

RUDY VALLEE'S COLUMN OF INTIMATE NEWS!

Radio Stars

MARCH

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

NINO
MARTINI

*For
Christy*

**INSIDE STORIES ON AL JOLSON • FANNIE BRICE
ED WYNN • BURNS & ALLEN • BARBARA STANWYCK**

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



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petite evening muff, and you become a more
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and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret—
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[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that *shocks* the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it ap-

pears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trilling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with massage*, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!





● Don't tell me about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into that! Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's different!"



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RADIO STARS

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Their Romance Rocked the Foundations of an Empire!

THE MOST *Powerful* LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!
...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...**CLARK GABLE**—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation...

MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership... Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

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EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the winter months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....86.3
NBC Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST

2. MARCH OF TIME.....84.8
CBS Thurs. 10:30 P.M. EST

3. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR.....84.7
CBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST

4. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT—ERNO RAPEL.....84.5
NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST

5. JELL-O PROGRAM—JACK BENNY.....84.2
NBC Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST; 8:30 P.M. PST

6. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—FRED ALLEN.....81.8
NBC Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST

7. A. & P. BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH.....81.5
CBS Thurs. 8 P.M. EST

8. LUX RADIO THEATRE.....79.6
CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST

9. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS.....79.2
NBC Thurs. 10:00 P.M. EST

10. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—JESSICA DRAGONETTE.....78.7
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST

11. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—KAY THOMPSON.....77.4
CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST

12. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS NINO MARTINI WITH KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA.....77.2
CBS Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST

13. ROYAL GELATIN HOUR—RUDY VALLEE.....76.9
NBC Thurs. 8:00 P.M. EST

14. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE.....75.8
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST; 8:30 P.M. PST

15. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA.....75.6
NBC Sat. 2:00 P.M. EST

16. MEREDITH WILLSON AND ORCHESTRA.....75.4
NBC Wed. 10:30 P.M. EST; Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST

17. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER.....75.3
NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST

18. LOWELL THOMAS.....75.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST

19. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.....74.5
CBS Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST

20. PHIL BAKER—HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA.....74.3
CBS Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST

21. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS.....74.2
NBC Thurs. 9:00 P.M. EST

22. AMOS 'N' ANDY.....74.1
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:00 P.M. EST; 8:00 P.M. PST

23. RADIO CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....74.0
NBC Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST

24. BURNS AND ALLEN.....72.9
CBS Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST; 8:30 P.M. PST

25. PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....72.6
CBS Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST

26. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC.....72.5
NBC Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST

27. HOUR OF CHARM.....72.2
NBC Mon. 4:00 P.M. EST

28. JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—GOODMAN BAND.....71.8
CBS Thurs. 9:30 P.M. EST

29. HELEN HAYES IN "BAMBI".....71.7
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST

30. YOUR HIT PARADE.....71.6
NBC Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST; CBS Sat. 10:00 P.M. EST

31. RUBINOFF, JAN PEECE.....71.4
CBS Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST

32. ALEMITE HALF-HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS.....71.0
CBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST; 9:00 P.M. EST

33. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES.....70.0
NBC Sun. 9:15 P.M. EST; 8:30 P.M. EST

34. HOLLY WOOD HOTEL—DICK POWELL; PAIGE ORCHESTRA.....69.9
CBS Thurs. 9:00 P.M. EST

35. GRAND HOTEL—ANNE SEYMOUR.....69.8
NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST

36. EDWIN C. HILL.....69.6
NBC Sun. 9:45 P.M. EST

37. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, GREEN ORCHESTRA.....69.3
NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST

38. VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—NELSON EDDY. 69.2
NBC Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST

39. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA.....69.0
NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST

40. THE BAKER'S BROADCAST—ROBERT RIPLEY, NELSON ORCHESTRA.....68.6
NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST

41. CAVANAHE OF AMERICA.....68.4
CBS Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST

42. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT.....68.2
NBC Thurs. 9:00 P.M. EST; 8:30 P.M. PST

43. METROPOLITAN OPERA ADDITIONS OF THE AIR.....68.1
NBC Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST

44. EDDIE CANTOR.....67.8
CBS Sun. 8:30 P.M. EST; 8:00 P.M. PST

45. WE, THE PEOPLE—PHILLIPS LORD.....67.7
NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST

46. JOE PENNER—GRIER ORCHESTRA.....67.5
CBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST

47. WARDEN LAWES.....67.3
NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST

48. ONE MAN'S FAMILY.....67.0
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST; Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST

