

COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT!

Radio Stars

MARCH

10

CENTS

Earl Christy

Grace Moore

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

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The Victorians had a word for it, "Charm", we have a word for it, "Irresistible." We not only have a word for it, we have a way for it.

Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure . . . these speak the language of enchantment.

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A Moment of Magic

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

TWO PEOPLE meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive... and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put

a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an unflinching part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.



IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"



A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs in as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family. 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to



RADIO STARS

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THIRTEEN STRIKING STORIES

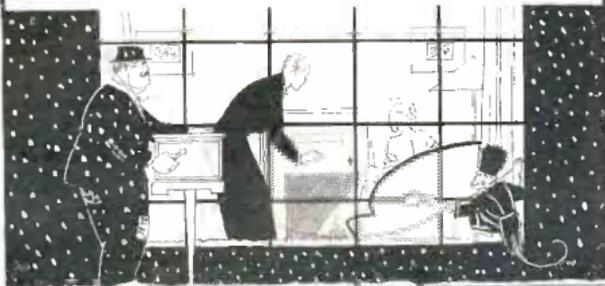
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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1936, by Earl Christy, Inc., office of publication at Washington and South Avenue, Franklin, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 126 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 201 North Michigan Ave. George Delaney, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; Fred Bremer, Vice-President; Al Weinstein, Secretary. Vol. 5, No. 8, March, 1937, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 15 cents. Subscription price in the United States, \$1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1932, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1907. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.



*Again they thrill you
with Glorious Melody!*



YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie".... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky...How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from *Romeo and Juliet*, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call!"

Jeanette
M^{AC}DONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!'
300 rugged male voices led
by Nelson Eddy in the most
stirring song of our time!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
REGINALD OWEN • **ALLAN JONES**
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg



Little Jackie Heller with Moritz, his huge St. Bernard pal . . . Jack LaRue chats absorbingly with Eleanor "Flying Red Horse Tavern" Powell . . . And young Patti, of the Pickens Sisters, apparently loves to do crossword puzzles.



Gloria Grafton who warbles those tender love duets with Donald Novis in "Jumbo."

RADIO RAMBLINGS

THINK IT OVER

Do you listen to your radio?

The question may surprise you, since, if you are reading this column, the chances are that you are a radio fan.

Yet how many people tune in their radios as an accompaniment to casual family chatter or conversation among friends, or even as a background for a game of bridge, or to the perusal of the local newspaper or the latest thriller.

We take our miracles so casually. Naturally we wouldn't jump up and exclaim ecstatically at the wonder of entertainment that is coming from that unimportant-looking little gadget. But let's at least savor to the full the splendid programs that are the fruit of years of training and experience, of hours and days of planning and rehearsal, and of untiring personal effort from the top-flight artist down to the most minor mechanician.

Even music, orchestra, song or symphony, cannot be fully appreciated unless it is listened to intelligently. How can the program makers give us what we want, unless we tell them? And how can we tell them, unless we give to the programs the same undivided attention that they give them?

Good listeners make good programs!

WINGS OF SONG

Margaret Speaks, lovely soprano soloist of the Firestone programs, is a charming person to talk with, frank and friendly and modest. She's a devoted wife and mother and gracious home-maker as well as a musician of high order. Before she started out on her first trip to Hollywood to sing with Nelson Eddy, Margaret was wondering if she would like flying, having been up but once, on a brief flight, years ago. Since then she has



Do you ever wonder just how Lazy Dan looks when he's broadcasting? We thought you'd like to know, so here he is—snapped during a program.

Airing the latest news and notes along radio lane

piled up an mileage of approximately 12,000 miles a month during the winter series of Firestone concerts. One week she sings with Richard Crooks in New York, the next week with Nelson Eddy in Hollywood. Then back to New York again—making two plane trips between New York and Hollywood each month.

On the completion of 'Rose-Marie,' Eddy's next movie with Jeanette MacDonald, he began his transcontinental concert tour, and he will rejoin the flying soprano on Monday, February 10th, in New York City, to resume his Firestone programs with Margaret.

Talk about 'wings of song!'

"TIME MARCHES ON . . ."

Put all of us cherish fond memories tokens of some bright moment that still warms the heart. . .

Frank Munn, tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, still carries the first prize he ever won for singing—a gold watch Munn's treasured prize was his reward for being the best singer at an amateur show held at the McKinley Square (Continued on page 92)



I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**. AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.



WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY. . . ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**. . . THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPHA SOAP holds two marvelous dirt-looseners—visher, golden soap with lots of naphtha added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naphtha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with **FELS-NAPHA SOAP!**

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THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS

★★★★

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
The Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and his guests is a radio institution. It has been on the air since 1935 and has become a household name. Vallee's wit and the variety of his guests make this program a must for every radio listener.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).
Town Hall Tonight is a weekly radio program featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular evening program for many listeners.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).
The Philharmonic Society of New York is a world-renowned orchestra that has been performing for over a century. Their radio broadcasts are a treat for classical music lovers.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Victor Kolar's Sunday Evening Symphony is a weekly broadcast of classical music. Kolar's conducting is superb, and the program is a highlight of the radio schedule.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).
General Motors Concerts are a series of weekly broadcasts featuring a variety of musical acts. The program is well-produced and features high-quality performances.

FORD PROGRAM WITH IRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC).
Ired Waring's Pennsylvania Program is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

JLLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Jack Benny and Johnny Green's Orchestra is a weekly broadcast featuring Benny's humor and Green's music. It is a popular program for many listeners.

CHITERSFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).
The Chitersfield Program is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).
RCA Magic Key is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

LAWRENCE TIBBITT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Lawrence Tibbett is a world-renowned baritone who has performed in many of the world's great opera houses. His radio broadcasts are a treat for opera lovers.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).
Lux Radio Theatre is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).
John Charles Thomas is a world-renowned conductor who has led many of the world's great orchestras. His radio broadcasts are a treat for classical music lovers.

RATINGS

At present on the radio many excellent programs are being broadcast. The quality of the programming is high, and the variety of acts is wide. This is a good sign for the radio industry as a whole.

**** Excellent *** Good

** Fair

The radio has become an important part of our lives. It provides us with entertainment, education, and information. We hope that the radio will continue to grow and provide us with the best programming possible.

PAIMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (CBS).
The Paimolive Beauty Box Theatre is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
The American Album of Familiar Music is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of popular songs. It is a popular program for many listeners.

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE (NBC) (CBS).
The Lucky Strike Hit Parade is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of popular songs. It is a popular program for many listeners.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
One Man's Family is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).
Lombardo Road is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
The March of Time is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS).
George Burns and Gracie Allen are a comedy duo who have been performing together for over 40 years. Their radio broadcasts are a treat for comedy lovers.

RICHARD HEMMER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).
Richard Hemmer's Studebaker Champions is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGES ORCHESTRA (CBS).
The Hollywood Hotel is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

RING CROSBY (NBC).
Ring Crosby is a world-renowned singer who has performed in many of the world's great concert halls. His radio broadcasts are a treat for music lovers.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE (NBC).
Albert Payson Terhune is a world-renowned author who has written many of the world's great novels. His radio broadcasts are a treat for literature lovers.

RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Ray Noble and his Orchestra is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).
The Atwater Kent Program is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

PHIL COOK (NBC).
Phil Cook is a world-renowned singer who has performed in many of the world's great concert halls. His radio broadcasts are a treat for music lovers.

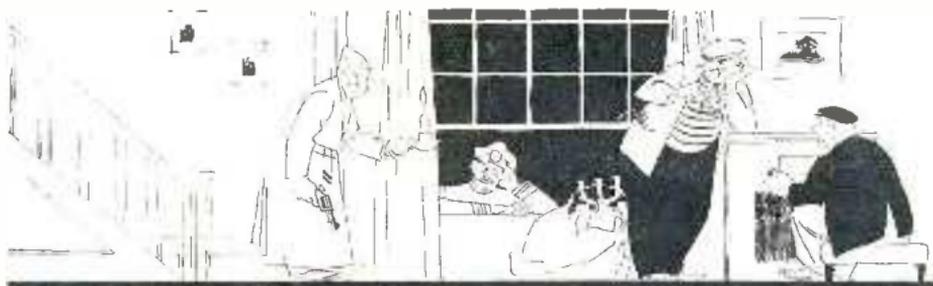
SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).
The Swift Studio Party is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

EASY ACES (NBC).
The Easy Aces is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

VOX POP—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).
The Vox Pop is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC).
The A and P Gypsies is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).
The Cavalcade of America is a weekly broadcast featuring a variety of musical acts and comedians. It has become a popular program for many listeners.



A FREE, EASY LESSON...

BY THE TINTEX COLOR MAGICIAN

Read how you can
give new fashionable
color to faded apparel
and home decorations



2 And don't forget your home decorations. Are curtains and drapes faded? ... Would you like to change the color-scheme of slip-covers, luncheon sets, table-scarfs, etc.? ... It's very simple!

3 Now ... here's all you do. Choose the colors you want from the 41 brilliant Tintex Colors. Dissolve the powder in a basin of water, according to directions ... then just "tint as you rinse." Faded things become their original color. Or you can give anything an entirely different color if you wish.

4 That's all there is to it. Easy, isn't it? And what perfect results ... just sheer color magic. But be sure you use Tintex. Don't accept substitutes. Tintex, the world's largest selling Tints and Dyes have been proven "best by test" of millions of women.



Tintex
World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

AT ALL DRUG, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

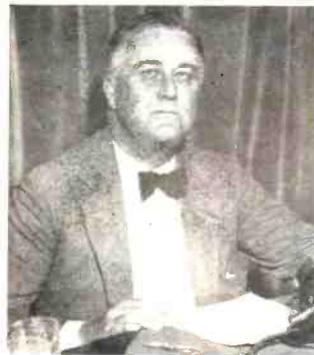


The present course of American politics, Father Coughlin believes, is tending inevitably toward something resembling fascism.

COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES

"I am in favor of government by law, not government by men," says Father Coughlin

"Nobody made our form of government. It grew!"



Roosevelt's administration has gone beyond any previous administration in concentrating power in the hands of the Executive, Coughlin states.



If Roosevelt should be re-elected, says Father Coughlin, America will have taken another step toward the end of representative government.

ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT!

"I AM NOT too certain that there will be an election in 1936."

The cry of "dictatorship" has been raised from every sector of the political scene since Franklin D. Roosevelt launched the New Deal. It has been shouted from the fascist threat of coming trouble-makers that its direst implications have been lost. The speech was adopted in American politics, has become a formula.

Nevertheless, I moved uncomfortably in my chair when I heard the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin pronounce this famous sentence from the pulpit steps of his radio. I

became acutely conscious of the plebs of this world. I pondered with a curious twinge of fear what might happen to my comfortable, home-made job my bank account, my religion, could a real dictator ever come to Washington. I went out to the streets of the little Florence and spent an hour with Father Coughlin. In his warning he was referring to the possibility of a dictatorship resulting from involvement of this nation in a war. But I would like to hear some of his other opinions on a subject which must be strongly in his thoughts to prompt such a statement.

He told me that he believes the present course in American politics is tending inevitably toward something resembling fascism.

He said that on the basis of present indications he expects that President Roosevelt will be re-elected in 1936.

admitted that, if the New Deal is thus approved by the electorate, America will have taken another step toward the end of representative government.

But he sees a strong glow of hope from a new source—the radio.

Free and uncensored radio broadcasting, he believes, will succeed in checking the collapse of democratic government. "The free radio," he declared, "has taken the place of the free press as the lifework of liberty. If free speech over the air is allowed to continue for a few more years we will be able to change the present trend and return to real government by the people."

Father Coughlin explained that he did not mean to imply that he believes President Roosevelt should be defeated. He is not yet ready to say that. He merely admits that the Roosevelt administration has gone

beyond any previous administration in concentrating power in the hands of the executive and that a complete vote of confidence in 1936 would be difficult to come some day—wiser than as a popular member to carry the process farther.

"That sounds logical," I said. "The still more, people are unable to understand some attitude toward the New Deal. In the popular view you are expected to be either for Roosevelt or against him. I have heard many of your listeners (January, 1934)

By Paul
Weber

WARNER BROTHERS WERE WRONG ABOUT

by Irene
Rich

Me

"Powder House" is the name of the horse. Irene Rich is the rider.



LIFE can kick you upstairs if you refuse to go down.

It took years of knocking against life to find that out for myself. Eighteen years of disappointment and opportunity. Eighteen years of failure and success.

I've learned a lot in these years since I started my career and now, looking back, I see it always has been the knocks and kicks, that seemed like terrible blows when they were happening, that have helped me all my life.

Helped me spiritually and mentally, too. Every one of them has brought me new wisdom, new understanding. Made me a little harder and a little softer. Strengthened my armor against the world and given me just that much more tolerance to understand it.

Starring in the movies. . . That long tom in vaudeville. . . Radio. . . Life kicked me into every one of them.

From the beginning it has been like that. It was because of the complete collapse of my life that I had any career. For you can't see the thing you've put all your faith and ideals into, the thing that has meant most to you, go, without feeling that life is going, too. And my marriage had meant that to me.

I had to do something. My first thought was Hollywood, for, like most girls, I had been stage-struck in my teens but my early marriage had ended that dream. Here



Curls and earrings and bewitching eyes, flattering fur and velvet and soft silk.



A stroll on a snowy day always has meant wintry joy and exhilaration.

But lovely Irene Rich was right about herself! And all the knocks were changed to boosts before she got through!

was my chance to do the thing I wanted to do. To try myself.

But I couldn't take the chance. There were my two small daughters and my mother to take care of. I couldn't gamble with their security.

So I went into Real Estate instead, out there in San Francisco where I had been living at the Presidio. Like all army officers' wives I'd led a normal existence. It couldn't help but accent the love I've always had for houses. Staunch, permanent houses whose lights shined for the same families year after year and whose gardens grew with the children.

Selling them to the people who wanted them as badly as I did myself seemed the next happiest thing to do and the most practical. And I was doing pretty well and finding that I liked being out in the world with my own way to make when the next bump came.

Just seventy-six dollars worth of bumps! For that was the amount of the commission due me that the firm held out on me. Much to my chagrin I found myself crying when the news was broken to me. And I had thought of myself as a great big business woman! But it meant so much to me, that seventy-six dollars, a grocer's bill that could be paid, mitchelled coats for my little girls. And the money was mine. I had worked hard for it.

God bless that kick, say I, for it sent me flying down to Hollywood determined to take the chance I hadn't felt entitled to before.

I worked as an extra every day for the two weeks I had allowed myself as a test. The kick got thought she had struck a bonanza. I went a little giddy. Success in the movies. It seemed as simple as snipping my fingers.

So I resigned my real estate job and brought the family

down and found a little bungalow to live in that I was sure would be exchanged for a palace in no time at all.

It was six weeks before I got another job. Another knock and more time to think. Lots of time but as full as it was then, it was good for me. It sharpened my courage, made me assert myself and go gunning for the things I wanted. Prepared me for the ups and downs that confront every one of us, for the many days to come when I would be turned away from one studio after another for the time when I was about to play a part in a picture and developed film and a raging fever the first day I was to report on the set.

Again it was the knock that helped. For if I had been able to play that part, and oh, how important it seemed to me at the time, I would have been working on the picture and would have had to turn down the biggest opportunity of all—opposite Dustin Farnum.

For that offer came when I was convalescing and so I was free to accept it. The leads opposite Will Rogers came as a result of that picture with Dustin Farnum. So did all the other leads that were to follow and eventually stardom with Warner Brothers. Back in the old silent days I never considered myself an actress. After all, it was all visual. Only one medium. My friends were always amused when I used to list my occupation on important papers as housewife. But I felt I didn't have the right to call myself really an actress until I had combined the two mediums of acting—sight and sound. It was the thing I wanted to do, the thing I felt I had to do.

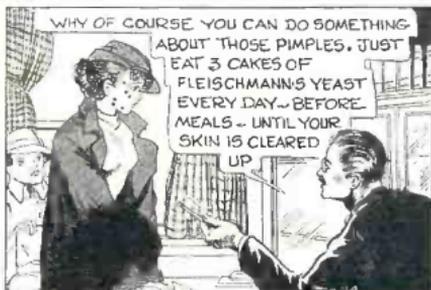
Then sound came to Hollywood.

It was the thing I had been waiting for and yet when the dream came it was to prove a nightmare.

Sound. . . Revolution. . . The words were synonymous in Hollywood. (Continued on page 24)



BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—



Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

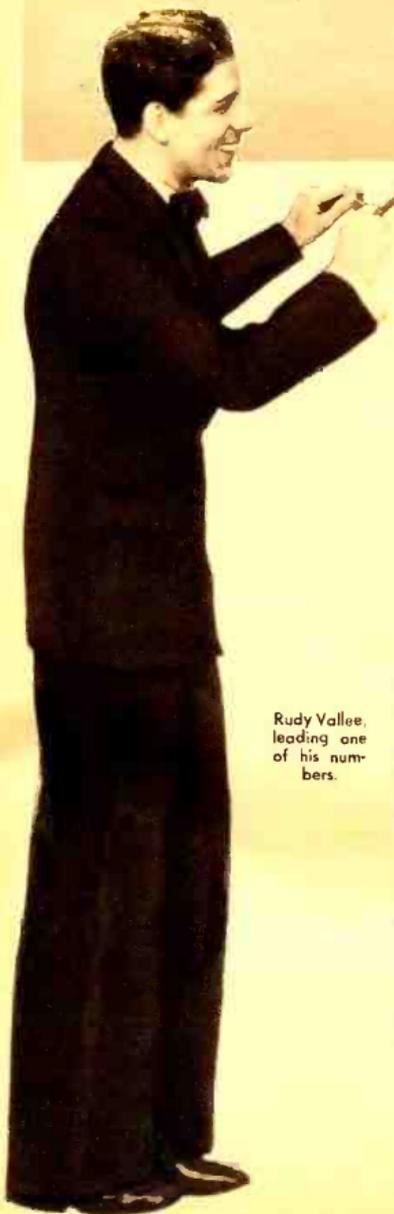


—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

TO

Radio



Rudy Vallee,
leading one
of his num-
bers.



THE name of Rudy Vallee has become synonymous with radio. And inevitably so. Year after year, his Fleischmann Variety Hour has merited topmost ranking, bowing to none as outstandingly popular radio entertainment.

Rudy Vallee has established himself as a master showman of the air. Not content to coast along merely on his distinctive personality, he has worked enthusiastically to be always several jumps ahead of the other fellow in giving listeners the latest and best in radio enjoyment.

Although his variety programs include artists of world prominence, yet, because of his own showmanly tact and artistry, Rudy Vallee never is overshadowed.

Comedy, tragedy, melodrama, opera and jazz all play a part in his programs. He has presented all so capably and entertainingly that listeners who prefer jazz enjoy opera and those who favor drama have learned to appreciate comedy.

To Rudy Vallee, and to Standard Brands which make possible his Thursday night broadcasts, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service To Radio.

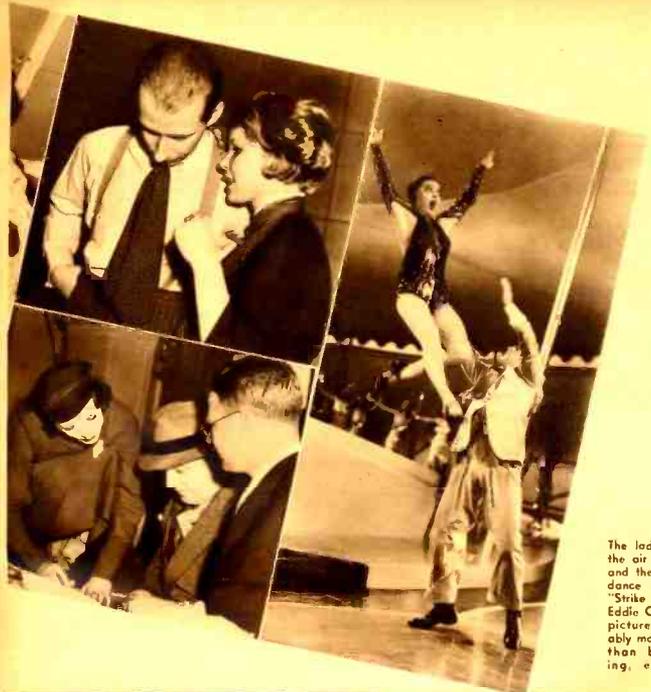
Lester C. Grady
—Editor.

IN THE RADIO Spotlight

What's new along Radio Row?
Our pictures tell the story.
Here are four fascinating
pages of radio favorites



You've heard of the Beaux Arts Ball, of course. Gaze on Miss Tilda Getz, of Kansas City, Missouri, chosen as Broadway's most perfect showgirl, and Jimmy Durante, star of radio, stage and screen, in their costumes for the ball. Babs Ryan (over beyond) you know, of course. She is discussing a new song with Ray Noble, on whose program "Babs and Her Brothers" now are appearing. She writes most of the novel arrangements for this clever trio. And there's Eleanor Powell, delightful little singer and dancer, doing brainwork as well as footwork, for that fine, sparkling program, "The Flying Red Horse Tavern."



The lady all up in the air is Rita Rio; and the scene is a dance number in "Strike Me Pink." Eddie Cantor's new picture. Considerably more strenuous than broadcasting, eh, Eddie?



Deane Janis, charming soloist with the Carmel Caravan, enjoys a bit of gay perisillage with handsome orchestra leader, Glen Gray.



Rudy Vallee, James Melton and S. (Rory) Ratholof at the dinner given at Jack Dempsey's restaurant in honor of Mr. Melton.



The candid camera catches Ted Husing and George Burns as they do their stuff during the weekly Burns and Allen broadcast.



Of course you recognize this dauntless Nimrod—none other than the handsome and popular Conrad Thibault enjoying a shoot.

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT



And here's glamour, fash! Nelson Eddy, Firestone's baritone soloist (in the top picture), with Jeanette MacDonald, scene from "Rose-Marie." Another rose (in the bottom picture on this page), Gladys Swarthout, of "Rose of the Rancho," plays badminton on the court of her Beverly Hills home. Atop the opposite page, two who are familiar to radio listeners with their ever-popular "Vex Pop" programs, Parks Johnson (left) and Jerry Belcher, Nest, Arnold Johnson, the smiling gentleman in the bathrobe, with Ray Perkins and three girls of the "Singing in the Bathroom" amateur contest. Cooking up a radio program is a cinch compared to cooking a dinner, say Lum (Chester Lauck—left) and Abner (Narris Goff) (bottom of this column). The top picture (outside column) radio fans will recognize as Phil Baker, with an armful of joy—little Stuart Henry Baker and Margot (Miss Muffet). And the last and bottom picture of the outside column on the opposite page is popular Dorelle Alexander, featured on Paul Whiteman's program.



Shoeless, on the control-room steps, Joan scans her script.



Joan welcomes you with a keen glance from candid eyes.

Joan Crawford

LIKES RADIO, BUT-

"DO you think radio work interferes with a screen career?"

Now, that's a swell question to ask a girl who is right in the middle of a dance rehearsal, but when Joan Crawford is working, that's practically the only way you can catch her. Between steps—or on the toilet, as it were.

By now Joan has her breath and she sits down to consider the question at hand.

"Yes," is her answer. "I think a weekly radio program, for a dramatic actress, definitely interferes with a screen career." In fact, in my case, I believe it would probably cut it off entirely. I'm sure a radio broadcast every week would leave me hardly enough time to see movies, not to mention working in them.

Joan explains her statement: "You see, I've always hoped to do a play on Broadway and, for that reason, I'd be frightened to death of a radio appearance without a thorough rehearsal. By thorough I mean several days, and you can see how much time that would leave me for screen work."

"Besides, I honestly don't believe that enough good dramatic material can be provided for a week-after-week program. For example, I once was offered a 13-week contract on the air and I accepted it with the provision

that thirteen good dramatic sketches, or radio versions of stage hits, be furnished before I signed the contract. Well, we dug and we dug, but after the fourth tentative program we had nothing that sounded presentable, so I felt that, for my own good, I should reject the offer."

Don't gather from this that Joan is not interested in radio. The Crawford gal is smart and along with all her glamour she has brains, a commodity often useful to ladies both before and after the glamour wears off. Joan believes that radio is excellent training for the stage and a grand medium for the improvement of the voice for both stage and screen work. It can safely be predicted that you'll be hearing the Crawford voice on your favorite network several times during the coming year, for her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stipulates that she will be allowed to appear on at least three or four radio programs during 1936.

"If I had my own way about it," she continues, "I should like to do seven or eight broadcasts a year. I'm sure that, in the course of a year, I could find that many dramatic vehicles which I liked well enough to do some strenuous work on."

Up to now Joan has done only two radio broadcasts. Several years ago she appeared on the Hall of Fame pro-



liberall



And here is Joan before the dread radio jitters got her.

A weekly radio program would seriously interfere with a screen career, Joan believes

By Leo Townsend

gram in a radio version of *Sadie McKee*, one of her screen rôles. Then, a few months ago, on the Lux hour, she did *Within the Law*, playing the rôle she portrayed on the screen in *Paid*. She enjoyed the last broadcast immensely, despite what she said was a terrific case of "the jitters."

"Things all happened at the end of a rather hectic week," said Joan. "You see, I was married on Friday, spent three days rehearsing and did the broadcast Monday evening. By that time I had nuke fright all over the place and, to make things worse, just a moment or two before I was to go on, a horrible thought struck me. I kept thinking that in all America there was no one home—that all across the continent there wasn't a single radio turned on and that I was about to go into my dramatics for the sole edification of great bundles of nothing but space!"

You will admit, no doubt, that such a thought, teamed with a fine case of high-class jitters, is quite a handicap for any actress about to project her voice into millions—well, thousands—of homes throughout the land. But that wasn't all, says Joan. From that point on the situation grew more grave. Let her tell it:

"Franchot informed me later (Continued on page 60)

Paul Whiteman has made radio history. He is not merely

THE studio rehearsal goes on and on. It is now nearly 5 P. M. The whole company of Paul Whiteman's Greater Music Hall has been at it more or less steadily, since mid-morning, and in another half-hour probably will be ready for the *Dress*, or dress rehearsal.

