to feel sympathy for two people whose dreams of happiness fate mocks.

The marriage of Fred Waring and Dorothy was already heading for the rocks when George Choos brought Evalyn Nair and Dorothy Lee to New York for "Hello Yourself." Fred met Evalyn for the first time when he appeared in that show with her and at once he proceeded to fall head over heels in love with her. But Evalyn remained unaware of his existence as a person. She did not see the pain and longing in his magnetic, black eyes. She did not know he carried the torch for her. When he asked her out to dinner she refused. Though all Broadway knew that Fred's marriage was already slipping, to Evalyn, Fred was still legally tied to another woman and therefore it was wrong for her to even have dinner with him.

I think that when he looks back upon the tangled skein of their romance, the fact that Evalyn did refuse to go out with him at all when he was married will always seem one of the most beautiful things about their love to Fred Waring. I believe there is a lesson in it for other girls who hover on the brink of friendship with a married man. If their romance had been touched by intrigue, by anything underhanded, I am (Continued on page 87)

RADIO'S MAD HUNT for TALENT

The glory road to fame is open—that is, if you have
real ability



By BLAND MULHOLLAND

THERE'S room for you in radio. Forget what you've read about how tough it is to get into broadcasting. Perhaps it used to be tough but radio moguls invite new talent now. They more than invite it; they seek it. Why? Because the kilocycle kings have come to the conclusion that new voices, new mike technique, new vocal tricks are needed to keep today's crowd of talent from boring next year's listeners.

In the ten years that witnessed the growth of broadcasting from a fanciful idea to the greatest entertainment medium ever developed, radio presented an almost closed door to the amateur.

It picked the people it wanted and turned deaf ears to the pleadings of talented thousands who asked for the chance.

Occasionally auditions were granted. But unless you had "pull" or an "in" you rarely got anywhere.

Now all that is changed. Both NBC and CBS, as well as local stations strung across the country, are testing new talent. You've only to look back at last summer to discover the reason. Remember the arid nights when not a new worth-while tunester could be found on the air-lanes? Sponsors found their mail falling off, sales falling off, and they sought an answer. The public, they learned, was weary of all those old winter-time favorites of the year before. The big shots of January and February and March couldn't compete with your and my urge to get out and dance or drive. This year those sponsors say they won't be caught again. They'll have something to



Above, Ethel Shutta counsels three winners in a recent audition conducted by her hubby, George Olsen. Conrad Thibault (above left) and Phil Regan both inherited fame through simple auditions. Vera Van, lower left, is a 1933 CBS discovery.

offer the tired business man and his *hausfrau*.

What does all this mean to you? Just this: that radio offers a field as never before for talent that is new and vigorous and brilliant.

NEW YORK'S famed Radio City, where NBC is headquartered, presents an alluring spectacle each Monday evening. Under the direction of Rubey Cowan, for many years a talent scout for Paramount Pictures, auditions are being held for the hopefuls who want their chance on the air. Anyone can get in provided he makes his application properly. Once in he gets a fair chance to do his best.

Among the people who judge auditions are John Royal, vice-president in charge of programs, George Engles, vice-president in charge of the Artists' Bureau, Rubey Cowan, Hal Kemp, booker for the Artists' Bureau, and Bertha Brainard, manager of national commercial programs.

How is a tryer-outer graded? Each member of the audition board has a chart in front of him. As the amateur works before the mike they note their reactions on the chart. Later the grades are (Continued on page 89)



For distinguished service to Radio



*I*N THE world of radio that grows monotonous for lack of experimentation and novelty, one program has had the courage to dare to offer consistently fine music done in the modern manner.

Smartly conceived, intelligently directed, and graciously presented, the hours during which Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and entertainers unleash their multiple talents is one deserving of the warmest praise.

Boisterous or brazen or blue, as the occasion demands, they have taught ear-weary loudspeaker listeners the meaning of musical sincerity.

So to the Paul Whiteman who is broadcastland's king of jazz we extend our own hearty congratulations and our March RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

ON THE OTHER HAND . . . two of our greatest airshows are being massacred each Sunday and Tuesday night by butterfly-fingered presentations. We refer to Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor. Their whole difficulty arises from the presence of radio audiences.

Sunday night after Sunday night I have bent a hopeful ear toward my loudspeaker

awaiting Cantor's turn at the mike. It comes, and a storm of laughter invades my ears. Laughter at what? Why is that select studio crowd of 1200 people entitled to laugh at something I cannot see? Eddie races into his script. A line is flung back at him by James Wallington, not very funny, but a tempest of laughs soars into my parlor. It rises like a tide over Cantor's dialogue. His voice is smothered, and so is Wallington's. What is happening?

Nobody ever bothers to explain. So I never learn. None of us twenty or thirty millions of listeners ever learns. We're just chumps apparently, not worth bothering with.

Exactly the same thing has happened on Ed Wynn's show. On several others, also. It's a vicious custom, one that network officials should not permit. Advertising executives in charge should have the intelligence to recognize that the mass of listeners are being insulted by their high-priced funny-men! Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor should have the decency to realize that the place for them to be funny is in the nation's parlors, not Studio 8H in Radio City.

If they don't I for one am in favor of kicking them and all other similar transgressors out of the nation's parlors. What do you think about it?

Curtis Mitchell

Read the Walter Winchelling of
our radio spies and learn some
things our stars would like us
to forget

LET'S *gossip* ABOUT OUR FAVORITES



Photo by Gilmer

Nancy Kelly (above) is Dorothy, the little girl from Kansas, in the *Wizard of Oz* series. With her, from left to right, are Junius Mathews, William Benham and Jack Smart. Irene Taylor (below) is the charming little girl you've heard with Reggie Childs' orchestra and later on the Camel program.



ARTHUR TRACY. The *Street Singer*, which name fits, was hauled into court recently on a charge of assaulting his wife. They had separated long ago, then decided to try again. Not long afterward the newspapers of New York carried the story of the alleged assault. Mrs. Tracy was taken to a hospital. A few nights later Tracy was introduced at the Hollywood Restaurant as Rudy Vallee's successor there and a process server did his work, summoning Art to defend himself in court. How it will end certainly cannot be predicted at the time this is being written. For all we know, Tracy may be on NBC now. That network has been talking turkey to him for several weeks.

A LETTER comes from the agents of the Maxwell House Show Boat saying that the cast of that show represents "one big happy family." Tut, tut. Happy families are satisfied with their children—even those named Mary Lou. And where's Don?



THINGS which have come to light: Jeannie Lang never smokes or drinks . . . The evidence Rudy Vallee holds against his wife, Faye Webb, is of such nature that she will be wise to give Rudy a divorce and let the matter drop . . . A certain sponsor of one of the bigger programs on nightly has a standby announcer because the regular, whom the sponsor admits is the one who really sells his product, is sometimes too Barleycorned . . . Time and money wins. Ford took Fred Waring away from Old Gold because Ford offered more time on the air and more money to Fred, which is perfectly legitimate.

IMPRESSIVE as is the record of Amos 'n' Andy on the air, it is not quite equal in one respect to that of Bill Hay, their Scotch announcer. Bill has just rounded out his eighth solid year on his own "Auld Sandy," a Sunday night program which, like Amos 'n' Andy, originated on Station WGN before it was taken to WMAQ and NBC.

ACES of the air are often in the air round about Chicago. Wayne King, the "Waltz King," has his own plane and does a lot of solo flying. He has flown from



Culver photo

THE kind Fates were on the trail of Jack Owens the day he tumbled for tough luck of breaking an arm proved the stepping stone to the good luck of succeeding to Little Jackie Heller's star role on the WENR-NBC College Inn comedy show in Chicago. When Jackie Heller left to tour with Ben Bernie the sponsors set out to find a successor through an audition with listeners. Out of a group of 1,000 aspirants thirty-three singers were chosen to appear consecutively on the program and Jack Owens, a singing swimmer from Topeka, Kansas, was chosen and got the contract as featured singer in the show.

While giving the girls a thrill as a life guard at a beach a year ago, Owens broke his arm. He had plenty of trouble before it mended and decided to turn to singing, his second choice for a career. He sang at Wichita, hooked up with a vaudeville act that was heard for the World's Fair. It flopped and Owens found himself in Chicago without a bean or friend. The College Inn audition was a life saver. And it may mean bigger things. The last College Inn contest resulted in the discovery of Dixie Lee who landed on Broadway and later married Bing Crosby.

That ought to give the next one plenty of encouragement.

The Tibbett smile as illustrated by Lawrence, the baritone "Voice of Firestone." You know his singing, but listen! He recently won the Academy of Arts and Letters award for perfect diction on the stage. (Right) The three first notes of the scale—Miss Do, Miss Re and Miss Mi—the three harmonizing voices.

Chicago to Denver with W. H. Stein, MCA vice-president, as a passenger. And he often uses it to speed to his North Woods retreat. Another aviation enthusiast is Noble Cain, NBC choral leader and production

man. (Cain produces the "Hoover Sentinels" program on NBC which claims the largest cast on the air.) Last summer Cain had the misfortune to make a bad landing in a Michigan hayfield and was in the hospital for many weeks. Then there's Gene Kretzinger who with his brother Charles forms Columbia's harmony team of Gene and Charlie. Gene recently got his pilot's license. Red Ingle, Ted Weems' singing violinist, goes up three or four times a week. He has a pilot's license. And then there's Bob Brown, the NBC announcer who has long handled Ben Bernie's malt show. He's also a flyer.

OLE OLSEN of Olsen & Johnson is one of the champion practical jokers of all time. (The two comedians once arrived at a private party in a coffin.) But Ole's many victims caught up with him on his birthday recently. A parade of bell boys and messengers interrupted him at fifteen minute intervals until thirty-six calls had been made. They bore as gifts parcels con-

RADIO STARS

taining among other items a dead mouse, a slightly ancient fish, a rubber heel, a shaving mug and a hypothermic outfit. The greetings ran "Happy Birthday, You Rat," "Happy Birthday, You Sucker," "Happy Birthday, You Heel," "Happy Birthday, You Dope." Stunt was engineered by Dick Marvin, director of the O. & J. "Swift Revue." Tips to messengers cost Ole \$12.

FIRST Nighter," broadcast through WEAF-NBC, celebrated its third anniversary on the air recently. In three years "The Little Theater Off Times Square" has brought millions of persons who have never been within hundreds of miles of the Great White Way the thrill, the glanor, the excitement of a real Broadway premiere. But during all that time the "First Nighter" himself has always operated nearly a thousand miles from Times Square. Every one of the 150 original dramas of this show has been presented in the Chicago NBC studios. Charles P. Hughes, the genial "First Nighter," has never missed a performance and June Meredith, the charming leading lady, has missed only one even though she had an appendicitis operation. Second



Molasses 'n' January 'n' Sniffski of the Showboat. They're really Pot Malone and Pic Padgett. Sniffski is the poodle pal. Above, Song Stylist Edith Murray who graduated from Broadway to Columbia Broadcasting. Left, a couple colonels. Col. Stoopnagle and Col. Budd. The Kentucky governor did the coloneling. Opposite page, top, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Duey spend an evening with their two children, Jimmy and Barbara Nell. Those goofy guys must be Olsen and Johnson. They are Olsen and Johnson. At the bottom of the page, Ben Bernie and Irene Castle do a bit of rehearsing. Ben must not believe in signs. See his cigar? You can find anything in New York City. Even cowboys. The wilderness is Central Park. The men are Chief Shunatona, George Martin and Tex Ritter of Cowboy Tom's Roundup cast on CBS and WINS.

RADIO STARS

show after her operation she was carried to the studios for the broadcast.

THAT quartet of male singers featured with Olsen & Johnson on their *Swift Revue* over the Columbia chain is none other than Paul Whiteman's old unit, "The King's Jesters." NBC lent them to the Columbia sponsor for the Swift show with the stipulation that they were not to be publicized under their own title.

LIKE Amos 'n' Andy and Tennyson's brook, Wendell Hall's song "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" seems to go on forever. "The Red Headed Music Maker" thought that he had almost exhausted its possibilities after he had written the 1561st verse to go with it about a year ago. Then his present sponsors started an "Ain't Gonna Rain" contest and now Wendell is getting new verses at the rate of a thousand a week or more.

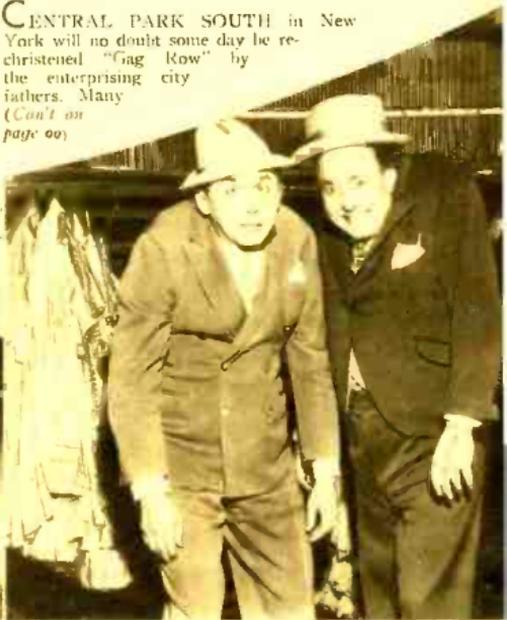
ANOTHER radio romance culminated at the altar. Myrtle Vail, the Myrt of Myrt and Marge, mother of Donna Damarel, who is Marge, has announced the marriage of her daughter to Gene Kretzinger. The wedding took place during the Christmas holidays. Marge's fiancé with his brother Charlie is known to listeners as the team of "Gene and

Charlie." Columbia harmonizers. Gene is also appearing in the cast of "Myrt and Marge."

PHIL BAKER'S biggest thrill to date is his new daughter who has been named Margot Eleanor. It's Margot because her mother, Actress Peggy Cartwright, likes the name and Eleanor for the grandmother on whose birthday (November 28) she was born.

PHIL PORTERFIELD, Columbia's featured baritone from Chicago, recovering from an emergency operation for the removal of his appendix, surprised his doctors by pulling through. Phil says that as much as he loves music he never again wants to come that close to playing a harp until it's his time, which he hopes is some time away.

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH in New York will no doubt some day be rechristened "Gag Row" by the enterprising city fathers. Many
(*Can't on page 60*)



YOUR ANNOUNCER IS


**JIMMIE
JEFFERIES**

Jimmie Jefferies, WFAA announcer, was born in little old New York. Went South to school, tried his feet on the stage in California and ended up on the air in Texas. That was five years ago, and he has been going strong ever since. He has written, directed and acted programs for radio. His "Early Birds," introduced four years ago, is still a top-notch feature on WFAA. He is twenty-five years old.

PETER GRANT

Peter Grant of WLW in Cincinnati studied law four years, received a degree and passed the Missouri Bar exams before he discovered that law did not appeal to him nearly as strongly as radio. So instead of opening a law office, Grant had an audition at KMOX. For two years he remained with KMOX, leaving St. Louis a little over a year ago to join the Nation's Station. Surprise! Peter is also a dramatic actor. When you hear some of those WLW skits, listen for his voice. He might play a lawyer role.


JOHN W. HARRINGTON

John W. Harrington announced for the first time in New York City in 1908. He grew up, moved to St. Louis, attended St. Mary's in Kansas and the University of Arkansas. In 1928 he signed as an announcer for WVK in St. Louis. In 1933, he went to WGN in Chicago with a commercial account. Last November he joined the staff and celebrated by getting married. He's six feet three-and-a-half inches short, weighs 210 pounds, has brown hair, gray eyes. He announces, among other things, "Just Plain Bill."


CLARENCE C. MOORE

Clarence C. Moore is office manager, announcer, singer and dramatist at KOA in Denver. That's a lot of work for one man but Moore is a talented man. During his career he has worked in a hardware store, served in the World War, was an executive in a mortuary, sang in choirs and acted in plays. Born in Denver in 1889. Attended Culver Military Academy, University of Denver and the Case School of Applied Science. Married in 1911. He loves people and much of his time is spent with children's clubs.


TOM MANNING


Tom Manning is the 31-year-old red-head announcer of WTAM in Cleveland who has been talking into a mike since 1924. In high school he was a four-letter man. Then he was a semi-pro in baseball until he broke an arm. When that happened he turned to managing teams and announcing games of all sorts. Fights, golf tournaments, national air races—all find Tom on hand with his mike. Now for a surprise. He can sit down at a piano and knock off a popular tune in able fashion. He's married.

BASIL RUYSDAEL

Basil Ruysdael, announcer for WOR of Newark, is a graduate of Cornell University where he took up electrical engineering. Before he had a chance to put it to use he met George Ade who urged him to accept a part in a play. Nine years as a principal in the Metropolitan Opera followed. Then he opened a studio and among his students was Lawrence Tibbett who attributes the major part of his success to Ruysdael. He returned to New York to work for WOR and NBC. He seldom sings any more.


AL SHEEHAN

When Al Sheehan was sixteen he filled half the pages of his school annual with poetry. Now, as announcer for WCCO in Minneapolis, he's still writing verse. But since one can't always make a living writing verse, Al has been, in succession, newspaperman, actor, salesman and radio announcer. He walked into WCCO five years ago and asked for an audition. The next day he was on the payroll. He's single, has light curly hair and blue eyes. His hobby is amateur astronomy. A star studies stars, huh?



LISTEN, MOTHERS!

When her gay romance
crumbled lovely Dixie
Mason became a fighter

By ANN
McKAY

YOUNG mothers, this is the story of one of you! What would you do if you, with your children, were deserted in a great city, less than \$200 to your name, and no one to whom you could turn? You'd fight for those babies, of course. With every ounce of your strength you'd fight to overcome even the handicap imposed by lack of any training to fit you for the role of wage earner.

And that's exactly what Dixie Mason did when she found herself in just that predicament a little over two years ago; fought and won and established herself as a radio star at age 23!

You couldn't be much less prepared for such a blow than was Dixie on that dreary day in Chicago when she realized she was on her own resources. One, and only one clear purpose was in her mind—that somehow, somewhere she *must* find a way to provide for her two small sons the things which circumstances were threatening to deprive them of.

Today, as the prima donna of WLS, Chicago, with an ever increasing throng of devoted admirers, that is still the thought beside which her career becomes a secondary consideration.

In saying that, I don't want to give the impression that she regards her golden voice simply as a means of livelihood. It's far more than that. It's a means of expres-

sion as real to her as paints were to Michael Angelo. Long before she recognized in her voice a means of earning a plentiful living for herself and her boys, she was using it as a safety valve for her emotions—as an oft-times actually thrilling release from days that might otherwise have been too dark to bear.

But I'm getting years ahead of where I must start if you want an idea why this diminutive girl, who would rather be a homemaker than anything else in the world, is instead on the road to the top of the radio heap.

The death of her father when she was very young (but not too young to feel acutely the tragedy of a broken home) left her young mother unable to maintain their residence in New York City, so, leaving the place of her birth, the heavy-hearted little girl went to the home of her grandmother in Cleveland.

In time she grew very fond of the maple-shaded suburban house which sheltered her during the school months of every year but only during the summers was she almost completely (Continued on page 43)

With two babies to support, Dixie Mason of WLS, Chicago, turned to radio for a solution.



Ralph Kirberry



Dad Pickard



Betty Barthell



Ward Wilson

CASUAL visitors have entered broadcasting studios and walked out radio artists. Some of our most famous stars of the airwaves have been discovered while singing at a party or, for a lark, over some small station. McNamees, June Purcells, Jeannie Langs have been made radio kings and queens by strokes of chance.

Those of you who can sing, act, play a musical instrument, or even have a speaking voice properly modulated for the microphone, never know what moment Fortune may fling her arms around you and dance you gaily up the road to wealth and fame.

Sounds too fantastic? Then let me tell you a few of the real tales from the radio of radio.

Juror Number 7 stepped from the Federal Building in lower Manhattan.

Number 7 was neither butcher, baker nor bond salesman. He was — well, some day he hoped to be a concert baritone. He dreamed of fame. His name was Graham McNamee.

Hardly knowing what to do with the two hours the court ordered for lunch recess, he wandered into the studios of WEAJ, then at 195 Broadway.

He stared curiously for a few minutes at a line of men, passing one by one into a studio, then whispered a query to the last in line. "Audition for singers," was the response. Graham stepped into place and awaited his turn. Finally it came. He sang his bit and was taken aside. "We'll give you twenty-five dollars for singing three times a week," they said.

Two nights later he was standing about the studios when an agitated director rushed up to him and hurried him to a microphone. Now it's a far cry from \$25, but because an announcer was missing that night and Graham

talked so deftly in the emergency, he had the chance which gave him the first boost up to the some \$2000 a week he now earns.

BETTY'S hands danced swiftly over the keys of the grand piano. The group in the drawing-room drew more closely about her as she broke lightly into song. The younger set of Nashville liked this blue-eyed, dimpled Barthell girl.

"Betty, I wish you'd come over to the studios and try out on the air for me." Heads bobbed forward in eager interest. The director of a Nashville station was speaking. But Betty smiled and shook her head as she played. She knew she wasn't radio artist material. "I dare you to," one of the guests cried. Though certain that she'd be a flop, Betty went on the air.

Seated before a loud-speaker one evening was Julius Seebach, program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He was listening to the Nashville station. "Hm," he murmured to himself, "this Barthell girl is good."

Two months after Betty had been brought to New York at Seebach's request. She was a star of the Chesterfield program. That was the girl who hadn't wanted to go on the air.

You've met people who have a facility for talking in dialects. Cliff Souhier was one such. He could twist his tongue adroitly about seven of them.