49. STROPAGNALE AND BUDD—VOORHIES ORCHESTRA.....66.7
NBC Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST

50. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA.....66.6
CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST; NBC Tues. Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST

51. SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY—RAY KNIGHT, GROVE ORCHESTRA.....66.5
NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST

52. WALTZ TUNE—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....66.3
NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST

53. MAJOR BOWES' CAROL FAMILY.....66.2
CBS Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST

54. U. S. ARMY BAND.....66.1
NBC Mon. 6:05 P.M. EST

55. GABRIEL HEATER
MRS M-T-W-T-F 9:00 P.M. EST

56. JAMBOREE.....65.8
NBC Thurs. 10:00 P.M. EST

57. IRVIN S. COBB—PADUCAH PLANTATION.....65.6
NBC Sat. 10:30 P.M. EST

58. CONTENTED PROGRAM.....65.4
NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST

59. BOAKE CARTER.....65.2
CBS M-T-W-T-F 7:45 P.M. EST

60. OUR NEIGHBORS—JERRY BELCHER.....65.1
NBC Sun. 1:30 P.M. EST

61. EASY EASY.....64.8
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:00 P.M. EST

62. SHELL CHATEAU—JOE COOK, WATSON'S ORCHESTRA.....63.5
NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST

63. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.....63.4
CBS Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST

64. ETHEL BARRYMORE.....63.3
NBC Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST

65. TWIN STARS—VICTOR MOORE, HELEN BRIDGER, ROGERS ORCHESTRA.....63.2
NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST

66. GILLETTE'S COMMUNITY SING—NATHAN BERLE, JONES AND HARE.....63.1
CBS Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST

67. MILB—LAFAYETTE SPEED SHOW—FLOYD GIBBONS, LOPEZ ORCHESTRA.....63.0
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68. REVUE DE PAREE—FANNIE BIER.....62.8
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST

69. KEYSER MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY COOPER, SALT SINGER, BLOCK ORCHESTRA.....62.7
NBC Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST

70. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR.....62.5
CBS M-T-W-F 11:00 A.M. EST; 12:00 Noon PST

(Continued on page 95)

THE BEST PROGRAMS AND WHEN TO HEAR THEM

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

This Beautiful Enamel, Once Worn Away, Never Grows Back.. NEVER!



Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

BECAUSE OF IRIUM ..
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP ..
NO 'CHALK' .. NO GRIT .. NO PUMICE
— Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM ..
Pepsodent gently floats film away
— instead of scrubbing it off!
— Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM ..
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates
gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.
— Refreshing!



be safe.

**Protect precious enamel . . .
win flashing new luster
and Be Safe . . . change to
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
containing IRIUM!**

Nature is lavish in restoring skin, hair, nails. But She's terribly stingy with tooth enamel. Once you allow it to be injured, or you permit film to start its deadly decay, enamel can never grow back—never.

That is why the discovery of IRIUM has caused such a sensation in the dentifrice world. The flashing new luster it brings with *safety* is causing new thousands every day to change to Pepsodent, the *only* tooth paste containing IRIUM.

Acts on new principle

Instead of acting on enamel with scrub-hard friction, Pepsodent containing IRIUM *softens* the tough film that forms and glues itself on teeth and gums. Then gently lifts and floats it away — polishes the enamel to a brilliant sparkle you have never even seen before—and imparts a new, firm, refreshed feeling to the gums.

You get a new taste-thrill out of eating, drinking, smoking! And bad breath—caused by film on teeth which ordinary tooth pastes fail to remove completely—is no longer a worry to you! For the first time you know what cleanliness of mouth, teeth and gums really means!

Be *safe* every day of your life! Get results always hoped for but never experienced with a dentifrice—and get them with *safety*! Change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM.

be safe.

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



• All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM

Hear ye! Hear ye! Our old friend, the *Town Crier*, Alexander Woollcott is back again

"HEAR ye! Hear ye!" the *Town Crier* shouts every Thursday night over Columbia network, and then with: "This is Woollcott speaking," begins a weekly broadcast which listeners know in advance will be full of human drama, merriment and oft-times tragedy. Perhaps the secret of the *Town Crier's* success lies in the fact that, despite his sophisticated front, Alexander Woollcott is just an old softy.