Paul Whiteman sits out in the body of the little theatre by himself, one leg thrown over the arm of the seat. Half the time he does not even glance up at the stage; only thoughtfully strokes a moustache that is really nothing to stroke, for it is pruned down to the proportions of an eyebrow. Every few minutes someone comes over to consult him.

Piece after piece, part after part, is done over and over again, the assistant-conductor carrying on. It all seems

very confusing, without head or tail. Players and artists are scattered all over the place; continually chatting, chaffing, studying scripts aloud and humming airs. The stage is a litter of instruments, music-stands, microphones and gadgets. Nearly all the musicians have their coats off and are chewing gum in jazz tempo. Ramona, who figured prominently as a hotcha singer and pianist with Whiteman and his band in the talkie, "Thanks a Million," can't seem to make herself behave and tap-dances and waves her hands whenever the music is lively, or waltzes with the prompter whenever it is sad. That is the key and the key-note of the whole rehearsal. Care-free, happy, mimicking: in the authentic jazz spirit of a melodious gathering of the negroes in the cane-brake; nevertheless, with seriousness that approaches solemnity and the resultant melody of a shuffling black "narrator."

Paul will explain it: "Jazz? Why, it's only an idiom. A melodic mood. A folk music. But you won't get it; you won't understand it unless you feel it! The conductor and his musicians

Paul Whiteman leading his famed Music Hall orchestra.



"The King of Jazz," — he also is its foster father

have got to be jazz before they can play it so it will get you.

Paul is a symphony in brown today: A double-breasted brown-striped suit, brown-collared shirt, tan shoes; then the symphony goes: jazz with burnt-orange socks and a crimson necktie.

Two awe-struck visitors are admitted and sit modestly in a far-corner. They look about in vain for that majestic Paul Whiteman they had seen the night before come striding, astride a white horse, into the arena of the New York Hippodrome, in "Jumbo," wearing a long cloak and a Hussar's gaudy uniform, balancing a silver baton, his famous hand in dazzling uniform marching bravely behind him. Or perhaps they are looking for the world-renowned conductor—bracketed with Toscanini—who with serious over-mounted the podiums of the most

celebrated and sacred music chambers, halls and centers around the world, courageously and convincingly carrying the message of true American melody into the straggle-holds of the older classical forms of music. The Whiteman whom Europe crowned *The Jazz King* and thereafter proceeded to include at least one American jazz number in practically every distinguished mixed program.

Paul does not let an eyelash as Mr. Joseph Bentelelli, the renowned operatic tenor, breaks down in the midst of his aria from "Rigoletto." He studies very hard over a piece of music marked, "Paul's Copy," with a moon-face drawing of identification. But when Miss Alpert, the whirlwind jazz pianist, finishes a fiery Gershwin piece, he raises his hands and applauds: "You did that damn fine little girl!"

(Continued on page 84)



Here are some, we think, mighty interesting views of our modern music master, Paul Whiteman. That's his father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, with him in the first picture. Paul is showing him his design for the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship medal, yearly presented in memory of his mother. And the next two pictures show Paul with Lou Holtz and Helen Depton, both having appeared on his Music Hall program. And next is Mrs. Whiteman (Margaret Livingstone), helping Paul arrange a program.

by Henry Albert Phillips

By Nancy Barrows

"CIVILIZATION MUST CHANGE OR PERISH!"

"Once more," says Hendrik Willem van Loon,
"the barbarian tide is sweeping across the world."

"CIVILIZATION must change, or die!" In these words Hendrik Willem van Loon, who goes on the air each Thursday and Sunday evening in Studio 8E of Radio City, expresses the spirit of his series of programs.

It is the purpose of these broadcasts to present in a brief and very human fashion certain important pages of history, so that we who listen and understand may recognize the parallels between those bygone periods and our own and thus interpret the present and future in terms of the past. You who already are listeners to his programs, know how amusingly informative are these talks, and what a fascinating game this drawing of parallels becomes.

Before the hand of the clock should reach the appointed minute for his broadcast to begin we discussed some pertinent questions.

"Is man perceptibly changing the course of history?"

I asked him.

Sketching one of his inimitable pictures on the fly-leaf

of his latest book, he ruminates:

"History has a way of changing itself, because history after all, is merely the record of certain natural events and nature has her own way of changing things, regardless of radio or the movies or the flying machine. . . .

"It's up to us to find out how nature is changing the human race. So far, most of the great discoveries placed in the hands of the human race have done exceedingly little to make the human race any happier. Nature takes care of the Big Outlines, but the human race can fuss around with the details, and it has done so . . . turning into engines of death explosives meant to remove stumps and, here tumes . . . using aeroplanes for the same purpose . . . using radio for the dissemination of the vilest sort of nationalist propaganda . . . using for purposes of destruction—mutual destruction, of course—everything that was given to us to make life happier and less burdensome. . . .

"What Nature is trying to accomplish just now, I couldn't possibly tell you. . . . Nature is exceedingly aristocratic—but why Nature just now has pushed the



Two glimpses of Hendrik Willem van Loon. The "Time Cards," drawn by himself, mark how his period nears its close. When announcer Alois Havrilla holds up the tortoise card, it means: "Five minutes to go." The elephant signals two minutes are left. And the man hanging from the gallows indicates the last minute.

Mucker and the Meron so completely to the fore . . . that puzzles me, but I can find no answer."

"Do you think these broadcasts of yours are awakening public consciousness?" I suggested. "Do we learn any lessons from history?"

Mr. Van Loon shook his head. His eyes were thoughtful. "Do I think my own work has done any good? . . . Well, in the first place, I am sincerely grateful to NBC, or rather, to John Royal, who took this risk to let me have a chance to preach my own Gospel of Tolerance, based upon a feeling that all of us know so little that there is little use in killing each other off about things we never can find out anyway . . . and I am grateful that I never have had any sort of censorship . . . and I'm sincerely grateful to the people who write me, not the ordinary fan letters, but who continue on paper the discussion which we had begun on the air. It (Continued on page 76)



The old maestro caught kissing Ben Bernie salutes Robin, bride of Billy Wilson, singer (left).



Ben Bernie and Bing Crosby get together for a chat out at the Paramount studios in Hollywood.



What is Ben Bernie like? Who is the person behind "The Old Maestro?"

By Jack Hanley

THE OLD MAESTRO MYSTERY

TEACHERS and correspondence schools tell us that every story must have motivation. Accordingly we go back quite a few years to the day when a youth, bearing the cumbersome name of Anselowitz and an even more cumbersome suitcase, staggered bravely forth to make his way in the world.

The suitcase was sheet iron, the proud product of the elder Anselowitz, who was a blacksmith. And the motivation was a burning desire to be an actor.

The result, today, is the Old Maestro, who stands before an orchestra and behind a microphone, who addresses his listeners as "youse guys and youse gals," who speaks of his hand as "all the lads," who says "yowsuh" and

"elp me"—in short, the result is Ben Bernie, himself.

The gradual evolution from obscure, struggling young vaudevillian to radio star is not unprecedented. Where then, say you, is the mystery? Any number of today's shining lights have climbed, some with dizzying rapidity, from obscurity to fame and fortune. But there is this difference: almost every case of stardom had well-defined symptoms, a definite talent of some sort, a distinctive individuality.

Rudy Vallee, all during the time when he was blowing a saxophone as a comparatively unknown musician, had his style of singing. When it finally reached the public a great crooner was born. Whether or not you like Vallee's

style, it's *his* way of singing. Joe Penner had been doing the same type of eccentric comedy for years, with little or no results, until radio catapulted him to fame.

Ben Bernie is known as an orchestra leader—the Old Maestro. But he doesn't literally lead the orchestra. All the technical details of arrangements, rehearsing and so on, are managed by a competent staff, with Mickey Garlock, the first violinist doing most of the actual conducting.

A comedian? Even Ben's most ardent admirers would hardly class him as a radio comic, judged solely by comedy standards. That leaves only one remaining possibility: the Maestro, then, must be a Personality.

To plumb the Maestro Mystery, (Continued on page 80)

NECESSITY SPELLS SUCCESS

By Miriam Rogers

Myrt and Marge, radio's famous mother and daughter team, find the long hard road to success is a lot of fun! Here's their story

"THERE isn't anything Mother couldn't do, if she wanted to."

It is Donna Damerel, whom you know as Marge of "Myrt and Marge," speaking. And Mother is Myrt herself, in private life Myrtle Vail (Damerel). For off the radio as on, they are mother and daughter.

Talking with Myrt and seeing the evidences of her many and varied talents, you agree with Donna. Myrt is small and blonde, her hair curled softly around her face, but the glance of her blue-green eyes is clear and direct, her lips and chin firm. She is a pleasant admixture of charm and efficiency, of good looks and abounding energy. Alert, dynamic, gay, with strong, determined will and unflinching spirit, you feel that she is completely mistress of her fate and that her own qualities—her natural gifts, her determination, her willingness to work and work hard—are responsible for her

success in life, and she has been successful!

If she had not been like that, her story would have been different. But she was like that. Sanchoing of those same characteristics already must have been evident in the fifteen-year-old girl who ran away from home, from a quiet, dignified family with no theatrical ties or traditions, to go on the stage. She had no training, no inherited talent for acting, but she had beauty and charm and wit.

It was in those exciting early days that she met George Damerel, who created the role of Prince Danilo in the Chicago company of "The Merry Widow" and was the matinee idol of his day. At sixteen, she married Damerel, some years her senior, and continued with the career that was shaping itself so pleasantly and successfully. For years they knew a deeply satisfying popularity and success. Sometimes their careers took them down

No doubt you've heard of the visit of Myrt and Marge to Hawaii. Here they are sampling the Hawaiian poi.

Myrt (Mrs. George Damerel) and Marge (Mrs. Gene Kretzinger) are mother and daughter really at on the air.

The lovely snow-capped peaks of Mt. Rainier tower above Myrt and Marge, posed by the mirroring lake.

An informal shot of our two stars in their Chicago apartment, running over their long-hits together.



separate roads, but often they played together in vaudeville, putting on an elaborate act, featuring the operetta which were so popular in those days. Many of these Myrt wrote herself.

At the height of their success Myrt and her husband retired and invested their considerable fortune in real estate. As he so many others, it seemed a safe and lucrative investment and promised a life of ease, of pleasure, at home and abroad. But the bubble burst for them, as for so many. 1930 found them living in a small Chicago suburb, beset by worries, deprived of their hard-earned money and all their dreams.

But you couldn't expect Myrtle to admit failure or adjust herself to poverty. A recalcitrant oil stove was the final spur to her dormant ambition—its refusal to behave properly and do what it was supposed to do was just too much to bear.

"I am going to do something about this!" she exclaimed—and she didn't mean the oil stove!

What she did is one of the amazing stories of radio. Chance played its part. Having a touch of indignation in the night, she reached out for a stick of chewing gum on her bedside table.

And as she twiddled idly with the wrapper, the great idea was born! Here was Wrigley, great advertiser that he was, ignoring radio and its possibilities. He had no program on the air! Her eyes gleamed purposefully.

"I decided I was heaven-elected to remedy that!" She laughed reminiscently—the same warm, vibrant laugh that comes so pleasantly over the air.

She may laugh at herself now and marvel a little at her own self-confidence, but she was right! And, fortunately, no one succeeded in discouraging her. Her family and friends laughed at her—it was absurd, impossible. She did not know Mr. Wrigley—she knew nothing about radio. Besides—oh, there were dozens of obvious reasons made that might easily have disheartened her. But her eyes shone and her thoughts were busy. In vaudeville days, she often had written the acts in which she played. She could write catchy little songs, sparkling dialogue.

She hummed softly to herself and began to make her notes. She would have two main characters, a mother and a daughter. She would call them Myrt Speer

and Marge Minter. . . . Donna, who had been appearing in a Chicago night club, could play the latter part. . . .

Soon took shape in her mind and on paper. And a few months later she was talking to Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., himself, explaining her ideas, offering her script. She had passed the last of her fine trips, to buy a new outfit for this crucial interview with the famous magnate. Every woman knows the importance of clothes. Perhaps it was just that added assurance that came from the knowledge that she was well and becomingly dressed that enabled her, a novice in a new field, to sell her brain child.

A brief three weeks later, for the first time in her life, Myrt faced a microphone—on a nationwide look-out!

But success in the new field was not to be achieved so easily. Myrt and Donna found that their stage experience was useless in this new and different career, the odds against them terrific. Although they went over wonderfully at first, everyone said, "It is just a flash in the pan. They'll never last." But that was five years ago, and "Myrt" and "Marge" have been on the air continuously ever since! They had begun at the top—they had to stay there!

"But oh, what is hard work!" Donna said softly.

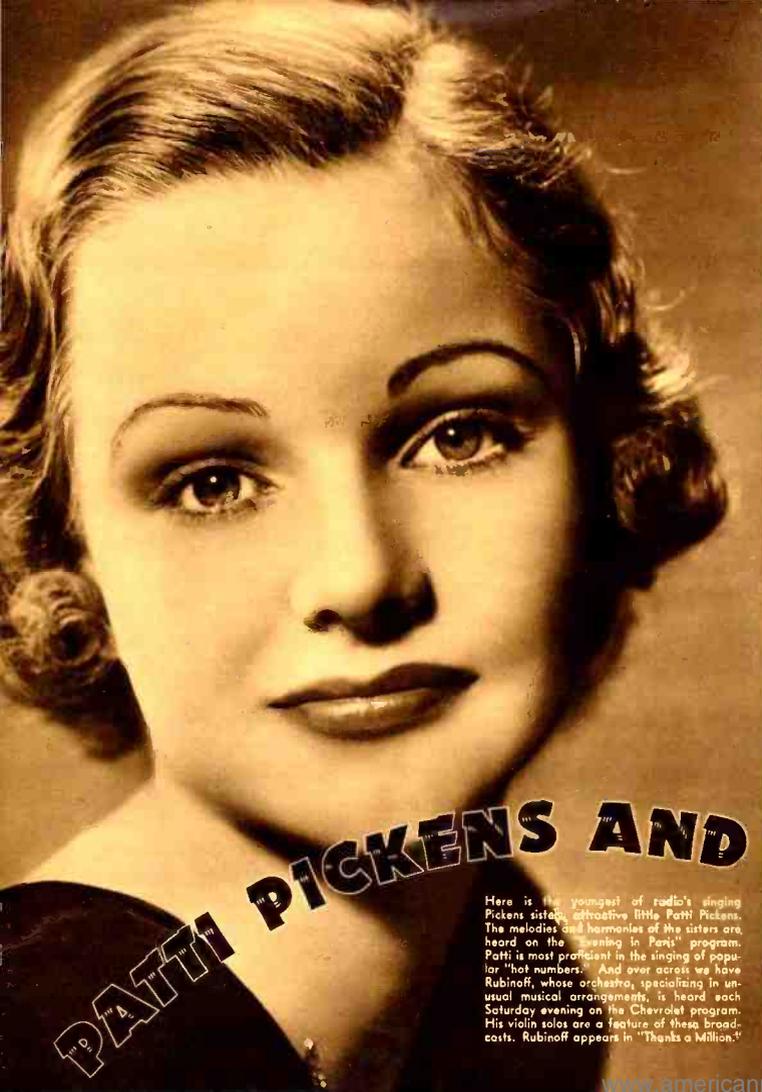
But Donna was her mother's daughter and had been to the same school—a hard, demanding school in which there is no room for failures. For in the Damerel family, history repeats itself. At sixteen, Donna, yearning for a stage career, begged her parents to take her with them. She had been living with her grandfather and younger brother in Chicago, attending school. But her dancing feet were eager, impatient to "trend the boards." She was clever as the Charleston, then at its height, and her parents finally yielded to her pleas.

She must have been adorable in that first part, a slim, wide-eyed child with a shy, sweet smile. Dressed in a quaint old-fashioned costume, she danced modestly to the strains of "You Were a Dandy and I Was a Belle"—but the costume and demureness were shed as the music changed to "Sweet Georgia Brown" and the slim legs and nimble feet executed the complicated steps of the Charleston. Her youth and beauty and a certain shyness she has never lost were a refreshing adjunct to her agility. She was an immediate hit and inhaled. (Continued on page 88)

Pan Pacific Press, Boston Photo

Melanee Depment

John J. Kelly



PATTI PICKENS AND

Here is the youngest of radio's singing Pickens sisters, attractive little Patti Pickens. The melodies and harmonies of the sisters are heard on the "Singing in Paris" program. Patti is most proficient in the singing of popular "hot numbers." And over across we have Rubinoff, whose orchestra, specializing in unusual musical arrangements, is heard each Saturday evening on the Chevrolet program. His violin solos are a feature of these broadcasts. Rubinoff appears in "Thanks a Million."



RUBINOFF



GEORGES



METAXA, FLORENCE BAKER

Shall we say the gentleman on the left is a former Roumanian government official? True, he was—but the important news is that handsome, debonair Georges Metaxa is singing master-of-ceremonies on the Sunday night Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program. And the lovely little lady above, Florence Baker, has been a star NBC actress since her eight birthday. After nine years on the air, she's more ambitious than ever. She has played many dramatic rôles, all being on the better programs.

TROUBADOUR-1936 MODEL

"Dishing out the baloney," is not Walter O'Keefe's idea of his radio job. Here's what it actually does mean to him

By Edward R. Sammis

LAST summer when Walter O'Keefe was roustabouting in a white colonial mansion among the hills of western Connecticut, he happened to run into a native of the region down at the cross-roads filling station.

The native looked at him sharply.

"You Walter O'Keefe?" he queried.

Walter admitted that he was.

"Understand you've rented the Watson place?" the native pursued.

Walter admitted that he had.

"*Hiho*," said the native, "I've been through that place. Hauled gravel for the swimming pool. So you're living there. Say—not a bad swap for dishing out the baloney on the air a couple of times a week!"

Walter was telling me about it several months later. He actually had a half hour free for the first time in two weeks. But he was allowing himself the luxury of going to a football game the next day, so he was planning to work all the following Sunday to make up for it.

"That remark typifies the popular conception of a radio comedian's life better than anything I've ever heard," he grinned. "'Dishing out the baloney a couple of times a week!' The listeners think that's all there is to it. If they only knew the half of it!"

"One night, as I was coming out of the Columbia Playhouse, dog-tired after finishing my later broadcast to the west coast, I heard one of the curb-loungers say:

"There goes O'Keefe—off for a round of night elubs, I bet!"

"That's all part of the picture. They like to think of the radio comedian as a crack-brained, harum-scarum sort of a guy, dashing up and down the Gay White Way with a bimbo on each arm, pausing just long enough in his mad career to get off a few hot ones into the microphone—and then on his way again. And they see him winding up his days behind the eight ball in an indigent actors' home, a good fellow while he laid it.

"They forget that the career of the entertainer has changed. The wandering minstrel old, a thing of rags and tatters," who kept his repertoire of songs under his hat and his tip on the tip of his tongue, would scarcely recognize his lineal descendant.

The Radio Troubadour of 1936 is a business man, indistinguishable from any other business man. He keeps



Here are two views of our 1936 troubadour, Walter O'Keefe. And the lady above, of course, is Deane Janis, singer with the Camel Caravan.

office hours, delegates as much work as he can to his assistants, spends a good deal of his time behind a flat-topped desk, sits in on conferences, and plays golf when he gets the chance.

"When evening comes you'll be much more likely to find him at home by the fireside with his family than out making the rounds of the night elubs. And in one who hasn't attached hot dogs from station lunch wagons between trains or pulled into a strange town at two a. m. can fully appreciate just what a luxury that is.

"I've done all the rest of it. I've worked in places run by gangsters. I've sung in night elubs where you had to

slout down the customers. I've played a different tank seven every night for weeks on end. I've gone to bed at dawn and got up at night. Now I'm in radio. I don't have to do it any more. And I hope I'll never have to do it again. I'm crazy about my wife. I'm the father of that marvelous, that unique child, Michael O'Keefe, and I get a great kick out of my work. I guess that's enough for any man."

O'Keefe, the master of ceremonies on one of the most popular shows on the nation-wide Columbia network, has come a long way from the day of his professional debut in a borrowed dress suit several sizes too big for him, as second-row-third-from-the-left in the Notre Dame Glee Club.

Out of the story that he told me I tried to find some reasons for his rather astonishing progress. There seemed to be two.

One was a piece of advice given him by a friend on the occasion of Walter's first promotion from office boy and sweeper-outer of the South Bend News-Times to the advertising department of the Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

"Walter," said his friend, "whatever you decide to do—if you want to make money, multiply yourself."

Walter never forgot that. Every chance he got, he multiplied himself by multiplying his audience, going from neighborhood entertainments in vaudeville to picture houses to movies, themselves and finally to radio, where, of course, his audience on any given Tuesday or Thursday

Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Keefe enjoy the scenery in the lovely garden of their Western Connecticut home.



It looks like a large doughnut to dunk in that cup of coffee! But maybe Walter is equal to it!



And here is the pride and joy of the O'Keefe's—Baby Michael and Daddy Walter in front of their home.



night is multiplied many thousand times. And he has found that his friend's advice worked. Every time his audience went up, his pay check went up. Thus he finds himself today in radio and big business.

The other clue to his success is the knack he has always had, a knack which seems to consist of an unlearnable combination of courage and resourcefulness, for turning bad breaks into good ones.

From the time he left his home in Hartford, Connecticut and went out to Notre Dame, a homesick kid without friends, with very little money, he has had that knack,

Characteristically he didn't let his loneliness get him down. He started out whistling up the street, ringing doorbells and asking if anyone wanted a boy to help with the furnace as part of his board. At one of the houses Mrs. Knute Roelcke came to the door. The Roelckes took him in and were like foster parents to him all during his stay in college.

Word soon got around that Walter had a voice. But that didn't turn out to be such a good break, either, because he soon was in such demand for off-campus activities that he had no time for his studies. One of the college priests finally came to his rescue by ruling that Walter would have to be paid for his extra-curricular entertaining.

After college, Walter had a try at the advertising business. But he couldn't seem to stay away from the songs-and-patter racket. So before long he found himself on the vaudeville stage.

"It was the kind of an act for which the agents used to wire: 'Can pencil in for three days at Kalamazoo substituting for animal act,'" O'Keefe recalled.

Finally he got his chance for a week's billing at a vaudeville house on a big-time circuit. He had dreamed of that chance for months. When he stepped out on the stage, he was so excited he got the lines of his song all twisted up, so that the audience didn't know what to think. But O'Keefe knew what to think. He thought he was through.

But instead of walking off, he stopped and began to

gag about it. In a few minutes he had them with him and he turned his act into a sensation. That was the beginning of his informal ad-libbing style which was later to make him famous as a master of ceremonies.

He really was just catching hold in vaudeville when he was stricken with infantile paralysis. This was the worst break of all. But as soon as the first horror of it had passed and he knew he wasn't going to be crippled, he settled down to turn it to advantage. First he wrote a play. Then he started writing song lyrics. The play never was produced. But he (Continued on page 54)

"I **CAN'T** get over it!" exclaimed Harriet. "I simply cannot get over it... the movies... the radio... the difference..."

"I can't get over the difference there would have been in my life, in our lives, Ozzie's and mine, if we had been in Hollywood making pictures instead of on the air making music."

"I can't say that I find any great difference in the personalities of the screen and radio people. I really don't know enough picture people as yet. But, all show people are the same, intrinsically, I think. They all have warm hearts and generous impulses and friendliness. They're all just *travell*. I ought to know, too. Being as I was carried on the stage for my first appearance at the ripe old age of six weeks, spoke my first lines at the age of three and retired from the profession along around seven. In order to learn three or four Rs at St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City. I boarded there for about eleven years. The same school, by the way, which Joan Crawford attended a bit before my time. And my mother was an actress and my father a producer, so I came by the theatre naturally and all of the people in the entertainment world are so much my own people that I don't think I could draw comparisons."

"But the thing I can't get over is the difference between being on the air and being on the screen."

Down in the left corner, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald George Nelson, better known as Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard. And below, Harriet with Randolph Scott, in a scene from "Follow the Fleet," the lively new RKO-Radio musical film.

Here is fair Harriet with her very own blonde hair.



"I'm just amidsthips of my first picture and that's all I need to show me the difference. Why, in Hollywood, in the movies, you have every advantage, every glamour, every resource toward attractiveness known in the ingenuity of man. You have make-up, gorgeous clothes, magnificent settings, expert lighting. You can use your face and your body and do things with your hair and your eyes and your hands and your feet, you've got all of yourself to work with, and you have camera experts and sound experts and latitudes of experts hovering over you, their lives dedicated to the service of beautifying you if you're not a born beauty, enhancing your beauty if you are. If ever there was a place where a sow's ear can be transformed into a silk purse, Hollywood is that place! Why, a girl would have to be absolutely an Ug not to look attractive in pictures!"

"It's easier, I'll say that, to make the grade in pictures than it is to do so on the air."

"For on the air we are shorn, we are absolutely stripped

and denuded of everything but a voice. Just a little, low, solitary thread of a voice is all we have to 'sell'. And you can't put grosspoint on a voice, nor light it, nor doll it up, nor anything. And into that voice, that all-by-itself voice, must be packed and crammed all of the glamour, the appeal and sex appeal and beauty and grace and comeliness and what-have-you that, in pictures, we are plastered with. If we haven't got some-ink qualification of another for the screen, they can give it to us. They didn't. For instance, want me to be a blonde, so they changed me into a brunette. Child's play. But you can't give anything to a voice—no one can help you on the air. You can't give a voice lighting, nor sets, nor glamour. We on the air have not even our bodies to help us out—no faces, no hands, no feet, nor hair, nor eyes. We have only a voice and that voice has to do the whole job, or die..."