One evening he sat in the audience of a radio studio, awaiting the dramatic program about to be presented. Suddenly the production manager began moving nervously about, glancing from floor to clock. When there were but seconds to go. (Continued on page 97)

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

By JEAN
PELLETIER

- They never dreamed their lucky breaks were just around the corner •



Soo

BY STEVE TRUMBULL

B A S H F U L

THIS is a story to refute the theory that Dame Opportunity is a shy, old spinster who timidly knocks but once, then slips away to return no more.

Pitted against a timid genius, the old dame can be most persistent—as witness the case of Harry Sosnik, most recent of the popular dance maestri to occupy a featured spot on the airlines. After a long run with "The Parade of Melodies," his band is now featured with Olsen and Johnson on those hilarious "Swift Reviews" each Friday night over a coast-to-coast Columbia network.

The average radio critic will tell you that Sosnik has just "arrived," at the ripe age of 27. Musicians have a different version of it.

"Sosnik just arrived?" they repeat. "Why he arrived a year ago and the public is just finding it out. He could have been where he is now four years ago were it not for his insane shyness."

For Harry Sosnik is that rarity of the entertainment business, a bashful orchestra leader. He can't get out in front of his band and "clown" for the amusement of the audience. He can't go from table to table in the night clubs slapping the critics on the back and gathering for

Harry Sosnik "arrived" four years ago. Radio is just finding it out. And so is Harry

himself a few additional lines of publicity. He has no desire to announce his own numbers at the microphone and thereby impress his name upon his listeners.

Those things help in the world of entertainment—but Sosnik just can't do it. That is why, even in this radio world of meteoric reputations, it has taken "discover" a really fine orchestra leader.

the listeners a year to

ALL of the musicians thought Sosnik was good four years ago—that is, all except Harry Sosnik.

One example of the manner in which Opportunity was forced to pursue him is contained in his meeting with Paul Whiteman. The "King of Jazz" had just arrived in Chicago with his band for an engagement at the Granada Café. He had been in town less than a week when a music publisher called Sosnik.

"Go out to the Granada Café and see Whiteman," the publisher said. "He wants to see you about some arrangements."

"Oh, yeh?" said Sosnik, "and when I finish with that I suppose I'm to hop up to (Continued on page 20)

Trade and Mark Smith; Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot off the air. Recognize these two as those be-whiskered coughdrop favorites?

Bert Lahr, the funny man, Mildred Twain and Teddy Bergman and Harry Stander, those clever boys, of many dialects. That's Geo. Olsen's band.



MORE *Intimate* SHOTS



Viola Philo at home and at practice. See Erno Rapee, conductor at Radio City Music Hall, where Miss Philo sings, in the picture?

Roy Atwell got laryngitis, a nurse, and the privilege of broadcasting in bed. He's another one of those guys who does things in threes.



Here's a band that's run like a bank with a Board of Directors 'n' everything

Above, Casa Loma Orchestra, Inc., with each man his own boss looking forward to dividends. Glen Gray, right, is president.

THE LOW-
DOWN ON A
THE CASA
LOMA BOYSA
By NELSON
KELLER



WHEN a double-quintet of ambitious boys decided to run an orchestra on a co-operative basis, skeptical friends laughed out loud. Whoever heard of a saxophone player being as important in a band as the director himself? Whoever heard of the bass viol player getting as much money and glory as the manager? And dividends? Why, they were for banks and factories and the like. Not for orchestras!

But this bunch of boys—ten of them at the start—had a different idea. Today the Casa Loma Orchestra, Inc., which you hear on the Camel Cigarette program over CBS, is right up alongside the best of the lot. And to hear some people talk, a lot more successful.

Why? Because every fellow is working for himself. This story really begins in the fall of 1929 when businesses were failing rather than starting. These ten college boys saw a lack of co-operation among members of other bands. It got under their skin to see orchestra lead-

ers stealing the show from the members. Incorporation under the laws of New York State was their solution.

So, probably for the first time in the history of popular music, we find each musician on equal footing.

GLEN GRAY (whose last name "Knohlauch" he wisely dropped) was the saxophone player the boys elected president. F. C. O'Keefe, their business manager, became vice-president. And Pat Davis was named secretary-treasurer. Each man was given an equal share of stock.

Then came the first important problem. What to do with ten bosses? If each man was equal in authority who would give orders? And if each was

his own boss could anyone stop him from taking a vacation any time he wanted one?

Troublesome questions, perhaps, to some people. But not to the Casa Loma crew. They handled the situation as any good business organization would. They invested certain powers in the hands of their officers. They created a Board of Directors just as your bank would do. They hired a man to serve as superintendent to care for supplies, to act as purchasing agent—sort of a superintendent of "buildings and grounds" as a factory might dub him. For programs they created a program committee with each member serving in one-month terms.

Then, as all good business (Continued on page 90)



ARRANGED BY HELEN HOVER

Smart clothes make smart women and vice versa. 1. Just glance at Harriet Hilliard in this charming black velvet Sunday night gown. Note the simple clinging lines (to emphasize all its dramatic allure) and the little puff sleeves and high neck line. The picture hat is just the thing to bring out all the glamour in this outfit. 2. Her black ski suit is very boyish—from the double-breasted jacket to the bright yellow turtleneck roll on the sweater. 3. How those boyish styles do bring out all the femininity in the girl! Do you wonder at her nonchalance in these smart aquamarine velvet lounging pajamas? 4. Observe this black satin evening gown that Harriet is enhancing with that figure. Fits very snugly and is enlivened by silver fox epaulettes. 5. Alice Faye shows you why the Mandarin pajama suit is so popular. The jacket is vivid lacquer red. Black satin trousers add the final intriguing note. 6. The little red ski suit is adapted from the styles of the Tyrolian mountain climber. Notice the smart white laces and flat collar. 7. Alice's black satin and net evening gown has that sleek poured-into look that outlines the natural contour of her figure to the knees, then strikingly flares out into graceful widths of net. 8. The black wool jacket of this natty sport suit has a swagger flare and is just finger-tig length. The sporty black and white check of the skirt are repeated in the petticoat.

RADIO STARS



Skating outfits by R. H. Macy & Co.

Photographs by Ray Lee Jackson

FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR



New, ingenious, cosmopolitan ideas for your next party—whether you serve lemonade or—

(Upper left) That glamorous pair of Olsens are even more entertaining at home—say their party guests. Georgie helps his Missus to dainties prepared by her own lovely hands. (Below) Ethel's hostess tray, tempting, what? (Bottom) Delectable canapes with those colorful cheese balls.

Waters Genter Co.

MRS. ALICE PAIGE MUNROE

No wonder the buffet parties Ethel Shutta gives are the most talked-about in Radio Row. I had just returned from her latest one with a group of friends and they were all raving about it.

"Different"—"The most enjoyable one I've been to in ages"—"Inimitable! How does she do it?"—"What a wonderful hostess," were just some of the verbal bouquets they tossed to her. Wouldn't you like to hold a party like Ethel's and have the same compliments paid you?

Now I know that many women are scared when they think of throwing a successful party of their own. Yes, I mean actually scared.

Most of them think they have to pawn the family jewels to stage an elegant one, or worry themselves sick thinking of new, delightful dishes that will put the party over with a bang.

Well, I want to tell you how you can hold a buffet party in your home that will absolutely win a reputation for yourself as a successful and clever hostess. I'll give you the hints and the tricks that Ethel Shutta employs at hers—novel and amusing ideas that she's picked up from the most cosmopolitan spots of the world and which have been the principal reasons for her grand knack of party-giving.

Forget (Continued on page 97)



COOKIE RECIPES

RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me RADIO STARS' Cookie Recipes.

Name:

(Print in pencil)

Address:

(Street and number)

(City)

(State)

If you Want to be Beautiful



Radio Artists who do their hair in distinctly individualistic manners—Alice Faye (upper left) with natural looking blonde curls all about her head. Leah Ray (center and left, below) with those wide, soft waves. Irene Rich (upper right) wears smart long locks in a bun at the nape of the neck.



Counting time by styles in hair dressing we find the 1934 manner leans to simplicity and naturalness. Let the hair frame the face becomingly

THERE'S a great deal of grumbling going the rounds running something like this: "I can't do a thing with it," meaning the hair.

Well, here's a secret answer to that state of mind. You can do things with it, if you will only do them, but hair, like one's spirit,

droops and fades if attention is denied it. On the other hand just a little pampering, lovingly administered, will pep it up no end.

I suppose you think I'm about to rave on about permanent waves. Well, yes and no. Hairdressing specialists who stand at the top of their profession are going in rather impetuously for naturalness for the top of the head. All those fuzzy, kinky "sets" are being sneered at, fashionably speaking, and more and more slightly waved, even unadulterated straight heads are seen.

All-over curly heads were okay as long as only young girls did them but when white-haired grandmas began to frizz themselves up their curls took on the look of antiquity. So now the smart young ones have dropped about boldly stating that since their youth and their natural charms are something so precious they guess they will give them

By CAROLYN
BELMONT

a show for a change and relief.

Permanents are now put in so delicately that you can hardly believe the wave isn't entirely natural. There's a new method—without heat—that's a gift to scary creatures who always have felt that the wild baking system was about to blow them into Kingdom Come. Another new permanent wave allows you to get up and walk about with ease while the process is taking place. Even when steaming and that heavy apparatus that descends from the roof is resorted to there are only a few fearful moments to live through for the waves must be wide and loose if they are to be right for style just now.

Everywhere I go I see hundreds of different and individual coiffures. No longer does every girl look as though she had been coiffed over the same model. There are little wispy ends all gathered at the back of the head. There are bangs, straight or just a bit turned askew. There are poumpadour effects and straight Mona Lisa partings. Each baby does her own stuff, it would seem, and with mighty good results.

Bob it if you wish. Leave it (Continued on page 85)

What radio fans want to know



STEP up, you human question marks, and see the label which comes on every hot-air-tight box of answers shipped into the RADIO STARS office. Yes, it's your Uncle Answer Man, struggling his strugglingest to satisfy the curiosity of that good-looking squadron of question askers.

Do you see them asking Unkie A. M. how to get autographed photographs of celebrities? Nope, they know stars are erratic photo sender-outers, and one never knows whether they will or won't. Or do they ask for artists' home addresses? No, because they want those artists to have at least an hour's sweet slumber each night. Do they waste their pretty pennies on stamped, self-addressed envelopes? No, they've been told I will answer only in this column. Do they spume and futter if they have to wait for answers to their questions? No, they think of the po', po' thousands in line behind them.

Do they ask me, Heaven forbid, how to get auditions for their cousin Sophocles? Certainly not. They know I'd say "Naughty" and sling 'em out on their ears. Ah can't take care of those things, sonny boys and gals, ah just can't.

And because we fancy to please most of the listeners most of the time, we have to let our material pulse largely with the throbb of life in the greater network studios, and concern mostly the favorites for which the majority of you clamor.

Okay America. On with the dance.

Q. Do tell us something about Bradley Kincaid.

A. He's married and his wife's name was Irma Forman before she got involved with the dying-cowboy-singer. He's about quarter past thirty years old, is five feet ten-and-one-half inches tall and is a puh-roud poppa. He has four children—two girls (twins) Barbara and Allyn, named for his most popular ballad, "Barbara Allen," and two boys, Billy and Jimmie.

Q. Is Russ Columbo married?

A. Singular fellow, isn't he?

Q. We (hordes of us) want to know about Gene and Glenn's children

A. Gene Carroll's children are Mary, age 12, Eugene (guess after whom he was named), age 10, and Terese, age 6. Glenn Rowell's children are Patsy Clair, age 5, and Glenn Rowell, jr., age 14, who is now at Culver Military Academy. Yes, I wish Gene and Glenn were on a network, too, if only that I might get a little peace of mind. Adela Dusek, president of the G. and G. Radio Club sweetly tells me that they are on WTAM every morning from 7:30 to 8:30 EST except Sunday and each evening from 6:15 to 6:30 EST except Saturday and Sunday and if all is different when the magazine reaches you, don't blame me.

Q. Who plays the speaking parts on the "Shoreboat" program?

A. Lesec. Irene Hubbard does "Aunt Maria"; Pick Malone, "Molasses"; Pat Fadgett, "in January"; "Captain Henry" is Charles Wimmering (oh you knew, eh?); Rosaline Greene speaks for "Mary Lou," and Allyn Josophin for Lanny. Of course, Lanny can talk, but he's a singer. Oh, so you did know that, did you?



Q. What's the name of the theme song of Wayne King's "Lady Esther" program? How many in his band and do they average young or old?

A. Oh, that theme's a little thing the Dance King dashed off in a few spare weeks, just like that. It's "The Waltz You Saved for Me." The twelve men in his band, after careful calculation, assert that they average young.

Q. Is Johnny Marvin married? How old is he and what does he look like?

A. Ask his wife. She might also tell you that his complexion is dark, that he has brown hair, that he's five feet eleven, and that if he sticks to his exercising he'll continue to weigh his 160 pounds. She might even tell you he was born July 11, 1897.

Q. Is Little Jack Little married? How can I keep track of his programs?

A. He is, and he doesn't two-time. He tea-times. Her name really and truly is Tea. As for his programs, with this new band of his, CBS shifts him from one night spot to another with such inconsistent alacrity he can't even keep track of himself.

Q. Please give the cast of the "Just Plain Bill" sketches.

A. "Bill," Arthur Hughes; "Nancy," Ruth Russell; "Kerry Donovan," James Meighan (nephew of Thomas); "Elmer Beps," Joseph Latham; "David Curtis," Curtis Arnall (also the "Red Davis" of NBC); "Widow Perry," Effie Palmer; and your announcer is—Andre Baruch.

Q. Can you tell us something about Lanny Ross?

A. Can I? But we hope to have a story in an early issue of RADIO STARS. Could you possibly hold your breath until then?

Q. Has Carmen Lombardo written any songs this year? Was another brother recently added to Guy's band? Can

you tell us a bit about the history of this outfit?

A. Unkie A. M.'s glad to see he's as popular as ever. Carmen wrote a song this year called "We'll See It Through." A brother was recently added and more recently subtracted. Decided he was a better interior decorator than a tootler. As for the others, there are four—Guy, Carmen, Liebert and Victor. In London in 1918, when Guy was 12, a rackets orchestra made its first appearance. Guy was at the violin, Carmen played the flute, Liebert pounded some old drums and Freddie Kreitzer poked stubby fingers at the piano. In the years since then, during which they have known nights in cheap dance halls, vaudeville tours, their first big success in Chicago, a second at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York, the addition of others, including Victor, to the orchestra, they have developed the soft legato tempo which has won them such favor. Guy now uses two pianos, four saxophones, a flute, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, bass horn, traps and guitar. Guy never plays the violio he so lovingly holds.

Q. Are Orzie Nelson or Harriet Hilliard married?

A. No, my quizzical friends. But why not wait until Helen Hoyer's story about them appears in one of our ladny spring issues?

Q. Is Nino Martini married?

A. No, he's too gay a charmer. Besides, he has his career to think about, don't you know?

Q. (This represents a whole bevy of questions.) Can you tell us all about the WLS Barn Dance.

A. If you'd read the story in the September issue of RADIO STARS, you wouldn't have asked that. (Incidentally, you can always get back numbers of RADIO STARS by sending one dime, not too thin, in stamps or coin, to us at 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

"COWBOYS NEED HEALTHY NERVES — AND, BELIEVE ME, SO DO HOUSEWIVES!"

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
 "To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are my smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter, Montclair, N. J., says:
 "I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle anybody's nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing my cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the wildest cigarette I ever smoked!"

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How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If nerves are your problem, we suggest a check-up now — on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the

tobacco used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

 Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People do care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels never get on your nerves...never tire your taste.



Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

www.americanradiohistory.com

Meet that silvery-tongued
Southerner, Captain Henry
of the Showboat troupe—
Charles Winninger is his
real name



RADIO STARS

Now

An Exquisite New Castile Shampoo



MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

NEW—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and help retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The

natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Exceptionally low price—

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Ask your druggist or send for a bottle—fill out coupon; mail with 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name
Address	City	State
Druggist	Address



The Fighting Priest

(Continued from page 13)

attacked the administration's "baloney dollar" as he called it. Father Coughlin came to the New York Hippodrome to strike back. To the excited crowd he asserted that if it came to a question of renting the non-union-wall filled offices of the Empire State Building of which Smith is the proprietor, the former governor would accept the dollars, whether they were "baloney" or "ham-burger."

Dramatically the priest thrust still more deeply at his former pastor. He cried out that Smith was inclined to Wall Street and the House of Morgan, and therefore was treacherous to his private interests, to fight President Roosevelt's plan to save the country.

To that crowd he told his story of how the Honorable Alford E. Smith had visited the F. P. Morgan offices. He said subsequently that his statement was based on the word of two Catholic bishops. A Detroit bishop he averred had requested a New York bishop to introduce him to Mr. Smith for the purpose of asking the former governor to make an address in Detroit. On Mr. Smith observing in a worried manner that he must get immediately to the Morgan offices, Father Coughlin then claimed the two bishops offered to have him driven down in their car. Mr. Smith, the priest's story goes, accepted, drove down with them and entered the building. When he came out, it's asserted his worried look was gone and his face was wrinkled in smiles. And the clergyman strongly holds that Smith's alleged remark about it being the "happiest day of my life" was proof that he had obtained a loan from the House of Morgan. All this, Al Smith flatly denied.

But that night the approving shouts of that Hippodrome audience were punctuated by heckling catcalls. Newspapermen leaped to the seats of their chairs for a better view of the amazing scene. Was this really a crowd drawn from the millions of devoted followers he is reputed to have? No, said one newspaper, it was a rabble which he could have led had he so willed to the House of Morgan to literally tear the building down.

Is such comment, rising from situations like this, becoming to the dignity of the cloth? Well the Fighting Priest defends his position with the writings of Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI whose words distinctly direct churchmen to extend their ministrations to the economic lives of their parishioners whenever economic conditions are such that their spiritual lives are menaced.

Father Coughlin certainly has not stunted himself in following this advice. But before we read his blasting attacks on Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, Communism, Ford prohibition and birth control, and his defense, incon-

sistent to many, of Jimmy Walker let's give his stands in his own words.

"I wonder how the gentle Christ would respond to current conditions if he returned to rule today. I wonder if he would not resent the ruthless rule of business that lets worthy men starve in the midst of plenty; that permits the honest poor to be trampled upon by the economic juggernaut of selfishness serving solely the Pharisees of concentrated wealth.

"Tell me not that Christ would speak in placidity with 15,000,000 deserving people going hungry. He would speak out, even though he be called a rebel or worse. He again would scourge the ungodly characters from the temple, even though the high priest of property riches treated him and crucified him.

"For God's sake, let us think of sound men—sound in body and in soul—rather than of sound money.

"Give us this day our daily bread—bread that is earned by the sweat of our brow—the bread that can save America from a catastrophe."

So does Reverend Charles E. Coughlin defend his support of Roosevelt. To Hoover, he was not so kind. He dug deep into the former President's life for material with which to attack him. He based a sermon on an article in an old issue of "The Miming Magazine," written by Hoover while he was a mining promoter in England in 1912. Through the loudspeakers of thousands of American homes hurled the words of accusation against the man who was then the nation's chief executive.

"In 1912," Father Coughlin said, "Mr. Herbert Hoover termed as 'idiots' those people who would listen to the suave salesmen talk of promoters who

by deceit and subterfuge coaxed money from widows as was done here in Detroit and elsewhere."

The priest from Royal Oak asserts that President Hoover was so upset by this sermon that he sent Secret Service agents into the Congressional Library to confiscate any such issues of "The Miming Magazine" which might repose there. It was when relating this tale to his biographer that he claimed to have vigilantes all over the country and called himself a "religious Walter Winchell."

On another occasion he irritated the Hoover administration by lauding out at Andrew Mellon, whom he called the "billionaire Secretary of the Treasury," for delaying payment of World War veterans' adjusted service certificates.

He seems to have a fondness for the pre-war administration in as great a measure as he had dislike for the Hoover government. Early last year he visited Mr. Roosevelt in Washington in the shadow of the White House. It is said by Coughlin's friends, the two discussed the means by which the New Deal was to be made an accomplished fact. Observant radio listeners have pointed out the similarity between phrases used by him and Mr. Roosevelt in their radio addresses.

Despite this, as his enemies observe gleefully, on one occasion Father Coughlin made a spirited defense of James J. Walker shortly before he resigned under fire as Mayor of New York City. It was the Walker-Fampany régime which had so bitterly opposed Roosevelt's nomination. Is this consistent with the priest's apparent friendship with the President? His opponents shout a vociferous "No!" They further their claims of meanness by asserting that he's very friendly with William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper publisher who, having supported Hoover, swung to Roosevelt.

Is Charles Edward Coughlin a sincere being? Did he mean every word of his appeal to the Lindbergh kidnappers? What inner thoughts motivated his attacks on Henry Ford, socialism, Communism—attacks which will be described in subsequent issues of RADIO STARS. What impelled him to organize his own chain of stations after Columbia refused to let him continue in its chain?

It cannot be told in a few words. There's too much color in the Fighting Priest's life, too much significance in the present political and economic situation to press it off as lightly as that.

Thus we shall see what a man who has been titled "Shepherd of the Air," "Militant Crusader," "Daring Apostle of the Truth," "Fearless Radio Priest," and "The Champion of the Underdog" is really like. We shall see what runner of man is this who calls himself a "religious Walter Winchell."

(To be continued next month.)



Andre Kostelanetz keeps busy directing orchestras for CBS.