"Aleck," as his friends dub him, is a paradox—a whole group of personalities rolled into one somewhat Puckish character. There is a constant struggle between his

BOOK WORMS SOMETIMES SNAP!

BY CAMILLA JORDAN

in his memory from a cherished volume, while other folk are asleep. Woollcott owns one of the finest libraries in this country.

Going from this extraordinary bedroom into Mr. Woollcott's study, there is a quiet homeliness to this place where so much of his time is spent. Papers, mail galore and always an extra pair of the *Town Crier's* spectacles are in view. Friends such as Ethel Barrymore and Harpo Marx, or Dorothy Parker and George M. Cohan, love to meet there for hilarious evenings of wit and philosophy. Incidentally, this apartment is appropriately called by Aleck *Wits End*, and is in the fashionable Sutton Place section of New York City.

In spite of the fact that he has two secretaries constantly on the jump, Mr. Woollcott reads every bit of his fan mail. He gets a great kick out of odd requests that come from all parts of the country. He is quick to see through letters, discarding the fake ones and moved by many that contain tragedy. After one of his Sunday night's broadcasts last winter, (Continued on page 96)



One who scarcely needs an introduction—journalist, dramatic critic, playwright and *CBS Town Crier*, Alexander Woollcott.

biting wit and his very tender heart. A plumpish, mature gentleman of owlish appearance, coattails flying, clutching the inevitable cane, he sneaks down back alleys to avoid publicity. He flatly refuses to be interviewed and flies into a rage if a reporter tries to encroach upon his privacy. Yet he never has been known to lock his front door. His private telephone number, which the New York Telephone Company has gone to great lengths to keep private, is known to literally hundreds of his friends and Mr. Woollcott always answers the ringing bell himself.

Ever since young Aleck trudged across snow-covered Philadelphia streets on his way to school, he has been a bookworm. Almost before he was old enough to hold a large volume, he was plowing through the written works of great philosophers. Deep into dark nights the boy devoured books, as does the grown man today. In fact, one wonders how on earth Aleck ever gets into his bed, for nothing less than a flying leap from across the length of his bedroom would get him there. Books, books, his favorite books outline his bed, and no maid nor man may touch them, even for dusting. Often the quotations, given so dramatically on Thursday nights, are refreshed



Beginning on Thursday, January seventh, Woollcott again purveys his inimitable wit and wisdom via the radio loudspeaker.



IS A MOTHER'S LOVE ENOUGH?

BEDTIME . . . and mother caresses the tiny injured hand that she bandaged only this afternoon . . .

"There, darling, mother will kiss it and make it well."

But will she? Can she?

True, it was only a little cut . . . but even little cuts can be dangerous if the wound is not properly, carefully dressed. Infection can set in, and often does, if the bandage is not as

clean as your own doctor would use.

Unfortunately, even some bandages that are plainly marked "sterilized" on the package are not worthy of your trust.

These bandages, of unknown make, probably were sterilized in an early manufacturing process, but in subsequent cutting, handling, and packing, dirty fingers may have touched them . . . destroyed their cleanliness.

So don't take chances. Be safe. Use only the first-aid products of known and reputable concerns. Johnson & Johnson is one of them.

All Johnson & Johnson products that are marked sterilized—Red Cross Cotton, gauze, and bandages—are not only sterilized in the making. They are sterilized again after they are put in the package.

Buy J & J Red Cross products with confidence—from your druggist.

You can trust Johnson & Johnson Red Cross dressings. They're clean and safe. But if there is any doubt in your mind of your ability to care for a wound, consult your physician.



RED CROSS GAUZE

Sterilized after packaging.
1-yd. size 15¢

Soft and absorbent. Use on a wet or dry dressing for cuts or burns before bandaging. Completely wrapped in tissue.



RED CROSS BANDAGE

Sterilized after packaging. 2 in. by 10 yds. 10¢ Tightly rolled for quick and easy application . . . used to hold dressings securely in place. "Next Edge" prevents raveling.



RED CROSS ABSORBENT COTTON

Sterilized after packaging. 2-in. size 15¢ Purified, highly absorbent cotton, generally used for cleaning wounds or applying antiseptics. Protected by tissue wrapper.