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't mean to imply for one moment that you don't have to have ability, and a lot of it, to get on in (Continued on page 70)

She looks like a fine bet for the movies, doesn't she? And Harriet now is cutting the corners to stardom. Do you prefer her blonde or brunette? (Her hair was dyed for "Follow the Fleet.")



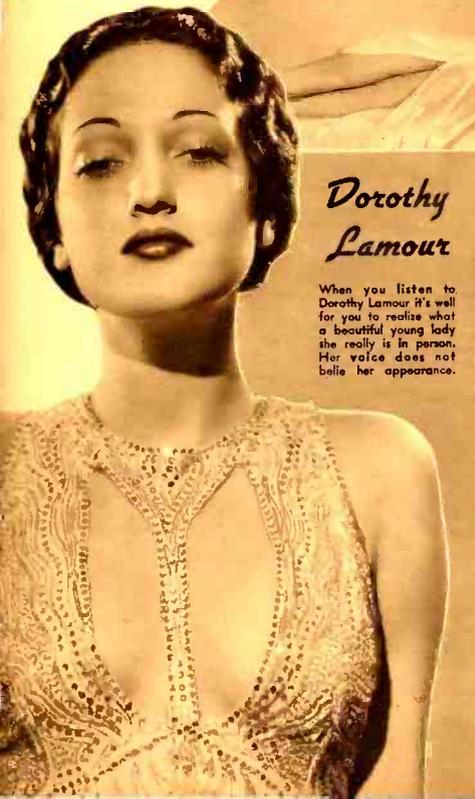
EASIER TO GET IN PICTURES

Life would have been very different for Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriet Hilliard, had they been in movies instead of radio

By Gladys Hall

LET'S HAVE *Love*

- AND LAUGHTER



Dorothy Lamour

When you listen to Dorothy Lamour it's well for you to realize what a beautiful young lady she really is in person. Her voice does not belie her appearance.



Al Pearce and His Gang

A program hilariously bent on the complete annihilation of Old Man Gloom is Al Pearce and His Gang, presented by Popsident. In the upper left hand corner is jovial Al, himself; to the right is Andy Andrews, singing comic; left center is Arlene Harris, the chatterbox; right center is Harry Foster, tenor; and lower left is blonde-headed Mable Todd.

HAVE YOU MET

Mrs. George Burns?

Some glimpses, not goofy, of the
Gracie Allen you have not met

By Ruth Geri

YOU'VE heard that time-worn expression "dumb like a fox," a thousand and one times, perhaps—but if there is a person whom it fits like the Prince of Wales' best Sunday uniform, that person is that dumbest of all Dumb Doras, radio's Gracie Allen.

Did you read what she said when she got back from that trip to Europe with her husband, George Burns? "Why, Europe's the funniest place! Everybody over there is a foreigner!"

There's no telling how many millions of men, women and children have listened to Gracie and George during the four years they've been on the air—but you can bet your last dime that if the New Deal ever gets around to having them surveyed, ninety-nine point three per cent of them will agree that Gracie's so dumb she thinks the AAA is the baseball league where Dizzy Dean got his start.

But, if several millions of radio listeners didn't laugh at Gracie's dumbness, she wouldn't be living in that charming penthouse on Park Avenue. Nobody knows that better than Gracie—that's why she keeps on being dumb. Of course, when those few millions who laugh at her stop to think about it, they know, too, that Gracie isn't really dumb. They know that's just part of the act; it's in the script. But what they don't know and wouldn't ever guess is not how dumb Gracie *isn't*, but how smart she *is*. No one would guess that who hadn't seen her in the one place where she can stop being radio's highest priced comedienne and assume the rôle of Mrs. George Burns, housewife, mother and business partner. That one place is in her home.

That sounds suspiciously like a gag, because every time a feminine star of the stage or the screen or the air achieves sufficient importance to engage a press agent, the said press agent immediately makes it his first duty to inform the world at large that his client is a true home woman and that she never is happier than when in the kitchen broiling a nice tasty dish of *paté de foie gras*.

But Gracie isn't one of these phoney "home women." She never goes into the kitchen except during her regular tours of inspection. She's smart enough to know that she can hire a good cook and keep George Burns happy and his digestion hitting on all twelve. But her home runs like clock-work. Her servants are well trained. The children's nurses are efficient. There is never a domestic hitch to mar the even tenor of the Burns ménage. Any simpering idiot whose knowledge of domestic science stops at knowing how to open a can can pose for a publicity picture, clad in a gingham apron and standing before the kitchen range—but it's an act to (Continued on page 62)



Is this Gracie
the siren—or
"Miltie-Wiltie's"
lovely nemesis?

HOW DID THEY GET ON THE AIR ?

Some of radio's fledgling stars
tell us how they won their jobs



Deane Janis (circle) sings with the Camel Caravan. At the far left is Lucy Monroe, now on several programs. (Center) Durselle Alexander, of the Whiteman broadcasts, and (left) Niela Goodelle, talent plus.

HOW did they get their jobs?

Twelve months ago many of this season's radio stars were unknown. Today they've become the current year's microphone generation. You hear their voices on sponsored programs, or, if you frequent the networks, you see dozens of new faces at broadcasts and rehearsals.

No one seems to be able to tell outsiders how this mysterious feat of landing a fat commercial air contract is accomplished. Yet here are some thirty-odd recent outsiders who, as happens each season, have accomplished that very thing. And you, if you've radio ambitions of your own, have a perfect right to ask how they did it and why you can't do it, too.

You may try to find out how the new stars landed their jobs but unless you're on the inside you seldom get full details. Maybe you'll read stories about them. The stories will give complete biographical details until suddenly a nice vague paragraph begins: "It was natural that radio should be Miss So-and-so's next step, and an audition won her a commercial contract," or "Mr. Doe soon found himself recruited into the ranks of radio," or "Radio took note of Miss Blank and invited her to try out for the Such-and-such program," and so on. And you still don't know how they actually went about getting that audition, or getting recruited, or taken note of. The landing of other jobs seems to be the one phase of the industry that is never barred by publicity.

So the best way to obtain full information seemed to

By Mary
Watkins Reeves

be to ask the new stars. That's what I've done. And you, who naturally believe that "pull," success in an amateur contest, or established prominence in some other field of entertainment are about the only paths into radio,

have a surprise coming to you. This season's crop of fresh talent is witness to the fact that there still are more ways of breaking into radio than you can shake a stick at.

I'm going to tell you, shorn of life histories and vague statements, the honest truth that an outstanding group of the air's newcomers told me when I asked them individually:

"How did you get on the air?"

Take the case of Niela Goodelle. A few months ago, at the date of this writing, Niela was desperately out of work. She'd been on the road with the *Follies* too long for Broadway to remember what slight fame she had along its star-studded thoroughfare. She'd auditioned for both networks and been rejected. Her future was so generally bleak she was about to desert show business for the more secure career of marriage to a Middle West lawyer.

Then she became the sole bright star of the Cutex program on Sunday nights.

What happened? As Niela told it to me, George Piantidosi of the Harnis Music Company gave her a personal note to Al Jolson. Niela had plugged many a Harnis tune for Mr. Piantidosi and in return for her remembered kindness he (Continued on page 72)

MANHATTAN'S MINUTE-MEN

By Tom Meany

Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City,

TO THE average family grouped comfortably about a loudspeaker, radio is important principally because it brings into the living-room the dulcet tones of a romantic tenor, the rhythm of a famous band or the gags (not always funny) of a high-salaried comic. Perhaps, in some households, its importance is rated by the fact that it enables one to get the thrills of a football game which is being played thousands of miles away, because it brings the baseball scores, or because it carries the progress, poll by poll, speech by speech, of a national convention.

As a provider of entertainment and dispenser of news, there is no question that the radio ranks high in American life. There is, however, another side to radio, a side which fiction writers and movie scenarists are just discovering—the value of radio in America's unending warfare against criminals.

On this subject no one is better qualified to speak than Lewis J. Valentine, New York City's police commissioner and the head of the greatest crime-fighting force in the world, despite what the mystery-writers say of London's Scotland Yard or the scientific Sûreté of Paris. Commis-

sioner Valentine, whose task is the policing of over seven millions of people, is head of the largest radio patrol in the world and he finds it a great aid to his department.

"I consider radio the greatest advancement in police work since the invention of finger printing," declared Commissioner Valentine. "The cataloguing of fingerprints was a great aid to police in determining who had committed a crime, but radio often aids in apprehending the criminal in the very act, more frequently preventing the crime before it is committed.

"Consider the figures of our radio patrol and you'll have no trouble in appreciating the assistance it has been to the police department. We started the system on February 23rd, 1932, and in ten months of that year made 1,029 arrests, which number was increased to 3,330 the following year and 4,641 last year. In September of 1935, the radio patrol already had accounted for 4,517 arrests, indicating that the same proportional progress is being made. The crews of these radio cars annually recover \$1,100,000.00 worth of property.

"The New York Police Department has 497 cars



After the escaping murderers shot the police radio car.



Here is Commissioner Valentine, swift nemesis of criminals and very capable and active guardian of public safety.



tells of the remarkable work done by police radio cars

equipped with receiving sets, as well as ten boats and two motorcycles. There are 233 cars on duty every hour of the day and night, with two uniformed policemen in each, as well as ten squad cars, each carrying four detectives. And the squad cars, of course, are not readily recognizable as department cars.

"There are 312 square miles of territory to police in New York, but the cars are so distributed that one can get to the scene of a crime two minutes after the alarm is turned in. The Department receives about 100 calls a day, as well as answering about the same number of fire-alarms. Incidentally, the speed with which radio cars answer fire alarms has resulted in a noticeable decrease in false alarms, always a source of serious annoyance to the fire department.

Commissioner Valentine, on a visit to Boston last spring, experimented with two-way radio, in which the police cars also transmit messages. He was quick to see the possibilities of such a system but he believes that, for the present, it would be impractical to install it in the cars of the New York department.

"First of all, it would be a tremendous expense to install transmitting sets in our police cars," explained the Commissioner. "Then, again, in New York there is always a telephone handy. There are 1,500,000 public and private phones in New York, as well as 1,500 police signal booths, located at strategic points. That gives the patrol cars and citizens abundant opportunity to communicate with Headquarters."

All police calls are taken at Headquarters, 240 Center Street, Manhattan, where there are twelve operators on duty at all times, working in the regular eight-hour shifts of the police department, 4 P.M. to midnight, midnight to 8 A.M., and 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. There also is another series of switchboards there, to handle the routine calls of the department, leaving the others uncongested for alarms.

The radio department is under the supervision of Deputy Chief Inspector Gerald Morris, Superintendent of Telegraphs.

It was Inspector Morris who revealed that September was the busiest month of the year for alarms, due possibly to people returning from summer vacations and discovering that their homes had been broken into and that the evening was the busiest time for calls, with family arguments drawing calls from neighbors, burglaries being discovered and robberies being attempted. As soon as an alarm is received at Headquarters it is conveyed to an announcer, who sits at a huge U-shaped

table, with maps of the five boroughs before him. Spread out over the maps are black metal discs, representing the location of the radio cars, with white numerals indicating the car. He writes out the alarm, perceiving at a flash which cars are nearest the scene, and hands it to another announcer who broadcasts it.

As soon as cars are sent on a call, the discs are turned upside down, with the numbers showing red on the reverse side. If another alarm comes from that neighborhood, those cars are not called on again, but others which are nearest the scene are sent. A car which answers a call is not given another assignment until it has reported by telephone.

A metal ring encircles any disc which represents a car that reports mechanical difficulties and a radio repair car is dispatched immediately. A time signal is transmitted every half-hour as a check on the receiving sets. All cars receive the alarms, but only those assigned, and any cars of the Detective Division which happen to be within a radius of five blocks, proceed to the scene.

Police Headquarters is the center of a teletype system which embraces eight States, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. All police alarms from these States are automatically received and filed. Those in which the New York City police can assist are acted upon immediately.

Asked to give a few examples of the efficacy of radio patrol, Commissioner Valentine smiled. "There are so many each month—each day, in fact—that it is impossible to single out the most important examples," he answered. "However, I recall a few."

"A hardware merchant in the Wallabout Market section of Brooklyn phoned in and said that some men, who had purchased a quantity of cutlery from him, had given a counterfeit five-dollar bill in payment. He gave the license number of their car and a description of the men.

"The alarm was broadcast immediately. A cruiser car with detectives was sent to the home address obtained from the license tag. It took just one minute for the department to obtain the name and address of the owner of any New York State license tag. A regular radio patrol car picked up the suspects in another section of Brooklyn. They, of course, denied their guilt, but a search of the car revealed the cutlery they had purchased with the counterfeit money. It resulted in the arrest of a long-sought gangster, often suspected (Continued on page 54)

Nothing but the Truth?

Wherein our radio favorites bravely attempt to answer fans' questions



Virginia Verrill's program is "Vocals by Verrill." Conrad Thibault is again on the "Show-boat."

Is There Any Talent Elsewhere in Your Family?



Helen Jepson: "My daughter seems to be a bundle of rhythm."

Pat Padgett: "If there was any talent anywhere in my family I wouldn't be answering this."

Pick Malone: "My wife wants to know what you mean by elsewhere."

Jessica Dragonette: "All the members of my family are musical and literary."

John Barclay: "My mother is a very talented writer, artist and a powerful public speaker. I am the only professional in the family."

Gabriel Heatter: "Lots of it. But they are all in the business world where each day isn't a nightmare of care and worry."

Nick Dawson: "My father had a fine baritone voice and considerable dramatic ability. My sister has a lovely soprano and her children are quite musically inclined."

Margaret Speaks: "My uncle, Oley Speaks, the composer, not to mention my mother and father who were both musical. My mother taught and played piano; dad sang and also played several instruments. One brother is quite musical—plays the piano well."

Kay Perkins: "Sister Grace Perkins (Mrs. Fulton Chrysler) is a novelist, scenarist, and short story writer of some prominence. Sister Bobby Perkins was in musical comedy until her marriage a few years ago. My daughter, Wendy Gay Perkins, is a ballet dancer at the age of three. The rest of the family are great listeners."

Benny Venuta: "My younger sister is a popular singer in Hollywood, also does designing. My paternal grandmother was an artist."

Patti Chapin: "My entire family is rather musical. My mother used

to sing beautifully. One of my sisters is a graduate of Curtis Institute, another sang at Carnegie Hall. One of my brothers conducted for Meyer Davis for about ten years—in fact each of my brothers and sisters either sings or plays some instrument."

Rudy Vallee: "My sister is musical, and my brother is talented in the writing and sketching fields."

David Ross: "My father is a poet and philosopher. My mother, when a girl, was a gifted musician. My two sisters are students of sociology."

Al Pearce: "Yes—my brother Cal is an excellent singer and has sung duets with me since 1915, both on the stage and over the air."

Niela Gondelle: "Yes. My mother was a singer and my grandmother a pianist."

Mark Warnow: "I expect my son to become a great violinist some day. My opinion however, is reserved on this point since he still is very young."

Lanny Ross: "My mother is an accomplished pianist."

Charles Curtille: "The whole family sings, dances, drinks, and has a good time in general."

Ralph Ginsburgh: "My sister is a very talented pianist."

Don Ameche: "My younger brother, age twenty, is now playing the part of Jack Armstrong, 'All American Boy.'"

Bernice Claire: "My brother plays a mean harmonica."

Harriet Hilliard: "Mother-actress; Dad—a director; and Ozzie, of course."

George Olsen: "And how! Ethel Shmta."

Eddie Cantor: "My daughter, Marjorie, aged twenty, writes; Edna, sixteen, plays piano and has several compositions to her credit. The other three eat, (Continued on page 100)



Helen Marshall sings on Sigmund Romberg's program. Odette Myrtil, of "Evening in Paris."



DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Miss Mary de Alumn

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."



Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."



Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, their pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

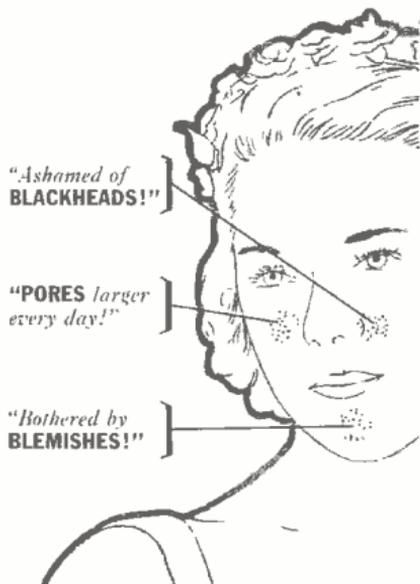
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

www.americanradiohistory.com



Helen Kimm, new actress in the Civil War Drama, "Roses and Drums," is the daughter of a Virginian mother. Her father, however, comes from faraway Korea. After acting in Broadway stage productions, Helen turned down Hollywood screen offers in favor of radio drama.

Helen Kimm



Miss Phyllis Kanto, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says, "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes?"

3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place—Your Under Skin



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine, textured, delicate. "Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "freshens and tones my skin. In 3 years it has kept my pores as open as he."

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, *where they start*—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are over-worked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it's simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty under-skin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use

of Pond's Cold Cream. For, Pond's specially processed oils sink deep—most of that clogging matter. As you put it in smartly, you reach your under-skin—stimulate it deep down!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Put it in hard—to get at that neglected under-skin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. You whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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

POUND'S, Dept. G-128 U.S. 100
 Rich special tubs of Pond's Cold Cream enough for 100 treatments with generous sample of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Free by air to cover postage and packing.

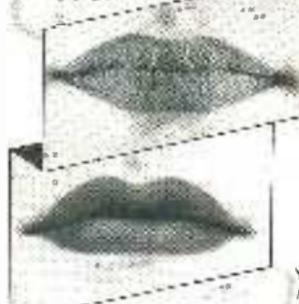
Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____



Manhattan's Minute Men

(Continued from page 19)

How Old
is your
Mouth?



Five Years
Younger

- Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

IF YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking... marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange... try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Lipstick

but rarely convicted. He is now in prison.

"Another of the cases to the credit of the radio patrol is the prevention of a suicide. A woman called excitedly one morning to say that she had discovered a note from her roommate in which the latter said she was going to commit suicide by jumping from a mid-town building at noon. She gave a description of her roommate and at 11:58 police from a radio car found the woman on the observation tower of the building and thwarted her effort. Without radio, it would have been impossible for the police to act as quickly as they did in this case. And had they been two minutes later, there would have been a suicide.

"Just as in that instance, the radio isn't always used for the apprehension of criminals. I recall a case in Brooklyn involving a bed-ridden cripple, an old lady. Late one night all alone in her apartment, she fell from her bed and was unable to rise. She called the police, by tugging the phone from a stand near the bed, and explained her predicament. A radio car was dispatched to the address, the police entered by way of the fire-escape and lifted the woman back to her bed.

"The celerity with which radio enables the police to act is shown by an attempted hold-up in Brooklyn. A man called in from the Parkville section to say that he had been held up and that his assailant had fled in a Manhattan-bound subway train. On receipt of the alarm, a policeman of a radio car miles from the scene of the crime, descended to the subway tracks and flagged a train as it was approaching a station. From the broadcast description, he was able to pick his man out, bring him back to the scene for identification and make the arrest. That certainly would have been impossible without the use of radio.

"Over our teletype machine we received an alarm from the New York State Police one night, telling of a murder in Peekskill, New York, about forty miles up-State. It reported the license number of the stolen car in which the murderers had fled. Within a few hours the car was stopped on the Bowers, the suspected murderers arrested and returned to Peekskill.



Wendell Hall, NBC's "Red-Headed Music Maker," goes sledding.

where they stood trial and were convicted.

"Not the least important part radio plays in police work is the mobility it gives it. At 4 A. M., a time of the morning when many loads or valuable merchandise are unloaded, we received the report that a empty Mack truck had been stolen in lower Manhattan. The alarm was broadcast, with a description of the truck, and a radio car picked it up shortly afterward in Brooklyn.

"Instead of stopping the truck at once, the police trailed it to a garage. There they arrested three men and recovered a load of eggs, which had been stolen, but the theft of which had not yet been reported to us. The arrested men talked and, on their information, another radio car was sent to a Manhattan address where two men, who were awaiting the arrival of the stolen truck, also were taken into custody.

"Thus did Commissioner Valentine retrace the various uses of the radio patrol, a force which effectively and protectively manages to blanket the largest city in the world. Incidentally, the police department also is licensed to broadcast to ships at sea and has for this purpose a transmitting station with a range of 200 miles. In the event of a maritime disaster within the vicinity of New York, this station would be invaluable, since it would enable the concentration of ambulances at whatever point survivors were landed.

With a waterfront of 587 miles, such a station is a necessity for New York's police. It is separate from the regular radio broadcasts, although located in the same room and it sends and receives its messages in the International Code.

While you may have thrilled in the movies to the "Calling All Cops! Calling All Cops!" signal, so popular with the cinema crime authors, New York City broadcasts its alarms less sensationally. Its signals are opened by calling the number of the cars assigned to the alarm.

The New York Police transmitters operate on a frequency of 2,450 kilocycles or 122.4 meters. They do not broadcast in code, but, for expediency's sake list the reason for the alarm by one of three numbers, 30, 31 or 32. The first is to investigate suspicious persons or circumstances the second to arrest a specified individual while "32" means that a crime has been committed.

To the question, how valuable is radio in police work, you have only to consider the grand total of the radio patrol of the New York Police Department for 45 months—13,517 arrests and the recovery of nearly a half-billion dollars in stolen property. So the next time you twirl the dial, remember that radio not only brings crooners into your home, but serves to keep criminals out. And while you can tune out any program which doesn't appeal, there is no such avenue of escape for the criminal. Radio, the watchdog of science, is throwing a ring of blue-coats around him every hour of the twenty-four.

THE END

WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY
WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT
SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER
WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOIL-
ING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT —



Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in *hardest* water. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

HERE'S
MY TRUE
CONFESSION
ABOUT
"B.O."

*I am a nurse.
But I almost had
to give up...
uh...uh...*

SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS

THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBOUY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

I OPENED IT AND FOUND — A CAKE OF LIFEBOUY! MY FACE FLAMED IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE — "B.O."

OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBOUY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE — THANKS TO LIFEBOUY!

MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!

I CAN THANK LIFEBOUY FOR THAT!

PROTECT your complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!
This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a *real* warning to every lady. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odor).

Approved by Good Housekeeping - B-1234

Radio Stars' Hostess

(Continued from page 9)



Don't be annoyed by rust stains, spots and incrustations in a toilet bowl. They're easy to remove. Without unpleasant scrubbing. Let Sani-Flush do the work for you.

Sani-Flush is a scientific formula, created to remove ugly marks from toilet bowls. Buy a can. Try putting a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See how the porcelain sparkles! Odors are killed, not covered up. Sani-Flush is odorless.

You can purify the hidden trap under the toilet bowl with Sani-Flush. No other cleaning method can do this. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (Directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH

This modern way to hot starch offers you a convenient, worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quik. Elastic—no miving, no cooling, no bother as with lumps starch. Ends stick, lines up soon, restores elasticity and that soft chain-of-softness.

Special TRIAL OFFER

THANK YOU—

THE HURINGER CO., No. 950, Keokuk, Ia.
Send me your trial offer, also a good free tin on the instant of a tin. We package Quik & Elastic Starch in your free factory. That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch.

Name _____
Address _____

and cakes are better than hers' I'm a pretty good baker, I guess, for I can make bread and rolls and coffee cakes, a tall as the more showy sweets. And my doughnuts are great."

Her chuckle as she said this was a delightful one.

"I use a yeast-raised dough for my doughnuts," he continued, "they're real old-fashioned, you see. I can make up a batch of four dozen and in two days they're all gone."

Kate didn't tell me how many of the doughnuts she makes, but she refused to let me imagine the quantities in the hundreds on this continent supply.

For Kate likes to eat and insists upon having to eat with her meals. No bed breakfasts, no cabinet dinners, no hot breakfasts, no hot lunches, no cold lunches, no dinner in a hotel, no dinner in a home, no dinner consisting of a ham lamb chop and a slice of pineapple. No, no, no, actually, that would mean renouncing to eat in the Hollywood Hotel, ever appears in her home. That is, why a bid to dine at her home is not just another dinner invitation, but a golden opportunity to eat a what is hoped to be good home-cooked pie. It should be.

That is a menu for a dinner typical of one that would be served at Kate Smith's. I wrote it down, word for word, as she says it to me.

Menu for KATE SMITH'S FAVORITE DINNER
Chilled Tomato Juice
Virginia Fried Chicken
Southern Macaroni, Sweet Potatoes
Green Peas
Cranberry Jelly
Home-Made Parker House Rolls
Kate Smith's Fruit Salad
Grandmother's Chocolate Fudge Cake
Candy

Here, in her very own words, look at Kate's description of the various dishes that appear on her menu given without hesitation when I begged her to let me have them.

"On every day you can have my recipes," Kate assured me. "I always cook by a recipe, but, although I have a habit of last-minute changes, some of my recipes I've copied on my self-ter memory reference, although I have a fine memory and can remember a lot of them by heart. Others I have scrawled on bits of paper from time to time. I'm always going to get them copied in a more legible form but I never seem to get around to it."

And no wonder, when you think that Kate broadcasts three times a week, with the necessary rehearsals, of course, and that besides this she does extensive charity work. But this girl—Kate is only twenty.

On just looks—seems to thrive on work. At one time she appeared at the Palace in New York for eleven consecutive weeks, breaking all records for that time, carried out her broadcasting schedule and then in San Francisco work for a few days. And in over 1200 broad-

casts since Kate has been on the air she has missed only one scheduled program because of illness. Who said that a man must die to keep well?

Kate's spot with the first course directed Kate as I got out pencil and paper as I repeated what she said. "Generally I like to begin a meal with a fruit cup, but since we have included a fruit salad it would be better to have tomato juice as a starter."

Kate—the girl who knows a balanced meal when she sees one.