Hurricane Tamer

(Continued from page 25)

"Here is the SECRET"

SOYS

Mary Brun



MOON GLOW

NAIL POLISH

Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smoothness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all the five MOON GLOW shades: Natural, Medium, Rose, Playroom Red and Cream. If you prefer 1/2 size you could get four nail polishes than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Sold by druggists—25¢ each and cheap 10¢ stores (No. 100) and mail order.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Sunderland Place and the intersection of Van Ness
Cable Telephone (Los Angeles) for each shade—Red
() Natural () Medium () Rose () Playroom Red
() Cream

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Size 8x10 inches
or smaller if desired.
Send your full
size photo, group, landscape
or any size photo of any
particular scene. We'll
return it original photo
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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo
any size and within a week you will receive
your beautiful life-size enlargement, guaranteed
satisfactory. If you prefer, we will postpaid
original photo with return mail. No charge for
delivered postage of both. And we give postage
of returning size free. Send your photo to
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visible charms
"Radio Girl" Perfume
was designed for the
modern American girl—savvy, sophisticated, elegant.
Though compounded from the finest essential oils,
Radio Girl Perfume is produced in this country with
a thought for thrift... You'll love Radio Girl Face
Powder too—with the same exquisite fragrance.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES
"RADIO GIRL", St. Paul, Minn. My
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Per-
fume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder.
I am enclosing the (two or stamps) for
cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)
Name

Address

the instruments. For forty hours he and his assistants were in that office. They had neither food nor sleep and very little water. Mr. Gray had no way of knowing whether his wife and children were dead or alive.

The building, in which the weather bureau was located, quivered continually under the battering of three billion horsepower of wind, but it stood firm. At 5 A.M. the barometer had fallen so far the pin of the instrument flange had to be reset to record it.

Then the wind went down and Mr. Gray knew the vortex was overhead. It was 13 miles across and the oppressive quiet of it lasted 35 minutes.

The lull worried Mr. Gray almost as much as the storm. He knew that hundreds of people would think the storm was over, open their homes and run out in the street. And so he caught in the whirlpool. He had no microphone to warn them. So he ran into the devastated streets, lurching, and told everybody he met they must get back the storm was not over. The streets were full of people climbing over debris. Few knew him and paid little attention.

The storm began again, picking up roots, debris, cast iron awnings, everything before it. There were more deaths, more injuries, more people made homeless during the second part of the storm than before. Mr. Gray had not the facilities to advise them.

WHEN the hurricane had passed on, crowds of hysterical men and women with babies in their arms would, on the slightest rumor, besiege the weather bureau office to know if there was going to be another hurricane. Mr. Gray kept his office open day and night just so that he could reassure the people. They would not believe, they would not listen to anyone but the meteorologist in the weather bureau office. Reports of the broadcasting companies gathered from Mr. Gray would not suffice. They wanted to hear Mr. Gray's voice.

Rumors of all kinds were being started in the streets. All this hysteria Mr. Gray struggled to combat, even calling the police to aid him. Under the law, any person using false information about the weather and attributing it to the weather bureau is liable to arrest.

It was this astonishing volume of rumors and queries that made Mr. Gray determine to arrange a better system of spreading the truth about storms as well as collecting information. He kept men at the telephone in two-hour shifts and answering 300 calls hourly at the top speed of six calls a minute but even then the spread of news was inadequate. So Mr. Gray took advantage of the offer from the Miami Broadcasting Company and had a microphone installed on his desk. In the immediate likelihood of a storm he

broadcasts in his calm, assuring, accurate voice, every hour.

All over Florida in the hurricane season people keep their radios tuned in for his voice. In the Everglades, in distant groves along the shores of Lake Okechobee, down the Keys, and far beyond and to every island in the West Indies Mr. Gray's voice carries. His mail (fan mail, if you like) testifies to the value of the service. He gets letters and cards by the thousands from all sorts of people in all that diverse region thanking him, blessing him for the assurance of safety or the warning he had given them.

In 1928 during the great Palm Beach hurricane, hundreds of lives were lost and thousands made homeless in the Lake Okechobee region, chiefly because they were not adequately informed. Now this same region need not fear. Three times since then Mr. Gray's voice over the microphone advised them to abandon their homes for "high ground" and not one life was lost, not one person injured.

During the 1933 hurricane season there were more than a dozen tropical disturbances in all parts of the Caribbean which Mr. Gray has had to watch and report upon day and night. Several of these came dangerously near to the Florida coast. But the people have been educated to Mr. Gray's voice over the mike. They do not listen to rumors any more. Mr. Gray's word is law.

It's the Bunk!

(Continued from page 18)

have proudly blazoned their marriages to the world. But there are many more who have been built up as handsome, romantic, desirable bachelors and bachelor gals.

Think of the romantic figures of radio. Of whose romances have you heard more touching stories than of Vincent Lopez? He has been deliberately built up as a romantic bachelor. It's the bunk. Actually he may be romantic but he is not a bachelor. He was married to a woman who is now living in Brooklyn but the marriage has been a very unhappy one.

Dick Liebert has been built up as a dreamy, romantic boy because of the romantic songs he plays on his program with the Patsy Prince. He, too is married. John Marvin can't make up his mind whether to admit that he is married or not. But his wife usually answers his telephone calls.

It isn't only around their marriages and romances that legends are created about radio stars. Skillful press agents decide what kind of an impression they want you to get about their clients then devote their time to hammering that

idea into your consciousness. They use every psychological trick on the calendar to get you to believe those impressions.

Rudy Vallee, the skillful, master showman. The man who builds his programs with unerring knowledge of what the public wants. How many times have you heard that?

Listen! Although Rudy Vallee selects some of the talent, most of the programs are built by the advertising agency which is back of Rudy. Yet the legends go on and on.

Sometimes the cleverest publicity fails when the person who is being built up with a great deal of fan-tare fails to live up to all his hot-air publicity.

Do you remember how the Three Keys were built up? NBC took these three boys from a Philadelphia station and at once launched a great publicity campaign for them. They were going to be the greatest vocal trio you had ever heard. They would bring the world new rhythms and new harmonies. Every time you turned a page some item about the Three Keys stared you in the face. But the Three Keys turned out to be mediocre musicians and, in spite of all the publicity, they lasted only a few months.

Do you remember the tub-dino and the malarkey about the Silver-Masked Tenor whose identity was supposed to be a mystery and who was supposed to wear a silver mask whenever he sang? Actually there was no reason under the sun for him to wear a silver mask or any other kind of mask but for a while the public was intrigued. Then, when it found out who the Silver-Masked Tenor was, it lost interest completely. For he was just a pleasant Irishman named Joe White, and there wasn't an ounce of mystery about his personality.

DO you remember how Russ Columbo was built up by Con Conrad as the man with the greatest voice of all time and how he failed to live up to all his advance publicity? Today a young man named Del Campo is going through just the same build-up. Even before he went in the air Con Conrad swore that he would make radio history. His publicity campaign was placed in the hands of two of the cleverest young men in the business. Soon notices began appearing in the newspapers about this wonderful new discovery of Con Conrad. There was even a notice to the effect that Con Conrad had gotten out an insurance policy to keep the young singer from deserting him when he reached the top. Day after day the name of Del Campo is going to be hammered into the public consciousness. Reading these stories about the young man you might imagine that they were the result of a tremendous enthusiasm on the part of radio audiences. But that's not so. They're carefully planned publicity. If the young man can live up to all these notices, well and good. Otherwise, in spite of this build-up the public is likely to turn thumbs down.

Today Gertrude Niesen is being given much the same build-up. You are told how exotic and mysterious and sophisticated she is. The thing probably started as a gag but by this time the story that



Posed by professional models

Amazing EASY WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS FAST

Sensational gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty in a few weeks

NOW you can easily fill out that skinny, beanpole figure, and be just as attractive and have as many friends as anybody. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh and shapely, enticing curves that everybody admires—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvel-

ous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start your building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast 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", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Dept. 33, Atlanta, Georgia.





WIDWID STARS - UNIVERSAL PICTURES PICTURES

A NEW TYPE EYEBROW PENCIL *with a delicate tone*

THE MAKERS of Winox mascara—America's foremost authorities on eye makeup—have just brought out a NEW-type eyebrow pencil.

This pencil has a delicate tone . . . and, therefore, gives just the right, delicate, gossamer touch to eyebrows. It never looks coarse or smoky or spotty—as so many pencils do.

Just touch it to your brows (you needn't press it) . . . and watch how it transforms even skimpy eyebrows to a soft, rich line.

The Winox Pencil is new . . . but already it has made a hit in New York and Hollywood. Women who use Liquid Winox or Cake Winox doubly welcome this new Winox product as a true help to eye beauty.

Only 10¢—at all good 5 and 10 stores.

Winox EYEBROW PENCIL BEWITCHING



Ultra-soft octagonal compact in genuine bakelite, with beveled glass mirror . . . fashionable enough and fine enough for twice the price! Come in red, black, brown, green, blue, high shade, velvet pink. Odorless, durable, yet light as a feather. 1 1/2¢ of leading Cosmetics.

An exclusive creation of A. L. SIEGEL CO., Inc.
22 West 22nd St., N. Y. City



Gertrude is sophisticated has been repeated so often that the poor girl believes it herself. Actually she's just a simple girl from Brooklyn and she can be incredibly naive at times—usually at times when she thinks she's being sophisticated.

Strangely enough all this is not a pose with her. She honestly believes that because she likes caviar and wine she has sophisticated tastes.

The world has been told how marvelous Kate Smith is and how she sings for crippled soldiers and does anything she can for charity. So far as it goes all this is true, Kate Smith in many ways has a generous heart. But while Kate Smith was being built up as the sweetest, kindest, biggest-hearted person in the world, there was one thing that the public wasn't supposed to know about Kate. Kind as she is to those in need, Kate can be bitter and vindictive when someone has hurt her. She never forgets a grudge, never forgives an injury, and, it twenty years after it happened had she an opportunity to grind the person who hurt her into the dust, I suspect she would go ahead and do it. All this makes Kate, from my point of view, a much more interesting and vital person than that perfect angel she is supposed to be. But do the publicity men see things that way? Don't be silly.

There are plenty of minor myths that are the bunk.

HARRY HORLICK has been built into a romantic character. People imagine that he walks around with his shirt open and a sash around his waist. Actually he is one of the most studious dressers in the business.

Gypsy Nina is no gypsy and her name isn't Nina. It's Helen Swan. She's an American girl from Chicago who picked up a few gypsy songs while she was traveling in Europe when she was a younger. Anything else you hear is the bunk.

They've said about Jane Ace of the Easy Aces that though she's a terrible bridge player on the air, in reality she's a marvelous one off the air. That's the bunk. Jane is just as bad a bridge player off the air as on and never plays bridge except with someone like Gracie Allen who is as bad a bridge player as herself. But when she and Mary Livingstone and Portland Hoffa get together and start playing Russian bank, no one can tear them away from the game.

Few of the radio stars give their real ages. One girl, in her biography, put down her birthday as July, 1912, which would make her about twenty-one years old. But then, evidently forgetting that she had subtracted a number of years from her age, she put down the real date on which she had graduated from school—1918. If she were telling the truth that would make her a pretty bright gal because according to her figures she graduated from school when she was about six years old!

Another girl grows younger every year. A couple of years ago she was about nineteen. This year she says she's under eighteen!

Julia Sanderson is a little over forty.

So is Frank Crumit. They don't care who knows.

Even some of the men are touchy about their ages. Four years ago Frank Parker said he was twenty-six. Recently he said to an interviewer who asked him how old he was, "Let's say twenty-six. Well, er—I guess I have to get a little older. Make it twenty-seven."

There are some grand personalities on Radio Row but it is also full of phony's. Not very long ago there came to one of the stations in the East four men who claimed to be Arkansas hill billies. Pappy, Zeke and Elton were their names and they got spots on the air. They paraded everywhere in high boots and corduroy trousers. Then Zeke disappointed and a press agent gave out the story that he had gone back to Arkansas because he was lonely for the hills.

MIKE PORTER of the New York *Evening Journal* dug up the real story. He discovered that the real reason Zeke had left the "hill billies" was because he wanted to run the whole show and the other men wouldn't let him. He also discovered that there was only one real Arkansian in the troupe. One man was a professor of English from a California University. Another was a vaudeville yodeler. A third member of the troupe was a conservatory-trained musician. They were no more Arkansas hill billies than you are.

A lot of blab is published about the tender hearts of the people who run the children's programs. One of them is a pretty young thing who has learned the art of being very diplomatic with the children. But while she is politely listening to their plans and dreams she is thinking about her date downstairs and wishing that the tiny tots wouldn't take up so much of her time. You can't blame her. Another is a young man who has made an indifferent success as an announcer but who runs one of the best children's hours on the air. While he is very polite to Jane and Sue and Mary and John, he thinks their mothers are darned fools for allowing them to become radio children at all. He knows how readily children become spoiled brats when they get all the adulation that these talented children get. Along Radio Row the story persists that there is one young man who conducts a children's hour who really hate children but who knows of no other way to make a living.

These people wouldn't be human if they didn't sometimes tire of being "Uncle" this or "Uncle" that and telling bedtime stories to children or teaching the little darlings to sing.

There is a famous story told of one of these "uncles" who was getting a little tired of telling bedtime stories to children. One day, after he had finished telling them a particularly touching story, he said, believing that the mike had been turned off, "There, I guess that'll hold the little So-and-Sos."

Unfortunately, the mike was still on and all America heard his blasphemy. And they say that the next day that particular "uncle" found himself without a job.

o'clock every morning of her little life.

Two rows of chairs extend down from either side of the platform facing in from the wall. From here the most ardent and dependable shouters send into the microphone their "Amen!" "Yes, Lord!" "That's right!" and "Praise de Lord!" White guests of honor sit in these rows, and about twenty white "regulars" sit here, too, though there is a good flecking of white faces in the main body of the audience.

Most puzzling to me was the white part of the congregation. There were of course the unmistakable psychopathological cases, very depressing to watch in action. And there were the smart young society folks slumming and not too comfortable but bound to get a new thrill, tossing bills on the collection table and getting autographed copies of "Happy Am I". There were white children from the poor sections nearby who had found a jolly, noisy, colorful place to spend Saturday night.

The Elder looked over his equipment much as the conductor of a symphony orchestra might make a final check of his musicians and his music. The mike men gave him his signal and he clapped his hands twice. Instantly the crowd hushed. He turned to the singers and they rose; he spoke to the trio by the pulpit who play mouth harp, guitar and mandolin. The ten-second signal came. And the broadcast was on. Elder Michaux was giving his list of self-imposed titles while the people sang and their hands clapped.

In the front row sat a pair of puzzled white people, a young woman and her little three-year-old daughter. When the broadcast started it was easy to see why the little girl was so glad to be there. The clapping of hands and the endless repetition of one song was heaven for any child. It got them. It got me, too, and it would get you. The physical participation of every individual in that pulsing rhythm—that is a quality of the Michaux psychological genius. It is not too undignified for anybody. You can do it from the first moment without feeling foolish.

AFTER the microphones come down the character of the service changes. We were lucky to be there the night following the recognition of Russia. If you listened to the broadcast that night you never guessed the heat and fury that burned in that little church about President Roosevelt's move. Russia was an ungodly nation and the worshippers objected to recognition of her for this very reason.

"Ev'body," said the Elder, "has a right to speak his opinion."

From Russia he brought home a lesson to his audience. The emotion-ridden so successfully about Russia he now channeled off into their own lives. They would not go out of there feeling rebellious against the Government by the time Elder Michaux got through with them. He preaches a doctrine of non-interference. He does not turn loose a bunch of fighting mis-



♦ ♦ ♦ HE MADE AN AMAZING DISCOVERY

Life had been cruel enough when the woman he loved married another man. But then he discovered that still another husband, the man she thought dead, stood in his way!

That's the first startling situation you meet as you begin Maysie Greig's potent new novel, "Chains of Desire." This fascinating writer, made famous overnight by her splendid story-telling ability, begins the latest of her unusual romances in February 20th SWEETHEART STORIES.

The editor calls it "One of the best novels it has ever been our fortune to publish." Convince yourself with the first installment. **Get the February 20th**

Sweetheart Stories

For sale everywhere... 10 cents...

Very few girls are
Born with Curly Lashes!



NOBODY... ever or ever... liked having straight lashes (What is it about that slow, upward sweep that's so devastating?) But up to now, there hasn't been much choice about it. Now there is a Way, Kurlash... a new, improved Kurlash. Kurlash is that ingenious little gadget that takes your straight lashes and turns them out divinely curled... and instantly! It isn't a cosmetic, and you don't use heat. Slip your lashes in, press the Kurlash handle, and that's all there is to it. It costs \$4, and if it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store, or beauty shop, we'll send it direct.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
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sinaries from his church to upset the equilibrium of anything at all. "He trouble with the world," he says, "is with the Christians themselves. Let them clean up their own houses before they start in their neighbors."

"His doctrine of live clean and let live dirty is a doctrine of superiority. He does not beg. He does not offer lure and bait to entice people to salvation as it is a better pill that must be sugar-coated. He tells them in effect that membership in his church is too precious and desirable, that he is not scattering it around for just anybody.

"If people do not want to toe the mark they can talk well get out of his church. 'Okay,' he says, 'go on out and have a good time in the world, but you stay there. Don't come back here until you're ready to be saved yourselves.' You can't suit your self," he says, "and be a Christian. You have got to suit God. You can't smoke cigarettes, you can't play cards or roll dice or bet on the races, or even go to the movies.

"The chair you're sitting on is yours," he says, "as long as you're sitting on it." The Elder continued, "As long as you're in it," he said, "his church is yours. The lights are yours, the music is yours, and the hills when they come in are yours to pay." This was meant for a joke. "When you walk up the street the sidewalks under you are yours while you're walking on them." He did not men-

tion that they might not be appreciated as well by cold feet in broken shoes. "The sunshine is yours. He went on, "just as much as John D. Rockefeller's and he can't put one bit of it in his pocket." That got a great "hurr" and nobody remonstrated him that John D. found it a little easier to be where the sunshine was.

NO, the Elder did not tell his people how they were to get their rewards. But they were getting some of them right then while they listened and shouted and clapped and leaped and sang. Those faces are happy faces, lit with a strange exaltation, a sensuous swoon. Nobody wanted to go home. The first three-year-old cried because she could not clap her hands all the time and had to be taken to the ladies' room and amply spanked. The little white-headed preakenny Wyoming yawned and stretched and pinched herself to keep awake. The very young seekers of diversion in the audience went to sleep in each other's shoulders, but still nobody went home. The songs began to last through twenty minutes of repetition and the booming growth up jacks-in-the-boxes popped up and down all over the church.

Everybody did go home happy. Everybody except me, I couldn't figure it all out. But perhaps I shouldn't try to. As he himself says, "There ain't a law in the country can touch Elder Michaels." Maybe he's right.

Bashful

(Continued from page 47)

New York and do a few little jobs for Rosenzweig.

And Sosnik being up finally convinced he was being made the victim of a joke. True he had made arrangements for some good bands—but Paul Whitman?

A week passed, and the publisher phoned again.

"Say Harry," he said, "when are you going out there to see Paul?"

It required no little effort to convince Sosnik the request was a bona-fide one. When he had recovered from his amazement he went out to meet Whitman, was warmly welcomed, made one arrangement, received the biggest check he had ever been handed, and made more and more arrangements. The profitable association continued throughout Whitman's stay in Chicago.

Even on his very first program in the new Swift series Sosnik ignored Dime Opportunities—even made faces at her.

On that program he played a piano solo that drew praise from practically every critic who commented on the premiere. In the rehearsal the producer asked Harry if he wanted his name announced as the soloist.

"Oh, never mind," Sosnik replied. "Any of my friends who may be listening will probably guess who is playing."

Can you believe it? So unassuming!

Four years ago Sosnik was the inconspicuous pianist in Ted Weems's orchestra playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. From the professional viewpoint the peak of Chicago's orchestra spots. A leading there is recognition.

This year, with his own orchestra, he is booked for "The Beach" again. That, in addition to his radio work.

Still, he is studying harmony and composition at the American Conservatory of Music. He believes there is yet much to learn.

WONDER if you've heard his compositions "Modern Satire" and "Transquility." Musicians praised them but they were too much on the side of the classical to become popular. He is also the composer of "Out of the Night," Ted Weems' theme song, "An Old Italian Love Song," "What Makes My Baby Cry" and "Those Living Lips."

There's no nonsense about this composer-conductor-pianist-arranger. Vigorously he denies the very existence of Dime Opportunity. Unlike almost everyone else in the radio entertainment field he doesn't believe in "breaks."

"Breaks are only the things that come from hard work, study, pains-

taking efforts and long rehearsals," he insists.

Only once in his life has he followed a "hunch." More than a year ago, as he was contemplating organizing a band, he was offered the position of staff musical arranger at Columbia's Chicago studios. The salary was excellent. Harry's "hunch" told him to pass it up. He did and went ahead with the band idea.

He calls that a "hunch," but maybe another name would be nearer the truth—"ambition."

Ambition to be like Ted Fiorito, for instance. Listen:

"Without Ted's encouragement I don't believe I would have had the courage to go into the orchestra business professionally. When music was just a hobby with me he listened to my playing, helped me with arrangements and played many of them. Later he took me into his orchestra and gave me every opportunity in the world. Ted is one of the best friends I have ever had."

Harry doesn't remember when his interest in music began. While interested in all of the out-of-doors sports of the average boy he actually objected to it all when piano lessons were ordered in the Sosnik home.