Don't risk infection . . . be safe with **Johnson & Johnson RED CROSS PRODUCTS**



KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

Surprise your guests with special party foods which taste as good as they look

HELLO EVERYBODY! This is Kate Smith coming to you again as *Radio Stars Magazine's* Cooking School Director—this time with some extra-special suggestions for parties in general and for the many approaching festivities in particular.

I think the subject is a particularly timely one, don't you, when you think how many festive occasions there are in February and March, whose very names make one think, "Let's throw a grand party!" Yes, within the next few weeks there are four such occasions, Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays and St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Days. Each of these, of course, supplies an excuse—if you think you really need one—to ask in your friends for a happy evening of talk, games or bridge, followed by the grandest of refreshments to assure complete success for the party.

Well, then, let's get together and see what we can "cook up," so that on at least one of these special days you can give a party that will be the finest ever, one that your friends will talk about and that you, yourself, will remember with pride.

In order to be sure that I'd suggest just the sort of things that most of you would like to make and serve I went over my recipe files with the same degree of care that Jack Miller, my orchestra leader, gives to arrang-

Kate whips up a tasty spread for one of her open-faced sandwiches. Her pet recipes delight friends and hostesses.

Pineapple Egg-Nog, cookies and cake, artistic as they are delicious, are an answer to your next puzzling party problem.



Courtesy Hutsolain Pineapple Company.

ing the music for my songs. And I even cudgeled my brains for ideas which I've noted with approval and interest at parties that I've attended in other folks' homes. Though, of course, I'm only going to give you the recipes for dishes that I, myself, have served, so that there will be no *guess-work* about carrying out my suggestions successfully!

Honestly, I don't think you'll find a single one of my recipes too difficult or expensive, and I know for a fact that your friends will like them all tremendously, just as my friends have. Especially the *Cocoa Roll* and

the . . . but wait a minute, I'm getting ahead of myself a bit, sort of skipping to the last page of my script, when I really want to tell you at the outset how you can get copies of my recipes, if you'd like to have them.

Certainly a large number of my friendly readers have already discovered that little secret—although it really is no secret at all that, simply by sending in the coupon, which always appears at the end of my articles, you receive a leaflet which has my familiar face smiling at you on the cover and contains four or five

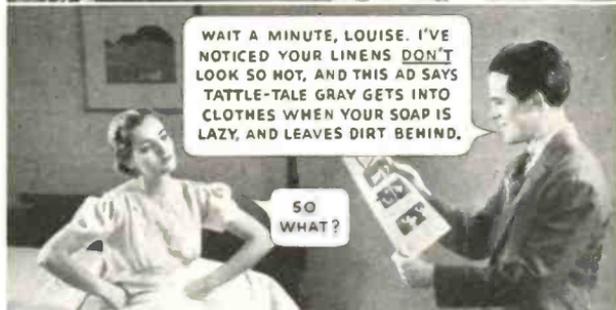


Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows.

Tricky place cards based on a marshmallow. For St. Patrick's, Washington's Birthday and St. Valentine's Day.

of my favorite recipes. These are attractively printed on cards which are just the right size to fit into a small filing box so that you can keep them for future use. Isn't that a swell idea? I know I've appreciated this service, myself, because most of the recipes that I have on hand are those that I've taken down longhand from my mother, my grandmother, my aunts and friends. But now this Cooking School idea has given me a chance to get copies of the very best ones of the lot in clear, printed form. And each one with "Kate Smith" printed on it, too, so that there will be no doubt in anyone's mind that I'm as proud as Punch of my cooking abilities and simply delighted to pass on my pet recipes to others.

This month, for instance, I'm going to tell you, in that leaflet we were just talking about, how to make *Valentine Cookies*, *Washington Pound Cake*, *Chicken Chop Suey*, *Party Cheese Sandwich Loaf*, which will be fine for all occasions and particularly for St. Patrick's Day, and, finally, that favorite of all favorites of mine, *Cocoa Cream Roll*, which I just (Continued on page 58)



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

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BEAUTY ADVICE



KEEP YOUNG
AND BEAUTIFUL

BY MARY BIDDLE

AS I sat at the Phil Baker-Gulf Oil broadcast last Sunday night, at the CBS Broadcasting Theatre. I heard the woman next to me sigh in admiration as the slim and lovely Maxine Gray stepped up to the microphone. "My," she whispered audibly to her neighbor, "I certainly wish I had her figure!"