"I think my own tomato juice," she says, "is from a can of tomatoes with a little salt and sugar—I go by taste, which for the moment, as tomatoes vary, when I put in a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. I also add water because I like very thin tomato juice. It must be served throughly chilled."

"Next on my menu we have chicken cooked as I was taught to cook it in Virginia. I'll give you the recipe for that, but I repeat, many fans asked for the recipe that I always have an extra supply on hand. I also have a recipe for one of the favorites for making Myrtle Sweet Potato Southern Style. It's a family favorite."

"I took peas with a little bit of sugar to make them sweet and a tiny pinch of soda to keep them green. Not too much sugar, and you'll find the peas of their skins." Of course they should be boiled until, in as little water as possible, in an uncovered steamer.

"With this chicken dinner I always serve home-made Parker House rolls and cranberry jelly. If I'm too busy to make the rolls, Fred's my favorite cook-book, can follow my recipe perfectly." (You will be able to, too. I'll tell you later on how to get a copy of this recipe.)

"Following the main course comes a fruit salad. The one I mentioned before is a small one and such a special favorite of mine that I'd be delighted to have you name it later me." (Which I did, as you will see from the menu.) "These are my directions for making it."

KATE SMITH'S FAVORITE SALAD
1 package times-flavored gelatin
2 cups water
1 cup small grapes, washed and pips
1 cup chopped peeled dates
2 1/2 cups acid
1 small banana sliced
5/8 cup cranberry broken nut meats

Insoluble lime gelatin in water, according to the directions given on the package, in which it comes. Chill until it begins to set. Add the grapes which have been cut in halves lengthwise, the dates, apple, banana and nut meat. Fold these into the gelatin mixture carefully. Do not beat them in says Kate. (The mixture will get frothy.) Turn mixture into individual molds which have been rinsed in ice water. When firm, unmold each in a single layer of crisp lettuce. Garnish with a dab of whipped cream topped with a red Maraschino cherry, to add color.

The slow days layer cake that I always give. Kate went on, when she was sure that I had everything written down for her. "It's one made according to a recipe of my grandmother." She's my mother's mother and both she and my grandfathers— or simply wonderful for their age. We are an exceptionally long-lived family—my great-grandmother having lived to be ninety-six! There were fourteen in her family, for whom she did all the cooking together with the house work and some of the farm work during the harvest. Her meals must have agreed well with her children, for five of them—my grandmother's sisters—are still living, and they range in age from sixty-two—all the way up to a century nine!

My grandmother is a fine cook—very young Mother and I know about cooking, she taught us. Her chocolate cake is the best of all the marvelous things she makes," and Kate with conviction. "The layers are a rich yellow color, given them by the three yolks called for, while the icing, which is made from the reserved whites, is a dark chocolate for us and *stays* forever really soft. Can you see, did I say or crack? It doesn't have to be cooked either, which is another thing, it recommends it."

Well, that's a point that should recommend it to all of us, isn't it? I'm glad to report that I also can praise Kate's other recipes as enthusiastically as I do this one. You will find those that I have not given or already, in this month's recipe leaflet: the Virginia Fried Chicken, the Marshmallow Sweet Potatoes and the Parker House Rolls—as well as "Grandmother's Chocolate Layer Cake" with the "sticky frosting."

If Kate sends her doughnut recipe in time she couldn't find it when I was there, but promised to send it along later. I'll be able to include that, too.

Want to have them all, free? Well, just send in the coupon at the end of this article. Then you, too, will be able to make all these treats. Just think that as you give these dishes proudly to your family or your friends in your home, Kate Smith may be serving the identical dishes in her own New York apartment!

Do it now want to be as buoyant as this so smug and charming young woman, acquire some of her recipes for being jolly, sending for her very own recipes, this very day!

P.S. Please don't bother Kate with new recipe requests. There's had hundreds of copies printed up in leaflet form and she would just turn your requests over to the girl making them. But all the rest will be yours!

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

Please send me Kate Smith's very own recipes for her favorite dishes—
at absolutely no cost to me.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH" is exactly right. If you had a high priced chef in your kitchen, he *couldn't* prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato purée is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved.



No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes *better* than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king.

And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

AGE 19

TEETH
LOOK 40because she used a
HALF WAY tooth paste

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—for a while! But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.



Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives two-fold protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

Forhan's
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH
{SAVES GUMS

Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGEDFREE 8x10 inch
ENLARGEMENT
of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25¢ to help cover our cost of packing, postage and electrical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

Dept. 240
Des Moines, Iowa
GEPPERT STUDIOS

Troubadour—1936 Model

(Continued from page 39)

sold the title to the movies, got the songs published and on the strength of them got hired out to Hollywood as a song writer.

Then the first song boom passed and O'Keefe found himself back in New York with a dollar in his pocket. He spent the dollar on a kidding wire to Tex Guinan and as a result she sent for him to come and do his kidding for dough on her floor show.

For several years O'Keefe worked in the gayest spots of the prohibition era, for Tex Guinan, for Barney Gallant, and others. All the time he kept wishing someone would offer him a nice time-to-five job that paid well. But every offer always turned out to be from another night club. This was especially true after he had married Roberta Robinson, the stage star. Walter wanted to settle down. But working such cockeyed hours as he did, there seemed to be no hope.

Finally he got his chance at radio. But that didn't turn out to be such a good break as it seemed, either. On his first show he followed Winchell and his job was to be as much like Winchell as possible. That cramped him because his style was so different. But he managed to turn it to advantage by injecting enough of his personality into it so that he was signed by Nestlé for the following season. Then came his present spot on the Camel Caravan.

That suits him right down to the ground. It has made it possible for him to lead that normal life he always has dreamed about. There is more to this life than meets the eye, in fact enough to confound his Connecticut neighbor who thinks all he has to do is dish out the balcony twice a week.

First, there is the matter of scripts. He doesn't sit up waiting for inspiration to strike him in the small hours of the



Sally Singer, one of the soloists on the Ray Black Musical Toast program.

morning, according to the popular notion. He gets his ideas by methodical painstaking research, combing through hundreds of newspaper clippings, studying the popular fads and fancies to see which ones can be turned into a laugh.

"The job of being a comedian is more like being editor of a magazine or a newspaper than anything else," he said. "The most important part of it is digging up ideas which can be applied on the radio. The matter of making them funny is mere routine. Sometimes an idea can be stretched into a series.

"One of our most successful series was the hillbilly sketches. But this couldn't go on forever. The comic possibilities were limited. There was the yelling, the shouting, the dirt, the illiteracy—and that was the end of it.

"Now we have a new series of family sketches, 'The O'Heels,' which seems to be catching on in fine shape and which gives us a much broader scope.

"We whip the scripts into shape on days when we aren't rehearsing, and we work on them from nine to five.

"There are as many angles to this job as there are to any other business enterprise. Busiest of all, of course, are the days we broadcast, with rehearsals, in which we weld the final show together, lasting from noon until air-time.

"As air-time approaches, the tension grows. The business of warming up the studio audience always is an exacting one. Then there is the show itself and, after the show, the rehearsal of the next script which we now test out before an audience. And after that comes the re-broadcast to the coast from 11:30 to midnight.

"But I'm down at the office again the next morning at nine. For there are many details to be attended to. There is the matter of digging up old songs and giving them a new twist. The old classics seldom have the right appeal just as they stand. But they usually give me the germ of an idea for a new one in the old tear-jerking vein. For example, one of the current successes: 'Father Put the Cow Away and Keep It Out of Sight, 'Cause I Am Heavy-Hearted and Cannot Milk Tonight . . . ' I found an old song in the library with the same idea, and then wrote the new lyrics for it.

"And believe me, it takes some digging to find them. So you see, in addition to being in the idea business, we also are in the song business.

"Then there are the million and one things you can't catalogue, the fan mail, the pictures, the interviews and the contracts.

"And the whole thing has to move on a schedule which is just as rigid as the production and shipping schedule of any big business firm. Your scripts have to go to the typist at a certain hour and from the typist to the waiting staff of mimeographers and from the mimeographers to the client.

"And that's what my friend from Connecticut calls 'blissing out the baloney a couple of times a week.' Well, it's okay by me. I'll continue to dish it out as long as the public will take it—provided I can sit at home three or four evenings a week—parking my dogs on the auditions."

THE END



● "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"



● "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"



● "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"



● "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U.S.A.



Now! two forms of
Winx Mascara
which gives you

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge proof, non-smarting tear-proof. Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply, a morning application lasts until bed time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes, note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 100 counters.*



WINX

for Lovely Eyes

*If you are not near a 100 store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 215 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10¢, checking whether you wish Creamy Cake Black Brown Blue.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

MA 116

Joan Crawford Likes Radio, But—

(Continued from page 25)

that he looked at me just as if I was a miser and *Quack, phoo!* and to his amazement he saw the most terrified young lady it had ever been his lot to encounter. My teeth chattered, and I remember whispering: 'I can't go on!'

The Tune presence must have helped, for somewhere in those few seconds Joan found her voice and went on to what everyone said was a swell performance.

The fact that people congratulated her still amuses Joan for, as she says: 'The character I played was supposed to be nervous and jittery throughout the first act, and my first act lines came without any backing to the Misses. Some may call it acting but I call it being just plain scared.'

A sincere actress, the best work had been excellent in every respect throughout a slight snicker from Joan.

'I was just thinking' she said, 'I wonder how my jitters would have registered if I had been doing a fake, light comedy?'

Joan thinks screen actresses are prob-

ably better fitted for radio than some stars, since they are accustomed to the microphone and are familiar with the tricks it can play on one's voice. And she is genuinely sorry about Helen Hayes' decision to give up the screen and devote her time to radio and the stage.

'I know Helen was sincere when she announced her retirement from the screen,' she said. 'Helen's arrival in Los Angeles and her work on Broadway allows her to prepare for her radio broadcasts. Her decision, however, is Hollywood's loss, for she is one of the most charming women I ever have known.'

Joan also is busy in her conviction that radio and the movies are doing things—the voices of some of our best top stars. A recent coming from the Metropolitan Opera House, where he is engaged to sing, all the volume his voice can command, gets introduced by the radio microphone and finds himself modulating many of his fine full tones. For example, Joan recalls one opera star who, after a



Here is an "Amos 'n' Andy" episode in the process of creation. Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) standing, and Charles J. Correll (Andy) seated, pause to read over a few lines of their script. The famous entertainers write their scripts the same day they are broadcast. They work together in creating the lines. Andy does the typing.

number of weekly radio broadcasts, appeared in concert with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. His high notes were clear and distinct but some of the lower register could not be heard past the first few rows.

"If I were an opera singer," said Joan, "I'd make a thorough study of the peculiarities of the microphone before I ventured into radio or pictures. After all, the voice is more important than its mechanical reproduction, and a singer, rather than modulate a tone that's meant to be full, should insist that the microphone be moved far enough from him so that he may sing in his natural voice."

She admires Lawrence Tibbett for doing just that when he first came to Hollywood. The first day of recording, his powerful voice broke the mechanics of six microphones. When the studio insisted that he sing in a softer voice, he refused and demanded the microphones be moved farther from him. He won the argument. If an opera star yields to the dictates of the mike, thinks Joan, he'll wake up one morning and find himself a crooner.

Joan enjoys radio, and, although she's not a chronic tuner-in, she listens often. Her favorite program, next to last year's Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, is the Sunday afternoon concert of the New York Philharmonic Society. She likes good dance music when she's in the mood for it, and is simply mad about a good blood-curdling murder mystery.

"The Witches Hour" on Friday nights is one of my favorites. I practically freeze with terror, but I love it. Which reminds me, I must tip off Dorothy Parker and Phyllis (Mrs. Fred) Astaire. The three of us are probably the worst horror addicts in Hollywood."

The program she remembers most vividly, however, is a mild and folksy affair—one of those family programs. Joan listened to this one every morning at tea, while she reclined in her patio enjoying her daily sun bath. Everything was lovely until one morning she became so interested she forgot to turn over at her customary fifteen-minute interval, and the result was that quantities of thoroughly-baked Crawford served for several days as a reminder of her favorite morning program.

So there you have Joan's attitude toward radio. She likes it but you will probably agree with her that, for a hard-working dramatic actress, an active career on the screen would never be happily married to an active career on the air. One or the other would suffer. On the other hand, if she ever deserts the screen for the stage, even temporarily, it wouldn't be surprising to find her working off her excess energy on a weekly broadcast.

And if you think the Crawford mike might isn't genuine, or that it's simply an act, it may interest you to know that she has in her possession a complete recording of her *Within The Law* broadcast—and she has never played it!

"A few weeks ago I rounded up my courage and put it on the phonograph," explains Joan, "but as soon as my name was announced, the radio jitters—or whatever it is—got me and I yanked the record from the machine. Right now it reposes on a back shelf at home, where I guess it's going to spend the rest of its days."

THE END

HEART-BROKEN

... until she took her dentist's advice



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

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

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



Lovely hands.

DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL



GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparation are now only 20 cents each.



Have You Met Mrs. George Burns?

(Continued from page 41)

run smoothly and efficiently, an establishment like that of Gracie and George.

Fifteen minutes in the luxurious living-room of that Park Avenue penthouse would dispel any idea that Gracie has, except professionally, the least trace of dullness. Next best, perhaps, might be a few glimpses of the real Gracie—on the off the air, off the stage, off the screen.

"There is, for instance Gracie, the way," "George comes and goes—as he pleases," explains Gracie. "Of course I don't interfere with him, or ask him where he's going, or where he's been. Do you suppose we'd have stayed married this long, or be as happy together as we are if I did things like that? That's particularly true in Hollywood. After a day in the studio I have to be in bed at ten o'clock, or I'm a wreck the next day. George doesn't need as much sleep as I do. Is there any reason why I should make him turn the lights out at ten o'clock? Is there any sense in my dobering, just because I'm tired, if he wants to go down to the Brown Derby and have a cup of coffee and a sandwich with the boys?"

"Then there is Gracie the business partner.

"George has a big office and a large staff, you know," explains Gracie. "Of course, that's nice—say, with all our radio and movie work. But that's one place I never go. The office is George's end of the business. As a matter of fact, I don't even telephone him there, unless it's very, very important. No man likes to be disturbed at the office by his wife. As far as our work is concerned, I never even see the script until rehearsal. Often I don't think so much of some of the jokes, but I notice that usually the ones I like best go over best, so I've found it's better to leave all that to George. He knows best."

"Take a look at Gracie the artist."

"I don't know why people have the idea the British lack a sense of humor,"

declared Gracie, speaking of her trip abroad. "British audiences appreciate a joke just as much as American audiences. Why, sometimes they simply go wild—stamp their feet, shout approval. No doubt the mis-concept of conceiving their sense of humor is due largely to the difference in the colloquial idiom. I remember when George and I played in London the first time seven years ago, we were horrified because all of our gags fell flat. There happened to be another American troupe on the bill and I asked them about it. When they explained I saw what was wrong at once. One of our gags for example, revolved about the word 'lump.' Now it seems that the British do not use the word 'lump.' Naturally, they didn't get the gag. That night we changed it to 'cuddle' and it stopped the show. We had another joke about playing post office that brought as much resistance as it had when we'd been reading it every night in the Congressional Record—only it wasn't that funny. Well, I discovered that in England they call that crime 'postman's knock' and when we made the change the gag went over better than it ever had on this side of the ocean."

Gracie met George Burns years ago, when he was playing in a place called Union Hill, at New Jersey. She'd gone backstage with a girl friend who was on the bill. George had an act and Gracie had an act. When they decided to team up, they talked things over and Gracie permitted George to use his act for the team instead of hers. Her required scenery, which cost \$300, and his didn't.

The way the act was written, George was the star and Gracie was the stunner although the word "stunner" hadn't been coined then. George had all the funny lines, and Gracie had none. But when they tried out the act Gracie got all the laughs because she was so dumb. Now if Gracie had been as dumb as she seemed, then and



The "Hollywood Gossip" broadcast. Don Wilson, announcer, (left) with Jimmy Fidler and Margaret Macdonald

these the promising partnership would have dissolved because, having garnered all the laughs, Gracie would have gone "prima donna," as they say in show business. But Gracie and George knew that no matter which one got the laughs, if they were laughs, there would be money at the box-office, so George wrote the act, and from then on, George was the "funny man."

There is also beside these many other selves of Gracie Allie's, that of Gracie, the mother. Everyone—or at least every one of the millions who follow George and Gracie on the air—knows about the two children George and Gracie adopted, Sandra Jean is two, and Ronald John is a punk and white three months. George and Gracie always wanted to adopt a baby, but while they were in vaudeville, they simply couldn't. You can't bring up a child in a wardrobe trunk. Now that time is divided between New York and Hollywood, they've realized their ambition. Gracie was talking of the children when Sandra Jean's nurse brought her in from a romp in Central Park, pink checked, healthy, gurgling joyously. Gracie kissed her tenderly.

"I hope," she said, "that all her life will be as happy as she has made mine."

Here was Gracie the mother.

Will I tell her she's adopted when she's older?" Gracie repeated, in reply to a question. "I surely will. I'll tell her what adopted really means how sweet it is. She'll understand that George and I really wanted her, that we picked her out because she was so lovely and so dear. You'll know that we wanted her more than anything else in the world and that we loved her from the very first moment we saw her."

Gracie's green-may-brown eyes flashed when I asked her if it was true that she had said she hoped Sandra Jean would not grow up with an ambition to follow in the foot-steps of her adopted parents and go on the stage.

"I read that," she said vehemently, "and I wish you'd do me a favor and set it straight. I never said any such thing. What I did say was that I'd never at tempt to force either of the children into a theatrical career. I have no plans whatever for either of them beyond their education. Their lives are their own, to do with as they please. If they want to go on the stage, well and good. They will have every assistance George and I can give them. If they don't want to go on the stage, we certainly won't try to influence them. George and I owe a lot to the stage and the radio and the movies, and we love them. But parents have no right to dictate to children how they shall live their lives. I consider my duty toward Sandra Jean and Ronald is to send them out into the world healthy, physically and with the best possible education along the lines they feel they would like to follow. Then they're on their own. I don't care what they want to do as long as it makes them happy."

"Dumb? Well, you'll be the judge. But before you stop to consider, there is one more Gracie you should see."

"There is Gracie, the woman."
"Would I quit working?" exclaims Gracie. "I'd quit at a minute, if I could—now that I have the children."

—TIM PEO

DON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too...

Her hair still has some of its baby bloneness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color analyst dived over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of *bright blue* gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of *brilliant green*!

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades!

"life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these...

NATURAL brings a fine transparency
ROSE CREAM brings a brighter radiance
BRUNETTE brings soft, creamy clarity
ROSE BRUNETTE brings a warm glow
LIGHT CREAM brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades**
Mail coupon today
(This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C125, Clinton, Conn. Please
rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new
Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day
test.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

© 1935 POND'S POWDER & SKINCARE COMPANY



Kenny Baker, twenty-two-year-old tenor, has made a sure place for himself in the radio sun as the singing comic of Jack Benny's Sunday show.



Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

But *why*—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes "accident panic." It's *certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!



Dance and play—you're truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear *blue line* (the moisture-proof side) away from body and protection is complete!

see a movie with them, one that had proved a terrific sensation. The theatre was so crowded we had to stand in back for a while waiting for seats. We couldn't see the picture but we could hear the voices of the actors.

Somehow in themselves those voices sounded flat and dull. I wondered how this particular picture could have caused the stir it had. Afterward, seeing the actors as well as hearing them, I saw that every one was right. It was a grand picture and the dialogue was perfect. But the voices alone had meant nothing.

In Radio they *must* mean everything. I realized then that radio has carried sound far above the theatre or talking pictures. For it's the only way we in radio have of reaching our audiences.

It's been grand, these years in Radio and I'm deeply grateful for them. The biggest thrill of all came on the night when I first went on a nation-wide hook-up. I had scarcely gone off the air that night when telegrams and telephone calls came in from friends all over the country.

Somehow they did not seem so far away after all . . . those friends. It was a grand feeling to be with them all again. Different somehow from what it had been in pictures or on the stage. For then they had to go into theatres to see me. Now I was going into their homes. Sitting beside the fires in their living-rooms, talking to them as they busied themselves around their kitchens, trailing along the roads with them in their cars.

I am with them all again, the old friends and the new ones Radio has brought me and when the signal is flashed and I know I'm about to go off the air after a broadcast, I feel that I have been visiting with all of you who are listening.

And when I say "Good night," you know that I mean you, each and every one.

THE END



End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-T-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store

Eye make-up

DONE IN GOOD TASTE



MAYBELLINE eye beauty does have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris-to-mart New York, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely graceful women. Then the MAYBELLINE eye cosmetics with highest quality and absolute purity. To insure MAYBELLINE is obviously, definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids are absolutely "one cent" stores.



you'll find it prepared in Blague Women Blime



All Maybelline preparations have this approval

Maybelline

MASCARA . . . EYE SHADOW . . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . . EYEBROW BRUSH

"I'm Not Kidding Myself!"

(Continued from page 10)

lens laughed. "I never knew I had so much wrong with my face!" I think we all men and women, unconsciously look in the mirror and say to our selves, "Well that face really isn't so bad, but when a make-up man gets to work, the greatest beauty that would be astonished at her defects!"

The scintillating camera detects the slightest imperfection. Lane had to have one side of her jaw shaded because it is a little wider than the other side of her face. And an eyelid has a tendency to slant upwards, so that had to be pulled down with adhesive tape before make-up was applied. These slight imperfections are never noticed by an observer on the ordinary camera, but the strong lens of the moving picture camera reveals all. Lane got a slight case of uncertainty complex in spite of the fact that she is more beautiful than her photographs.

Natural Jimmy isn't all Hollywood took away from her. Hollywood and the great open spaces ruined her golf. Lane who has a passion for golf, has recommenced the game for at least a year. The tremendous size of the golf courses defeated her. Lane always has been privately, very proud of her scores, but there her score usually was in three figures on the 17th hole and she was lagged and very cross about it. Fortunately, there were both a swimming pool and a tennis court on the former Cantor house grounds, and now Lane sticks to tennis. "At least all tennis courts are the same size," she says consolingly.

While in Hollywood, rumor had it that radio wasn't signing her up for regular programs, just for great star broadcasts. It was said that she was asking too much money for each appearance to put her under a weekly contract. Lane usually does as Don says, and Don had an idea that, as long as slot was working at the art of singing, she should get enough money from it to keep her in her old age. Don isn't officially her manager but he has the final okay about what Lane does—that is, at least, in the business world and the guess is in other things, too. "I can't believe in a husband managing a wife's business affairs, or vice versa," Jane explained. "It is apt to spoil the sweetness of home and marriage. You see, you are bound to argue with a manager and he with you and if the manager is your husband arguments are apt to pop up at breakfast and so on through the day. I love Don too much for that."

The telephone rang. Fortunately Don answered and was busy talking when Jane added in a slight whisper, "Of course I take all my problems to him but he is so much smarter than I in business, but I'd never let him know I think so." Spoken like a devoted wife, Jane!

This husband-and-wife-in-business situation has both advantages and disadvantages. Already it has got her, temporarily at least, the reputation of being high list. In Hollywood considerable difficulties arose for Jane out in Warner's studios

because of Don. Jane, you see, has a rule that in any and all public appearances, she will not kiss anyone except her husband. In the picture, "Stars Over Broadway," there is a scene in which James Melton, the new moving picture success out of radio, is to kiss Lane. All through rehearsals this was not done, but when it came to the actual shot Jimmy stepped and grabbed Jane, as the script demanded, and kissed her soundly. Jane has not spoken to Jimmy from that day to this, which made further and minute working conditions extremely trying to everyone. Picture people don't forget such things, and such an episode often makes barriers on the road to success. Is it due to a manager-husband or to Lane's youthful outlook on her road to fame?

But it must be granted that Jane has a weakness for Donald Rosses. The first boy who ever controlled her was a Donald Ross whom she met while studying journalism at the University of Missouri. He lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. But her own Donald Ross, she met and married while attending the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

An old acquaintance of Lane's once said early in her radio career, "I'm only sorry that that girl is that she doesn't care what she does as long as she sings. She doesn't care about public appearances one bit and would as soon sing it home over some lullaby as to be a big star."

That gives a very true slant on Jane Froman's character. She doesn't care, really, as long as she can sing. Don has managed to teach her after years of coaching, that as long as she does love singing she might as well be paid for it. This may account for the sudden rise in price in order that the deep, blue, velvet-voiced be heard on the air. However, perhaps Jane has changed her mind a bit, for there are a couple of big commercial contracts that may be signed by her almost any day now.

"What do you intend to do now?" I asked.

"What I would like to do, I hope," Jane replied. "You see Don and I have led such a gypsy life—we love it, and I find it would be ever so much fun to spend six months of the year in Hollywood and six months here in New York, on the air. I wish I loved the people in Hollywood, I honestly do not like the coast. It makes me sleepy and lazy. I wanted to sleep the whole time I was out there, and it's not like me, you know."

Indeed it is not? It is your Jane Froman, you would be certain by her vivacity, her high coloring and sparkling blue eyes that bespeak her youth. She smiles blue goodness which make her look grown up and dignified. Her clothes express her personality. And there's an interesting sidelight about this slight girl whose voice is heard by millions. She designs and makes her own clothes, and is a contender for the title of the best-dressed woman on the NBC Radio City studios. But her domesticity ends there.



While Jay Hodges was vocalizing with Jimmy Grier's band, as the featured soloist, scouts from the movie studios discovered her. You'll see her in "Follow the Fleet," with Ginger and Fred.

She hates cooking and loves sports and music.

"I can't live without music, which is probably why I never could live happily permanently on the coast. I always would want to be in New York during the opera and concert seasons. And then I do love that old microphone! I'm at home there. I know I belong there and always will be received on the air."

Jane has the courage of her convictions. She doesn't believe she is a moving picture star and is the first to say she may be the well-known "flop" in pictures. But she can take it.