But just as he was starting those piano lessons he suffered an accident that almost ended his juvenile hopes. A soda bottle exploded in his face and a piece of glass buried itself deep in his right eye. For a time it was thought certain he would lose his sight. Specialist after specialist advised against an operation. Then Sosnik's parents heard of a specialist in Milwaukee who had performed some very daring eye operations. They took the lad there and the surgeon—now dead—performed the seemingly impossible, removing the glass.

Once again his career was almost terminated shortly after his professional debut as a musician. Enroute to Auburn, N. Y., where he was to play at a charity ball, the train on which the orchestra was traveling was derailed while traveling along a high, rocky cliff. The coach in which he was riding left the rails entirely and balanced itself on the ledge. At the foot of that ledge was a lake almost one hundred feet deep. Something kept his car from going over.

Yet he doesn't believe in breaks.

Sometimes I believe there's a special department up there among the directors of our Fates designed to look after fellows like Harry Sosnik. Bashful, loathe to appear in the public eye, he and his work would remain forever buried if someone or something—Destiny, perhaps—didn't clear the way for him.

Well, Harry's way has been cleared at last. Slowly but surely, he has found himself. Today with a baton in one hand and a pound of Brookfield Butter in the other he is blazing new orchestral trails.

Everywhere musicians and the public accord their appreciation and homage.

Amazingly enough, he's still as bashful as ever.

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ONLY 10¢

The sweeping success of Faoen Beauty Aids is a tribute to the buying wisdom of American women. No longer do they consider it necessary to pay \$1 or more for the finest beauty aids. They know that Faoen gives them similar quality for only 10¢. Here is the report of a famous Research Laboratory that has convinced thousands:

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No. 37
A New FAOEN
Perfume Triumph

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece—and its price of only 10¢.

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

Listen, Mothers!

(Continued from page 43)

happy. Her vacations were spent with her mother on a Florida plantation on the beautiful Indian River near the tiny town of Rockledge.

By the time she was in her teens her work as a soloist in the First Methodist Church of Cleveland made her annual return to the north and parting with her mother less painful.

At sixteen—graduation and the prospect of again being with her mother promised great happiness. Then suddenly—romance, swift, serious!

And, well—they were married.

Events from that time up to the wintery day, when it must have seemed to Dixie that life was hitting below the belt, must be left to the imagination for a fierce and forbidding spoken criticism of the father of her two children.

An outsider could have readily foreseen the inevitable outcome of the mating. Even her interest in singing aroused his jealousy and he angrily refused to allow her to take voice lessons or sing about the house.

In spite of the young husband's steadily increasing restlessness and irritability, his actual desertion of her was a surprising and horrible shock. She came in one afternoon from a walk to find his packed luggage in the living room and him hastily dropping toothpaste, brush, razor into his little English kit. His lips were tightly closed to her every question until just as he was going out the door. Turning, he said, "I'm not cut out for a life like this, so I'm leaving. Here's all the money I can spare. It'll take you wherever you want to go and then it's up to you."

EXCEPT for those first chaotic hours, the next few months followed a definite plan—a plan that included cheap rooms, walking to save trolley fare, gas plate meals and plenty of discouragement. As fate has a way of doing, it intervened just when it seemed only a matter of hours that the few coins in the family purse would keep the young ones in Grade A milk.

Maybe it isn't fair to be mentioning fate as the principal element. Anyway, arriving at WGN, she found the reception rooms almost entirely deserted. Within an hour her first audition was over.

With the experience and confidence gained by occasional work on WGN the path became a little less difficult and before many months passed she was also doing work on WLS and WBO. Recently WLS signed a contract for her exclusive services.

Those of her fans who have found cheer on a dull afternoon in the lift of her sparkling voice may summon inspiration from the knowledge that Dixie's battle for Douglas and Robert, now aged four and five, has assured for them the riches of a happy home and carefree childhood.

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary

raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs 50¢—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today.

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He Has a Million Friends

(Continued from page 33)



Itching Rash Quickly Relieved

"For more than a month," writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinol Ointment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

Does your skin annoy or embarrass you? Does it itch so that at times you can't resist scratching, no matter where you are? Does it get chafed or rough, then burn and smart unbearably? Is it pimply?

Here is the way to get real relief. Bathe the affected parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. Pat dry, and freely apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots. See how quickly the discomfort is relieved. Remember, Resinol Ointment is safe for any part of the body. Physicians have recommended it for thirty-five years.

Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or marring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from your druggist today—use them at the first sign of skin irritation, and watch the improvement.

For a free sample of each with skin treatment instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 1-E, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol



Blondes why be blind?

Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded or streaked blonde hair. Won't dry. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, shiny, silky. Used by millions of blondes.

FREE—TRIAL PACKAGE

To get a generous trial package of Blondex entirely free, just send your name and address to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 10, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store—either the economical \$1.00 bottle or inexpensive 2c size.

sending him a battery set which became his only connection with civilization for six years.

"Then there is an extremely well-known Alaskan, about 1 number among my very intimate friends. It all started because of one of the first Ship of Joy broadcasts, back in 1926,

As a guest star, I had a blind man one morning. He explained how, though he was a rank sailor when he had normal vision, now that God had seen fit to take away his eyesight, he considered himself a great success. "I can see my mother more clearly now than when I had good vision; I can see so many things that escaped me before. The world seemed real and true and kind."

"A few days later a gent-man called at the studio. He had driven 500 miles to visit the blind man, to tell him and me how much that single broadcast had meant to him and his wife. My grown daughter listened in the other day, and you did something to her. All the resentment and ill-will she seemed to bear toward us, for no reason we could fathom is gone. She has become the same sweet young girl she was in her teens. Somehow we all seem to understand each other better now."

"I try to make my program a pharmacy," he told me. "It is in a way a veiled rebuke to attempts to be over-sophisticated. I believe all worthwhile people still possess the simple and honest tastes of the spruetime of life. I'm sorry for them if they don't."

HUGH Barron Dobbs is no sunshine salesman in the usual sense, no Pollyanna playing a glad game. He recognizes our desires and problems and caters directly to them. He has proved a great friend to thousands in need of friendship.

And when you see Captain Dobbs, you see exactly the sort of person you'd expect from his broadcasts—a kindly, husky optimist the kind of person you'd like for an uncle or confidant—sincere, simple and firmly. A man who has had his formulation for happiness on a sound mind in a sound body.

You'd never think that a man of his sturdy physique and sane and healthy outlook was at one time a pany, weak and sickly individual. Well, he was. In curing this condition he became interested in physical exercises and then mental ones, which finally resulted in his Ship of Joy.

He entered Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore and prepared to become a physical training teacher. Then he became interested in a playground in New York City—the next outdoor playground in our country.

Then Judge Ben Lindsay came to New York to see him and persuaded him to build several playgrounds in Denver. Next he went to Seattle,

where he installed some more.

"But I was young and acting for adventure," he said. In Seattle all I had was talk of the Gold Fields of the Yukon. Four of my friends and I decided we'd go north into Alaska to seek our fortunes."

IN Alaska occurred something which began Hugh Barron Dobbs' path in miracles. He and his friends had built a flat-bottomed barge. They were going through Five Finger Rapids, a channel as tall. The barge capsized, his four companions drowned. Every bit of equipment they had was lost. Dobbs alone escaped, uninjured.

Soon after, he returned to the states. In Seattle he met a pretty eighteen-year-old girl. They fell in love and were married. She is still pretty though a good deal older than eighteen. In fact the Dobbs have two children, a boy or twenty-one, who is a junior at Stanford University, and a daughter of sixteen.

A family man needs a steady job. Dobbs thought. He opened a business men's gym in San Francisco. His work was so successful that he was asked to teach modern methods of physical training over the air back in 1925. But he felt something was lacking. He added jokes and wise comments to his daily morning health broadcast. He called his program, "Exercise and Applause."

Still Dobbs was not content. Somehow the fan mail he received told him there was place for another type of program. Spiritual exercises were just as necessary as physical ones. The letters from Casey of the Window Swaps, the deluge from the mentally wary, the suggestion of his friend Chieco, convinced him that while exercises given in a spirit of fun help start the day right, a program devoted entirely to lifting the spirits of the people, to dispensing concentrated good cheer, would be a success. His Ship of Joy broadcasts came into being.

Dobbs lives on a high hill in Bainbridge, a suburb of San Francisco. In order to be at the studio in time for his Exercise and Applause he had cast he gets up at five every morning. He's never been late or absent. His habits of outdoor life persist—he loves to fish golf and attend ball games.

Happilyrunners have become familiar with the following bit of verse which Captain Dobbs often quotes over the air. He considers it the motto for the Ship of Joy broadcasts: it was sent to him by a fan anonymously.

"If any little word of ours can give
one heart the lighter,
If any little song of ours can make
life seem the brighter,
We're glad to speak that little word
or take that bit of singing
And drop it in the Vale of Cheer to
set the echoes ringing."

If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 67)

long if you take it that way. But follow the shape of your own head and let your hair frame your face becomingly.

At the big hair-dressing studios, with all those audience galleries where on-lookers go to watch their favorites, the artists are coiffed and dressed up to the last word in style. There you can see more individuality in a short time that perhaps anywhere else. And it is quite a happy experience to see a singer or a speaker expressing so much personality with the arrangement of her hair as she does with her particular "act."

Brush, brush, brush and brush some more, should be the first slogan. Don't let a day go by without wiggling the brushes with diligence.

The principle of hair washing is quite the same as for washing handkerchiefs or any other little personal things. To get it clean never use the running. Four or five rinsings in warm water are necessary. More won't do a lot of harm. A hot rinse of vinegar in water for darker heads brings out the lights and tones. A lemon rinse for blonde works wonders in brilliancy.

The liquid oil soaps are by far the best and quite the easiest to use. Wet the hair all over, rub in handfuls of liquid soap rub violently for several minutes then rinse at least four times. Repeat the soaping process and rinse some more.

Dry shampoos are grand for those who dislike too much washing and they are very restful, too. The preparation for this comes in a package ready to use, with full instructions for its application. Then there is a liquid shampoo to be used without water. This is particularly effective for oily hair.

Hair that is too dry is as much of a curse as the sort which is too oily. It gets dead and soft looking and is often impossible to make appear sleek. And a sleek head is the smart head of today. However, there are remedies for this, too, the simplest being the application of olive oil very right from the can, you use it for the scalp. Put a large table spoonful into a saucypan and heat it. Then with a piece of cotton cloth dab the oil on the scalp parting, the hair so that the scalp is "oiled," each time. Next massage the whole head for five or ten minutes. Then wrap a towel, which has been wrung out in very hot water, tightly about the head. Let this stay on for about an hour if you can, at any rate, for half an hour. And then proceed with the washing process.

Brilliance for a final glitzy touch can be recommended only when it is used very sparingly for it has a tendency to make the hair look too crisp.

If your hair or your beauty problems in general are keeping you awake nights just because you can't find the right trick for you, write to me at Radio Stars and I shall be glad to suggest ways and means.

Save 50% to 90% with new concentrated mouth wash

Five Star Antiseptic Powder, dissolved in water at home, makes pint of powerful, pleasant-tasting mouth wash for 10 cents

THOUSANDS no longer pay high prices for mouth wash. They know that Five Star Antiseptic is safe, pleasant-tasting, amazingly effective as a mouth wash or gargle, yet goes *three to ten times as far.*

Scientists who tested this new discovery against other well-known antiseptics were amazed at its extraordinary penetration. A leading bacteriologist said: "Five Star Antiseptic not only kills germs rapidly, but has a far more lasting effect in preventing bacterial growth."

Yet because it is a powder—you dissolve it in water at home—Five Star Antiseptic costs only 10¢ a pint at 5 and 10 cent stores.

Wildroot Co. Inc., Buffalo N. Y.
In Canada: Imperial Ltd. 15c. Wildroot Ltd., Fort Erie, N. Ont.



10¢
MAKES ONE PINT
at 5 and 10 cent stores

RADIO STARS

announces the first and second place winners of its first luncheon contest—the one published in the December Issue.

Mr. J. R. Ross, of 3 West Hook Avenue, New Haven, Conn., wins first place. He'll get a free trip to New York City.

Second place winners are: Eva Newsome, Dayton, O.; Yrlino Morath, St. Louis, Mo.; Max Eubank, Sun Day, (Ind.); Mrs. Myrtle T. Swartz, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Robert H. Moore, Prov., N. Y.; Laina B. Harg, North Edmonds, Wash.; Elizabeth Keller, New Brunswick, N. J.; Kay Smith, Cedar Falls, Ind.; Harry Wellington, Battle Creek, Mich.; and Ethel Geth, Chicago Heights, Ill.

The complete list of winners for this contest and for the second contest will be announced in next month's RADIO STARS.

I like to make RUGS on my Sewing Machine"

THE Singercraft Guide, the clever little rug-maker, does so easily! And it costs so little because you simply use strips cut from old rags or discarded clothing. Learn in 10 minutes to make any kind of rug. Get Complete Outfit, with instructions and transfer designs, from the Singer Shop or Singer Representative. Or send 50¢ with the coupon.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.
Dept. Q-14 Singer Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Enclose money order or stamps. Please send me—
 Singercraft Set and Book (10¢) (Prices apply in U.S. and Canada only)
 Singercraft Book only (10¢)

Name _____

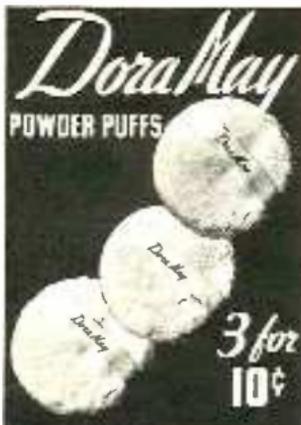
Street _____

City _____ State _____

SINGERCRAFT

Meet One Man's Family

(Continued from page 57)



Enjoy the Luxury of Clean, Fresh Powder Puffs—Always

Dora May, the new, soft, sarsaparil fine quality veaner powder puff, makes powder go on smoothly, evenly. Costs as little as five cents and affords fresh tones always. Cellulose wrapped completely sterilized.

3 for 10¢

At Your 5 and 10¢ Store

GRAY HAIR PENCIL

Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color. A secret method that keeps gray away from Roots, Temples and Parting, and keeps Gray from Spreading. Cannot be detected. Will not fade or wash off. Delights both men and women! To Quickly Introduce GRAYEX Treatment, Full size Pencil for the color. Lastman's matches. Starbrand. GRAYEX CO., 400 West Erie St., Dept. F 18, CHICAGO

NOW 25 CENTS

REMOVE CALLOUSES While you walk



Get quick relief from calluses on all feet and ankles. Rubs in like a glove, invisible under hose. So comfortable... and a surprising value at the bold low price. 10-cent stores with a complete line of "Comfort" Foot Aids. If your local store does not have this item, use coupon.

10¢

Callouses on the feet are a common complaint. They are caused by friction and pressure. They are often painful and may lead to infection. "Comfort" Foot Aids are a new and effective way to remove calluses. They are made of a special material that softens the callus and allows it to be rubbed off. They are so comfortable that you can wear them all day long. They are also very economical. Each pair costs only 10 cents. If your local store does not have this item, use coupon.

"Comfort" FOOT AIDS

FOREST CITY RUBBER CO. 1275 Ontario St. Cleveland O.
Enclosed is 10¢ in payment for 1 or 20 for 2 "Comfort" Foot Aids.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____

appreciated by hearts in metropolitan centers and tiny farms, by old ladies and clergymen, by all the types of listeners who ordinarily are believed to recoil with horror from everything but saccharinity through the loud speaker.

Not that "One Man's Family" doesn't have sweetness in it for it does—and sentiment, too. But its sweetness and sentiment are of the genuine kind and its realism doesn't call a spade anything worse than a spade.

Now, what of the men and women—those mad captives—courageous Barbour—who people your parlors on Saturday or Wednesday.

Well, there's Jack. He's difficult but intensely loyal a combination of the author's own experience and the kid who plays the part. This kid is Billy Page, a high school student himself. Billy is twelve years of age, and this is his third year in radio. He was "Patrol" in Booth Parkington's tale of youth. And the leading line-reader in that old Thursday night tear-jerker known as "Memory Lane."

Off the air he's as regular as the kid who sells you magazines. Builds model airplanes in all his spare time. Or fiddles with a wireless—set he built himself. His greatest ambition, he confides to friends, is to graduate from Stanford University.

Fannie Barbour Billy's mother is played by Alberta Ellen. She's a link in understanding between the old problems and the new.

Claudia and Clifford, the irrepressible twins who represent the Younger Generation, are played by Kathleen Wilson and Barton Yarbrough. Kathleen, in real life, became a bride last April. At 22 she finds herself with a husband and a career.

BARTON YARBOROUGH is dark and handsome with a close-clipped mustache that makes him look quite man-about-townish. He's a Texan, by the way, but an away from home when he was seventeen to join a musical show. Since then he's gone to the University of California, played leading roles in England and New York and come back to California again. Now he lives at Sea Cliff, Calif. in a house which, like the Barbour home, faces the Golden Gate.

I wonder how well you like Paul, the eldest son, who represents the most unconventional element in the family. A young ex-service-man who must spend the rest of his life walking with a cane, he is bitterly opposed to the regime of business and government that brought on the war. Cynical yet with a sense of humor and an irresistible impulse to help underdogs, I suspect that the author has more fun creating and expanding this character than any other.

Paul is actually Michael Raffetto an actor who was once a lawyer. Some time ago, when he was still a lawyer, he became so interested in radio play-

that he wrote a series of them called

"The Arm of the Law." When offered to a broadcaster they were accepted. And Michael Raffetto was pressed into service to play the part of the lawyer. It wasn't hard for him since acting had been a hobby right straight through his years at the University of California while earning his A.B. and Doctor of Jurisprudence degrees.

Next and last, meet the father who is played by J. Anthony Smith. He, too, studied law—but at the University of San Francisco and St. Ignace College. Despite his "family man" role on the air, he's a bachelor.

These Barbour's, now that you know them a little better, achieve an amazing lifelike quality in their serial sketches. Morse—the author believes he has the formula.

WHEN I was a newspaper man it was a truism that what people are really interested in is—themselves. That's what makes human interest stories eternally popular, and it occurred to me one day when I was wondering what to write next—I had just finished my thirteenth mystery serial—that a human interest drama, about a real family everybody would recognize, ought to get out.

"I had a young brother-in-law, who was a high school lad living with me at the time. Attempting to lay down the law to this youngster who represented such a different generation from my own high school days it seemed to me that about the most exciting drama in the world lay on my own doorstep. So—"One Man's Family" spun itself. I didn't have five children, like Henry Barbour does, but being a father pro tem gave me such lively sympathy for Henry that I've never been able to judge him as harshly as some of our listeners."

At thirty Carlton Morse finds himself the father of one of the strangest families one man ever produced. Himself a country boy who is perfectly at home in the city, he shoulders a responsibility for which millions all up and down America hold him accountable. He was born in Louisiana. He was brought up in Oregon. He matriculated at the U. of Calif. but carried only long enough to whet his appetite for "life." Finding it took him from one American border to the other, north and south, until San Francisco halted him long enough to conduct a newspaper column. Lots of westerners still remember his "Sidewalks of San Francisco."

One thing about "One Man's Family," it's sincere. You feel the honesty of it in every ringing word. You feel the same thing when you talk to the man who writes those words. Possibly, that is one reason why, on these wintery Saturday nights, "One Man's Family" has become the family of a million men. And a million women, too.

Fred Waring's Heartbreak and Happiness

(Continued from page 28)

sure that Evelyn Nair and Fred Waring could not face the world so happily today.

When the run of "Hello Yourself" ended, Fred Waring signed up both Evelyn Nair and Dorothy Lee with the Pennsylvanians.

In the meanwhile, Fred Waring and his wife continued to drift further and further apart. Eventually she went to Cleveland and they were quietly divorced. The story was hushed up for several weeks and by the time the news broke it was cold and the papers hardly mentioned it. And Fred didn't mind losing that publicity.

And now, when Fred Waring might have been free to tell Evelyn what was in his heart, it was too late. For Fate played still another prank upon these two, Evelyn, not even dreaming that Fred Waring was secretly in love with her, fell in love with a player in his band and they were married. Now it was Evelyn who was tied by a legal bond and once more Fred Waring's lips were sealed.

The boy who married Evelyn dreamed of greater success than any he could ever achieve as a player in Fred Waring's band. He left his job hoping for a glittering and glamorous career. Instead, too late, he found the road to fame a rocky one. For many, many months he was out of work. Evelyn continued to work as a dancer with the Pennsylvanians. No one will ever know what secret torture Fred Waring endured as he worked with Evelyn, knowing that he could not even say the words that were burning in his heart. She was married to another, a man who had formerly been with his band, and it would be treachery to tell her how he felt. He wanted her to be happy and it was better that she should never know of his torments for her. Yet only a man who has been in a similar situation can realize what a hell of torture he endured because of her proximity and the love that lashed him like a thousand weapons. It was cruel to be so near and yet so far away. It was maddening to know that the man she loved and whose destiny she had chosen to make hers was out of work and that Evelyn was suffering because of it. And he could say nothing. Nothing!