It always has been a puzzle to me why so many women spend their time wishing to have a beautiful figure, instead of doing something about it. The woman who voiced the wistful tribute to Maxine Gray, for example, was a young woman, still somewhere in her thirties, but definitely "pudgy." In a few more years she would be definitely fat. She already had gone into a slump around the hips—that tell-tale middle-aged slump, which is so ruinous to style and to wearing clothes well.

Her posture was an apt demonstration of one reason for that spare tire around the waistline, too. She sat slumped in her chair, sitting on the end of her spine, thereby cultivating a sticking-out stomach, which pushed forward and down all those important organs of the abdomen which are meant to stay back and up.

If I were conducting an exercise broadcast, I would make both the studio audience and the unseen listeners "sit up and take notice" of the evils of faulty sitting posture. Your spine never was meant to be sat upon! That does not mean that you have to sit stiff as a ramrod. By no means! The easy way to get the right sitting posture is to sit, not

on your spine, but on the back of your thighs. Sit far back on your chair, as far as you can go, until you fill the right angle of the back and seat. Let your lower back press against the back of the chair. You will find that it actually will rest and support you, to sit that way. When you lean forward, in interest over something that is going on in the program, bend from your waist, don't slide forward in your chair. You must consciously hold your abdomen in, as you sit, which may take an exertion of will power if faulty posture already is a habit with you. You can cultivate correct posture, however, by thinking it until it becomes an unconscious habit with you. Let me tell you this: You need never get an ugly, protruding stomach, if you make yourself sit, stand and walk correctly.

Perhaps your mother or your father used to broadcast to you often, when you were a "growing girl," the old-fashioned warning: "Keep your shoulders back." You probably resented it. But actually you don't have to worry about your shoulders. If you keep your chest up, lifted

A typical modern Venus—
Maxine Gray, singer with
Oscar Bradley's band, on
Phil Baker's CBS program.



"Camay works like a charm for "



My Complexion

SAYS THIS LOVELY MARYLAND BRIDE



It's important to keep your spine absolutely straight, throughout this knee-flexing exercise.

high, your shoulders will take care of themselves. Pull yourself up by your chest, and sit and walk as though you were proud to be alive! Then, when you don a slithery satin evening gown, or a trim tailored suit, you will look as though you belonged in them.

Maxine Gray is a typical Modern Venus—tall, slender, slim-hipped, long-legged, supple. She has that important quality called "style," which is not nearly so much a matter of clothes as it is of posture and bearing. She has the "peaches and cream" complexion, proverbial of the Southern belle, but not so much because she was born with it as because she knows how to keep it. This business of keeping fit and keeping a career isn't a matter of luck, but of work.

Now I know that when I men-
(Continued on page 104)



ROCKVILLE, MD.

Camay is a perfect treasure!—almost too good to be true in the results it brings. I know it works like a charm for my complexion.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Dorothy Dorey Sullivan
(Mrs. Gerard Sullivan)

January 12, 1937.

LOVELY, isn't she! Those bewitching hazel eyes, the quick sunshine of her smile, that marvelous fresh-as-morning complexion, make a picture you'll not soon forget. "What every girl should know," says this young bride, "is how Camay can help one's complexion."

Yes, that's how modern girls do it—with Camay! Just try this bland beauty soap that cleanses so thoroughly. Then watch for the "alive" look that Camay's rich, creamy

lather brings to your face. That's proof your skin is getting the gentle, thorough cleansing it needs! And never forget this—by test against all other leading beauty soaps, Camay is definitely, provably milder.

Buy Camay today. You'll never miss the small price of it.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Some pertinent paragraphs gaily gleaned from along Radio Row



The President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, and petite Lily Pons have a chat at the Musicians' Emergency Fund Luncheon.



A trio of great stars, Lawrence Tibbett, Walter Damrosch and Nino Martini get together backstage at the Metropolitan Opera.



Buddy Rogers is signing the contract which puts him on the air with Helen Broderick and Victor Moore Fridays at 9:30 p.m. on NBC.

It's just an act! Joe Cook is really anything but bored with his job as M.C. on *Shell Chateau's* Saturday night broadcasts, on NBC.