Her first break in radio came through Paul Whitehead, in Chicago. She had a chance for an audition with him and took it. As she stepped up to the mike to do her bit for the Jazz King, she slipped and fell, turning her ankle badly, or so she thought. Anyway, she picked herself up and stood before the mike, forgetting as best she could the terrific pain in her ankle, and sang for all she was worth. The audition over, Jane tried to step away from the little black box and cried out in pain. A doctor was called and then an ambulance. She was whisked to a hospital where, under an anesthetic, a broken ankle bone was set. But Jane got the job. Her first broadcast was made a few weeks later with her leg still in a plaster cast. Yes, Jane has courage!

In Hollywood she downed her nervousness and determinedly went on in spite of the speculation abroad concerning her stuttering. There was much speculation as to whether or not she could make the moving picture grade because of this tendency which has haunted her from her youth. It is treason to Jane. She is super-sensitive about it. And, being sensitive, she is nervous. The excitement of the first shots in Warners studios only pronounced the otherwise almost unnoticed stuttering. Hollywood was doubtful, retakes were made which were better. For years she valiantly has tried to overcome this and has succeeded wonderfully as far as radio is concerned. Why shouldn't she accomplish the same thing on the screen? We feel she will. She has the true courage and love of life that makes all things possible.

THE END



WE'RE FOOLS ABOUT KOOLS—Who doesn't rave about this cigarette that's mildly mentholated to refresh the throat, smoothly blended to please the taste, cork-tipped, and packed with a valuable B & W coupon good for handsome premiums? (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) If you've never tried KOOLS, you're missing the parade! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Cigarette Box—Two shades of lacinated wood. Chrome knob. 100 cigarettes.



FREE! Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10



Six-Cup Coffee Maker—Pyrex and chrome. Electric. Makes 8 cups. No. 173 coupon.

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

**If you feel tired,
nervous and out of sorts**

**—there is usually a
definite reason for this**



Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day...this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down...a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

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

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The 2¢ economy size is twice as large as the 8¢ 25¢ regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the up-and-down today.
© S.S.S. Co.

Do not be misled by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you provide with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied and on request, the law is on your preference. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S.
TONIC

**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

woman is unattractive. Marriage, or conviction of my wife being a mild girl, of carelessness and all at once, ought to startle me and you.

Let us stop and remember as to what weapons modern society has given us to fight the "crises of time" what safeguards it has given wives for keeping lovely. Not so many years ago all women thought that when they reached forty, they would live "as far away" as all glamour and romance. Not so today. The woman of fair and forty no longer screws up her mouth in a tight little knot at the back of her head without so much as a glance in the mirror. No longer does she screw up her mouth in a tight little knot, either, to express her disapproval of lip-stick and all such "sophistication."

The woman who is fair and forty today always gets a "boom" permanent which sets swirls or curls at the neckline and is you sit behind her at the radio the one you would think that she was in her twenties. In fact, if you faced her after the broadcast she still might deceive you into thinking that she was thirty-six.

If an older woman has straight hair, she is down and out from the start. She should have wavy treatments and a good permanent.

Way back in the time of the ancient Egyptians, a woman had to be a martyr to achieve curly hair, unless she happened to be born with it. The Egyptians recognized that the form of the hair could be changed by moisture and heat and so these ancient beauticians would their hair on round wooden sticks packed it in a thick mud and allowed it to dry in the heat of the sun. To effect a change in color at the same time, henna often

was mixed with the mud. When the mud was in contact with the hair, the color was removed from the hair and henna dye was applied to make it lustrous.

Today, of course, a permanent wave can be had with both speed and comfort. But it you are thinking of having a permanent, let me remind you of these three things: First, your hair and scalp must be in condition to take a good permanent and your operator should be conversant with as many care properties as you can expect results from your permanent wave. Third, your permanent waving fluid should offer you the satisfaction of your own personal hygiene through the use of individual sealed pads.

All of us want nice hair but we don't want a "crispy" area on the top of our heads. We have hair beauticians available that give us treatments of color and highlight, and sturdy hair-brush hairdresses, all for the sake of loveliness-to-goodness, lustre.

All women whether twenty or fifty years young, want to have lovely complexion. If you see a woman of forty whose skin looks thirty-ish, you can probably judge that she is conscientious about having her skin the proper cleanliness, stimulation and lubrication.

During the March of Time in 1931-32 years, cosmetics gave birth to a quimper for the care of the skin one, mild to all soaps, two cleansing creams, three, as treatments; but lubricating creams (sometimes called nourishing or tissue cream-tive, protective creams. Wise women resist these quimper's nurse along to youth in their skins. The first years are the shady ones for the future, but the years after reaching the twenty-fifth



Eddie Cantor, Sally Eilers and Parkyakarkus, in a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "Strike Me Pink."

It's Easier to Get in Pictures

(Continued from page 41)

THE IDEAS

by Jane Heath



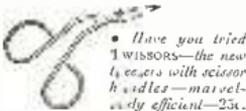
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering, but make this test, you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHITIN and put a little SHADERE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking. . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with stary eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. (\$1 at good stores.)



At the same window you'll have a choice to see how naturally LASHITIN darkens and beautifies your eyelashes. . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. \$1, also. And the same holds true of SHADERE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new twist with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about your beauty. Give your coloring for pointers in a bit of plain address Dept. MM 3.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, 2.

pictures. But I do mean that given the ability to begin with, you are given all the rest. On the air you are the air—just atmosphere and nothing more."

At which exclamation moment Ginger Rogers dropped breathlessly into a chair at one table in the RKO commissary, said she would only stay a moment, and dropped a wee gift box into Harriet's black-sutted lap. The gift box revealed, when Harriet excitedly opened it, a miniature engagement ring for her charm bracelet, a ring a bit too small for a lullabun—little finger—a sliver of gold wire bearing a minute diamond about as big as a drop of April dew.

"Oh!" cried Harriet, leaning over the salad to hug Ginger. "Oh, how simply you darling—both it and you!"

Ginger waved a brisk, dispensing hand. "Think nothing of it," she said.

Harriet turned to her moon-toned gray eyes a-light. "For my charm bracelet," she explained, holding the locket up for me to see. "You see, I have the story of my life in charms—this tiny gold mink for my first commercial, this camera for my first picture, the wedding ring for my first (certainly) marriage. Mark Sandrich gave me this tiny golden chain with the little golden figure of a man seated on it, to symbolize himself, my first director—and now I have the engagement ring, from Ginger!"

The two girls chatted a moment about their picture, the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture, "Follow The Fleet," in which Harriet makes her first screen appearance—about a date they were making for dinner at Ginger's house. Harriet confided to me that, the night before she had called her Ozzie on long distance from Hollywood to New York, and that he had called her twice. They had said nothing except that they were lonely. It was wonderful, Harriet said, how much you could find to say about being lonely, when you were. She said that she was leading the life of a hermit crab here in Hollywood, doing nothing but work, going nowhere. Ginger suggested that she think up things for Harriet to do. "Tell you what," quoth Ginger. "I'll think up all the things I'd like to do myself and you can, and you can go forth and do them for me." Harriet then confessed that when "The Band" broadcasts over the Bakers' Broadcast every week, she sits with both ears glued to the radio and listens with tears in her eyes because the Girl in the Band isn't there. She told Ginger about the suspicious mink coat her Ozzie had sent her for Christmas, about the watch she had sent her for Ozzie. Because," she said, "I'm, like love, never dies. . . ." She added that she'd probably be back with the Band before so very long. Ginger laughed and said she'd heard different—that Harriet is destined for Hollywood for some time to come, it Hollywood has anything to say about it. Harriet declared that only Ozzie had anything to say about her. And then Ginger left to go back to rehearsing with M. Astaire.

Harriet said: "She's been perfectly

marvelous to me, Ginger has, in absolutely every possible way. She's the grandest girl in the world and I don't mean maybe! The most generous. She's made me a bride or three days torn from her bachelorette's side, felt happy and at home in Hollywood—and that's friendship I'm crazy about her!"

And by the way, for those of you who never have seen Harriet with Ozzie Nelson's Band, who have not yet seen her in "Follow The Fleet," it may interest you to know that the voice you surely must have heard on the air emanates from a quite devastatingly pretty girl. I don't know with whom I can compare her. She wears a dark wig in "Follow The Fleet," which may change her. I don't know how she will photograph in this first picture, but with her own naturally blond hair and pale skin and gray eyes and chic ensemble, she might come close to a very young Carole Lombard.

"Speaking of Hollywood, did you hear of the fluke that landed me in 'Follow The Fleet'?" Harriet laughed her husky contralto laugh. "Well, you know, I came out here expecting to play a bit part in 'Two In The Dark.' One fine day a mistake was made in one of the projection-rooms. Mark Sandrich, the director, had asked to have a certain test run for him. When he entered the darkened room another test, by error, was being run—mine. Mr. Sandrich started to walk out ready to give the operator or someone a few pieces of his mind when I began to speak.

I should lament about nothing but a voice to use since it was my voice and nothing else but that stopped Mr. Sandrich at the door, made him turn around again, sit down and see the test through. When he got up to leave again it was to ask me to play the second lead, opposite Randolph Scott, in Ginger and Fred Astaire's 'Follow The Fleet.' Of course, such a larynx-fluke as this might happen on the air, too—it's just one of the miracle-mistakes of the make-believe world.

"Well, anyway to get back to the difference between what he might have been for Ozzie and what if he'd been in Hollywood instead of on the air.

"One thing is certain our romance would have started years sooner than it did. You see, I've been with Ozzie's band for about five years. It's the only band I ever was with. I'm the only one the band ever had. Ozzie always said that he didn't want a girl with his band. Then he saw a perfectly dreadful short I made ages ago, singing and dancing and—and he sent for me.

"Anyway for months we were just boss and employee—and when we're working," said Harriet, "even now we're still boss and employee. I take my orders from Ozzie. Whatever he says goes. Well, anyway, after the last few months, Ozzie began to ask me to go out with him now and then. I really think it was, at first, because there was no one else to go with him! I mean, Ozzie likes to date only very nice girls and very nice girls don't

make dates for two and three in the mornings. And as the band plays until the small hours there was no one but me for Ozzie to ask out. But—here is the sad part of it—I really couldn't be said to look in, but when I went out with Ozzie. After all, at two in the morning, after rehearsing most of the day perhaps, and working all of the night, one isn't the cream of the cream, so to speak. I was tired. I was let down. I didn't have enough pep to fix up my face, to dress up specially. We just sort of slumped into the nearest cafe for some coffee and buns. There was no thrill in it, no rendezvous. There was none of the flip of the unexpected. We'd been seeing and hearing each other for hours. Ozzie might have seen leading me out that morning. Just the boss and his secretary having a late after hours. . . .

"Then, during the summers, the band went on the road. We did all of the small towns, one night stands. Lots of rain catching. Stuffy hotels. All of the trials and tribulations of the road. No defiance on beaches, no moonlit gardens for us—none of the settings where romance is supposed to flourish. . . .

"And so it wasn't one of those sudden, glamorous dizzy romances when the stars suddenly begin to giggle and the moon turns a somersault. No, with Ozzie and me it was a business relationship maturing into a friendship and a friendship ripening into love. We knew all about each other, Ozzie and I. We knew each other at our best and also at our worst. We knew each other when we were tired, when we were excited, when we were



When Harriet Hilliard left the "Bakers Broadcast" to make pictures in Hollywood, pretty Billie Trask (above) was chosen to take her place.

hot and dusty and in a hurry, when things went well and when things went wrong. We were together under all kinds of conditions and in all sorts of environments. And then, quite naturally, as one installment of a serial story follows the one preceding it, we began to talk about when we are married. I don't even remember the first time it was mentioned between us. I just remember how we decided not to be married until we had saved a certain amount of money. I re-

member how we talked—and still talk—of the farm we want to have someday in Commerce. And I remember the night in Texas, driving in Ozzie's car from one town to another, when Ozzie suddenly leaned forward and said to the chauffeur:

"Miss Hilliard and I are going to be married when we reach New York!"

The car swerved so abruptly we all but landed in the ditch instead of at the altar! Our chauffeur hadn't even suspected it, he said. No one had, really. We'd kept it all very quiet, Ozzie dislikes gossip about personal affairs. And so we were married, at home, a family wedding with Ozzie's folks and mine—and three days later I left for Hollywood.

"I didn't want to come, Ozzie made me. And Ozzie is the Boss with me. What he says goes. He's always advised me about my career and I've always taken his advice without a thought of arguing. And he takes an order from me!" Harriet laughed, something very tremulous in her voice. "Ozzie had his nose broken, you know, playing football. People have suggested to him that he should have it fixed—well, I put my foot down on that. Ozzie with any other nose wouldn't be Ozzie at all and I wouldn't want even Hollywood to alter him! I believe he'll be in Hollywood, eventually. He should be on the screen, I sort of feel it in my bones—but if he doesn't," said Harriet, very seriously, "then I don't know how it will work out for us. I shall do as Ozzie says—I'll never get over that, either!" Laughed Harriet. "I don't want to get over it!"

The End



ROUGH "POWDER CATCHERS"

Melt Away

AT A TOUCH!

SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH

You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off on the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can skin come smooth?"

You can melt away those powder catchers! A leading dermatologist says:

"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's."

Do this yourself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property

which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths the skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can't "catch" on a skin like that.

For a smooth make-up—Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings



Cross-section of outer skin (the epidermis) showing how the keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away "powder catchers."



Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes

Grandmother of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughness... keeps my skin smooth for powder."

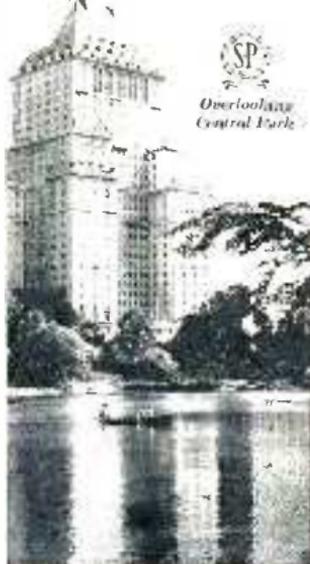
your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. C128 Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, four small samples of 2 each of Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. 1 carbon 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
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SAVOY-PLAZA



SP
Overlooking
Central Park

YOUR visit to New York will still be more enjoyable when you stop at this renowned hotel . . . At our very door are spread the broad acres of Central Park . . . Should your appetite lag, our cuisine offers temptation irresistible. You'll be handy to the subway, buses and the finest shops, close to Radio City and the theatres, only fifteen minutes from Wall Street.

Single rooms \$5, \$6, \$7.
Double \$7, \$8, \$9 . . . Suites from \$10

THE NEW SAVOY ROOM
and the
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are two beautiful rooms that set the pace in delightful entertainment. Attractive appointments; charming art atmosphere; orchestras that lend enchantment to dancing. Popular for Luncheon, The Cocktail Hour Dinner and After Theatre Supper.

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How Did They Get on the Air?

(Continued from page 13)

it amazed that she see the then master of ceremonies of the Shell Chateau program.

Johnson invited her to sing, and play gave her a one-time guest spot on his show. Cancellations happened to be timed to block her work offered her a contract.

Now that she's on the inside of the industry, Nicka tells me that she believes she could have broken into radio quicker if she'd gone to a good radio agent when she was job-hunting. Agents usually are informed of all openings and have sufficient contacts to arrange auditions for their clients. It's a shorter route, Miss Goodale informs me than waiting around to discover a friend who happens to know a celebrity.

Josephine Antine, the new young opera soprano who is costarred with James Melton on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre broadcasts, landed in radio without turning one little finger in its direction. An NBC agent soon heard her sing in the Opera Association at the Chautauque last summer. He invited her to audition at Radio City as soon as possible. She did, and two weeks later was put under contract as a sustaining artist.

"One morning, I received a telephone call from the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency," she explained. "They said they'd heard my sustaining programs and asked me to come down and audition for them that afternoon. I went and sang two songs. There were forty girl-singers there

We didn't even know where job was to be trying for."

It was stationing in the Palmolive show Josephine broke her. And she adds, in addition, that it she had to break into radio all over again she hasn't the remotest idea how she'd go about it.

There's a chance for every radio aspirant to learn something from the experience of Morton Bow, newly featured tenor on Signa and Romberg's Swift program. He over a now-closed had network contacts and contacts a door Morton did. Yet he had to fight practically unaided on his present position.

Morton had the distinction of being the youngest nationally known concert tenor on the American stage. For five years in Boston as his headquarters, he then an exclusive artist for the Yankee network. Yet when that contract had run out and he came to New York seeking another radio opportunity, his many letters of introduction and recommendation to influential persons left him exactly in the lurch. He was another of a great surplus of excellent talents.

Morton had some savings which he used to keep him in Manhattan. Every morning he made the rounds of such sources of radio information as he knew about. When he discovered that Frank Parker was leaving, the Caribbees Quartette, he dug out one of his old letters of introduction, used it to get by an impassable studio receptionist, walked into the program direc-



A new portrait of Connie Gates, lovely young NBC singer.



TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you feel better as well as look better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may prefer this on a separate card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-2-36
 1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____



And here's another popular young singer, Loretta Lee, whom you may hear with the "Lucky Strike" program.

stitute one's steps up the ladder of success as much as do talent and hard work."

Several months ago Durelle Alexander, featured songstress on Paul Whiteman's broadcasts, was stranded, practically penniless, with a down-and-out orchestra in Cleveland. She read an advertisement in *Variety*, which stated that Harry Salter's Orchestra was looking for a girl singer. She bought a bus ticket for her first trip to New York, rode all night on a bumpy rear seat, found her way, the following afternoon, to Mr. Salter's office atop the Park Central Hotel. In competition with exactly eighty-two applicants she was selected for the position and since Salter's band was furnishing several sustaining programs a week to the networks, she found herself on the air.

Archie Bleyer, orchestra leader, heard her, wanted her to go on the road with his aggregation. Durelle preferred remaining in New York. Bleyer was sufficiently impressed with her ability to suggest: "You deserve a featured spot on the air. I'm going to ask Paul Whiteman to audition you."

"Mr. Whiteman was busy that day," she recalled. "He said I could come to his rehearsal and wait until he had a free moment. I waited from noon until six-thirty and finally he instructed Roy Bargy to play two choruses of two of my numbers for me, and disappeared into the control room. I sang, and before I'd finished the second tune Mr. Whiteman came out and said: 'What's your name again, little girl?'"

and I told him and he said: 'You're great! You'll do. Telephone my secretary about a contract early in the morning.'"

So now Durelle's an outstanding starlet. And because nothing but sheer ability and hard work got her her job she says she thinks answering an advertisement is as fine a method as any to crash the gates of radio.

Carol Dece, comedian Marty May's pet little stogee, landed in radio in just about the easiest way possible. Once she'd been mistress of ceremonies in a Boston theatre, Marty, then vaudevillean, had met her there, admired her work, and for a lark had written her into his act for the week as straight-woman. She did a good job.

So when CBS was signing Marty for a series and asked him: "Who stogees for you?" he remembered the week in Boston and answered: "A girl named Carol Dece does—if I can locate her."

"So here came a telegram," Carol told me, "offering me an air spot with Mr. May. That was all and—here I am."

"If I were doing it over again, trying to break into radio, I'd be sure to make the most of every opportunity I had. Like that week years ago in Marty's act—it was a little thing but it produced great results. Maybe if I'd worked harder on other opportunities I've had, I'd have been on the air long before now."

The Tune Twisters, lately featured on the smooth broadcasts of Ray Noble's Orchestra, owe their new radio jobs to twenty-three-year-old Andy Love, pilot of

RADIO STARS

the 10-11. Andy and two of his pre-schoolmates used to sing together on New York's local station WOY. One of the other two boys was orchestra leader Bill Coleman's son, and Coleman naturally gathered the trio's serious efforts and usually let them sing with his band.

The group broke up when the boys went to separate colleges, but in the meantime Andy Love had formed a fast friendship with Frank Luther. Andy couldn't go to college so Frank introduced him to Paul Whitman, who liked his voice enough to give him a solo spot with his band.

"Soon after I was established with Mr. Whitman I made radio contacts of my own," explained Andy. "I wanted a try again so I got hold of Jack Lathrop and Bob Walker two singers I'd met, and we rehearsed a long time and then I asked Ray Noble to listen to us.

"I believe that small stations offer one of the very best ways to get a start in radio. Auditions at small stations can be got by simply walking in and asking for them, and after you're on the air you have a chance to attract attention and to meet people. I can't think of any better into radio that offers better experience or more sure opportunity for bigger things."

Vivian Della Chiesa, sensational young mistress of the Sunday afternoon Four-saver Shoes program, never lived singing into a microphone in her life until six months ago. She read in the Tribune of an amateur contest to be sponsored by Chicago's Station WBBM, entered it and won first place over 2,500 contestants. When news of that reached CBS, the network naturally sought her signature on a contract.

And now Miss Della Chiesa possesses one of the brightest futures on the air.

"Consequently I'm a staunch believer in the amateur hours," she said to me. "I got my start that way, and I believe that, if you have something to offer, the amateur contests give you a fair chance to offer it. In fact, they're the luckiest breaks ever offered yet to newcomers."

Deane Jans, red-headed singer who walked away this season with Annette Hanshaw's old star spot on Camel Caravan, got her job through a certain Broadway local coach named Al Siegel. Mr. Siegel, it seems, specializes in taking youngsters of special talent under his tutelage, coaching them to the proper degree of professionalism, placing them in good radio jobs and collecting, as his reward, a percentage of their future salaries. It was he who launched Ethel Merman, Thelma Lewis and others.

One night Siegel heard Deane singing with Hal Kemp's band at the Roosevelt Hotel. He invited her to study with him, coached and improved her song delivery style, secured an audition for her for the Grand Sign, Deane won.

"If it weren't for Mr. Siegel," she declares, "I'm sure I'd still be trying to break into commercial radio. Consequently I studied under a capable influential coach. If I were trying to break in again, that's what I'd look for—and if I couldn't find that I'd ask around among radio people until I found the name of a good agent. Those are the men who really can get big-time auditions for you."

The story behind nineteen-year-old Florence Baker's job, as leading lady in the

several NBC dramatizations, is one that would be hard to duplicate on Radio Row. For years she'd been doing bits of air roles for bits of checks, and it looked as though, for all her inside contacts and efforts to progress, she was stuck in the rut of the bit-artist.

When she heard of the lead vacancy on a new commercial she didn't stop to ask help of those persons she'd asked of before. She simply walked into the offices of the program's advertising agency, brushed by a dozen or so adamant secretaries, confronted the startled radio director and blurted out:

"I'm Florence Baker. Look here—I can do a good job in that leading role! I can prove it to you. I want a try at it anyway."

She didn't get the audition—that is, not until the director had tried out a score of other actresses with no success. Then she not only got her audition but her job as well.

"I think they gave it to me to get rid of me around the office," Florence confided. "Anyhow, that's one way of getting yourself somewhere. I've stopped depending on friends and contacts to help me. I'm depending for myself from now on. It's a shorter, more satisfactory way to get ahead."

So there you are. Agents, friends, local stations, answering ads, vocal coaches, amateur contests, "pull," your radio contacts or sheer hard work—all are proven means of breaking into an actor's career.

Why not try some of them over on your own ambitions?

THE END

THE
Soveliest
MOMENT
OF ALL

Try PLAT-NUM today. It's 10c and comes in 12 two-tone shades in the oversize bottle in which you are pictured. You'll find it on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store.



FREE

this booklet

Send 4c in stamps and we will send you this interesting informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your army hands and feet.

HANDS play an all important part in the drama of romance. Little gestures, subtle handplays, fascinating contact... truly, hands speak the language of love. So not essential then, that they be kept always well groomed—that finger nails be kept perfectly and shining, the lovely complement to a lovely hand? PLAT-NUM... if polished, the unusual ability to transform your nails... gives them a soft, shimmering satin like surface. PLAT-NUM goes on smoothly, sets evenly, is long lasting and does not chip, crack, peel, fade or stretch.

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES, 50 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"



SAID
GARY COOPER



Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl



☉ We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper.

GARY COOPER, star of "Destiny," a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

One wore the ordinary lipstick... none, no lipstick... the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because Tangee *isn't* paint. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39¢ and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10¢ for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

☉ BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES. *Before you buy, check the name above and in the box or with you to be satisfied... this is only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER *See contents the magic Tangee color principle*



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFF COMPANY MMS6
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ in stamps or coins for cash.
Check 50c 1.10 1.95 2.50
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"Civilization Must Change or Perish!"

(Continued from page 29)

has been a grand experience—but when you ask me whether it did any good, I must answer... I hardly think so.

"People who already tell me or feel the way I do about things undoubtedly get some consolation from my talks... we are, after all, all of us, in the same boat. But the average listener never would have understood what I meant and would have despised himself if he had tried to do so. He is being told, all day long, by radio and movies and editorials, that he is a fine bright fellow and if he fails to understand something, that is the fault of the man who speaks or writes and not of the man or woman who listens or reads...."

"I do not believe that any teaching can ever hope to have any lasting effect unless the teacher says to the pupil: 'Come and get it and work your damn head off to get it.' Nature doesn't believe in short cuts, and neither do I—but our whole world is based upon short cuts—so what is the use of debating the point?"

"Do you believe," I ventured, "that radio influences its listeners more than they are influenced by the newspapers?"

"I don't know..." His eyes crinkled. "I don't know whether radio influences people more than newspapers do. Our newspapers, of course, are not a source

of enlightenment and are not meant to be. They are printed to be sold. In a world dominated by the Mucker and the Alton, the person who most closely approaches the ideas of the M and M will sell the largest number of papers. And that, after all, is the only thing that interests 95% of our newspaper owners...."

"I won't make the usual accusation, that radio does not encourage education. It gives generously to *Educators*. They are, perhaps, the worst performers on the air... they can neither talk decent English nor interest their audiences and their ideas are fifty years behind the times, unless they are sentimental, when they do a Shirley Temple act and degrade into radio children—perhaps the most terrible development of the air-machine...."