STILL carrying the torch for Evelyn Nair, Fred Waring went out with other girls—with Dorothy Lee, Lyla Robert and Mary Brian. When Fred Waring was divorced all Broadway thought he would marry Dorothy Lee, the cute jazz dancer. Between them there developed a beautiful friendship, a rare understanding and companionship. Dozens of times the rumor spread like wildfire that they were going to be married. I doubt if there was any man in the world whom Dorothy Lee liked better than Fred Waring. But remem-

ber, I said liked—not loved. In some cases, a beautiful and lasting love has been built upon just such a friendship and understanding. In fact, the rumors almost came true. Dorothy Lee and Fred Waring might have married to preserve that splendid companionship if each had not fallen in love with someone else. Fred was still secretly in love with Evelyn and Dorothy Lee was swept off her feet by Jimmy Fidler, a Hollywood press agent. That marriage of Dorothy's hit the rocks later on and she has married again—since—happily, so far as is known.

How strangely fate works to bring two people together! It seems cruel that Evelyn Nair and Fred Waring had to suffer so before they realized their love. A malignant destiny seemed to pursue them and to mock them. When Evelyn was free, Fred Waring was legally married to another woman when Fred Waring was free, Evelyn belonged to another man. Possibly Fred might have found some sort of happiness in knowing that Evelyn was happy if fate had destined it that way. But instead Evelyn's marriage brought her only unhappiness and in the end she had to seek a release in divorce from the man she had married.

For two or three weeks after she had been divorced Evelyn did not even tell Fred Waring. So closely had he guarded his secret that she did not realize how much her freedom meant to him. Now he was free to court her before the eyes of the world. Now his lips were no longer sealed. No longer need he hide the tenderness in his eyes; no longer was her presence near him an exquisite torture. He took her out; he dined with her; he courted her in every way known to a lover. When she went to visit her parents in California he called her up long distance every day to ask her to marry him. For two or three weeks she would not give him her answer. She wanted time to think it over, to be sure. Finally she said yes. And after the long, dreary heartache, that heavy sadness was finally at an end. Now the smile on his lips was deep in his heart. Fred was happy at last.

They decided not to wait any longer for the fruition of their love. Evelyn rushed to Chicago; Fred Waring rushed to Chicago and then the couple rushed to the county building before closing time at noon on September 30. The judge waited in his chamber to perform the ceremony. Just as he was about to start an old charwoman, planning to clean up the room, stuck her head in the door. When she saw the young couple there, she grabbed her mop and started to flee. But Fred Waring only smiled and beckoned to her. "Come on in, mother," he said. "Maybe you'll bring us luck."

And with only the charwoman as their witness, these two were married.

I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A

KOOL



MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat—the smoke actually is several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOL is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobacco. Cork tips are lip-savers. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLs for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Radio's Mad Hunt for Talent

BY HOWARD KOPPEL, PH.D.

22 and aged. If you've a favorable application gets a sustaining spot on the air.

But first get your application blank from the NBC headquarters. A request for mail should provide what you want.

Over at Columbia, the situation isn't so easy. Just now CBS might not be making any concerted effort to discover new voices. They already have they say, a long list of talented performers who have not been on the air. As a matter of fact we know of recent applicants for auditions who have gotten cards from CBS requesting that they defer their application for an audition until later in the spring. CBS studios are not as ample as NBC's. They are crowded with commercial programs these winter days. The space simply isn't available to handle a large group of would-be stars. But later in February once they'll be new voices hunting as actively as NBC.

These conditions apply only to New York today. Sometimes conditions change very rapidly. In other cities they vary according to local demands. Almost every station, however, makes arrangements for auditions. And it is just as happy when it finds a new personality that it can exploit as is the newsmen who is exploited.

So contact your local station if you wish to find a new life for yourself in radio. Make an audition date, and then do your best to sell your voice.

A WORD of warning though. Don't be too sure that you will click the very first time. Mike Frith's habituated many a star. Almost no one is immune. If you fall down the first time go back again when you are more confident.

But be sure, to begin with, that you've got something really worthwhile to offer. Remember a voice or technique or style just as good as something on the air doesn't mean a thing. You've got to be better if you're going to get the jump on the rest of the crowd.

So look in your mind thoroughly before you go marching up to the radio gates. Be sure that you've got something to offer and worthy.

Understand this too. You've got to have a spark of goodness to be put on the air. But at the present time, most of the barriers are down so that if you believe you have that spark you can have your abilities judged by expert showmen and less than that better you are rewarded with a broadcast on a program of your own.

What does that necessary "spark" consist of, you are probably wondering. Genius? Hardly. No one expects that in mass quantity. I believe it is a combination of real ability and novelty, and I'll try to prove it to you.

Here are a few names that were developed entirely by radio. Rudy Vallee, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers,

Misses' Grace Grey and Vera, Bill Croshaw and Lee Wiley. We can't list a few more yet, but we know you can select any other 100 notations name yourself and trace the success of that name to some factor in the following logic.

Vallee's one first was a pleasing No. 1 ever since in the "cup" he has so often won. Always and so on in the new. Check on Rudy Vallee.

The Boswell Sisters came up from New Orleans with the first "hot" arrangements in the ultra modern manner for a girl trio. Their voices blended harmoniously. Novelty and ability check on Boswell.

The Mills Brothers never had a dud in their make-up. Their energy was a quarter so entertaining and so different. Check the Mills boys.

Misses' Andy. Analyze the program of these two boys and you'll find a sweet psychology. Idea as created by two of the foremost comedians of the country. Check on double check Misses' Andy. Gene and Glenn, Bing Crosby, Lee Wiley. They all offered something new, a little better than that and/or others could do. That's all the formulaic radio success requires an artist.

THERE is one point here that might be overlooked. Notice I have made very little mention of comedy. That is for a very good reason. It's the exception. You not only must have something new and something a little better, but you must also have a peculiar way of your voice or your personality. I don't care what counts your audition, there's something different about the way he speaks. Cantor and his high-pitched voice. Bob Lan and his gutting mumbling. Fred Allen's complex style of construction. Jack Benny and his so-called draw. Jack P. and his unusual language. George Jessel. Ed Wynn and the "remains". All of them, without exception, have something peculiar. You'd better have one too. I suggest, if you're contemplating a comedy career on the air.

Here's another major new factor in the following list of artists who are to be on the air in popularity some who are so are well advanced now started by taking auditions in recent months just as we suggest that you now do. Vera Van Arden. From Columbia. Dillman, the Little Spikes. Howie Part. From Helen D. of New York. Elizabeth S. from the Columbia. Warnings' band, the Peggy Healy and Al Day of the Warner Bros. All of them were unknown, created their own auditions.

And so the hunt for new talent goes on. Later there may be another article stating the stars developed by the new talent audition policy adopted by the networks. Will YOUR name be included?

Here's Incl to you!

Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up yourself—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick. *Special Theatrical Color*. This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theaters! The stars could certainly pay anything—you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF lip use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you tonight. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Casa Loma Boys

(Continued from page 51)



CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF Romance

A soft glow of a lamp for your own night... the alluring fragrance of L'Orday Air Perfume for your flower garden. Romance thrives in such a setting! Apply a few drops of L'Orday Air Perfume on a light bulb, on any hot surface or on a L'Orday Evaporator and revel in the magical effect of this liquid incense. Try it today! Three fragrances, Romance, Gayety, Ecstasy.



On each of most 10 and 20 cents Evaporator, 5 cents

If a bottle, mail order to Casa Loma, Dept. 70, 1511 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

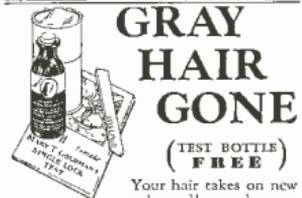


Be a Nurse MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK



Men and women 16 or over. High school grad. Earn \$25-\$35 weekly. Training free. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Dept. 1234, 1511 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 72 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Sex _____ Age _____



GRAY HAIR GONE (TEST BOTTLE) FREE

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or rest it free.

Test it FREE. We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Color of your hair? _____

houses would do, they set up rules and regulations. And President Gray has no more of a right to break a rule than Vocalist Pee Wee Hunt or Drummer Anthony Biglia. Remember, they are all bosses, co-operating. That's the secret of this band's amazing rise to fame.

Those rules are drastic, believe you me. To drink a glass of claret or an Old Fashioned while on the job would cost the offending member a fine of \$50. That's the rule against elbow-bending. But since that day in 1929 when this whole plan started not one member has ever been so much as suspected of being guilty. To miss a rehearsal without leave means \$25. Being late on the job calls for another \$25.

When four new members were added to augment the orchestra, the procedure was not unlike a fraternity rushing pledges. Of course the men had passed the musical test. But then, the new men had to be agreeable to all. So the ten charter members voted. One black ball would have ruined an applicant's chances. Now these four new musicians know they were the unanimous choice of their fellow musicians.

THOSE ten charter members are still with the band. The four new members are employees now—not owners. That may come later. At least these four have first crack at the stock if and when some one of the original ten leaves. But nobody is apt to leave for quite a while. Money is coming in fast these days. If they do, though, the rules say they must give six weeks notice and they must sell their stock to the organization as a whole. No outsiders. And no one man can own more than another.

It's surprising business, this Casa Loma outfit. They pay themselves salaries. They buy supplies like costumes, photographs, music. They own a truck for transporting their instruments from place to place. And four autos. Quarterly dividends are as regular as with our best banks.

Let's flip back a few pages of Casa Loma history as President Gray tells it and see how this noble experiment began and lived.

The people of Toronto Canada, had looked forward for months to the completion of a palace that was to house England's king and queen when they visited this continent, as they said they would. They named the building Casa Loma.

But King George and Queen Mary changed their minds. What was then to be done with Casa Loma—the palace? It was too big for a private home. It was too expensive a place for a club. The state had no use for it. Finally it was decided that Casa Loma should become an exclusive hotel.

A bunch of boys, who organized in Detroit in 1928 as the Orange Blossom Band" was brought to Casa Loma

to lure customers. The boys worked hard.

The band succeeded. But the hotel failed. It would have taken a dozen bands and a colony of millionaires to make that palace pay.

BUT the boys of the band, a well-reputation for sweet music made kept the Casa Loma name and started out on a tour.

In 1929 they landed in New York, With no manager. No leader. No bookings. No prospects.

It was a miserable situation. The remaining ten remembered their past success and refused to call it quits. But it takes money to live. New York had hands. Lots of them. Why should anyone take on another? The Casa Loma boys said their music was "different." Bookers paid no attention. Every nine out of ten bands to their knowledge had said the same thing and chances were they all sounded alike—just another band.

But these ten boys had something that it takes to get along. A lot of faith. They got the incorporation idea. It was a means of sealing that faith.

O'Keefe, a professional booker of bands and acts, became interested. He heard and liked the Casa Loma music—"It is different," he thought. Willing to take a chance, he let himself be elected manager and vice-president. Immediately he went to work. His experience as a booker brought the band a ton of one night dance stands which lasted for 101 weeks—the longest on record. After a vacation of one week there followed fifty-two more weeks of dances—365 dances in that one year.

The boys had never realized there was so much work existing. Now they realized for the first time what that quietly dividend feature of their incorporation meant. They were making money. A lot more money than they had ever expected to earn.

Last May, nearly a year ago, they went into the Glen Island Casino at New Rochelle, New York, for their first permanent engagement. It was then that the Columbia Broadcasting System started waiting their melody over the national web weekly. Last September they moved into New York City to make music in the Essex House where many stars of the screen, stage and air make their home. So successful have they been at both places that their contract now reads—Glen Island Casino in the summers and Essex House in the winters for two years.

With the juicy Camel cigarette contract putting them on the air twice a week, with these smart rendezvous bidding high for their services, the Casa Loma boys aren't worrying much about the next meal these days. That's their reward for hanging together during those lean years when nobody wanted a band that was so different that it owned itself.

It Might Have Been You

(Continued from page 14)

he turned to the guests. "Is there anyone in the audience who can do Scotch dialect?" he demanded.

Chif stepped forward and took the proffered continuity. "I can," he replied simply. "Soubrier, as you know, is now one of the mainstays of NBC's minstrel shows.

TRAGEDY once brought a man and his family to the air. There's probably not one of you who has not heard the hillbilly songs of Dad Pickard and his children.

Dad was a traveling man. There is something incredibly touching about the thought of such a man sitting in some speeding train or a lonesome hotel room, not knowing that one of his sons has just died.

So you may see how tragically his heartbroken family must have been, trying to reach him when this sad event did happen. Finally they appealed to WSM in Nashville to broadcast the news. The word reached Dad.

Later he went to thank the manager of the station and, during the conversation, he mentioned how much he and his family had always loved to sing and play hillbilly songs together. The manager suggested they try a program.

Now, whenever you hear them on the air singing one of their mountaineer hymns, you may understand that all the feeling in their song, sings in their hearts.

There are people who may read this and say, "Well, the breaks wouldn't do me any good. I haven't any talents."

So I must tell you the story of the young man who thought the same thing. Ralph's "Dream Singer," Ralph Kirby, was sitting with a friend in a small boat on a New Jersey lake. Ralph felt so happy he began to sing. His voice floated across the still water and was lost in the softness of the pines along the shore.

There was a moment's silence when he had finished then came the sound of clapping hands. A group of campers on shore was applauding.

"They're riding me," Ralph observed with a smile.

"No they're not," his companion protested. "They mean it. And it's you're as good as that you ought to do something about it."

Still unbelieving, Ralph was persuaded to go to a small New Jersey station. The reception was enthusiastic. Bewildered and skeptical as ever, he went to NBC.

Now Kirby feels truth is sometimes more fantastic than the dreams he seeks to inspire by his singing.

Two sisters, still in their teens, sat at the piano in one of those glassed-in booths you see in every music publisher's office along New York's Tin Pan Alley. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane were trying out new songs. Some day, they were sure, their music would make them as famous as the movies had

made their sister Lola. But they had discovered that struggling along on their own was not as simple as they had thought. Somehow booking agents didn't seem to consider that singing at Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa, qualified them for stage or radio contracts.

Bobby Crawford, booker of bands who stood listening outside the booth had different ideas.

When they had finished, Bobby said, "Girls, Fred Waring likes your work very much."

If you ever listen to Waring's broadcast over the Columbia network, you doubtless notice that the singing of Priscilla and Rosemary Lane makes a charming addition to his program.

Whatever force it was that had impelled Peggy Healy and her friend to wander into the Times Square Studio of the National Broadcasting Company to witness a Paul Whiteman "Youth of America" audition for amateur singers, it was a kindly one.

As they sat watching a pianist after a pianist go before the maestro and his microphone, Peggy decided she'd rather face a machine gun spitting quick death than to do it herself.

The minutes wore on. Singers faltered and failed. Suddenly the conductor turned to her, beckoned. "You're next," he said.

Dazed, the girl walked to the microphone. She managed to play a few notes. When she had finished she felt limp and ill, sick at having made a fool of herself.

But she hadn't. She's singing with Whiteman now and Paul predicts stardom for her.

HANDSOME young Phil Regan was a rookie cop. He was training to become one of New York's finest, and nothing could turn him from his resolution to make it his career. Thus he hardly thought that at one of the parties which were part of his social routine he would be handed the key to fame and handsome recompense. At that party, the guests insisted that he entertain. As he sang, it was whispered about the room, "He ought to go on the stage or on the air."

But Phil felt differently. Capable police executives in his family had graduated from the ranks he was about to enter. It was a tradition. So when an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System took him aside later in the evening Phil could be seen sliding his hands.

"Thanks for the offer," he was saying, "but I have other plans. My voice isn't good enough."

"My boy," said the executive, "it's my job to know radio voices. You get over here tomorrow for an audition."

"All right," Phil agreed reluctantly. And so Phil picked up a contract with a weekly salary well into three figures.

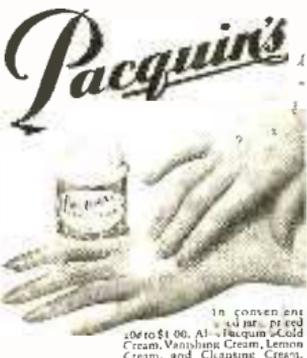


Capable Hands must be lovely, too!

Woman's place in the scheme of living has changed but Romance still holds sway. Wise indeed is she who preserves her feminine charm at any cost!

Don't let the workaday world rob you of the enjoyment of soft, smooth, fine hands. It's too easy to keep them lovely with Pacquin's! Apply a pat of this marvelously penetrating, skin-feeding cream every time your hands have been in water. Use it before and after every exposure to the wind and weather. You'll be delighted at the way rough, chapped skin regains a smooth, soft texture. Pacquin's protects your hands against the drying out of natural oils that is so fatal to hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's and you'll never be without it. It never leaves your skin sticky or greasy, and it's pleasantly economical because a little goes a long way! Don't try to hide your hands—use



Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York



I Bought These IMPROVED WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH*

I JUST had to buy some of the new improved Clopays. They are even stronger and heavier than before—with a wooden slat included with each shade . . . and now you need trim only *one* side to fit narrower windows . . . Millions of Clopays already in use. New improved Clopays at 15¢ each offer biggest shade "buy" ever. See these shades that won't crack, fade or fray. Rich, solid colors and striking new chintz effects. Send 3¢ stamp for color samples to Clopay Corp., 1224 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All 5¢ and 10¢ Stores and Most Neighborhood Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

NEW PUMPS?

Ruling repairs make shoe hurt. Strap heel or SEALTEX case rub and pain. **SEALTEX** toe pump. **FALLEN** brocade make lady to fall—not to low. **SEALTEX** shoe. All keys, tips and drug coats. **SEALTEX** shoes.

SEALTEX

HUSH CREAM DEODORANT

ACTUAL 10¢ SIZE
at 5-10¢ STORES
with 10¢ stamp or on 10¢ stamps. **HUSH** sold Market to Purchase

Treat That COLD SORE QUICK EASY WAY!

Get! touch cracked lips! and that cold sore tonight with antiseptic, penetrating Campho-Phenique. It starts to soothe pain and speed up healing instantly, and restore your lips their natural smoothness and ripe beauty. Protects against infection, not only on cold sores but on minor cuts, burns and blisters.

Get a bottle of Campho-Phenique at any drug or 25¢—30¢ or 65¢—or a trial size 10¢ at any first-aid store.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

If you'd asked officers of the National Broadcasting Company what **Chatter** Ward Wilson had is a radio artist, probably they'd have said "None at all." Hack, as he was called at the studio, would have said the same thing himself. As a control engineer he sat all day in a little cubicle, looking through soundproof windows into the studio, where sang the Jessica Dragonites, the James Meltons; where joked the Eddie Cantors. He twisted dials to keep these voices, as they came to him through his loudspeaker, to the broadcast level.

Before each program, Hack would step into the studio to test the microphones. Now most control engineers shout a "one, two, three," or a word "spot" into the black boxes. But Hack, who had been unconsciously absorbing the delivery, the mannerisms, even the personalities of the artists

to whom he listened day after day, would listen a bit in the Vallee manner, or perhaps give a McNamee football announcement. Usually brought a high iron wicker wicker in the control room to check the test.

One evening when the stressable Hack was trying out the microphones several executives of the advertising agency which supervised the Royal Galatin Home, sat in the control room. As the engineer, testing in the studio, sang a bit of "Lonesome Lover" the executives looked up startled wondering what Rudy Vallee was doing there. When they saw it was Wilson they smiled out.

"You've got to go on our program," they cried.

On he went that very night. His broadcast marked the beginning of his fascinating and lucrative career as a mimic of radio artists.

I'm Wise to Mary

(Continued from page 55)

is to lay out my clothes. I wish she'd reconsider because it was great to have her do it for me in the ante-star days. I'm a pretty bast, nervous-sort of person and get terribly riled up if I can't find my cuff links or stut collar when I need them.

THEN she's always late for appointments. She'll keep you waiting half an hour while she hunts bargains or tries on a dozen dresses, one after the other, trying to decide which one to wear. It almost drives me crazy.

I guess women in general are that way, though. In spite of these faults she is a swell gal. Ever since the first year of our marriage, when we both seemed to talk different languages, we have sailed along rather smoothly. I haven't the type of wife who cries when I want to go to the club, or out for a drink, or out a ride. If I want to play poker with the boys, she'll arrange to visit a girl friend or go to the movies with someone. She doesn't act as if she owned me.

Another thing about Mary is that she doesn't talk too much or out of turn. I can come home with the craziest notions and she'll listen to me quietly and give her honest opinion. I am impulsive by nature and she acts as a check. But first she lets me go through the whole thing before she tells me what she thinks.

I discuss quite a lot of things with her; nice cases out of ten her judgment is good. How good it is I sometimes don't realize till after I've gone contrary to it and things turn out badly. Then she invariably comes back with "I told you so," which is true enough but I wish she wouldn't say it.

I have quit a few jobs. I shouldn't have. There was the time I was under contract making a film in Hollywood. I became dis-satisfied and walked out against her advice. Subsequent events proved I was wrong and she was right.

Back in 1932, when I was featured in the Earl Carroll Varieties and making \$2,000 a week, I got it into my head that radio was my forte. Mary advised me to make a connection before I left the show. I postponed her counsel and quit. It cost me quite a lot of money. It was almost four months before I got my first radio job and about three more before I was making that kind of money. When she said, "Why didn't you follow my advice in the first place?" it didn't make me feel any too good.

And why is it that when she reads a newspaper you'd think it had gone through the Russian Revolution? You can't blame a guy for wanting to be able to read his paper peacefully without sorting and bringing the pages first. It seems to me that every woman I've known has that habit of musing up newspapers. And a good number of them including my wife, seem to feel to start the morning off right you have to leave the cap off the tooth-paste tube. They just never remember to screw it on.

BUT I guess I should be the last person in the world to register complaints. I certainly have enough faults which Mary must put up with. There is something I feel she is particularly sweet about. That's my absent-mindedness. It must be quite a trial to her. I don't think I have ever remembered to bring home a book, stop for a dress, or execute an errand in all the seven years we have been married. After the first year of our marriage Doll gave up trying. She knows the minute I reach the hotel lobby it has completely slipped my mind. Now she often helps me out when I forget.