Jessica Dragonette's new series of operetta broadcasts again calls attention to one of radio's surprising shortcomings. Music fills about two-thirds of radio's day, but the program-makers never have been able to do much about supplying operettas or musical comedies for themselves.

There was a large and expensive attempt made in *The Gibson Family* a couple of years ago. One of the Broadway-Hollywood song-writing teams, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, did the music; such writers as Courtney Ryley Cooper and Owen Davis tried their hands at the script. The program continued on the air for nearly a year, but it never achieved success in keeping with the amount of money being spent. The nearest radio has come to a successful operetta of its own is *Show Boat*, where currently popular songs are strung together on a thin little thread of plot.

So Miss Dragonette must go back to the old stage operettas, and a few from pictures, and revive them for one more repetition on the air. Incidentally, she was a pioneer in this style of radio show nearly ten years ago. Remember her old operetta series for Coca Cola back in radio's early days?

FOOTBALL FOLLY

Now football season is over and Larry

Kelley is properly enshrined among Yale's gridiron heroes, this story won't embarrass anyone. Right in the middle of last football season, when training rules were very strict, Larry Kelley came down from Yale one Thursday night to tell Rudy Vallee listeners about his exploits. After the program, if you had been watching closely, you'd have seen him hurrying over to the phone booth with a couple of strapping young friends.

One of the young men stayed in the booth a long time, nickels frequently jangling into the phone, and finally came out to announce in disgust, "I can't get any of my numbers."

The other boy slipped into the booth, more nickels jangled, and this one came out, too. "Nope. They all have dates or else they don't answer."

Larry looked annoyed and disappointed. "Well," he said, "I guess I might just as well go home and get to bed then." And the indifference of those New York girls sent him back to New Haven with Yale's strict training rules unbroken.

PANES AND PINS

Economical ways have been found to produce most sound effects with records and apparatus, but the sound-man still breaks a piece of real glass every time the sound of breaking glass is called for. The end of a dramatic program often leaves a whole pile of shattered panes in the studio. They don't spare the glass at rehearsals, either, which sends the glass consumption at a network studio up to hundreds of panes a week.

During a lull in a Fred Allen rehearsal not so long ago, one of the actors brought over two of the panes and told Fred, "Just try to separate these."

Fred fingered them for a moment, conceded he couldn't do it. The actor explained the theory of vacuums which would have withstood the power of a team of horses to pull those panes apart. Just two flat surfaces and they couldn't be separated. By that time the sound-man had come over looking for his glass. He stuck a pin between the two panes, separated them and put one in position to be broken.

"What?" Fred exclaimed, "Upsetting all the laws of physics with a pin?"

"I've put water on the glass," the sound-man explained, "so the two panes will hold together if we lean them against the wall. If you just stand two dry panes together, one will slide right down and probably get broken."

HONESTY

Dave Rubinoff swears to this one. His brother, Charlie, comes in from Detroit occasionally and they always spend a lot of time together during those visits. Invariably, when Charlie gets back home his wife complains, "Talking to that fiddler brother of yours has made your accent so bad I hardly understand a thing you say."

"An' hit's da troot', too," Dave insists. (Continued on page 34)

HOW the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVES

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You'll find that Ex-Lax is mild... that it is thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing... if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Place Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. MM-37

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Age _____
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

WARDROBE CHANGES

Lucille Manners, lovely new singing star of the Cities Service radio program, is beset by a perplexing clothes problem

ON THIS coming evening of February fifth, a tiny blonde girl will step up to the microphone to sing her first song as the prima donna of the *Cities Service* concerts. The actual step up to the NBC mike will be no great feat in itself, because Lucille Manners has faced many such tiny instruments in her radio career and has no fear of them. The real feat is the fact that she is stepping into the shoes of a star who not only has been the veteran singer of that particular program, but also one who has been proclaimed the smartest woman in radio, the best-dressed among all the other attractive women who broadcast daily and nightly.

Becoming the prima donna of such a popular program doesn't worry Lucille because she has confidence in her voice, a beautiful and true lyric soprano. But what does give her pause for thought and some little concern, is competing for fashion applause with a predecessor of such acknowledged smartness.

The day I saw Lucille Manners she was in the throes of being photographed. Clothes hung from every available door about the studio—some were flung over chairs, some hung over a screen. Bags, gloves and jewelry lay

BY ELIZABETH ELLIS



These decorative pajamas were especially designed for Lucille by Dorothy Couture. The tunic top is of metal cloth, and the wide trousers are fashioned of black silk.