"By and large, in America, radio does the best it can. The men who run it, as I have discovered to my own delight... the announcers and the production managers are infinitely better, more educated, more intelligent, damn serious, bright fellows... the men who run it are entirely superior to their job. On commercial programs, they have to dry-out all the imbecilities of the sponsors and the sponsors' wives (God have mercy on the poor devils) and the advertising agencies with their insensible policies of safety



Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, carefully notes Bob Becker's instructions on preparing the Wicker dog, Mike, for a dog show. Irene's daughter, Nancy, is interested, too. Irene was a recent guest on Bob's program.



Lawrence Tibbett, booming baritone, sings with Maria Silveira.

first. If our ancestors had followed that policy of 'safety first,' we now still would be hanging from the branches of a tree!"

He spoke quietly, stately, steadily, even, but there was in his voice the force of conviction—his long left, earnestly followed.

Let me tell you, in case you are not acquainted with him, something about this really big man.

Very early in life Hendrik Willem van Loon discovered the value of doubt. He was born, January 14th, 1882, in Rotterdam, Holland. Around the corner from his home stood a statue of Erasmus, Dutch scholar of the Renaissance. Legend had it that once every hour the massive figure turned a page in the stone book held upon its knees. While other children, accepting the tale as truth, went off skating on the canals, Master van Loon remained to watch for the miracle. And when none transpired before his unwinking gaze, he realized that it was folly to continue legend with truth. From that day on he has questioned every dictum, every axiom, intent on gleaming from the golden harvest of history and logic one shining kernel of truth.

When he was twenty-one, van Loon came to America. He graduated from Cornell University and took a postgraduate year at Harvard. Then, in 1906, he went to Russia as correspondent for the Associated Press.

"And quite recently," he commented ironically, "I was listed by the head of a women's patriotic organization as a 'Red'—because I had lived in Russia!"

Leaving Russia, van Loon spent four years in Munich, acquiring a Ph.D. And during the next three years he lectured on history and art at various American universities, where he developed his gift for resending history from the dreariness of dusty data and making it popular.

At this time, too, he began to write. His first book, "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," was published just before the world plunged into war. In 1914 the Associated Press sent him to Belgium, where he was during the German invasion. Later he acted as correspondent in England, France, Italy and Switzerland.



SUE'S POPULAR NOW! SHE'S LEARNED HOW TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN...



Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—against the coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes caused by choked pores.

Its ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics thoroughly. To keep skin lovely, use this pure soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS





Do you know the 8th WOMAN?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. Not narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn't make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre—or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. To avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:



An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten—thanks to Midol.

Try it  free!

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. E-86, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name _____
Street _____
P. O. _____

During one of his many trips across the ocean at this time the Dutch ship on which he was travelling was struck by a bomb. "It's a fearsome experience," he confessed, "to see the rockets go up! When you hear the S.O.S. it's somehow reassuring. But when that has stopped, and only the rockets remain to call for help, it's terrifying."

However, he survived the hazards of war and returned to America to write more books. In 1920 he had three to his credit, "The Fall of the Dutch Empire," "The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom," and "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators."

"But nobody read them!" Again his eyes crinkled in a smile. "The royalties wouldn't even buy beans!"

But he got the beans on credit and began a new book, "Ancient Maps," which became a best seller. In 1922 "The Story

of Mankind" won him the Newberry medal, and, although its publishers had believed it wouldn't sell, it went into thirty editions and was translated into more than a dozen languages.

Other books followed, "The Story of the Bible," "The Life and Times of Peter Stuyvesant," and "Van Loon's Geography" among them. He was for a time an associate editor of the Baltimore Sun. He was head of the history department at Antioch College in Ohio. And he has been a resident of Connecticut, France, New York and Holland.

He lives, at present, in a colonial mansion overlooking Long Island Sound—comfortable, pleasant house set amid rolling green lawns. He has two studios, one used for painting and the other for writing. He recently published a new book, "Air Storming," which comprises forty



Here's the latest picture of Mary Small. Lots of listeners think Mary a grownup because of her mature voice, but she's still just a cute kid.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invariably small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get rid of the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that really works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleaned perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-day* supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream. PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can receive this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day* supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Conductor Ray Block of CBS,
popular Saturday night favorite.

two of his radio talks—talks to the preparation of which he gives as much thought and effort as to a chapter of a book.

Looking at this man, big in stature, big in heart and mind, a man with friendly, discerning eyes, with a face charged with the memories of a keen and various existence, a man with the sense of humor that is the companion of understanding and integrity, one realizes that his is, indeed, a voice to which we may profitably and pleasantly listen. Just the twist of a little gadget, and all this rich experience and understanding are ours.

"We need it?" I murmured.

He smiled somewhat wryly. "The radio," he asserted, "cannot rise above the public it serves. That is my old quarrel with the brethren from the left—what we give to people other and perhaps better laws, unless you first of all make over the people themselves. . . . Otherwise you merely pour the same old same wine into new bottles. . . . but the wine tastes just the same—just as sour.

"The machine age, introducing the gadget age, has made it possible for the incompetent not only to get by but to assert themselves as never before. Until Nature sees fit to remove them from the stage, and there seems little likelihood of that just now, radio will about remain where it is. . . . intelligent people trying to do the best they can for a public which does not deserve anything better than what it is getting.

"I realize that that leaves about 3% of our populace without representation, but that can't be helped. The ancient Romans were in the same fix when the barbarian hordes swept across Europe. The barbarian tide once more is sweeping across the world and the minority will have to make the best of it. . . . fight a few safeguard actions (as I have been doing) and wait for the change. . . .

"That change will have to come, for the present rulers of the world are so incompetent that civilization will either have to change its ways or perish.

"In either case, the result will be entirely satisfactory to yours truly."

And now the hand of the clock is on the appointed hour. Van Loon is on the air. . . . we don't want to miss a word!

THE END



That + + +
something extra:
fragrance!



When you see a new brand of face powder, you sniff it—and like it better if it's pleasantly perfumed.

In the same way, you're sure to prefer Frostilla Lotion for your hands. It has that something extra—fragrance—and it's much nicer than lotions with no odor or a medicinal smell!

No need to tell you how well it corrects chapped skin and brings smooth loveliness—for it's been doing that successfully for years!

35c, 50c, \$1 sizes. Travel size at ten-cent stores.

fragrant
FROSTILLA
Lotion



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This unique cream is a complete beauty treatment.

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The Old Maestro Mystery

(continued from page 37)

your reporter went to see Ben Bernie in action. A rehearsal was in progress. The orchestra was lounging on the stage of the large Radio City studio, looking bored as only dance musicians can look. Off to one side two young couples were talking and laughing. A brisk young woman named Eleanor said: "That's the new wave's corner. Just last night Billy Wilder, the singer with the band, married Robin Amosky." The other couple was Dick Stabile (one of the boys) and Gertrude Barrie.

And here a word about Eleanor. Eleanor Smith is the famous confidential secretary, major domo and mini-steering agent. She's small, blond, efficient and intrigues to the care of seven different things. It goes without getting any news out. Bernie "married" her from a Superior Court judge in Chicago, and I'll bet he's glad.

Billy Wilson, the blond young groom, watched a photographer push his portable blade practically into the arms of the Old Maestro, who planted a chaste kiss on her cheek while flash bulbs flared and cameras clicked.

That's the first time the Maestro ever had his picture taken kissing anyone," Eleanor confided. "It really was a romantic story." She went on: "Robin and Billy met out on the coast when we were making 'Stolen Harmony,' and she came all the way across the continent to marry Billy. Dick Stabile and Gertrude Barrie are newbies, too."

The romantic romance was, at the moment, practicing the Lindy with a dash of Fyakin' while the orchestra played a formal chorus of Dinah. Fannie Brice, who was to be guest star of that show, was complaining about the typing of her script. Ben Bernie stood on the stage, watching, putting on his chair.

"Eleanor," he said.
"Yes, Maestro."

"Type this over for Miss Brice—triple space."
"Yes, Maestro."

"Eleanor!" Another voice this time. "Have you got another copy of the script?" Eleanor's mind set on.

"Eleanor!" Her name floats through the air.
"Yes, Maestro."
"Have you got that change? Bernie and Fannie Brice were rehearsing a comedy bit."
"It's colossal—stupendous—in that script," he read. "Make that 'it's colossal stupendous—in fact, it's perfect!'"

Somebody laughed. It wasn't your reporter. I had taken a letter with the original tag attributed to Goldwyn: "In fact, it's dim-stupid!"

"I've got it, Maestro." Then Miss Brice wanted her script passed on carefully. Eleanor attended to that, at the same time arranging to have a visitor admitted and telling me that the Maestro had set up all night with his friend, Phil Baker, helping Phil routine his show when

he made his radio debut. According to her, it was Bernie who suggested "Beetle" be the voice from the air.

Ben and Fannie Brice were reading gags from the script when Ben writes himself, assisted by Harold Wren. The script didn't seem very funny.

"Have you seen my last picture?" Bernie was reading.

"I hope so," I duly said.
"The picture," Ben went on, that Universal want a me. It really, Prothers counted in. My-teenth century counted in. My-G counted in."

"Yeah, read it, Brice," they all roared you—to stay with Laramount!"

A sudden light flashed—on the flashlight. Fanny said: "Every time you sit on those goes at it blinds me."

But a light had flashed in my mind at the same time. It harked back to one of Ben Brice's stage appearances, long long ago. For an encore Bernie pulled a letter out of his pocket which he apparently read to the audience.

"I'd like you to listen to this, folks," he laid say. "'Dear Mr. Bernie—It's my happy to inform you that since you have been recording for the Columbia Phonograph Co., our record sales have increased five hundred per cent. Signed: The Victor Recording Company.'"

It wasn't new then but it got a laugh. I'll venture this last variation still gets a laugh on the air. And there—anywhere—seems to be the reason for Bernie's popularity. He gives them what they know. There's no scintillating wit or clever new gags that one has to think about. Any gag writer will admit that the best gags are the old gags.

The Old Maestro apparently subscribes to the same principle. For innumerable years he had almost exactly the same hard act in a nutshell, with hardly a line changed in his ostensibly ad lib chatter. And he still uses many of the same lines in various forms. A few years back one of the slang lads on Broadway was the addition of an "I" on the end of words. Maud-Stemmets would say: "She gave me there and a there." Everybody was doing it—for a while—then, like all passing fads, it died down. But Bernie has retained some of this in his *mania of the beta*, along with other catch phrases that the listening public has come to identify with him as his own through repeated usage.

Castling back through the years Ben Bernie has been broadcasting low lines emanating in his own line in the memory hardly enough to rate him a clever ad lib personality. The high tide perhaps, was his radio plea during the height of the depression: "You T's, P's, Q's—all a ton of it." It was a good line, wherever it came from, but memory fails to produce many others.

Ben started as an orchestra leader when the stage band era was just beginning. Heirs' Symphony's was the only case band in vaudeville combining comedy with music. Ben Bernie, after the show when



When Joe E. Brown, Hollywood comic, appeared in "The Show Off" on a recent Lux Radio Theatre program, it was generally agreed his performance was lots better than most of the other Hollywood guests who've been on the hour.

of the Lurie and Baker team, had been doing a single act, and observing the growing craze for stage bands he decided to go out with a band of his own.

Not being an orchestra musician, instead of organizing an outfit he took over a "set" band, intact. It was conducted by one Don Juella, who hired the band out to Bernie, including himself, though it was lulled as Ben Bernie's orchestra. There were vast difficulties which eventually resulted into an exit for Juella, while Bernie went on with the band.

In those days there was no Lombardi, Humber or Dublin glittering in the musical firmament. About that approximate period Vincent Lopez had a little six-piece band playing for Pat Rooney's vaudeville act. Rudy Vallee was learning to tout a sax and Paul Whiteman was selling the country on its collective cars with his outstanding music—live in and away the top band of them all. Paul Specht was running up with comparative few other big-time musical organizations.

Bernie's act wowed 'em. He had an excellent stage band—Jack Pettis was one of the stars to emerge from it—our audience laughed at his razzing of the various boys in the outfit.

"This is Joe," Ben would say. "Joe is our arranger. He arranges the chairs. Say, Joe, those arrangements you made last night were terrible—the girls never did show up." Oh, "This is Frank, our homiest. Franks a great traveler. He just got back from New Mexico. . . I suppose you noticed the cactus on his upper lip." Frank, of course, having a non-rache.

Audiences were less sophisticated in those days, maybe. Or maybe, not—they're still laughing at practically the



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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



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Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for their desirable skin effect alone.

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same gags. What sold the gags, more than their intrinsic comedy, was Bernie's way of delivering them, an infinite number of times, with a sung air of assurance, a complacent smugness that convinced the audience that they must be funny.

There was none of the mangled English that Ben now affects. Other performers have used that, as one comely device of many. Bernie kept it up—it dates back to his first broadcasts from the Roosevelt Hotel in 1922. It's hardly the outcropping of a distinctly personal style. It's more the stivity of a medicine spicer.

Another reason for Bernie's reputation as a funny man is in those early broadcasts when most orchestras contended themselves with stilted, dignified announcements. But Bernie wasn't. Basically a musician or orchestra leader. He was a vaudeville performer and so was probably the first radio handender to adopt an informal, clowning style. With no list of high-priced comedians and comedy script writers cluttering the ether, his informality, snavely scrambled grammar and sponsor kidding were something new that caught public fancy. And apparently it still holds



Coast fans have become particularly fond of Isabel Vecki, stage and screen actress, now a member of the NBC acting staff in San Francisco.



Connie Boswell, heard each Wednesday evening as soloist with Ray Noble and his Refreshment Time Orchestra, is a native of New Orleans. She made her first appearance as a 'cellist.

its place among more brilliant wit today. Ben was at the mike, now, rehearsing a comedy number called "Mamma Makes Me Practice." He talked it into the mike, and there were interludes where Micky Carlock scraped a few discordant notes on his fiddle, like a kid practising.

Then Fanny Brice took the mike to sing "Rose of Washington Square," consulting the boys with her dialect, while Bernie sat in the control room listening and combing sponsors out of his hair.

"The Maestro never times a broadcast," Eleanor confided. "He's the only leader on the air who doesn't. He judges the time instinctively and then, if there are a few seconds over or under, he makes it up with the outdley he plays at the end."

Miss Brice had finished the number, and Ben's voice came humming out of the speaker over the stage.

"Terrific, terrific, terrific, Fanny," it said. "Now Mickey—take it over, from the top, so we can get the time at it."

Apart from his radio personality, Bernie is rather abstracted and not especially articulate. He gives the impression that he's hardly aware of you; as though he's not particularly interested, with his mind on something else, even while going through the motions of conversation.

One remark, made by Ben Bernie, will stand with this reporter as an all-time high for devastating comedy, however. It was delivered many, many years ago. Ben had just achieved success with his first band and had dropped into the rehearsal of a second band which was to do essentially the same act on another circuit, minus Ben, of course. He examined photographs of the musicians in conventional band poses. One young lad in the foreground attracted his attention. Ben pointed to the picture and spoke to the boy in question.

"Are those your feet?" he said, pointing them out. The boy admitted it, noting that they were pointing inward.

"What'll you take for them?" said Bernie.

"I ought to remember. . . . I was the guy"

The End

Your Beauty Shop gives you added charm. Go there every week. And, to help beautify the natural shape of your mouth and lips, enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum daily.



International stage and screen star—Miss Heather Thatcher.

Do you know anybody who deserves

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Jack Hylton, English dance favorite, is now well established with American dance lovers, thanks to his radio programs. Has been honored by King George.



MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with."—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special* daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

American music for American people—and others, if they would stand for it.

"We'll have to go back a few years in Whiteman history to get at the bottom of it all. You see, my musical education was begun with a great handicap and I hope I never get over it! From the time I began studying the violin at the age of six, until I was fired from an orchestra years later for being 'too good' for my job, all I knew was 'good music'—classical music, I mean. I got it at home three times a day at meals, because my father was Superintendent of the Musical Department of the Denver Public Schools. Besides, my mother was a trained choir singer of no mean reputation. Both of them knew the principles of music and tried to teach them to me. So, it was in my bones to such an extent they had me playing in a symphony orchestra at the age of eleven. First I played the violin and later the viola, but always *good music*. You hetch! From pretty early days I noticed one thing. *Good music* audiences were always made up of the same smug little circles of intellectuals. The man in the street, the great majority of the people in the homes and all the rest of the four million were left out of this wonderful treat. We good music players did not speak their musical language; they did not understand ours. But for all my worry, there seemed to be nothing that could be done about it.

"I saw the light in about the last dark place that anyone would expect to find it—out on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco. I always had had a band, from away back in school days and now I found myself the leader of an orchestra-band in Tait's Place on the Barbary Coast. We had to play to suit our audience in that place. It meant a task of musical arrangement or interpretation. In time, I caught their idea of rhythm. And from that moment I had the Big Idea. It was the beginning—as far as I am concerned, at least—of conscious jazz.

"I didn't get the whole idea right off. In fact my education in the development of jazz music took years. History, or, more evolution. We didn't invent jazz; we only

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discovered it. Nor did it come to us from Africa in a real sense, although it was all in the rhythm of the tom-tom, the zim-zim and the native drum. Jazz originated not in pure African music but in the interpretations, first of familiar airs, made by the transplanted negro into his own idiom. As time passed, a curious evolution led to an adaptation of mood that caught the very soul of the musical expression of the American people.

"What is American jazz? Well, take, for example, a photograph record that Kreisler once made of his interpretation of Rimsky-Korsakoff. It was a gorgeous piece, in the highest classical tradition and mood, and many thousands of the

intelligentsia bought it and reveled in it. Years later, I took the same musical composition, "The Song of India," and arranged and re-conducted it in the jazz mood and rhythm and it sold to the tune of four million! I didn't do anything more than translate it. Or put it this way: If we want to be sure that every American listener from the Kentucky mountains to the Maine woods, from the Arizona desert to the orchards of Oregon—for the radio covers all that and more—if we want every listener to understand every last word, every musical note—if we are going to have a heart to heart communion—then we've got to talk in the vernacular. Use the American idiom. You can give them



Nancy Flake, featured soloist of Frank Dailey's orchestra, has just turned eighteen. Started out to be a dramatic actress, but Frank intervened.



You'd never guess who this horrible looking creature is unless we told you. It's your old friend, Nelson Eddy, as King Amonasro, in "Aida."

the most complicated piece—the Old Masters ever wrote, if you will but translate it into their language. The American modern music language is jazz! It is practically the only one of the great Arts to which we have contributed importantly as a people.

"All ready for the *Digest*!" called the assistant conductor from the stage.

In a flash we have that other Paul Whiteman. He goes jazz. He sails up to the stage with a syncopated step, snapping his fingers, his shoulders keeping time.

"*B-houncing B-hull, boys and girls!*" cries Paul, exerting a few steps as he seizes his light ivory baton and faces his orchestra for the opening bars.

The announcer stands before the mike. He reads his commercial with: "I give you—Paul Whiteman!"

"Great applause from the audience as Paul Whiteman steps up—" shouts Professor Paul aside to his family audience, who grin from ear to ear.

"—And," continues the announcer, "Paul Whiteman's Band!"

The same spirit of fun and horseplay runs right through the dress rehearsal. Although working since morning weary, perspiring, they swing into it and followed through without a flaw. Carefree, but never careless, happy, but not happy-go-lucky; rocking with the intoxicating rhythm, huddling over with it, keeping time with their feet, their heads, their shoulders; rolling their eyes. Altogether themselves an echo, a replica, of the negro and his manner and rendering of rhythm.

Perhaps it was the sum of all these lesser known phenomena that led to his being crowned *King of Jazz*, coupled with that life-long background of good music, that alone could teach him perfect balance and give him the unique power of getting out of each instrument every bit of music that is in it.

THE END

NO WONDER SHE NEVER HAS A DATE — SHE'S SO SKINNY!



I'M HAVING GRAND TIMES SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS

Based on professional models

How Thousands Quickly Gain 5 to 15 lbs. This New Way

There's no excuse today for thousands of young and women to be "skinny" and frigid—lose, even though in the past they could never gain in weight. For here's a new easy treatment for them that puts on solid, naturally attractive pounds—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now, with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—the women normal curves—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Irontized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast cultured from Europe; the richest known source of Vitamin B. It's a new process that yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. That's why it works with 7 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you look good Vitamin B and iron to build you up. The more you Irontized Yeast, the better you will look. Then, start after day, or two like them, watch skin improve and feel strong round out to natural attractiveness, with clear, healthy complexion in an entirely new form.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and sunken you may be from lack of the rich Vitamin B and iron, this remarkable Irontized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of you are now delighted with the results of the very first Irontized Yeast money you will instantly refund.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this beautiful Irontized Yeast a package of Irontized Yeast tablets at once, and send you the next 12 tablets in a package of Irontized Yeast. We will send you a fascinating book free on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with every bottle of Irontized Yeast returned. At all druggists, Irontized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 22, Atlanta, Ga.



NO LONGER ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE



ALWAYS PLENTY OF BOY FRIENDS

Necessity Spells Success

(Continued from page 32)

the first sweet draught of success.

But the dancing feet soon found a hard path beneath them. On her own, on the road, married at seventeen to a boy in the company, Donna found herself stranded, broke, miserable. But even in her darkest moments, she was too proud to write to her parents. This was part of the game. She must fight—and win—her own battles. The impetuous marriage had not weathered the gales and Donna, hardly more than a child herself, was left with a baby boy to feed for.

Donna is a tiny thing, slim and dark, with enormous velvety brown eyes set wide apart in a small oval face. Her nose is straight, her lips softly curving—perfect features for movies or television! There is nothing in her youthful beauty to reveal the grit, the strength of purpose, that carried her through her harrowing experiences. And nothing in her unaffected charm, her vivacity and gaiety, to suggest that she ever had been unhappy . . .

Today, successful in her career, happily married, she finds life good indeed. She is a domestic little person, thoroughly enjoying the new home she runs herself. Two years ago, she was married to Eugene Kretzinger, who also is in radio. Gene and his brother Charlie are a harmony team and occasionally perform in the "Myrt and Marge" program. Donna and Gene live in a large and luxurious apartment on the near north side of Chicago. To them everything is fun. They

have an unquenchable zest for living and a keen appreciation of their good fortune and delight in their family, which centers about Charles, Donna's little son, and includes three canaries and two vixen spaniels!

Donna was knitting on a sweater for Gene as she described her pets. Myrt watched the clicking needles admiringly. "I can't knit or tat or anything—thank goodness!" she laughed merrily. "And I have only one cat—Jinxie."

"The puppies," Donna went on dreamily, "are adorable—they are Lassies Tuffy and Laddie, and the birds are Pete, and Tuffy and Tuffy—named after Clarence Tiffin, right?"

Myrt, who named them, has a decided talent for picking names. Clarence, of course, is one of the characters in the "Myrt and Marge" skit. There have been in the five years, five hundred characters in "Myrt and Marge," all told, but several have been on the program continuously. The story concerns a mother and daughter who are actresses, and the supporting characters are drawn largely from Myrt's life and experience on the stage—plus, of course, a large amount of imagination.

"Mother has more imagination than anyone in the world," Donna murmured softly. "I think she could write grand novels."

And Myrtle confessed that in her mind were the plots of more than one story—if she could ever get time to write them down!

FOR PROMPT RELIEF QUITE LIKE PLEASANT NOTHING THERE'S NOTHING

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Myrt and Marge on a visit to the telephone exchange in San Francisco's Chinatown. The Oriental lassie is explaining to the famous radio team how the telephone business is conducted in both English and Chinese. It was all so fascinating they included the visit in one of their scripts.

For Myrtle's schedule is a very heavy one. Like Donna, she has to report for rehearsal at four o'clock. Then, the first show, for the east, is broadcast at six, and they have to be back at the studio at 9:30, for brief additional rehearsal before the western broadcast at ten. For Donna, the earlier part of the day is her own, to ride horseback with Gene or skip or play with her small son. But for Myrt, there is more work to do. For she has to write about three thousand words a day! At the beginning of the season, she has prepared a complete synopsis of the forthcoming program and usually has sketches written for two weeks in advance, and to keep up to schedule, she writes one episode a day.

She handles her subject very cleverly, alternating between comedy and drama, balancing humor and pathos with a light, sure touch and building up her mystery, heightening the suspense dently. The characters are well-drawn, the conversation natural. You feel that they are real people and that you know them intimately. Myrt and her husband, Francis Hyfield, Marge and her husband, Jack Arnold, Clarence Timmerman, Mr. Cornfield—the latter two provide grand comedy, but before you are done laughing at them, you are worrying over what that arch villainess, Mrs. Lawrence, is going to do next!

The program offers a wide variety, frequently, since the leading characters are actresses, giving a show within a show. And when this is done, the entire show that Myrt and Marge are supposed to be appearing in is acted out in detail, Myrt writing both dialogue and incidental music for the play within a play. This winter, Myrt and Marge are scheduled to appear in a music "Footlights," and for this, a complete scenario will be written and acted out as if it were an actual movie. Myrt has written new lyrics for it, including a theme song.

A tremendous fan mail gives added testimony to the popularity of these two talented girls. It is a particularly personalized fan mail—perhaps it is in part the mother-daughter relationship which has touched the hearts of so many. Myrt and Donna are deeply grateful for the many lovely, often hand made, gifts they receive in token of this warm appreciation and respond whole-heartedly to the sincerity and affection of those members of their unseen audience who take the trouble to put their feeling in words.

"Some one asked me what I did with my odd moments," Myrt chuckled, "and I told them they were all odd! One episode to be written every day, two broadcasts a day, personal mail and the more personal fan mail, too, to be answered, material gathered and some data looked up for future episodes—that takes up six days of the week, and Sundays I try to catch up with a little sleep and listen to the radio!"