I had to leave town quite suddenly a few months ago, and found myself without cash. To save the time necessary to go to the bank I asked one of my best friends, Jesse Block, to lend me \$300. I said I'd pay it back the next

time I saw him, which was half-a-week later. Well, believe it or not, I carried around the \$300 and couldn't remember from whom I had borrowed it.

I hadn't mentioned the matter to Doll. Three weeks later I told her of it. We sat down and she listed off all the people we knew. When she came to Jesse I remembered, and paid him back.

She has developed the ability to soothe me, to make me forget my tears before each broadcast. I get terribly nervous and worried about how it will turn out. Sometimes I am downright rude. Yet she understands the strain I am under and makes no issue of my petty shortcomings. Take my habit of not answering when I'm spoken to.

Just last week, while we were rehearsing just before the Sunday night broadcast, she asked me when she was to come on in the skit. She must have asked me eight times. I was *puzzling* about how to change a gag and paid no attention to her questioning. It wasn't till two seconds before we went on the air that I turned around and answered her.

ANOTHER woman would have been ready to murder me. Mary didn't say a word then nor did she wait till after the broadcast to lace it in. She just ignored the whole business.

The thing I like most about my wife is her sense of humor. A thing has to be pretty tragic for her not to see humor in it.

The thing I like least about my wife is her habit of buying clothes and more clothes—and at what prices! By this time I'm beginning to see the humor in it. Just as long as there is a handkerchief in town hank on Doll to ferret it out. Occasionally I have to put my foot down and stop the pour of raiment and the outpour of money. Doll and Gracie Allen often go shopping together. George Burns says that invariably their footsteps lead to Milgrims.

Recently she got me very angry. She said she wanted a new evening gown. A designer we had met casually begged for the privilege of making it. He would make something gorgeous, just molded to her figure. Which shouldn't be hard because she is tall and slim and pretty. He flattered her a good deal, and she told him to go ahead.

He did. The dress was pretty but nothing to comment on. I've seen her in prettier, more becoming dresses that cost about \$25 in the days when I was courtng her.

The new dress was a simple little frock. Came the bill—\$350. Mary hadn't bothered to ask how much the dress would be. The designer made a bassiere to match. Its price—\$35. There wasn't enough lace in it for a doll's handkerchief.

I don't mind paying bills when I feel we are getting out money's worth. But I do wish Mary would be business-like and haul out, before she buys them, how much her clothes will cost.



"Don't blame that tie!"

YOU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family... when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

A most likely cause of this let-down feeling was that your red-blood-cells—the carriers of oxygen to all parts of your body—had been reduced to the point where you were not up to your full strength. You were all worn out. No wonder you did not like that tie.

Though you have no organic disease*, you may have a lowered red-blood-cell count with deficient hemo-gio-bin. When this occurs, and it is very common, you need a tonic. Not just a tonic so-called, but a tonic that has the virtue of stimulating gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-gio-bin of the blood to make it natural for you to "carry on" without exhaustion.

Don't wait until you face a breakdown. It is well to remember that you cannot have good health, energy, and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition.

If your condition suggests a tonic, we recommend S.S.S. because its value has been proven by generations, as well as by modern scientific appraisal.

S.S.S. is truly a blood and body tonic. It is carried by every drug store in America in two sizes—the larger being more economical. © The S.S.S. Co.

*Consult a physician if you suspect an organic trouble.

SSS



builds sturdy health

I'm Wise to Jack

(Continued from page 31)

cab on the way to City Hall. Immediately after the ceremony I fell down in a faint. Rather an unappreciative way to begin a honeymoon.

The first year of our married life was just as disheartening. Jack was starred in "The Great Temptation," which toured the country. I went with him. How I hated travelling around in dirty trains, lying for a day or a week in a hotel, like a gypsy. I was frightfully lonely, with nothing to do but sit in our room waiting for Jack, while my imagination ran wild.

AFTER a trip back-stage I'd cry and cry. It seemed to me that every girl in the chorus had designs on Jack. I couldn't get used to the way the girls would float around with next to nothing on how they'd walk right into his dressing-room and throw their arms around him, kid around with him. It took quite a while before I realized that they weren't being unduly bold or making advances—they were just being friendly. The show world was a different one from mine, and girls in it nice girls, had different standards of conduct.

Nor did I have enough sense to keep my suspicions to myself. I'd constantly accuse Jack of flirting with other girls. I'd pick on the prettiest stems to start a quarrel. The climax came when he was

playing in San Francisco. He came home very late one night wearing a new tie. I thought the tie awful and told him so. He was hurt and said he could pick his own ties. That started the argument. It ended by my packing my bags and going home.

That was on Tuesday. Back in Los Angeles, I had plenty of time to think things out. Jack's booking was up at the end of the week and he followed me home then. I don't know if my pride would have let me make up but he brought along a gorgeous Chinese robe and was as sweet as sweet could be. We made up and after that things went along much more smoothly.

Even now, seven years after our marriage, Jack is still as sweet and understanding as he was that night. He never rubs it in when I'm in the wrong, he never says "I told you so," as I do. I suppose that's why I love him a lot—he does a million sweet things.

We very rarely argue, and when we do, I'm usually to blame.

If we disagree about something, regardless of who is to blame, he sends me a box of candy, or a book, or a piece of jewelry.

JACK has a marvelous disposition. He is pretty grand to my folks, and is always remembering their birthdays,

went to school, clerked in a grocery, studied saxophone and later played dances with his own orchestra. Guy Lombardo heard him, and liked him. So when Guy left Cleveland he put Freddie in the Music Box Cafe where the Lombardo boys had been playing.

Way over in Finland they heard about this fine band. An offer went to Martin and Martin went to Finland. While abroad he tooted around in various countries, then returned to New York, playing his way back on the steamers. After a year of vaudeville he went to the Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn where CBS put him on the air. For a while he played from the Park Central Hotel, then back again to the Bossert—and now the Roosevelt.

● Californians are original. Recently NBC aired a "celeste gramme" from out there. It's a piano that sounds like an organ and was developed by Victor Bevery of Los Angeles.

● We salute George Hall. In the first place he's been the maestro of the Hotel Tatt in New York for three years. Second, he has broadcast every day except Sunday for two years and eight months over CBS. And thirdly, he has augmented his orchestra to fifteen musicians.

● Frank Novak has a Fifth Avenue penthouse containing seven rooms, yet only two are for ordinary uses. The other five are for the 108 different musical instruments he owns. They include three pianos, an organ, two bass fiddles, twenty-eight saxophones, etc.

● Songs we like: "Sweet Malines" played by Victor Young, its composer, . . . "Stormy Weather" sung by Ethel Waters, the girl who introduced it and made it famous, . . . "Under a Blanket of Blue" as sung by Kenny Sargent of the Cost Loma band, . . . "Got the South in My Soul" by Lee Wiley, . . . Lamy Ross singing "Thanks", . . . Annette Hanshaw singing "Sing a Little Low-down Time."

● Things I don't like (as if you cared): Irene Taylor's singing, . . . Sander-on & Crummit's singing paper, . . . The majority of male vocalists with sustaining orchestras, . . . Being deprived of the grand music of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford at the dual consoles, . . . The song "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking." Its name is so silly.

● Are you a "pals-obliviousomiddip-omarine"?

Columbia University members of Cab Calloway's radio "Jitter Bug Society" have written his in-de-lughness that this formidable word is the correct English term for "Jitter Bug," which in turn is Calloway vernacular for one who indulges in the cup that cheers.

Cab, while on tour, found that different localities had different names for similar drinks. So Cab decided to call everything over 32 strong "jitter syndrome." And anyone suspected of indulging in the sauce was dubbed by the bo-de-ho man as a "jitter bug." There

were so many such bugs that the "Jitter Bug Society" was formed.

● While on the subject of Cab, let me remind you that he leaves these parts before this month is over—unless—well you know how radio people change their mind. This time he's taking his dark musicians to Europe. First stop is the Palladium Theatre in London on March 5.

● Did you know that Frank Crummit is the author of Ohio State's football song?

● Telling tales: Leah Ray's last name is not Ray but Hubbard. Vee Lawlor has a seven-year old son and her last name is Morris. . . . One of our popular orchestra girl singers who is the sweetheart of thousands is secretly married and rumors say that she has an off-spring several years old. . . Leopold Stokow-ski is temperamental to such an extent that it's known he has thrown, forcibly, at least one person out of the studio. . . . Freddie Rich was married to and divorced by the same girl two different times in two different states.

● "Tea," Little Jack Little's wife, manager and personal secretary, visits the grill room of the Hotel Lexington each night to shelter Jack from interviews, song pluggers and other interruptions. If you ever go there dancing, look for a little woman with curly black hair, dark eyes and good-looking evening clothes.

● Xavier Cugat, NBC orchestra leader, has a hobby which is about as popular as his profession. It's making caricatures. He's so apt at the job that he exhibited in Los Angeles to win the praise of Mr. Miller, California caricaturist who said Cugat was one of the four world's greatest caricaturists.

● Ben Bernie has a son who is a student at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind. His name is Jason and he's sixteen.

● The orchestras of Wayne King and Jan Garber stopped the show twice at the third annual Chicago Radio Revue for charity before 20,000 persons at Chicago stadium scene of the last national convention. More than a dozen orchestras appeared in person and more than sixty acts—representing practically all of the several hundred radio performers in Chicago, were presented. Other bandsmen: Ted Weems, Carlos Molina, Vincent Lopez, Hal Kemp, Clyde McCoy, Benny Metolf, Ace Bigole, Phil Harris, Harry Soslik, Clarence Wheeler, Morgan L. Eastman and Roy Shield.

● The Sunday night "Nutty Club" over WBBM-CBS inaugurated at the Granada café under Guy Lombardo's régime there has been revived by Freddie Bu-sse's orchestra from that spot after a lapse of four years.

● Joe Sanders of the famed Coon and Sanders Original Night Hawks is still going strong—but with a new orches-

JACK FALLS

when Jane Finds the "keynote" of CHARM



Have a Glorious Wave in Your Own Home Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes . . . you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a *quintessence* base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOLLA"
WAVESET

a bit, and sweeping out the place on occasion he found himself perfectly happy. He's been announcing and is perfectly happy, we hope, ever since. By the way he's married. It happened twelve years ago and he still thinks it was a good idea.

There are others: Frank E. Mullen, for instance. Mr. Mullen is the NBC's chief for agricultural activities. He sees that his pet hour follows the crops around the country whenever a crop is worth broadcasting. If it's a crop

of prize steers, Director Mullen puts their bawling and bleating on the air.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is something of the sum and substance of one of the air's most amazing shows. One hour in the middle of the day, an hour that is more instructive than it is entertaining because its patrons have asked Mr. Mullen to make it so.

It's an hour, certainly that is doing more to help President Roosevelt and the American people toward recovery than any other show on radio.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 62)

all your inhibitions and invite the snootiest and ritziest people you know. Even they will "oh" and "ah" at the swanky, tempting dishes you'll have at this party. And that will be another feather that you can wear proudly in your cap. It's all very inexpensive, too. You have no maid? Don't worry about that. You won't need any help. Matter of fact, you can forget altogether that you're the hostess and join your guests in all the fun.

I noticed when I first arrived at Ethel's party that there was a gay group clustering about one particular spot. I couldn't imagine what it was that fascinated them so until I forced my way through the merry crowd. And then I discovered that it was a very new and novel way of serving that was amusing the guests so much. There, on the buffet, was a large tray. In the center of it was an electric toaster, all plugged in and ready for action. On one side were stacks of bread—all kinds and shapes of bread, and also saltines, wafers and other flaky crackers that go so well with spreads. On the other side of the toaster were six crystal glass dishes filled with the most inviting array of cheese, jam, toney butter, olives and pickles, deviled meats and appetizer pastes. And the guests were milling about this spot getting together their own sandwiches, selecting their own fillings, and most important, having the time of their lives!

IS this a radical departure from the conventional formality of party-serving? I should say it is. And that's what makes it so delightful! Don't be afraid to try it. It's always the big hit of the evening and it's that little "different" touch that will open up the eyes of your guests. And you can throw off all the care of hostessing and join right in the fun with the rest of the crowd.

The toaster, of course, is optional. You may use the hostess tray without it. However, be sure that your little dishes are filled with unusual delectable bits. Here are some perfectly dandy pastes for the dishes that will have your guests begging for more. Each one is a gem. Try them:

APPETIZER PASTES

1. For a sardine appetizer make a

paste of sardines, softened butter, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, a little pepper, cayenne salt and lemon juice.

2. To chopped cucumbers add a little chopped onion and parsley and enough mayonnaise to hold the mixture together.

3. Put cold baked ham through food chopper and add horseradish dressing to make a paste. The horseradish dressing is made with one cup mayonnaise mixed thoroughly with four tablespoons grated horseradish well-thinned one-half tablespoon onion juice or finely chopped onion.

4. Anchovy butter: soak anchovies in milk or water for several hours. Skin, bone and chop fine. Mix thoroughly and add to an equal amount of butter, creamed; add a few drops of onion and lemon juice.

For a bright touch, color cream or cottage cheese with vegetable coloring. Ethel had it at her party and it looked so beautiful and decorative everybody commented on it.

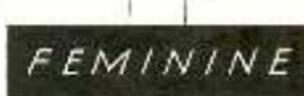
And, of course, there are the sandwiches and canapés themselves. You'll find that you can get those smart paper-thin bread slices if you cut off the entire crust before slicing, wrap in a damp napkin and keep in the ice box until ready to use.

THE Checkerboard Sandwich, without a doubt, is a culinary stroke of genius. It's one of the most decorative and most unusual sandwiches. Do try it on your guests—they'll marvel at it and wonder how you've done it.

CHECKER BOARD SANDWICH

One loaf of white bread and brown or graham bread. Allow one-half pound package of American or 'Chateau' cheese to stand at room temperature until softened. Cream thoroughly with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Cut both light and dark bread in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch slices, and then in strips $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. Spread the strips with creamed butter and cheese mixture. Put together in loaf form, three strips wide and three high, alternating dark and light bread. Wrap and chill. Slice in $\frac{3}{8}$ inch slices. When making a quantity of sandwiches, cut the bread lengthwise of the loaf.

And then you get the entest canapés



EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the easiest, most convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing, antiseptic film over delicate membranes and tissue. Norforms contain Parahydrin—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmaceutical Company, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."



Norforms require no apparatus for application. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone. Buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. Or, send for Norform booklet, "The New Way", by Dr. M.W. Stofor for further facts.

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Please send me Dr. Stofor's booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way".
Name _____
Address _____

**SHE VAMPED
HER HUSBAND
AWAY FROM
*herself . . . !***



Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone in a gay scene from "Moulin Rouge."

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT AT ALL. LISTEN TO THE TALE OF HELEN HALL!

- Talk about your queer situations—just hearken a moment to Helen Hall's tale of woe!
- To prove she can act, she masquerades as a beautiful French actress—notorious but nice—and she's so good at it that even her own husband is fooled by the wig and phoney accent. He comes in gulping, presumably on business, but Helen is very soon horrified to find that he's falling hard for her!
- What would you do in a case like this? Would you go right on vamping your husband or would you put on the brakes and save your happy home?
- What Helen Hall did makes a story you'll enjoy hugely—a story you can read in the new **SCREEN ROMANCES**. "Moulin Rouge," it's called—a gay, sprightly fictionization of Constance Bennett's new hit.
- Every month **SCREEN ROMANCES** offers 12 stimulating stories of the later, better motion pictures, generously illustrated with "stills" from the actual Hollywood productions. The result is grand entertainment. Take our advice and enjoy it. Stop at the next newsstand for the March **SCREEN ROMANCES** and experience the thrill of a dozen screen hits between the covers of one fascinating magazine!

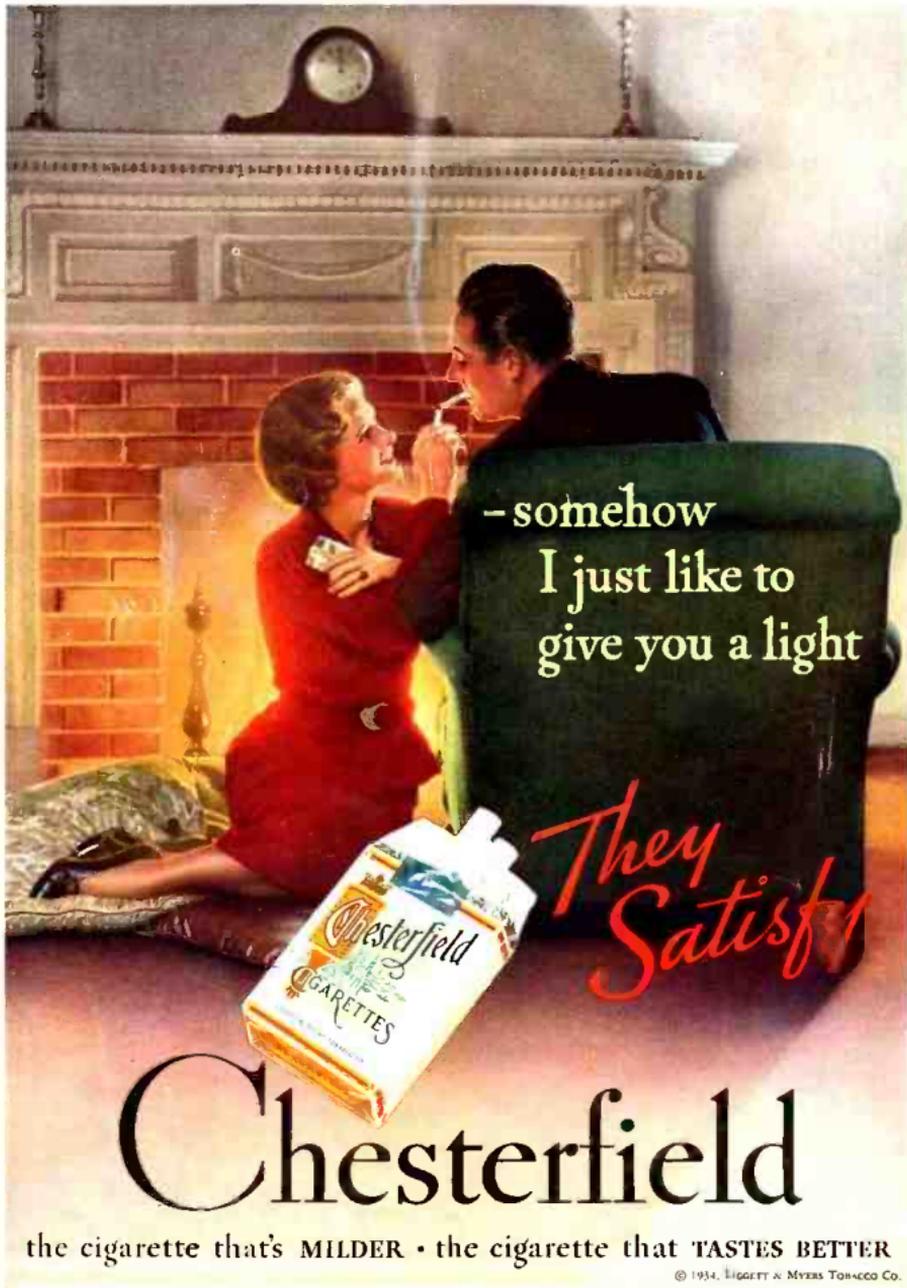
Enjoy these 12 stories complete in March
SCREEN ROMANCES

MOULIN ROUGE. Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone.
MAN OF TWO WORLDS. Francis Lederer, Elissa Landi.
DARK HAZARD. Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin.
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN. Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy.
MASSACRE. Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak.
LET'S FALL IN LOVE. Edmund Lowe, Miriam Jordan.
CATHERINE THE GREAT. Marlene Dietrich.
HI, NELLIE! Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell.
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE. Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, Ben Lyon.
EASY TO LOVE. Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor.
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE. Lew Ayres, Alice White.
PALOOKA. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin.

Scores of illustrations from the Screen Productions

MARCH ISSUE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

SCREEN ROMANCES
THE 12 BEST SCREEN STORIES OF THE MONTH!



- somehow
I just like to
give you a light

*They
Satisfy*

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1954, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The cartoon by Jack Welch

THE FIGHTING

STOP! President Roosevelt from being stopped!" Hurling that battle cry through a seething auditorium, a black-frocked priest from the middle-West strode to the center of the stage in New York's Hippodrome and turned the most astute trick of a career amplified by acrid position, healed by sincere and devoted support.

You probably can never forget the Father Coughlin-Al Smith altercation which boiled up so hotly through newspaper headlines recently when the priest from the Shrine of the Little Flower rapped back at the man who had called "America's new money the 'inkanye dollar.'"

Because of this, you should learn what was really behind that slaming attack—the fierce sortie which thrilled Reverend Coughlin's followers even as it stung his

opponents to still greater activity against him. It was an action dramatically typical of this man of the cloth who has stepped from the quiet cloisters of a spiritual domain to shatter certain American economic ideals and to put the full potency of a determined mind behind others. It was the stroke of a man whose directness of opinion brings him 100,000 letters a week from his radio followers.

It was this exhorting preacher of the air, said to be closely allied with the powers at Washington, who moved the conservatively Democratic *Acte York Times* to quote a priest who said of him, "He is mad with the flat-

tery of thousands of millions who slap him on the back.