There was a time when she could play golf and ride and enjoy baseball and football in season, but she finds it hard to get to even an occasional game nowadays. She is an ardent fan, and her interest in football is heightened by the fact that George Junior, a freshman in Southern California, shows promise of being a football hero. Incidentally, George shows



Draw me!

COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6 1/2 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

3996 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp. If you, Winter, would make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if it often sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the asthma is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address:

Frontier Asthma Co., 112-13 Frontier Bldg., 162 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

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Yes, you can actually learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home this amazing short-cut way! No expensive teacher—no tiresome lessons and expenses on coal-oil for the stove. You learn at home, in your spare time at a cost of only a few cents a day. Every step is as clear as A B C—and before you know it, you are playing and your friends are listening!

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new material for the winter program. They visited Mauna Loa, were half-frightened but completely thrilled by the threatening erater, Kilauea. They were fitted bedecked with lordly gorgeous flowers, fed with astounding foods at a native banquet or 'hau'. Wherever they went, they were adorned with leis and even now their eyes shine at the remembered beauty and fragrance of ginger and gardenia. Donna had about sixteen hundred feet of movie film and some earned pot as mementoes of the trip, Myrt a fund of material for her serapes!

But the days sped by all too quickly and they were soon on their way back home, back to work. They stopped briefly in San Francisco, visiting the Chinese telephone exchange in Chinatown, then the little group broke up. Donna and her husband drove home in their car and Myrt, following a different route, found time to visit the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest.

But it was back on the mainland, in the studio, in fact, that they got their biggest thrill! Myrt had wanted to include an eruption in one of her sketches, but decided against it, sacrificing drama to fact. There had been no eruptions for five or six years. Imagine then the excitement when, on the eve of one of their Hawaiian sketches a few weeks after their return, the famed volcano on Mauna Loa erupted! You may believe Myrt lost no time in making the most of Nature's unexpected cooperation! In a wild flurry, the Acts were rewritten and an excited cast played up to the news, feeling as if they were linked in the presence of that fearful and awe-inspiring spectacle.

Donna and Myrt both have plenty of energy with which to meet the demands of these busy days, but they still feel a lingering regret that, in the last two years, their vacations have been so short and I was not surprised when Myrt protested: "Next summer will be different!"

Donna, dreamy-eyed, nodded her dark head in agreement. "I'd like to go to South America with Gene," she confessed.

But Myrt's indefinite plans are for a lazier idyll, a complete relaxation and rest. "What I'd like to do," she said softly, with a faraway look in her eyes, "is get on a yacht and go to the South Sea Islands—I'd visit them all!" Her eyes twinkled, but there was an overtone of longing to the lightly spoken words: "I'd like to wear slacks and go barefooted and stop the boat in the middle of the ocean, if I feel like it, and go in swimming!"

A pleasant dream! We hope it comes true, at least in part! And that next fall we'll be hearing about the adventures of Myrt and Marge on the South Sea islands, so that we can share them vicariously!

But now—a quick look at the clock, a dash to the studio! Dreaming is all very well over the tea-cups, but it is the present that concerns Myrt and her daughter the most. For these two believe that it you take care of today, tomorrow will take care of itself. So, with keen enjoyment and verve, Myrtle and Donna merge themselves in their respective roles of 'Myrt and Marge' and another program is out the air.

Hard work? Yes, but as Donna says: "Oh, boy, what fun!"

THE END

SAD AND BLUE
Now dreams come true!

Sad and blue with "time on her hands" and nothing to do. Now she's in his arms and sees her dreams come true. Perhaps you, too, find life passing you by. Why not discover for yourself the allure you can achieve through the fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume, the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder, the terracing colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick? The fragrance of Blue Waltz invites caresses, thrills... and lingers on in his heart.

Remember to ask for Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics if you want to be remembered. Certified pure, laboratory tested. 10¢ each at 5 and 10¢ stores.

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I Was Just Another Discontented Housewife



UNTIL JOE APPOINTED ME "TREASURER"
—And Now I'm So Happy!

"Dishes... drudgers... housework... no inspiration, never getting anywhere, no money ahead. Then one payday Joe said: "Here, Honey, you be 'Treasurer.' You take the pay envelope, see it you can't manage the money better than I've been doing..."

because I was working for something real—money in the bank, protection, comfort, happiness

Valuable Booklets FREE

This is the story of thousands of women whose lives have been made happier by having a real job to do—managing the family's income. Household Finance Corporation gives you the start—sends you the nearest way to handle the pay envelope you ever saw. Sends the "Better Housekeeping" booklet that shows you how to save a lot on the things you buy. Send now for sample booklet—this is FREE!

Hear Edger A. Guest in Housewife's "Welcome & All's" radio program each Tuesday night NBC Blue Network

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one of the leading banks, houses, corporations with 188 offices in 132 cities

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parent, lightly indelible
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pally waiting. They're
... on like a lock
... a moment
... self, aware nothing
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Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Mustersole is applied.

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Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 7)

Theatre in the Bronx. The year was 1912. The song was "Mother Macchree," which still is one of his most frequently requested numbers.

DRAMA ON THE AIR

Helen Hayes, of "The New Penny" broadcasts, finds radio a warmer and more satisfying medium than the screen.

"I find it possible to make fuller use of the imagination in radio work than I could in the movie," she says. "And I believe imagination essential to good acting. While I'm broadcasting I forget the microphone and am not conscious of anything that might whisk me back to reality. In pictures I found the opposite true. The mechanics made me frightfully self-conscious. I remember once being in a frightfully tense scene and suddenly thinking about my nose! The cameraman had told me that if I didn't tilt my head at a certain angle, the light would strike it in the wrong way, which would be disastrous. "Radio doesn't do that. Once the program is on the air, there is no looking of the mood—because the director can't stop you, even if you are doing the wrong thing. And obviously an actor does his best job when he can remain in the spirit of the play."

Peeping into another episode in this magazine, we discover that Helen Hayes' weekly drama, "The New Penny," is gaining in popularity. Helen, herself, of course, is unmatchably popular in whatever medium she comes to us. We ourselves, could listen with delight were she only reciting the alphabet—such is the magic of her voice and art.

Mark Warnow reports that he has com-

posed close to 10,000 bars of music for the weekly Helen Hayes broadcasts. Only original melodies are employed as background and atmosphere during the "New Penny" programs.

ALL-AMERICAN BOOKWORM

This is Captain Tim Healy, whose fascinating spy and stamp stories have won him a national following. From early dawn till midnight, save for the periods of his broadcasts, or when he makes a personal appearance at some school, he is poring over his avalanche of mail, digesting the day's news, poring over all kinds of data, and studying international affairs, in preparation for his programs.

WHY IS IT?

Movie idols seem to want the whole world to know when they step to the air. Radio stars, however, seem to feel that marriage will hurt their professional careers. . . Jessica Dragonette still deides all marriage rumors. . . So does Deane Lane. . . And how about Lily Pons? . . .

Well, some of the boys point with pride to happy and romantic marriages. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson met early in 1927, while she was leading lady in the popular musical comedy, "Tangoes" and were married July first of that year. . . Deems Taylor once was a lieutenant and married the only girl he ever saved from drowning. . . Fildie Untor and his wife, Ida, were childhood sweethearts. . . Oscar Shaw's marriage, like that of Burns and Allen, was the result of a backstage romance. . . Stuart Allen Richard Himmler's vocalist, met his future wife on the Alban boat. . . H. V. Kaltenbach met his on shipboard, crossing the Atlantic.



Deems Taylor listens intently as George Gershwin plays one of his original compositions. Deems is also quite the composer himself, if you recall.



Gogo DeLys, young CBS songstress, is an expert when it comes to skating and skiing, the reason being that she was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, of French-Canadian parents. Hoped to be a lawyer.



You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system, keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.



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Pain Stops At Once! Write for Free Sample of Painless Treatment.
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SHAMPOO-RINSE washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter

BLONDES, has your hair darkened to an unattractive, brownish shade? Don't let it stay that way. Do what millions of other natural light blondes do. Bring back to dull, faded hair the fascinating, alluring lights so natural to the true blonde. Now the new shampoo-rinse, **BLONDEX**, washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—IN JUST ONE SHAMPOO. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh chemical or dye. Try Blondex today. And once again have hair that gleams with radiance and beauty. Get the new shampoo-rinse today, **BLONDEX**. At any good drug or department store.

No other screen magazine gives you the reading entertainment offered by **SCREEN ROMANCES Magazine**. In the current issue 24 latest movie hits appear as complete novelizations and in lengthy review form. Get a copy of **SCREEN ROMANCES** for yourself today. You'll find the following hits included . . .

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in "CAPTAIN JANUARY" . . .

MARLENE DIETRICH and **GARY COOPER** co-starred in "DESIRE" . . .

JOHN BOLES and **BARBARA STANWYCK** in "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA" . . .

GEORGE ARLISS in "MISTER HOBO" . . .

FRED ASTAIRE and **GINGER ROGERS** ON THE SET . . .

These are but a few of the many stories in the current issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**. Look for Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich on the cover of the March

SCREEN

Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
Now on Sale Everywhere

casts . . . Richard Humber was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1906, and earned his first salary (\$600 a week) as wrapper in a department store . . . Rachel Carley, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round songstress, cherishes a secret desire to study medicine . . . Carmela Ponselle, of "Broadway Varieties," plans her own dresses and makes many of her own hats . . . Kirsten Flagstad, NBC soprano, is married to Henry Johansen, wealthy Norwegian lumberman, who also manages her business affairs . . . Visitors to Major Lowell's country home ask about the unusual in-oxe figure of an angel in the center of the balcony railing. It was the gift of an ornamental worker, who received it from his native town in Germany for assistance given his church. It is called "The Angel of Peace," and had been a decoration in the church since it was built, in 1280 . . . Priscilla Lane, of Warner's "Pennsylvanians," was born in Indianola, Iowa, on June 12th. Her childhood ambition was to be a cowgirl on a ranch . . . Loreeta Lee was born in New Orleans twenty-one years ago. She has copper-colored hair, gray-green eyes and an ivory complexion. She confesses to a passion for new clothes . . .

SNAPSHOTS

Amateur Aloys Havrilla, 1935 diction medal winner, is married to the former Marion Munson, a descendant of John Howland, of Mayflower renown . . . Malcolm Clark, well known to listeners as "Spacetricks" was christened Malcolm Williamson. He is a native of Wilsonville, Ala., so his Southern accent is authentic . . . Jack Fulton's nickname is "Steamboat." It continues from his boyhood when schoolmates so tagged him upon learning Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, was his ancestor. . . Odette Myrtil, the Evening in Paris entertainer, is the wife of Stanley Logan, Warner Brothers' musical director . . . Kenny Baker, Jack Benny's teen-stooge, is married to the sweetheart of his high school days.

THE END



In this picture you see a hand holding a pad of cotton. The dirt on the pad was removed from the face of a woman who thought her face was clean. It was removed by Ambrōsia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser that gets out clogging dirt left by ordinary cleansing methods.

Get Ambrōsia today. Test it once by using it after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrōsia tingle, you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

You can get a trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢ at drug or department stores.

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Your own Hose
Free of Extra Cost

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

BINGO

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Borbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Borbo imparts color to the hair, and gray hair, makes it soft and glossy, takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Father Coughlin Justifies Attack on Roosevelt

(Continued from page 15)

listeners complain that you seem to be for him one Sunday and against him the next."

"That is unfortunate," the radio priest replied. "But it cannot be helped. Strictly speaking I am neither 'for' him nor 'against' him. I am, rather, 'for' certain principles and 'against' other principles. To the extent that President Roosevelt is making effective the 16 points of the National Union for Social Justice, I am for him. To the extent that he has rejected these principles, I am against him."

"Why," I inquired, "have you recently become so bitterly critical of the New Deal?"

"Because it has failed to drive the money-changers from the temple and because I am in favor of government by law, not government by men. Government by men is leading us inevitably in the direction of dictatorship—not necessarily a Roosevelt dictatorship but a negation, eventually, of representative government."

"Well, what kind of president do you think we should elect in order to avert this danger?" I asked.

Father Coughlin did not reply for a moment. He took a couple of turns back and forth across the rug in his study. His melancholy Great Dane shuffled into the room. Absent-mindedly Father Coughlin scratched the huge dog's head.

"I could answer that question," he said, finally, "but I won't. It's not important."

"You see, the important thing is not the

character of the president but the character of the congress. Economically, we are suffering from corruption and collapse of the system known as capitalism. Politically, we are suffering from degeneration of the legislative branch of our government. These two things, occurring simultaneously, are throwing the powers of government into the hands of the executive and pushing us closer to the point where the president shall be law-maker law-interpreter and law-administrator.

"Already we have seen a spectacle unparalleled in our history. We have seen the congress delegate its law-making power to the president, who made, interpreted and executed regulations having the force of law—and was only checked by the intervention of the Supreme Court. I refer, of course, to the NRA. In the long view, the decision that killed the NRA was entirely to the nation's good, because it was a dam thrown across the current carrying us toward fascism."

"You know," he continued, "people are apt to think that our government is a recently made thing—of the present day only. Nothing could be more spurious. Nobody made our form of government. It grew! Let's go back and look at the first sprouts of it and see if we can't get a better grasp of this dictatorship issue."

So we went back—clear back to the Magna Carta. This, as everyone knows was a document signed by the King of



Portland Hoffa, past mistress of heckling, attempts a bit of song, but master of ceremonies Fred Allen, decides the time is right for a bit of muffling. Or maybe Fred's just trying to even up the heckling score, up to this point decidedly in Portland's (Mrs. Fred) favor.

A Discovery About
DRY SKIN

Asteatosis
ROBS VICTIMS OF SKIN BEAUTY!

Asteatosis makes your complexion rough, dry and unattractive.

Overcome **DRY SKIN** by using Lander's new **OLIVE OIL CREAM** for cleansing and nourishing Dry Skin.

WHAT IS ASTEATOSIS?

Asteatosis is the medical name for the failure of the sebaceous glands to feed oil to the skin. Physicians recommend **OLIVE OIL** to treat Asteatosis. Lander's pure **OLIVE OIL CREAM** will nourish and lubricate dry skin. Try it today!



**Sold as a love slave!
Trapped in a harem!**

He towered above her in the opaque blackness of the desert evening. A faint dry breeze brought to her from his flowing robes the scent of sandalwood and tobacco and the clean smell of well-kept Moroccan leather.

"Really," she murmured, "I've been in Egypt several months, but no one has taken the trouble to insult me." "Insult you?" repeated Ahmed Mahun quietly. His tone was spiced with scorn. "How is it possible to insult a girl of twenty who would marry a reprobate like Falconer? You don't know, of course, what he is, what he does for his living. Do you know that the man is a trader in women?" he wound up, tranquilly.

If Caralotta had heeded the stranger's warning, she might never have been sold into slavery, kept prisoner in a harem!

Read this thrilling complete novel of desert love in the March

Sweetheart
Stories

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establish government by elected delegates, sought a superman.

"It was this unspoken popular demand for a vigorous executive to take command of a despised and distrusted legislature that Franklin D. Roosevelt heeded when he pushed through the so-called emergency legislation with its unprecedented presidential powers. America wanted action and it wanted action immediately. It lost sight of the implications contained in its method of getting action.

"Such a course was only human under the stress of capitalism's failure; men would rather have freedom with poverty than slavery with wealth. But when real hunger enters and homes are cold and lobes are starving, the picture changes: Men would rather eat under a dictator than starve under a parliament."

"Well," I suggested, "then maybe the swing toward dictatorship was good?"

"That's the difficult part of it," Father Coughlin replied. "In a certain, practical, temporary sense, it was. It gave the coup de grace to the corrupt old deal, and it averted revolution, which was more imminent in the winter of 1931-32 than was generally realized. For better or for worse, a strong hand had grasped the tiller once more and there was a commander on the bridge. People who might have starved under Hoover, were fed under Roosevelt. But in the long view it was a perilous course. The trouble with the superman theory is that no such man exists. No nation of this size, with so complex a civilization as ours, can be governed by one man, however wise and tireless. Inevitably, the superman is forced to delegate his work to lesser supermen, and the result is bureaucracy, which is inimical to liberty."

I said: "Then, actually, Father, the remedy for the nation's political trouble lies in electing better legislators. But how

are you going to accomplish that?"

"Well," Father Coughlin said, "let's look backward again. The theory of democratic government presumes that the people shall have means and opportunity for free exchange of ideas and opinions. In the old Greek democracies the entire body politic met and discussed its problems in one assembly. Something like this must exist in every democracy. The first move of a dictator is to forbid the free expression of opinion and the free interchange of political information. You cannot have a democracy unless the people can get together and talk things over.

"The founders of the United States understood this very well and they wrote into the constitution strong guarantees of free speech and free press. But speech was a very limited thing in those days. The voter in Massachusetts could seldom speak with the voter in Pennsylvania. The effectiveness of free speech, as a guarantee of freedom, was virtually limited to the local units of the government. Consequently, the press became the chief forum of public opinion. Its editorials carried tremendous weight with the populace and its news columns were dedicated almost exclusively to information concerning political and governmental developments.

"This condition continued until near the end of the last century. Then gradually the character of the press changed. It became big business, interested mainly in dividends and deriving its revenue from sale of advertising space. Once forums of public opinion, the newspapers became organs of information and entertainment. The influence of the editorial writer gave way to the acres-of-size of the business office. Today the press is "free" only to a certain extent. Too often the only opinions permitted in its columns are the opinions of the newspaper owners and in many instances any information seriously damag-



Betty Lou Gerson of the "First Nighter" program having a snack of lunch with Announcer Don McNeill and Templetton Fox of "Your Health" series.



George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Radio Stars, presenting the magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio to Conductor Gus Haenschen, Lucy Monroe, Frank Munn, Producer E. F. Hummert and Announcer Howard Clancy, all of the American Album of Familiar Music program.

ing to these opinions is either distorted, or printed ino-spectuously or not at all.

"But while the power of the free press was suddenly amplified a million-fold by the invention of radio. The advent of broadcasting made it possible for the leaders of political thought to speak to the entire nation, as intimately and personally as I am speaking to you now. The country became, as it were, a vast town-meeting, at which any group might state its case in the hearing of all who were interested enough to turn a dial and listen.

"In the radio lies our hope. The radio is truly free. My own addresses, in which I have assailed evil wherever I found it, constitute proof that radio is uncensored. "To bring the thing down to practicality, consider the National Union for Social Justice. This is an articulate, non-partisan group, committed to the 16 principles which I have repeatedly laid down in my radio lectures. The contributions of the group pay for the use of the radio. Communicating on the air, this union will act as a lobby in the interests of the people.

"We are going to compile the record of every representative and every senator in Congress. We are going to broadcast this information to every corner of the land, giving the people information on which they can act to separate the sheep from the goats, the machine politicians and incompetents of both parties from the honest public servants of both parties. We are going to try to raise the standard of congress before it is absorbed by the White House. And, meanwhile, if any group disagrees with us, it is at liberty to take to the air and state its case with the same freedom of speech I have enjoyed."

"Assuming that both were free of de-

liberate censorship, how is the radio superior to the press as a forum of public opinion?" I asked.

"When I buy radio time I am in a different position than when I am the subject of a news account in the press. I may use the time I have purchased for any purpose I choose, within limits of decency and reason. The radio owner has no control over my thought. When one of my lectures is reported in the press the newspapers seldom, if ever, print the entire body of my speech. They print their interpretation of what I said, bolstered by selected quotations from my address. Over it all they print a label in large type, representing some headline writer's conception of what I meant. This headline usually determines the reader's reaction. The newspaper may so arrange its headline and its report of my words as to change the whole meaning of what I said, while adhering to the facts."

"What assurance have you?" I asked. "that the radio will remain free? Both radio and press live by selling advertising facilities. You charge that the press is dominated by its nature as an advertising medium. What guarantee have you that radio will not be likewise ruled?"

"There was an anxious look in Father Coughlin's eyes. Finally he said:

"I have no guarantee of that whatever. I have only my faith in the wisdom of the men who control radio and my knowledge that thus far I have been permitted to speak my mind without censorship.

"I can say this, however, that I sincerely believe the radio will remain free and that I sincerely believe that, if its freedom is impaired, you eventually will see a dictator in the White House."

The End



Youthful looking
HAIR



To be always well groomed, with youthful, lustrous hair, use Nestle Colorinse. This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair... a gleaming, glowing, glimmer that gives to any hair the perfect highlights of its own natural color. Colorinse is easily removed — a shampoo washes it away.

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For a package containing 2 boxes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. To check your neighborhood store, use the Nestle Shade Selector

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KILL THE HAIR ROOT



...of most painful problems and skin growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it regularly, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Brochure by 15 boxes of wonderful new all over the world. Send for in stamps TODAY for Blue-Jay Booklet.

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**IF YOU HAD A
TACK IN YOUR TOE**



You'd take it out... being careful to avoid infection • A corn is hard, dead tissue with tack-like point. Shoe pressure forces the hard point into nerves, sending pain throughout your system. When soft felt Blue-Jay pad is centered over the corn, shoe pressure is lifted and pain ceases instantly. The mild Blue-Joy mechanism unloosens the corn and in 3 days you lift it out completely.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 50)

LOSE FAT

By Safe
FOOD METHOD
No More
Drugs

Just like
Eating Candy!

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

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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She lost 48 lbs.

sleep and tear stockings.

Luzina Merrill: "My mother, Aimee McLean, was a radio singer... also appeared on the stage."

Lucy Monroe: "My mother was Anna Laughlin, who made her debut on the stage at the age of eight. She was a star in the 'Wizard of Oz' at sixteen. This play ran two years in New York. My mother is appearing on the Hammerstein hour as an 'old time', though we look like sisters."

Ted Hammerstein: "My grandfather was Oscar Hammerstein; my uncle is Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer, my cousins are Oscar Hammerstein the second, composer and author, and Elaine Hammerstein, former motion picture star."
Deems Taylor: "When my daughter, Joan, is eighteen you won't be asking that question."

Odette Myrial: "My whole family were musicians."

Andree Kostelanetz: "I have an uncle, who is one of the foremost bridge builders in Russia."

Morou Jordan: "Yes, my husband does a swell 'Fibber McGee.'"

Leo Reisman: "You are talking a lot longer than when you say elsewhere."

Parkyakabus: "Yes—nobody can spend money like my family!"

Do You Ever Feel Like Giving Up Your Career?

Elou Hitz: "Oh, yes—every time I see a new lady."

Parkyakabus: "What career?"

Leo Reisman: "No. To me the life-line is the work-line, and my career is my work-line."

Morou Jordan: "At times I do."

Ray Noble: "No!"

Ed McConnell: "There have been times when I would have liked to do it, but the longer I am in radio the less such impulses come upon me."

Idiar West: "No—I hope to work to the last."

Oscar Shaw: "I feel that I have a good many years ahead of me to accomplish much more than I already have."

Odette Myrial: "Not yet."

Deems Taylor: "Every Tuesday at 12 30 P. M. (end of dress rehearsal, Swift Studio Party) and every Thursday at 5 30 P. M. (duo, Squibb-Placeways Program)."

Richard Humber: "Yes."

Ted Hammerstein: "No... I enjoy it too much!"

Lucy Monroe: "Yes... there have been so many setbacks and disappointments."

Luzina Merrill: "No no, a thousand times 'NO!'"

Eddie Cantor: "Only after a bad performance—which isn't very often—often!"

Claude Hopkins: "No... I'm too much in love with my work!"

George Olsen: "Every night, just as it's time to go to work!"

Harriet Hildard: "Ten times a day."

Bernice Claire: "I'm sure every artist

at times wishes for some other line of work, but take them out of harness for any length of time and they feel quite miserable—at least I do."

Grace Moore: "Every day."

Donna Duane: "Maybe of Myrt and Mavis?" "No, I feel I have so much to learn!"

Don Ameche: "Just new in the field, so I've never thought of it."

Charles Cantor: "Never."

Conrad Liebhart: "Indeed not. It is all ways a source of pleasure, even though it makes such great demands on time and preparation."

Louisy Ross: "Not as yet, because I feel that I'm only at the beginning of it."

Mark Wainbow: "No... it never has bored me."

Niela Goodrich: "Very often—after some discouragement or other."

Frank Parker: "On many occasions."

Al Pearce: "No—since I think radio the most interesting of all vocations."

Qued Ross: "Only when I feel tired and disheartened."

Patti Chapin: "My feelings vary really have amounted to that—I like my work too much."

Kate Smith: "Once in a while I have a hankering to a small farm in some isolated country spot, but I imagine that if I did get away from my work, I'd be lost without it, not to mention the many contacts with people all over the country."

Deane Janis: "Not exactly, but I have a certain goal in view and if it isn't reached within the next five years, I shall give up the slip and settle down to domesticity."

Ray Perkins: "On the contrary, I live in fear that I may have to!"

Margaret Spinks: "No. It is too much a part of my life."

Nick Dawson: "Very frequently."

Gabriel Heatter: "Yes—after each broadcast—they seem to fall so far short of what I would like them to be. But a man must eat—and then there is the hope that springs eternal."

Inho Barclay: "My 'commercial career'—yes—but never the art of the stage and song."

Pink Madouc: "What career?" (*Did Pink and Parkyakabus get together on this?*)

Pat Padgett: "Who doesn't?"

Helen Jepson: "Never... be my work ever so hard!"

What Is Your Idea of the Ideal Announcer?

Ted Husing: "The informative, non-self-conscious, breezy, intimate and wholly unassuming lad—a type such as Milton Cross was when I worked with him in 1925-27."

Richard Humber: "A combination of David Ross, Carlisle Stevens, and Ted Pearson."

Harry von Zell: "One who can sound perfectly natural at all times, regardless of the variety of his assignments."

FIND YOUR DESTINY!

FOLLOW THE STARS!

Let them guide you to happiness and success during the coming year.

Famous astrologers have combined in the new magazine, **YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE**, to reveal to each of you the effect of the planets upon your birth sign for the month of March, in general and day-by-day.

Other revelations in this new magazine will show you how to use astrology in your daily life, as a guide and staff of self-reliance.

Begin a new life today! Learn what March holds for you, and what this very day holds, by getting the March issue of

Your Daily HOROSCOPE

Now on Sale Everywhere... 10c

Freddy Rich: "There ain't no such animal. I feel that certain announcers have delivery and interpretations for certain moods and should be kept in line with those moods."

Andy Sannella: "An announcer has to conform with the atmosphere of the program he happens to be handling or the wishes of the sponsor, and if he comes up to this I should think he would be pretty ideal."

Parks Johnson: "I prefer the announcer who is able to blend his own personality perfectly into the particular program he may be handling. Instead of effacing himself by doing this, he becomes the more highly regarded by his listeners."

Erno Rapee: "Short as possible."
Kate Smith: "One who speaks naturally and in a friendly tone. I suppose I prefer this type because it fits in best with my show."

Ed McConnell: "One who thoroughly knows and understands his subject matter and is able to inject a human friendliness while excluding personal mannerisms."

Benny Cumin: "Paul Douglas—who can ad-lib and be amusing at the same time and who has the personal touch. Ted Tusing is next. Informality is my idea of an outstanding voice."

Glen Gray: "Naturally a clear voice, perfectly deep. Exceptional diction. Outstanding personality and the ability to use it by ad libbing in a pinch. Regular above."

Dale Carnegie: "Alois Havrilla—or somebody else with a nice personality—not necessarily perfect diction or delivery."

India Sunderson: "I like to be aware of personality in an announcer as well as in an artist."

Nils T. Granlund: "Never heard of one."

Igar Grinis: "Ken Niles and Jimmy Wallington."

Big Crosby: "Good understandable voice and quick on answers."

Ray Perkins: "Natural American diction, no pompous conceits, a versatile voice that can be serious or facetious, broad education that implies culture without stuffed shirt."

Paul Pearson: "Moderate in delivery, moderate in inflection."

Jose Mauteroux: "For diction and quality of voice I admire Graham McNamee, who is to me the ideal announcer."

Jimmy Durante: "Anyone whose diction and pronunciation is superb!"

Helen Jepson: "A really sincere-sounding person."

Conrad Thibault: "Very hard to answer—but it seems good diction and enunciation plus sincerity of delivery covers a multitude of sins."

Helen Marshall: "Someone who forgets his education lessons..."

Lennie Hayton: "Someone who carries sincerity in his voice without having to force his voice to convince people that he is sincere."

Rebecca Clavin: "In the first place, one whose voice is of a pleasant quality—male of course—never yet have I really enjoyed a woman announcer. The second essential is, in my estimation, a sense of timing, and just a touch of the dramatic helps even the humble tooth-paste announcement."

Phil Ducey: "I think announcers should

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Her husband marvels at her clear complexion, sparkling eyes, new vitality. She is really a different person since she eliminated intestinal sluggishness. What a difference a balanced combination of natural laxatives makes. Learn for yourself! Give Nature's Remedy (N.R. Tablets) a trial. Note how naturally they work, leaving you feeling 100% better, fresher, more alive. Contains no harmful mineral derivatives. 25c. All drug stores.

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fit the program and product for which they announce. Take, for example Al Boelz; I don't like to hear him except on symphonic and dignified programs."

Josephine Gibson: "Do not like announcers who try to be facetious. Sincerity is the main thing."

Virginia Verrill: David Ross. He is not over dramatic, his voice is divine and I have seen him in emergency cases meet the situation with a calm head."

Viola Goodelle: "One who speaks clearly, without affectation and exudes loads of personality. If you want names, I consider George Hicks excellent."

Ray Block: "Ken Roberts."

Deanna Taylor: "Let someone else say it."

Ally Lyman: "A soft talker"

Bob Crosby: "Norman Brokenshire, who gives even a very common announcement an uncommon note of sincerity."

David Ross: "Ideals vary with the individual. My ideal announcer is one whose voice is mature, resonant and musical; whose utterance is convincing and whose manner is authoritative yet friendly."

Nick Dawson: "One who combines the best in the voices of Hayrilla and McNamee, the color of David Ross, the vivacity of Don Wilson, the smoky of Milton Cross, and the conviction of Harry von Zell and Wallington"

What Is Your Attitude Toward Hill-Billy Music?

Nick Dawson: "A very little goes on awfully long ways as far as I'm concerned."

David Ross: "I like hill-billy music for its disarming naivete and healthy crudities."

Bob Crosby: "Not among my favorite types of music."

The Lyman: "Like it."

Deanna Taylor: "Let's keep this clean."

Ray Block: "All right in small doses."

Niela Goodelle: "Am not over fond of it."

Virginia Verrill: "It probably has its place, but personally I hate corny music of any kind."

Josephine Gibson: "My secret passion" *Phil Ducey:* "If the music is genuine, I usually am very much entertained by it. I have to use for the Broadway hill-billies."

Bernice Chaire: "I recommend it in carefully weighed out portions to vary one's musical diet."

Lamie Melton: "Tolerant."

Annie Koshlanetz: "All right in its place."

Louise Hayton: "Good hill-billy music, used at the right moment, is very soothing. Its simplicity of chordal sequences makes it very enjoyable in the midst of a modern program."

Helen Warshaw: "If you like it, well and good—but don't inflict it on your friends."

Conrad Tibbault: "I wish I knew what it was."

Helen Johnson: "Have to be in the right mood to enjoy it."

Louise Duante: "Love it... also Hawaiian."

Jose Manzaneros: "I admire all kinds of music when it is well played. There is also a good deal of horse-sense philosophy in the lyrics of the hill-billy music."

Ray Peikart: "It's like corn liquor..."

fine if you take it in limited quantities."

Igor Gorkin: "I prefer operatic music."

Patsy Parkars: "Some day it will replace the horse and buggy."

Nils T. Granlund: "It's terrible!"

Robert L. Ripley: "My idea of grand opera."

Dale Caruana: "Need you ask?"

Glen Gray: "Hill-billy music is swell if a genuine outfit is presenting it... and a good one at that. There are very few mountain tunes that I like to hear on a dance band."

Benny Venuta: "I guess it's here to stay—but it'll never take the place of opera."

Ed McConnell: "I like the rollicksome lilt and tempo and the informality... though I find it hard to stomach the lack of harmony."

Frank Cravat: "I'm very much in 'flavor' of it."

Erno Rapce: "It is not music."

Patsy Johnson: "I do not enjoy breakfast in my pyjamas, but I do enjoy hill-billy music... in the hills!"

Anny Samuella: "Yes!"

Reddie Rich: "I despise it."

Harry von Zell: "If it is well done and authentic, I like it very much. I hasten to add, however, that I distinctly dislike lots of lunk that comes to us these days under the mistletoe heading of 'hill-billy'."

Richard Hundert: "I can take it or leave it alone."

Ted Huskist: "Drives me nuts."

Has the Old Adage "The Show Must Go On" Ever Directly Affected You?

Nick Dawson: "Several times—once when I dislocated both shoulders, about an hour before air time—once because of a severe cold—and once when a swinging miko knocked me cold some two minutes before my broadcast."

David Ross: "The only time I was confronted with the show-must-go-on situation was when I dragged myself out of bed with a high fever, to do a broadcast. While at times the psychology of carry-on may be laudable there are instances when it becomes most asinine and inhuman."

Bob Crosby: "I touched myself to participate in a Roger-Gallett program six days after an attack of pneumonia."

Deanna Taylor: "Yes. Stokowski called up half an hour ago and invited me to the Philadelphia Orchestra concert tomorrow night, and that's a night I have to go on the air."

Ray Block: "My father died on a Saturday morning... I had to do a Keweenaw broadcast Saturday night."

Viola Goodelle: "I had to broadcast a few hours after the death of my grandmother. It was very hard to do because we were very close."

Lugina Correll: "Several times. Two years ago in the Los Angeles CBS studios my broadcast was punctuated by an earthquake. In 1934 I did half of a thirty-minute program in the dark, with water pouring into the Bohemian Gardens where I was broadcasting. A large reservoir had just burst above the catwalk."

Josephine Gibson (Hostess Council): "We discovered after we thought we were on the air on a chain broadcast, that

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SO—start now with the March issue to keep pace with your favorite comic characters in

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the mike we were using was not connected. I had to rush to another—a standing microphone—and continued the broadcast, trembling so hard that I was forced to hold on to a piano to keep aloft. May not sound bad, but it was awful!"

Phil Tracy: "Yes. I often have been quite ill with colds, coughs, and even fevers. I have lost very dear ones and thought it necessary to continue my programs."

Bernice Clark: "I have worked many times when I have been too ill to hold up my head, but somehow one always manages to carry on."

Andie Kautzsch: "No."

Lennie Hayton: "Yes. When one of my best friends, Eddie Lang, who played guitar in my orchestra, passed on. None of the boys felt like working, but we went on just the same."

Helen Marshall: "Once in the presentation of a new opera the prima donna was taken ill just a few days before the opening. I was rushed into the part and was prepared to go on—but our prima donna recovered sufficiently to do the part."

Conrad Tibbault: "No, sorry!"

Helen Jepson: "Many times . . . but never under circumstances worth writing home about."

Jimmy Durante: "It was a severe blow to bury my only brother on a Saturday and then try to be funny the following day on Chase and Sanborn."

Joe Wainwright: "Many a time. On one occasion I had been troubled by my doctor to leave my bed. I was sick as a dog, with the flu and a high temperature. In order not to disappoint my audience I sneaked out to the station (in San Francisco) and put on my program."

Robert L. Ripley: "Has only affected my sponsor."

Glen Gray: "Often; particularly when we're on the road barn storming. Illness is the usual handicap, but there have been many others which we've had to overcome to play a duet or broadcast."

Benny Veneta: "Many times I have had such bad colds I couldn't talk—but the minute I got on the air I seemed to be able to sing."

Kate Smith: "When I went on tour with my 'Swanee Rock' I became ill from overwork. I did take a couple of days off, but because I realized that sixty people depended on me for their livelihood I got out on my sickbed in a hurry."

Park Johnson: "In no serious way. At one time, with the thermometer tearing the zero mark out on the sidewalk near our Vox Pop interviews we were taking place, the problem of finding a sufficient number of interviewees bothered us for a few minutes. However, presenting each person interviewed with a dollar bill brought nearly listeners on a run to the broadcast. The show went on."

Andy Stanella: "In October, 1928, right after my oldest brother had passed away, I had to leave home to appear at a broadcast of the Smith Brothers program."

Fredde Rich: "Yes. The show went on despite the fact that my father had just died, and, at another time, when my mother had died."

Ed Hussey: "Thank heavens, no!"

THE END



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IS A MERRY OLD SOUL
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF
HE HAS HIS TUMS
IF HEARTBURN COMES
THEY GIVE HIM QUICK RELIEF!

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MARK the test that has switched millions to Tums. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, last night's party or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taisons" vanish. You are not taking any harsh alkalies which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that dissolves only enough to correct stomach acid.



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Board of Review

(Continued from page 10)

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist- Throat" Method

Did you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe dry so low! Think of the relief that your throat, making you cough.



It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unlogs" the stagnant, loquacious phlegm—soothes your cough away.

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Skin Help
When surface pimples
spoil looks or eczema
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FREEZONE

- MAJOR ROWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).**
Human interest on parade
- JUMBO (NBC).**
James F. Haney, Gloria Gault and Donald O'Connell
- CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).**
Raymond D. Knudsen and his orchestra
- SHUT-IN-HOUR—U. S. MARINE BAND (NBC).**
Marches and tunes
- LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).**
Considerably more interesting than the usual sketches
- NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).**
Haystack Merritt
- WARDEN LAWRENCE (NBC).**
Long first hour of program in Song Shop to the City, Boston at home
- GRACE MOORE (NBC).**
Wanda and her friends
- PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
Phil gives the show a touch
- YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS).**
Always with the Columbia label
- THE SINGING LADY (NBC).**
Pleasant variety on radio
- ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS).**
Frank Parker, Georgia, Mississippi
- LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN (CBS).**
Top of drama of radio with Lucy Lane and Frates Schell
- WALTER WINSTON FRANK MANN, LUCY MONROE, AND LYDIA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
Hot, hot time in the town
- RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC).**
Little radio and a good one to hear and see
- HELEN HAYES (NBC).**
Too bad her script hasn't made an appeal
- VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEARS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).**
Nelson Lady and Kish (comb. occasional guests. Margaret's voice brings you of the most remarkable in radio)
- HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).**
Variety plus
- IMMY FIDLER (NBC).**
His is a good place to hear him
- RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
The select as always on the radio
- AMOS 'N' ANDY (CBS).**
Personally a pole
- BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
Ben's has in a way a better radio broadcast than the delivery is worth it
- FRED CANTOR (SWEDISH) WITH PARK-VAN BREUSEN, SMITH, WALLINGTON AND GARDNER ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
Harriet Ladd, Gena Delano, and all the gang
- ★ ★ ★
- SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).**
Very fine
- BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS (CBS).**
Top Melrose makes book covers of all
- THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).**
Lionel Lincoln's impersonations are grand and are much better as an entertainment than the comedy of her previous acts
- CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
It is a brand of home to say and sophisticated and is a mixture now featured or mixed completely in the form
- MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC).**
Top of every show has the best from a long time
- AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC).**
It is a good show
- LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC).**
It is a good show
- FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).**
It is a good show
- EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICARDS SISTERS (NBC).**
It is a good show
- MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANK IMHOFF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS).**
It is a good show
- LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).**
Just about the best in the country
- LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).**
It is a good show
- ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC).**
It is a good show
- LUM AND ANNER (NBC).**
It is a good show
- LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).**
It is a good show
- BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
It is a good show
- JOHNNY AUGUSTINE AND HIS MUSIC WITH PATTI CHAPIN (CBS).**
You must hear Patti's new material
- DALE CARNEGIE IN LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE (CBS).**
Sort of an interesting "Let's see if we can't see it"
- MAJOR ROWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).**
Living on the air
- PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).**
It is a good show
- LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).**
It is a good show
- FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS).**
It is a good show
- BOAKE CARTER (CBS).**
American is a song with an English accent
- LIFE IS A SONG (NBC).**
It is a good show
- HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (NBC).**
It is a good show
- KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).**
It is a good show
- CLIQUE CLUB ESKIMOS (NBC).**
Harry Harvey and his band. Sparkling dance music
- THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC).**
It is a good show
- ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS).**
It is a good show
- HARY AND ESTHER (CBS).**
It is a good show
- TOM POWERS (NBC).**
Our man drama
- SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).**
It is a good show
- THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).**
It is a good show
- HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS).**
It is a good show

RADIO STARS

BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).

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PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).

Introduction to P. H. House

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

Original music dramas, superbly performed

EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC)

Seems Ludwig Gern's philosophy about violence

JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

The best before you can say Jack Robinson.

MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).

Lyricist arrangements

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).

Lives in the lazy manner.

MYSTERY CHEF (NBC).

Typical mystery

BOB BECKER (NBC).

Comedy bits

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNELLA'S

(Continued on page 107)



When Patricia Gilmore, pictured above, was seventeen, she won a beauty contest and started posing for magazine covers. All this happened while she was still in high school. She graduated at eighteen and the day after she turned nineteen was signed to sing as soloist with Eric Madriguera and his orchestra over the NBC networks from Chicago. Patricia's a blonde, blue-eyed contralto whose hobby is water color painting.



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RADIO LAUGHS

Selected Snickers from Popular Programs



JIMMY DURANTE: (As *Brainy Bowers*) I just took a correspondence course with the Strongfort Athletic Institute.
ARTHUR SINCLAIR: (As *Constance*) Well, you don't look any stronger to me.
DURANTE: Have patience, chief. I just wrote them a letter: "Have finished your course—please send muscles!"

DI KAYE: A cop gave me a ticket for driving twenty miles an hour.
SINCLAIR: He can't do that—the speed limit is twenty-five miles an hour.
DURANTE: I know—but not on the sidewalk!

DURANTE: Last week when I arrived in New York the railroad station was crowded with beautiful women. They all came down to the station to greet me, throwing kisses and cheering.
A. P. KAYE: (Jellico) Beautiful women came down to greet you?
DURANTE: If you don't believe it ask Clark Gable—he was on the train, too!

KAYE: He's in love with her, but she's very bashful. She's as quiet as a clam and she never kisses him.
DURANTE: I see . . . a sort of little neck clam!
(**JIMMY DURANTE, ARTHUR SINCLAIR & A. P. KAYE in Texaco Jamboree Chief Program.**)

BAKER: I want a job.
EMPLOYMENT AGENT: You got just the job for you—traveling all over the country.
BAKER: Ah—what do I sell?
AGENT: You don't sell anything. You'll be train agent . . . for a correspondence school!
BOTTLE: Tell me, Mr. Baker, what has Shakepeare got that I haven't got?
BAKER: A contract with Warner Brothers!

BAKER: For a present I'm giving you a cigar wrapped in a \$1,000-bill.
BOTTLE: I'm sorry, I couldn't take it.
BAKER: Why not?
BOTTLE: I don't smoke.
(**PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.**)

MARY LIVINGSTONE: Have you heard about the sackless sardins?
JACK BENNY: No.
MARY: He wound up in the can.
MARY: What makes you think he's so stinky?
BENNY: He pinches a penny so hard he puts a permanent wave in Lincoln's beard!
(**JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.**)

PAT: (Cough)
PICK: Boy, I think you got double pneumonia.
PAT: I can't get double pneumonia. I'm a single man.



PICK: You know, Pat it must be terrible to be an unhappily married man.
PAT: What other finds are there?
PAT: Hello there, Brown Sugar.
PICK: Why does you calls me Brown Sugar—'cause I'm so sweet?
PAT: Naw—'cause that's your color . . . and 'cause you is unrefined.
(**PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.**)

GRACIE: My brother went into business—he takes medicine for people. He gets ten cents a pill.
GEORGE: Well, what kind of pills?
GRACIE: Any kind of pill for ten cents. But he gets fifty cents for taking poison.
GEORGE: Fifty cents for poison!
GRACIE: Certainly . . . why should he kill himself for a dime!
(*Continued on page 108*)

RADIO LAUGHS...

(Continued from page 106)

GRACE: My coat jumped out of a seven-story window.

LOUGIE: Why?—how soon?

GRACE: It was supposed to jump out of a thirty-story window, but he lost his nerve.

LOUGIE: How do you like it?

GRACE: It's about three . . . he's still incoherent and can't tell us. And my aunt told downstairs a whole quart of liquor.

LOUGIE: And she spill it?

GRACE: No . . . she kept her mouth shut.



GRACE: I used to have a sweetheart . . . he was a southeast mounted policeman.

GEORGE: You mean a northwest mounted policeman.

GRACE: No . . . southeast . . . he was crossed.

(**GEORGE BURNS** and **GRACIE ALLEN**, Campbell Program.)

EMMEE: Tell me one thing, Napoleon. Why is it, in all your pictures, you always had one hand inside your coat?

NAP: That was because of my puritanical nature.

EMMEE: Yes?

NAP: Yes, always getting for a fight. (Desires for Lashanna, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 4:30 p. m., E. S. T.)

STRANGER: How far can I go into this forest?

MINNIE: Only half-way.

SFRINGLER: Why only half-way?

MINNIE: Because, after that you're coming out. (Desires for Lashanna, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 4:30 p. m., E. S. T.)

ERNIE: Love is a lot like insurance. The later in life you get it, the more it costs.

(Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Fridays 10:00 p. m., E. S. T.)

KLINT: When a man gives his wife a fur coat is that love?

ERNIE: It all depends whether he gave it to her to keep her warm or to keep her quiet. (Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Fridays, 10:00 p. m., E. S. T.)

PORTLAND HOEFA: I saw a robin this morning.

FRED ALLEN: It couldn't have been a robin. It must have been a sparrow with high blood pressure!

PROFIT IND.: It's certainly a cold winter, isn't it?

ALLI N.: There is nothing. When I was born it was as cold as steel, couldn't walk. It's a frozen moment in time.

(**FRED ALLEN** and **PORILE IND HOEFA**, Togan Hall, Fridays.)

BILLY HOUST: Believe it or not, Brenca has a blue blood . . . a society debutante. She came out in 1927 and looks as though she hasn't been born since.

(**BILLY HOUST**, on 1-8, Fridays.)

GEORGE BURNS: Is anybody in your family as smart as you?

GRACIE ALLEN: Yeah . . . my sister. **BURNS:** Sort of a half-wit?

GRACIE: Yeah . . . she's married . . . she's been married for five years and she's still in love.

GEORGE: I'm glad to hear that.

GRACIE: Yeah—but her husband has no idea who the fellow is.

BOB BURNS: My uncle has pretty table manners. The other day I took him over to the Waldorf for dinner, and he started eating, using his fingers instead of a knife and fork. My aunt tried to stop him, saying it wasn't sanitary, but he said that if you don't clean enough to pick up with your hands, they ain't clean to eat at all!



Uncle was put in jail for stealing hams out in Van Buren, and that pleased my aunt, 'cause she figured he couldn't disgrace her any more.

But one day she went down to the judge and begged to have uncle let out. The judge asked her why, since her husband would only disgrace her again. And she said "We're all out of ham again." (**BOB BURNS**, on Whiteman Music Hall.)

RED KNIGHT: Tomany is the favorite soft drink of China. And the favorite song of the Tomany Radio Program is

based on all the radios in the country. It's now present on "Miss Lavinia Peacock among the Tomany them song."

(**LOU'S (Anthony) Drink Tomany** only each three eyes." (Chicago Club Program, NBC-WJZ, Saturdays, 6:00 p. m., E. S. T.)

ERNIE: This afternoon I threw discretion to the winds and bet my room rent on a horse.

KENT: So tomorrow you collect?

ERNIE: No, tomorrow I move in with the horse.

(Highlights and Harmonies, NBC-WJZ, Sundays, 10:30 p. m., E. S. T.)

WALLINGTON: Gee—a clipper! That's the last word in airplanes.

CANTOR: No, Jimmy. The last word is "man."

WALLINGTON: What a strange land! You know, here, the Ethiopians pray in the streets.

CANTOR: That's nothing. In America the pedestrians do the same thing!

CANTOR: I don't know if these pills are doing it, but I've taken them and I'm doing a lot better.

WALLINGTON: It has.

CANTOR: That's odd, but the greatest motion picture brought before the house!

RUSSIAN: How you should hit me play that old song, "Lullaby."

RUSSIAN: "Lullaby." How does it go?

RUSSIAN: "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby . . ."

PARKYAKARKULS: This is a League of Nations farm.

CANTOR: League of Nations farm? How's that?

PARK: I've got Belgian hares, French Poodles, Australian sheep and on the porch are 2,000 geese.

CANTOR: 2,000 geese on the porch?

PARK: Yeah—Portugese.

CANTOR: Did you know that in Washington a man carried hundreds of cases of shipping suitcases with just three wheels?

WALLINGTON: Three wheels? **CANTOR:** Yes, it's just stood up and said "America is all around!"

PARKYAKARKULS: We got a 75¢ dinner and a \$1-dinner.

CANTOR: What's the difference between them?

PARK: With the \$1-dinner you get medical attention.

CANTOR: What's this—only hash? Don't I get any choice?

PARK: Sure! You get choice. Take it or leave it . . . What dessert you want, you lucky fellow?

CANTOR: Lucky fellow! But I haven't had anything to eat yet!

PARK: You don't know how lucky you are!

(**EDDIE CANTOR**, **PARKYAKARKULS**, and **WALLINGTON** in Pebecco Program.)

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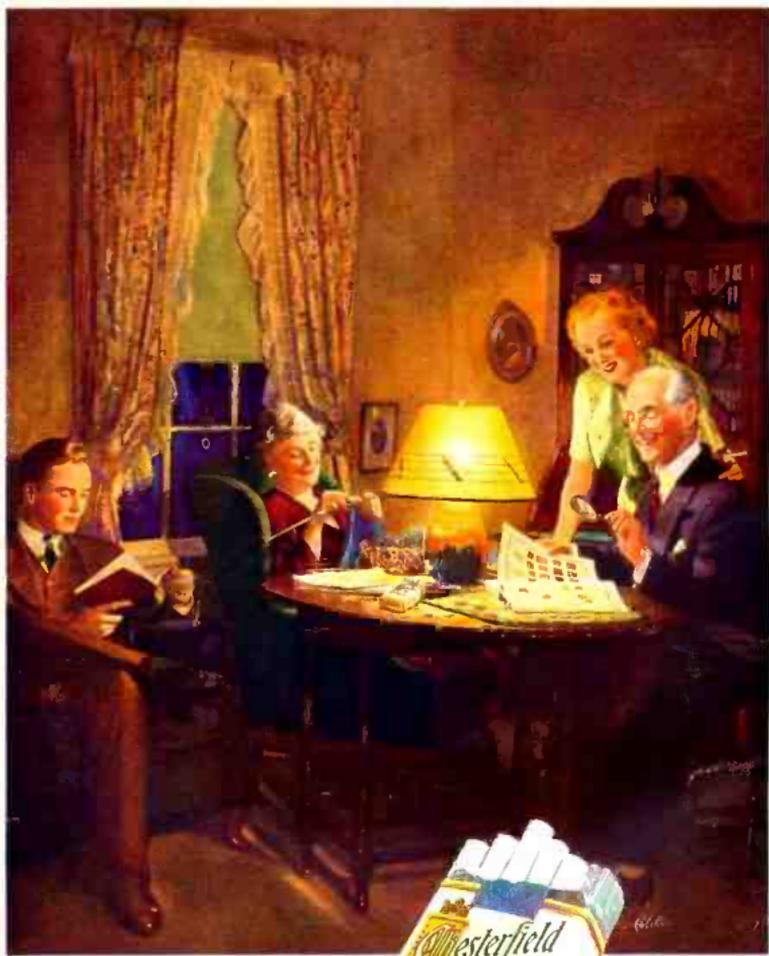


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