His own church is divided decisively in its attitude toward him. Monsignor John L. Belford of Brooklyn's Roman Catholic Church called Father Coughlin "a public enemy" and "an infernal nuisance, mad with publicity." True, Monsignor Belford changed his opinion later and apologized handsomely, but there are others who will not be shaken from their positions of enmity. That at least one of his opponents is quite as ardent as his staunchest supporter was demonstrated strikingly when a bomb was exploded in his home last March, shattering windows but injuring no one.

Despite the fierce opposition with which he has to contend, this loud-speaker clergyman received voluntary contributions last year of over \$500,000, which fit sum, coming in donations of one or two dollars from each supporter, enabled him to maintain his own network of stations after the Columbia Broadcasting System had refused him further use of its facilities.

What superman or is he mediating in affairs which are not properly those of a man of the church? Whether you're for him or against him (you can't be both way about it), whether or not you consider his conduct ethical, your intelligence demands that you investigate what's in back of all this. It's a story you of this unquenchable generation must know, for without question it's a vital part of the history we ourselves are creating at this very

When Father Coughlin steps to the mike, money changers and politicians tremble. They know he will say what he thinks



PRIEST

moment. And probably the history of the future.

To his unswerving followers his life from birth has been one inspired by God. To the skeptics he is a charlatan. He has been accused of using the hundreds of thousands of dollar-of voluntary contributions for purposes other than for which they were given. His life, his recently turbulent career, inspired or not, is intensely fascinating. To live with it, you who are of any faith, you who have none, should get behind the microphone with this Catholic Father whose political and economic importance has been said to approach that of such powerful churchmen of other centuries as Talleyrand. And as we go behind the scenes, let's be as impartial as we are revealing.

The friendship of Al Smith and Father Charles Edward Coughlin was amazingly wrenched by the impetus of the former governor's attack on the Roosevelt monetary policy and the potent counter-sortie of the priest. The situation was all the more startling because of the praise Smith had proffered in the foreword to Ruth Mugglebe's eulogistic biography of the priest, published but a few months before. To top it with a touch of the ridiculous, Father Coughlin and Al Smith had been made honorary members of the Boston Bartender's Union at the same time.

Before we get involved with those verbal bludgeons which they swung at one another, let's see what Al had to say about the priest in that foreword.

"In this day and age," he wrote, "a religious man has



come forward to cope with destiny in shaping the ends of world living. He has youth and righteousness in his heart and brilliance in his mind. He uses both to preach the gospel and to prove conclusively that the man of words is greater than the man of swords. Too often do we feel that the men at the cloth have no drama in their lives. Father Coughlin, for whom I have the greatest admiration, has demonstrated that the clergy can play its part in the fast-moving spectacle of humanity."

That with upsetting boldness, Smith, as the new editor of "The New Outlook," (Continued on page 70)



HE'S LIVING DREAMS

At the very minute you are reading this, Phillips Lord, the Seth Parker of radio, is somewhere on the great ocean in his four masted, New England schooner "Seth Parker." Right now he's digging out his special deep-sea fishing tackle to go after the big ones. "Old Salts used to tell me when I was a boy that there are no fish in the very middle of the ocean and now I'm going to find out if it's true," Phil said as he sailed.

When that's been proven the schooner will head for Siam where Phil has a special invitation to hunt big game with the King. In the meantime he'll continue fishing, looking for hidden treasures of which history hints, resting—realizing dreams that radio made possible.

Phil is one man who dreams dreams and lives them. Too, this is his way of showing those loyal friends who've stuck through thick and thin in his early struggle for radio fame a measure of his appreciation. You see he has about fifteen of those best friends as passengers on the boat as his guests.

High adventure is his goal. He wants to see cannibal tribes in their native haunts, the Rennel Island which is ruled by women, to bark in the tropical sun of the South Sea islands, to live history all over again.

Not once will the party be out of contact with land. They have a fine radio set on board, fixed up for both sending and receiving. And you may be sure he, like yourself, is tuning in regularly to each one of those "Sunday at Seth Parker's" broadcasts each Sunday evening.



SINGING JOURNALIST

SHIRLEY HOWARD was a radio reporter on a Philadelphia paper just a few months ago, with no idea that she would be one of the stars of which she then wrote.

But odd things happen in radio. And odd things happen in journalism. Now Shirley's voice graces the Mollie Show on NBC.

It all happened when Rudy Vallee took his Connecticut Yankees to Philadelphia to play a theatre engagement and got himself invited out to a party. As a good radio reporter Shirley was on hand to report proceedings.

Someday, Shirley let a sentence slip. And blooey went her journalistic career. That sentence was, "I sing a little." When she said that Rudy came back with "Well, let's hear you." He did. And what's more he liked this new voice. There was a certain freshness in it.

The next thing we heard of Shirley she was Rudy's guest on his Fleischmann Variety Hour. That program, you know, seems to make stars. In fact many sponsors listen in regularly to it—to discover new radio voices. The night Shirley sang was no exception. So many listened to her and so many liked her that next day it was a job trying to decide which of the many contracts offered she should accept.

Now, instead of writing about radio personalities, she's being written about. And she can thank Rudy Vallee.

Ray Lee Jackson



By HAROLD M. FARKAS

Illustrated by Jack Welch

HURRICANE TAMER

Those swirling, death-dealing hurricanes spread terror no more.

A FINE mist was falling on a day breathless and beautiful with sun. The mist changed to drifting rain and stopped. The white-hot West Indian sun blazed again. Then came a fine rain and stopped. High above clouds moved swiftly across the sky. All the birds, the sea-gulls and the buzzards vanished. The rain fell again, more heavily, with a bit of wind behind it, a wind that stopped and left a breathless calm before it began again. In and around the Caribbean, all the Island people, the steamer of the Keys, the fisher people and the old timers of the Florida coast, said with dread, "Hurricane!"

For generations there was no way of telling what would happen next. The hurricane might swoop down within a few hours with its black and terrible force. It might destroy everything before it. Or after days of racking anxiety it might not come at all. There was no way of knowing. At sea the ship captains would be staring anxiously out at the far blue of the Caribbean horizon with only a barometer to tell them anything. And it might be that, in a few hours, the ship might pass into an area where the wind would leap suddenly with that high, terrible hurricane screech into full cyclone intensity. In that season of the changing winds menace

and destruction might descend overnight with almost no warning at all.

Richard W. Gray, weather man and hurricane expert of Miami, Florida, has changed the dreadful uncertainty of that suspense. No longer is it necessary for the people of Florida and of the Islands to wait until the first rains begin or the birds disappear to begin their preparations which make all the difference between life and death. From a microphone at his desk, the exact, calm, scientific voice of Mr. Gray, at half-hour intervals, carries to anxious listeners on lonely ships, on fruit groves, on the most distant islands in a radius of more than 300 miles, the most exact information of the position, nature and velocity of the storm which it is possible to secure.

His voice through the mike carries out across the Everglades across Cuba, to the Windward and Leeward Islands. Where the hurricane is to be the people have time to make preparations. Where there is no danger, the mounting hysteria, that stirs sometimes in hurricane regions, can calm itself.

Richard Gray, the first meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau to use radio to broadcast news of hurricanes, is the voice and center, the calming influence as well as the collector and disseminator of all infor-

mation. He is one of the leading hurricane experts in the country, one of the very few who has himself lived through one of the severest tropical cyclones ever to devastate the American coast. And his information, the exact scientific reading of weather bureau instruments, barometer and anemometers and wind gauges, comes to him not only from his own equipment but is flashed to him from all sections of the United States and the Caribbean Islands.

Up to the point of immediate probability Richard Gray can tell what it will do. He knows exactly where it is likely to go and knows also the range of possibilities concerning it. No other human being can know more.

Mr. Gray had to wait fifteen years after he had learned all about hurricanes to see a real one. In those years he had experienced many small ones. But he was waiting for a real smasher, a big sized, sure-enough hurricane. A 125-mile-an-hour one came in 1926. Its vortex passed over Miami and Mr. Gray. It was then that he graduated from the ranks of hurricane theorist to a practical expert.

The microphone was not installed in the weather bureau office until 1929 when it was offered to Mr. Gray by the officials of WQAM, the Miami Broadcasting Com-



pany. Today its use is of such value as to make it second in importance to the weather instruments themselves. Back in 1926 people living in outlying sections of the state and the Caribbean depended mostly on meagre newspaper reports or word-of-mouth rumors.

IN September, 1926, at eleven o'clock, in the extraordinary yellow glare which sometimes marks a hurricane, Mr. Gray ordered hurricane warnings. It took four men at the forty-foot weather tower at the docks to raise the hurricane lanterns. By morning that tower was down with a barge washed up on top of it.

All this time the telephone in the weather bureau office was in constant use and Mr. Gray gave out the definite word that the hurricane would be there any minute. Outside the building the roar of the wind was like a dozen locomotives and in the impenetrable black the steely rain blew horizontally. The telephones to Miami Beach and Hollywood on the east coast went out. The telephones to all Miami went out and everything beyond that yelling blackness stopped work.

In fifteen minutes the weather went out. With candles Mr. Gray and his assistants carried on the work of reading and checking and watching (Continued on page 74)

the unknown story of FRED WARING'S HEARTBREAK AND HAPPINESS

FOR five years Fred Waring carried the torch for Evalyn Nair whom he recently married.

For five years he loved her devotedly, absolutely and, he feared, hopelessly.

During more than four of those five years she was unaware of him as a person. Oh, yes, I know she danced with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, but she looked upon the black-thatched band leader simply as her boss and never knew the burden of longing and pain and heartache he carried.

This is one of the strangest stories in radio's annals, a story so full of heartaches and paths that until now Fred Waring has refused to talk about it. Several months ago when I was writing the story for *RADIO STARS* called "Things They Want To Forget," I approached Fred Waring on his story and he turned me down cold. "Yes, there is something I want to forget," he told me, "but I can't talk about it." Recently I learned the whole pitiful story—a story of the tangled skeins Fate weaves in bringing together the destinies of two people who belong together.

The thing Fred Waring wanted to forget, and which he could not bear to talk about, was the failure of his first marriage. It was a marriage based on youthful infatuation, when the attraction two people have for each other seems enough to carry them through life together. Later on they may learn that love is not enough in itself when it is not based on understanding and companionship but at first in the glow of youth's dreams the world seems perfect.

Fred Waring and Dorothy McAteer met at a prom dance at her school and lost their heads and hearts to each other. They were very young and did not dream of the rocky road that lay ahead of them. Love laid its magic enchantment all around

them and they saw all the world through its roseate glow.

Fred Waring was twenty-three when they were married; Dorothy McAteer a few years younger. To understand what followed put yourself in the place of these two young people.

Dorothy was a non-professional. She came from a fine social family and she was used to the attention and devotion that her charm had always commanded.

FRED was intensely ambitious. When he left Tyrone, Pennsylvania, his home town, people laughed at him because he was giving up a fine career as an architect for a precarious career on the stage. The memory of their jeers and of their lack of faith in him is still as vivid to Fred Waring as a legless wound. But instead of being disheartened by their doubt, it was like a whip to spur him on to greater achievement. Against the greatest odds he climbed the slippery road to fame. He built up his own

ideas, his own organization. He flung himself heart and soul into his work. He grew to know a terrific sense of responsibility to the men in his organization. Work like his demanded 100 per cent of his mind and heart and soul. If he faltered thirty men who worked for him would be thrown out of work and their dependents would suffer. No wonder he built his life, his existence around his band. No wonder his days were a maddening whirl of one engagement after another.

But you cannot give yourself 100 per cent to your work like that without sacrificing something or someone. And in this case it was Dorothy, Fred's wife, who saw her dreams of happiness crumbling to the ground. A non-professional herself, she could not understand any-

Fred Waring poses—not with his wife in this case, but with the pretty Lane Sisters who grace his programs.



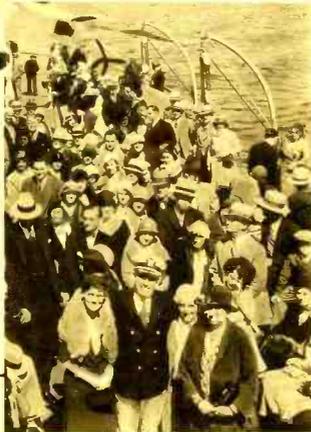
**++ LOVE IS STRANGE!
WHEN EVALYN WAS
FREE, FRED WAS MAR-
RIED TO ANOTHER
WOMAN. WHEN FRED
WAS FREE, EVALYN
THEN BELONGED TO
ANOTHER MAN ++**

By DORA ALBERT

HE HAS

A *million* FRIENDSBy MARY
JACOBS

Capt. Hugh Barrett Dobbs with his famous smile. Next, his shipmates on the briny deep. Extreme right, when 38,500 turned out to see the joy-spreader in Portland, Oregon.



Do you need a pal? Then Capt. Dobbsie is your man. Climb aboard his Ship of Joy and get yourself a pile of sunshine

Do you need a friend? A real, honest-to-goodness friend? One who will understand your shortcomings, will sympathize when you make mistakes, will never preach or say, "I told you so?" A warm, intimate friend, filled with the joy of life, gilded with human understanding to a marked degree. You got? Then you shall have just such a pal.

Let me present Captain Hugh Barrett Dobbs, pilot of the mythical Ship of Joy, whose programs have been broadcast over the air for eight years. During those years Captain Dobbs has made more than two million friends. He has received over two and one-half million letters and telegrams from people asking his advice and thanking him for the help and guidance his programs have brought them.

Shut-ins, invalids, the blind, the deaf, the strong, all form part of his circle of intimate friends. In fact, it was a little girl who really was responsible for his Ship of Joy variety programs. Her name is Casey—Casey of the Window Swaps.

This all took place in the days when the Captain was mixing setting-up exercises with jokes and nonsense over

the air. Casey had been a cripple for ten years. Her only view of the world was through her window facing a beautiful garden. For hours at a time she would be drinking in the beauty of the flowers. But she grew resentful, bitter. A garden is hardly a fair exchange for life.

Then one day it occurred to her that this was not her only window—the one overlooking the garden. Why, there were so many windows open to shut-ins, which those of us who lead more active lives really never open wide. There are the windows of love, of friendship, of memory.

There is the window of service where even a shut-in can enter at any time. Then there is the window of peace. We are in a chapel. The organ is playing. The light through the window panes falls in glorious colors all about us. Softly we slip to our knees, our faces lifted to glory, our hands upraised to send and to receive. All misunderstanding and struggle melt away. With twisted fingers she traced out the letters of this message on a typewriter and sent it to Captain Dobbs, or Dobbsie, as she and millions of others know him.

CAPTAIN DOBBS read her letter at his next broadcast. Came a deluge from other unfortunates. That started the Ship of Joy programs, which are meant to level all bars, to permit everyone to enter on an equal footing "to where." Dobbsie says, "we are all permitted to swap windows."

Then there was the case of the woman who had determined to take her life. She was not physically ill, nor in financial trouble. She had just reached the point most of us reach at one time or another; when the world seems too much for us; when we'd like to leave it all.

She was lonely and unhappy; she brooded over her woes till life seemed intolerable. She decided to end it. She sent her husband and children in the movies. She closed the kitchen windows, sealed the crevices with paper and turned on the gas. Then the thought came to her that music might soften Death's grim visage. She brought the radio from the living room and turned the dial till she heard music.

Presently it ceased; a voice followed the melody. It was virile, resonant and optimistic. It chatted on about every-day occurrences, how friendly the world was if we

went half-way to make it so. "Listen, shipmates, if you think you are beaten, are the other side of the boat," Captain Dobbs was reciting a bit of philosophy he had received from one of his passengers (fans).

Suddenly it came to that woman in a flash that perhaps that message was meant for her. What was her complaint? She had a lovely home and fine children, a devoted husband. Even in the sealed room she was not alone. Why, there were potential friends all around her—that man reciting, the crowd which laughed at his sallies.

Thought rushed upon her. It was not too late. She could still crawl to the stove and shut off the gas. She could still drag herself to the window and open it.

Today, that woman is one of Dobbsie's best friends. And he has millions.

"One of the most unusual friendships I have made through radio," he told me, "is with an old hermit called Fiddle of Shire-Tail Canyon, whom I met one day while walking through the woods of the high Sierra. He had never heard a radio, had no contact with the outside world. I had the pleasure of (Continued on page 88)

"I'm wise to Jack"

By MARY LIVINGSTON

What price quarrels?
When he gets mad she
settles for jewelry

THE first year Jack and I were married was terrible. All we did was fight. Now I realize it was my fault almost entirely. I had never been in the show business and knew nothing about it except that I mistrusted actors and actresses and looked with disgust upon their free and easy conduct.

In fact, Jack and I almost were not married because I felt marriage to an actor—a comedian at that—would only mean heartbreak. I came from Los Angeles, where I worked as a buyer of lingerie in The Vogue, a shop across from the Orpheum Theatre. Jack was started there for quite a while and he'd drop into the store on kid me. No matter how out-of-sorts I felt he could always make me laugh. We fell in love almost immediately and thought we'd be happy forever.

Jack's folks lived in Chicago where the ceremony was to take place. I came out a week in advance all set for the wedding which was to take place the following Sunday. The more I thought, the more hopeless the whole thing looked to me. I hadn't stopped to consider what life would be like traveling around with a vaudeville troupe. I didn't see how I'd ever fit in.

I told Jack I was getting scared. At the beginning he laughed it off; toward the end of the week he had caught my scared feeling, too. We were both convinced our marriage would be a mistake. I packed my bags, ready to bid him and his family a tearful good-bye and go back to California.

Then his father took a hand, and talked me out of going home. He told us we were acting like two foolish kids. That was on the Friday before the announced day for our marriage. Well, suddenly Jack and I made up our minds we'd be married immediately. We knew if we wanted for Sunday we'd never get married.

Jack hadn't bought a ring, so in order to clinch matters he took his mother's wedding ring. We didn't say a word to each other in the (Continued on page 92)



"I'm wise to Mary"

By JACK BENNY

If she doesn't behave—
she must bake him
his favorite cake

A LOT of people look at me pityingly. "Poor fellow," they say, "to find himself married to a girl who catapulted to fame live with her." on the air almost overnight. It must be a mighty tough job to They are wasting their pity, for success hasn't spoiled Doll. She is no career woman. Even today she'll drop her radio and stage work without a moment's hesitation, to help me in mine. Or to have babies which we both want very much. Though she can support herself in grand style she's not above preparing some dish I like or baking my favorite cake for me.

When we were first married she knew nothing of the theatre. One of the reasons I liked her was because she was so unaffected and natural and anti-stage. After we were married for a while I realized she would be happier if she had something to do. I suggested she come on with me. I was in vaudeville then. When we practised together she was O.K. The first night she came on—well, even I had to admit she was pretty terrible. I didn't know how to tell her and so I hemmed and hawed. "Dear, don't you think it would be a good idea if you stayed at home for a while? Maybe this work is too much for you." I finally blurted out.

"You needn't try to soften the blow, Jack," she said. "I was pretty punk. I retire."

Later when we were on tour we tried working together again. Mary improved. Now she was afraid she'd spoil things for me and refused to come on when we played the Orpheum, then the big vaudeville house of San Francisco. I had to hire another girl to play my stage. And darn it, I found I couldn't play with anyone but Mary. That settled it. Mary came back into the act. And she was good.

There are two things, though. Mary refuses to do. One (Continued on page 92)

BACK TO THE "FARM and HOME"

By ARCHIE DAVIDSON, JR.



LADIES and gentlemen, the Farm and Home Hour. I wonder how many times Announcer Everett Mitchell has chucked his message into your ears? How many times you've heard his vaudeviety, "Goodby and lots of luck, everybody."

Here is probably the most amazing radio program on the air. Music and comedy and education galore. And something more that you'd never guess unless you read this story. What is that something? I'll tell you in a minute.

But first, here is a statement sent to RADIO STARS by Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.

A mid-western farm paper recently made this editorial comment: "No Administration has ever made the effort to keep people informed as to what it is doing as has the new Administration in Washington. No department has gone to greater lengths in this respect than the Department of Agriculture. The National Farm and Home Hour has proved an admirable method of bringing statements of progress and policy directly to the farm audience. Both the Administration and the radio chains which make this possible are to be commended."

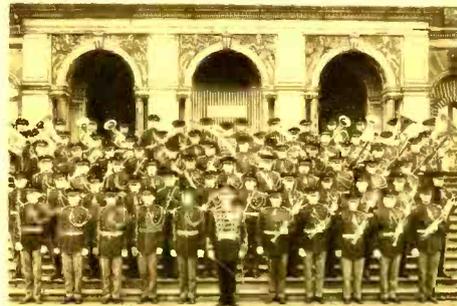
"This comment emphasized the use which we in the

Above, Announcer Mitchell and Harry Kosen, orchestra leader, crowing a bit. Right, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace broadcasts throughout the country.



Department of Agriculture are making of the radio and of other methods of public communications to keep the farm and the city people of the nation completely informed on the aims and the accomplishments of the new national program to bring our agricultural industry into balance with the other industries of the nation. As this program has gone forward step by step we have had the complete cooperation of radio broadcasters and editors in putting it before the people. Without this assistance it would have been impossible to enlist a million cotton farmers for reduction of this year's acreage or to carry on the nation-wide program now under way for wheat adjustment and emergency sale of surplus pigs and hogs. Our daily broadcasts in the National Farm and Home

Radio and Washington to the rescue! When information, instruction and entertainment get on the air America braces up



Left, Frank Mullen, N.B.C. Director of Agriculture. Above, Captain Taylor Branson and the U. S. Marine band, a regular feature of the program.

Hour also have enabled us to help people understand the aims of the marketing agreements for the dairy and other industries.

"The whole program of agricultural adjustment and the complementary program of industrial recovery can succeed only as the people of this country sink their selfish, individualistic ideas, adopt the policy of standing with their neighbors and the Government and themselves take hold of the programs and make them work. Radio broadcasters and other operators of the machinery of communication in this country are giving invaluable service to this

end." This shows how greatly radio can aid recovery.

Do you begin to understand? When Franklin D. Roosevelt felt himself face to face with the greatest mass of problems ever to face any president of the United States he turned to radio. When he needed the help of millions of farmers he turned to the Farm and Home Hour.

Now why?

Because he knew that here was a program heard regularly by millions of the people he needed to reach. Because this was a program produced by an impartial business concern called the NBC in which folk had come to have a vast amount of faith.

During the worst moments of the fall and winter, administration experts from the Department of Agriculture or the Treasury have stood before many a Farm and Home mike and told the farmers of Rooseveltian plans and hopes and ideals. Boldly, courageously they have explained their plans and the public has responded in a measure that would have been (Continued on page 96)

Illustration by FLOMERTY, JR.



IF YOU WANT A

EDDIE DUCHIN**AGE:** Twenty-four.**HEIGHT:** Five feet eleven.**WEIGHT:** 140 pounds.**BIRTHPLACE:** Boston on April Fool's Day.**HAIR:** Black.**EYES:** Dark brown.**FAVORITE SPORT:** Horseback riding.**FAVORITE FOOD:** Waffles.

they're



YOU can't keep them down—these good looking eligible men. Everywhere they appear. As singers, announcers, actors, orchestra directors. This time it's Eddie Duchin—the young fellow whose popularity has given rise to such descriptions as "Serenader of the Sophisticated" and "Debutantes' Delight." The young man whose every flirtatious glance is news for the gossips—who has the show-bizgers stumbling over one another in their frantic eagerness to secure his musical services for the coming-out parties of their daughters.

Now Eddie is no babe. He's free, tanned and twenty-four. He's tall, dark and exceptionally nice looking, with grand eyes, a swell smile, crisp wavy hair. Sensitive mouth and hands.

His loyalty and enthusiasm are essentially youthful and unspiced despite the so-called sophisticated circles wherein he moves. He likes to swim, to dance and ride horseback. And he reads, as much for information as for entertainment.

Eddie's father did not plan a musical career for his son. True, both parents were musically inclined and Eddie was made to practice the piano religiously but in the matter of a life's work he was expected to follow in his father's footsteps. That led directly to a pharmacy college as the family owns a chain of drug stores in Boston.

But Fate had it figured out differently. He did enter college but on the advice of a pianist he joined the Musicians Union as well and divided work between playing in dance bands and working in a drug store. Kind of like Rudy Vallee, you say? Drug stores and jazz. Perhaps the way to get along in this orchestra business is to get yourself adopted by a New England druggist.

The big break came when he won an audition conducted by Leo Reisman and began playing immediately with Leo

in the old Waldorf-Astoria. When the season was over, Eddie went back to college, graduated with honors, and then, when Reisman gave the word, returned to New York to play in the Central Park Casino with the maestro.

When Reisman left the Casino Eddie built himself a band and stayed. And he's there to this day. It was tough going at first—just a kid directing older musicians. But the Casino liked Eddie and Eddie stuck. He learned from experience. And New Yorkers learned, too, from experience that they could depend on good music to give their vicinals at the Casino. And that, in this case, spells success.

And listen, girls. He has no girl vocalist! Why? "It's bad for the morale of the orchestra," he says. "Someone falls in love, or something, I've seen it happen so often. Besides, not having one keeps me out of mischief." To those who would look twice at Eddie, that takes out professional competition from the field.

Eddie's greatest passion is a shiny black Packard convertible. His favorite color is blue.

RADIO HUSBAND

eligible

CHARLES CARLILE**AGE:** Twenty-nine.**HEIGHT:** Five feet five.**WEIGHT:** 140 pounds.**BIRTHPLACE:** Central Falls, R. I.**COLOR OF HAIR:** Dark brown.**COLOR OF EYES:** Brown.**FAVORITE SPORT:** Motoring.**FAVORITE FOOD:** Fried chicken.

FIVE years ago there were at least two people in the world who felt a sort of divine certainty that Charles Carlile had in him the stuff that dreams are made of, that there was in him a power which would carry him up from a dull nine-to-five existence in a railroad office to the enchanting life of a radio star. One of those two was his mother, the other was the shrinking violet who's writing this little story. But before telling you why we were gifted with this confidence, let's slip through a few pages of calendars of other years.

Charles himself wouldn't believe that one day his clear tenor voice would call up dreams of romance in the hearts of millions of women. That's how Charles is. He's never conscious of his fascination as a singer and a man. He doesn't realize that some day that power to charm may call to him the woman who'll share his life of romance with him. For Charles has not yet married.

Back in 1915 there was an eleven-year-old youngster whose boyish soprano voice filled the church in which he sang with the boys of youth. Already he was a gifted

pianist and now there was his belief that when his voice matured he might become a great singer.

But somehow it never worked out. A singer needs money and time with which to study. With his graduation from high school Charles was forced to go to work. First he tried hotel reporting. When he changed from that to clerking in a bank, his dream of musical fame was already fading to a distant glow, hovering almost beyond the horizon.

His mother was troubled. When he'd go home, weary from a long day at the bank, nerves scraped raw from the pounding monotony of the routine, she knew she must do something. The day he went to work in a railroad office she made up her mind. She knew that there was a great voice going to waste. She urged him to try choral singing just once more. He wouldn't do it. But to satisfy her he did begin taking lessons again.

It struck him as futile. He felt as though he were doomed to a life of a commonplace business employee. Even when he learned about the great Alwater Kent auditions which lavished thousands of dollars in prizes and musical education on its winners, it didn't strike him that he'd have a chance. Still, he couldn't hurt himself by taking a try at the local elimination contests.

There was no one more surprised than young Mr. Charles Carlile when he was named the winner and was given the opportunity to enter the district contest. But when he won the district, the state and the state-district contests in quick succession, his hope bounded high.

The tenor was not first, nor second, but fourth winner.

Now he is the most prominent of the four first winners of that audition. Charles Carlile is a successful radio artist, who despite his songs of romance has not yet found the girl of his dreams.

In a few minutes these two tuxedos and this evening gown give way to denim and calico and we have Lum and Abner and Evalina.



B. A. Rolfe expected caps and got wraps. Not a bad looking cap, B. A. And that giver-outer's smile ought to be worth a quarter tip.



Elsie Hitz, with the magic voice, and Nick Dawson, her companion in "Dangerous Paradise" in action. But this doesn't look so dangerous.



Here they are! All seven of 'em. Who? The Eddie Cantors of 1934. The blonde in the fuzzy-wuzzy short coat is Ida. Nice girl, Ida.



Intimate SHOTS OF YOUR FAVORITES



Not hard to recognize this handsome fellow and the pretty lady. Jimmie Melton catches Annette Hanshaw just after a broadcast. Lucky boy!



Old timers. Standing left to right, Whispering Jack Smith, Graham McNamee, Ernie Hare. Seated, Goldy & Dusty, Billy Jones and Joe White.



Master Richard Arlen, with his movie parents, inspects Gary Crosby's manicure, while Pappa Bing and Mamma Dixie Lee await the verdict.



Singing Lee Wiley turns dramatist and, with Roy Roberts, adds mirth and pathos to her weekly Pand's program Fridays over NBC.



HE BEATS THE

devil

"THE devil," says Elder Michaux, "is a mighty smart slemmer. I can't guarantee an accurate estimate of the devil's smartness. But it is safe to make one guess. There is one man who can outfox him. That man is Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux who has chased the Devil all over the Columbia network.

This is not slinging mud. The Elder would be the first to admit and probably has—that it takes a smart man to outfox the devil. Nor am I trying to confirm certain widespread and rather sinister rumors that are buzzing around Washington, D. C. Every place you go in Washington you hear these rumors because the Elder is a much talked about man. For every person who will tell you about his home for the unemployed there will be ten who will tell you that he pays no rent for these houses. Someone mentions the good work he does but twenty will tell you of his

The choir sings "Happy Am I" and Elder Michaux starts chasing the devil all over the network. And woe be unto those who don't toe the mark

two dazzling foreign cars which he says were given him by friends, but which other people say were bought with the money of the barefoot and weary. "Do you think Jesus would ride in cars as good as those?" he was asked. "No," said the Elder promptly. "Jesus would ride in a chariot through the air."

He has recently edited a paper called "Hague News," self-styled "An Amazing Contribution to Recovery and to Employment," but in it one can find no indication of any concrete assistance to the unemployed. But it does offer work to one thousand men who sell the four page sheet of newspaper at ten cents per copy. For this they receive food and clothes. Hundreds of people were baptized last year in the Potomac with great ballhoop but there were open whippers that salvation cost the innumered ones three dollars and fifty cents per head. Salvation becomes expensive

In the circle, the devil's arch enemy—Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux. Above, the church with its signs in Neon lights. Left—even baptizing is cause for broadcasting and for hanging out the flags.

Elder openly speaks with gratitude of the many influential prominent men of the country who support his work, whose names he must not mention, but there are those who say that these same men are interested industrialists who subsidize him to keep down the unrest of the hungry and jobless and cold.

THESE are ugly rumors, things you hear when you mention the Elder to a cabdriver who is "burned up" because women who do not earn enough for food will carry what they do earn and lay it on the Elder's collection table on Saturday night.

These rumors are the price a man pays for having power over people by the ten thousands, and he always pays it, whether he is a true Messiah or a racketeer. So we can leave rumors out of the picture. But there are many things I saw when I visited the Elder and Sister Michaux in their home, and when I listened—yes, and sang—at the curiously stirring services in the little chapel

BY HOPE HALE

across from the Griffith Stadium where the Senators lost the World Series last October. The Elder's home is in a neighborhood that was once smart, still has fine old houses, some with all their dignity intact and some fallen into melancholy shabbiness. His house is one of the good ones. A starched maid opened the door and took my name. I had telephoned his secretary the day before for an appointment. I walked up a carpeted stairway past the paintiest paintings I have ever seen. You may have looked at purples and reds and yellows before but you have never seen the purples and reds and yellows of the hand paintings on velvet which hang in the house of Elder Michaux in the reception room a handsome dark woman in an immaculate and white starched dress came to greet me. It was impossible to miss (Continued on page 78)

BACKSTAGE AT THE

TIME Marches On!

Here is one of today's miracle programs. Week by week it punches home the gay and gaudy newshits that make of break men and women all around the world. "Time," the magazine, conceals the programs and Remington-Rand sponsors them. Recently, one week's newshits were wafted via short wave to England where it was rebroadcast. It staggered the right little islanders.

And why not? When you hear actors whose voices are the precise duplicates of General Johnson and President Roosevelt and Anne Lindbergh you are entitled to a bit of consternation.

Who are these men and women whose skill in mimicry enables you to hear the world's leaders as clearly as if face to face with them. A select group they are. High-priced, too. Tonight, we'll see them and hear them in action. We're going to one of Columbia's New York studios to watch them present the "March of Time."

This studio, and it's an old story now, surely is big enough to hold a half-dozen living-rooms with sound-proofed walls to absorb any echo. A row of mikes hang from ceiling fastenings at the front, five feet away from the thick double glass of the control room.

Those men in the studio's far side are Howard Barlow's musicians. Barlow is slim, pale, intense. His men have worked for him for years. Many play with him in those grand Columbia symphony concerts that CBS presents weekly.

Toward the front are three rows of chairs. They're for actors. Row one is for the stars. Row two and three are for the extras. Yup, extras. We'll learn what they're for in a minute.

And those uncomfortable folk up against the wall?

Visitors like you and me. They've never been in a studio before in their lives. And they're having one swell time. But they don't have anything to do with the program unless one of them sneezes at an inopportune moment.

LOOK up at that first mike, at the tall fellow with his hand against one ear. There's a look of inherent grace and power about him. His voice is one of the finest and most authoritative on the air. That's this program's narrator, Webster Van Voorhis. His script (that's the paper he reads his lines from) is on that battered wooden stand. Van Voorhis has one peculiarity, he won't hold his script in his hand like most folk. Cramps his style he maintains. So that old rack follows him wherever he goes.

There is a red hand on that clock mounted over the room's center that counts the minutes. It is sweeping now toward the half-hour dot that marks the moment the "March of Time" must go on the air. The musicians have grown silent. Men and women are in place. Someone says:

"Quiet, please. One second." Then, "Here we go."

The red hand slides past the thirty minute mark and a blind silence grips everything. Suddenly, a voice crashes like a howitzer:

"Remington-Rand featuring the 'March of Time'..." That is Harry Von Zell, Columbia announcer and man of parts. Middle-sized, blond-thatched, Harry has his work cut out for him each Friday night. The "March of Time" demands a cold, clear and impersonal voice. Harry provides it.

The show swings into its stride. Music cuts through Von Zell's final words, runs for a dozen bars and fades. Van Voorhis, one hand cupped (Continued on page 54)

"MARCH OF TIME"

Mail planes crash!
President Roosevelt
talks! We hear Huey
Long heckled! It's
the news dramatized



By
OGDEN
MAYER



Arthur Pryor, director; Paul La Parle, George O'Donnell and Ora Nichols, sound experts. Right: Marion Hopkins, Bill Adams and Gloria Holden.

Top, Harry Von Zell, "The Voice of Time." Below, one of the dramatic scenes you'll read about. Note the wind machine behind the actors.

RADIO STARS

MEET ONE MAN'S FAMILY . . .

By LOUISE LANDIS

YOU know "One Man's Family," don't you? Some listeners have called it the frankest show on the air. And the "realist." It's a serial, if you're not a listener, dramatic as a tabloid newspaper, and the first West Coast sky show to make the East listen to it.

The man who makes it? Well, you might have met him had you been in a California newspaper office one day a few years back. And what a day. One of those that only newspaper editors know: when bandits choose to hold up a gasoline station at one end of town at the same instant that a blizzard blazes at the other end (with lots of letters in her dresser) decides to take an overdose of sleeping potion; when fires, lost children, irate wives suing for divorce and similar accompaniments of civilized life flow over the rewrite men like a tidal wave.

And a smooth-faced boy with broad shoulders stepped in the city room door.

"I've just come from the university," he said. "I want

to write—" He had no chance to finish his sentence. "Go ahead," said a harried assistant city editor and handed him a telephone from whose receiver poured a lean man's account of the latest murder.

And the s. s. boy, without winking an eyelash—he's never been known to flicker a lid since—sat down and took the story and wrote it for the next edition. Then he took another one, and another one, and at the end of the day he was hired on a regular salary as a reporter. For almost a year he was kept so busy that he never did get time to explain that he hadn't wanted a job like that. He had merely stopped in to inquire from somebody who might know just what a young man ought to do who wanted to learn to write.

Thousands of radio listeners, scattered all over America, certify today how thoroughly Carlton E. Morse, author of "One Man's Family," has learned to write. Ever since that day he found himself in the midst of the newspaper business he's been breaking trails.



The West had it. The East wanted it. Now all are satisfied

Have you heard how this unusual program was conceived?



Left, *One Man's Family* at work. From left to right, J. Anthony Smythe (Mr. Barbour), Minetto Ellen (Mrs. Barbour), Michael Raffetto (Paul), Kathleen Wilson (Claudia), Billy Page (Jack), Barton Yarborough (Clifford), Bernice Barwin (Hazel). In booth, Announcer Andrews and Author Morse. Right, the family at play.

THERE were no rules for concocting radio dramas when Morse first began to write plays for the mike. Listeners who heard his first series, "The House of Mirth," a satirical drama on the Greek fables, will always remember how refreshing they were. He was one of the first to sense the radio trend toward mystery serials. His "City of the Dead" and "The Game Called Murder" were among the pioneer mysteries on the West Coast. And then, just as other radio writers began to grind out "thrillers" in large quantities, Morse found something new—"One Man's Family."

"One Man's Family" is a saga of the Barbourns. In the West it has been running for over eighteen months. Certainly it started with as little fanfare and hubbub as any program. But after those few opening chapters had been flung into the air something happened. Letters began to drop into the audience mail department from every state which the Pacific network touched, enthusiastic letters.

Presently there were others—letters of a different type. These were equally enthusiastic but they came from listeners in the East who had developed the habit of sitting up until after midnight in Florida and New Jersey and the Carolinas in order to follow Hazel's development from an embattered old maid, to sympathize with Claudia's struggles with living and loving, to listen to Paul's re-

bellious epigrams and strange understanding of life.

So it came about that the script of "One Man's Family" was sent for live network chiefs and production of the serial was begun in the Scheenertsky, New York, studios of NBC. Because of this it was necessary to change the hour of the broadcast. At the first night a flood of telephone calls from all over the United States swamped the switchboard and the station almost went down under the barrage of complaints from those who hadn't learned of the change and had tuned in at the regular hour. It was decided then to give a still larger audience a chance to hear this remarkable serial and now a trans-continental broadcast is made from San Francisco every Saturday night at 8:00 o'clock P.S.T., thirty-eight stations in all parade the laddling of the Barbourns.

But this immense new audience brought a new problem. They didn't know the beginning of the story. So it became necessary to begin all over again, produce the serial from its beginning, in the Saturday night broadcasts; while the western audience went ahead with its own sequence on a Wednesday night broadcast. Does it suit you? "I never heard anything on the stage as good as 'One Man's Family,'" writes a woman in New York State. "Please tell me the truth—the Barbour family is a real family isn't it?" implies a woman in Ohio, while a business man in Chicago and another in Denver respectively declare on paper that "at last radio offers something for adult minds."

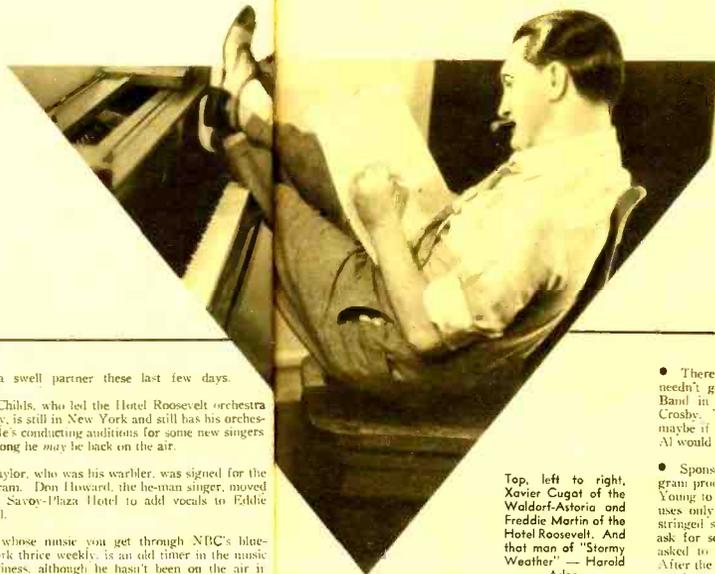
One Man's Family" is interesting, I think, because it proves definitely that all radio listeners are not necessarily twelve years old mentally. It proves that realism when handled by an artist is (Continued on page 26.)



Frank Simon's band is so nice looking that he hauled in a camera to record it. It's called the Armo Concert Band and radiates from WLM. Right, Maestro Young of Pond's program.

The BAND BOX

By WILSON BROWN



DEL CAMPO. Columbia's new tenor, liked Freddie Ricci's orchestra accompaniment on Campo's first studio love. He liked it an awfully lot. So he trotted up to present the smiling leader with a luck charm.

Next day Freddie looked again at the charm; decided maybe it was lucky, and bet \$750 on the Notre Dame-Army football tilt.

Within a few hours the \$750 was lost. Next day Freddie injured a finger. And the next day, Freddie shelved the "luck" charm.

• Jeanne Lang had to go see a music publisher the other day despite the fact it was pouring down rain. And the very first thing she did on leaving her hotel was to slip on the wet sidewalk and sprain an ankle. The worst part of it was that the dancers of the town have been de-

prived of a swell partner these last few days.

• Reggie Childs, who led the Hotel Roosevelt orchestra until recently, is still in New York and still has his orchestra intact. He's conducting auditions for some new singers and before long he may be back on the air.

• Irene Taylor, who was his warbler, was signed for the Camel program. Don Howard, the he-man singer, moved over to the Savoy-Plaza Hotel to add vocals to Eddie Elkins' band.

• Elkins, whose music you get through NBC's blue-WJZ network thrice weekly, is an old timer in the music making business, although he hasn't been on the air 31 ages. His band is the first to play in the Savoy-Plaza



Cab Calloway goes abroad; Geo. Hall sets a record; there's another Crosby. This and lots more news here

• There's another Bing Crosby! But you Bing fans needn't get excited. He's Al Bowley of Lewy Stone's Band in London, billing himself as the British Bing Crosby. The fact that he's a Greek leads us to believe that maybe if folks in London got a chance to hear our Bing Al would change his billing to "the singing George Givot."

• Sponsors sometimes have their own ideas as to program production. For instance one sponsor asked Victor Young to use more brass in his band. Victor, you know, uses only two trumpets and one trombone to give the stringed section a fighting chance. Now when sponsors ask for something it's the custom for the person being asked to all-but the suggestion. So Victor all-butted. After the next program the sponsor admitted the program was better and asked how many (Continued on page 94)

Top, left to right, Xavier Cugat of the Waldorf-Astoria and Freddie Martin of the Hotel Roosevelt. And that man of "Stormy Weather" — Harold Arlen.