Lucille's favorite tailored dress is a beige jersey, with buttons setting off the pockets and front collar opening. The narrow stand-up collar is very flattering.



in glittering array on the tables. Lucille was going through the process of being turned into the literal picture of a new young star. It was like sitting in on a very exciting opening night at the theatre or opera.

The girl who had just become a prima donna remained quite unflustered by it all, despite the fact that people milled about, each with some new idea for her to carry out. A well-known designer and dressmaker was there in person to see that her costumes, especially designed for Lucille, were put on in exactly the proper fashion. And, lurking at what I considered a discreet distance, was I, with the four beautiful gowns you all may try to win

FOR A STAR



Lucille likes the fashion of wearing bows in the hair for evening. This crisp, black velvet bow has a narrow band circling the head, with a small net bow at the back on the other side.

in Lucille's special contest, on another page in this issue. Lucille has the same feeling about her Friday night broadcasting costumes that a stage or screen star might have about those she wears in a production. She feels that her Friday night concert gowns should reflect a definite personality, just as if they were chosen to complement an important rôle in a play. Her wardrobe changes should have as much significance then, and as much excitement, as if she were dressing for a character. The only difference is that she wants to dress to suit her own personality, not that of some character in a play. And who is a better judge of how she looks, as she sings, than you, the audience who watches every move she makes?

That's why she got so excited over the idea of having you select a gown, from several, as the one which suits her best. And she was thrilled with the thought that there would be four of you chosen to win a dress apiece, as reward for your interest in her.

Between "takes," as photographers refer to each picture they make, we chatted about this business of giving her a fashion personality. She said: "It's so much easier for someone else to analyze an intangible thing like personality. I believe I have a pretty good idea of my away-from-the-microphone personality and, to reflect it, I wear only the simplest clothes—rather sensible, carefully fitted dresses and suits; comfortable, bright pajamas for lounging and practicing."

(Continued on page 88)

"GLARE-PROOF" POWDER...

doesn't show "powdery" in dazzling light... girls say



Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for not showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town. Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging—fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 998-PC, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 3, 1937)

Name _____

Address _____

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Few in radio ever achieve the consistent popularity of Kate Smith. The listening public exercises its right to be fickle and whimsical, except in rare instances. Instances where the artist is simply so entertaining that, year in and year out, no matter how many times heard, always is enjoyable. That's how it is with Kate Smith. The more you hear her, the more you want to hear her.

The *A & P Bandwagon Program*, thanks to Kate, actually contributed something new in radio programs with its *Command Performance*, in which the nation's outstanding hero of the week is introduced and presented with a personal gift of \$500.00 from Kate. It's her original way of putting the spotlight on an act of heroism which might otherwise go insufficiently unnoticed and unrewarded.

Ever since she started broadcasting, Kate has taken a personal interest in her listeners. Her unpublicized charitable deeds are countless. It's quite natural that the benevolent *Command Performance* should originate with her.

Listeners, unquestionably, sense in Kate's voice that she really is one of them; that they mean everything to her; that she'd sing her heart out to please or help them. It's no wonder she's so popular.

To Kate Smith and her *A & P Bandwagon Program*, *Radio Stars Magazine* presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lois C. Grady

—EDITOR



Kate Smith
Star of the A & P Bandwagon



NEW! VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED BY THE SKIN—IN THIS FAMOUS HAND LOTION



(left) NO "SANDPAPER HANDS" for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. Its bland skin-softeners soak dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is actually absorbed—does skin a world of good. Gives skin some of the benefits of radiant sunshine! Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds and household heat. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

Now Hinds brings your skin some of the benefits of sunshine!

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," scaling and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry indoor heat, hard water, and housework. Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft, supple skin. Every drop of Hinds—with its Vitamin D—does chapped skin *more good!*



CAREFREE DAYS in the open call for Hinds! It's the lotion with Vitamin D that gives dry, winter skin some of the rich benefits of sunshine. Soothes cold weather scaling, chapping. Softens and supple sore, wind-burned skin. Every drop works!



WIVES WORK HARD! Look at the way you dump ashes, clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped. Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, the lotion with "sunshine" vitamin. It softens up dry, chapped skin *fast!*

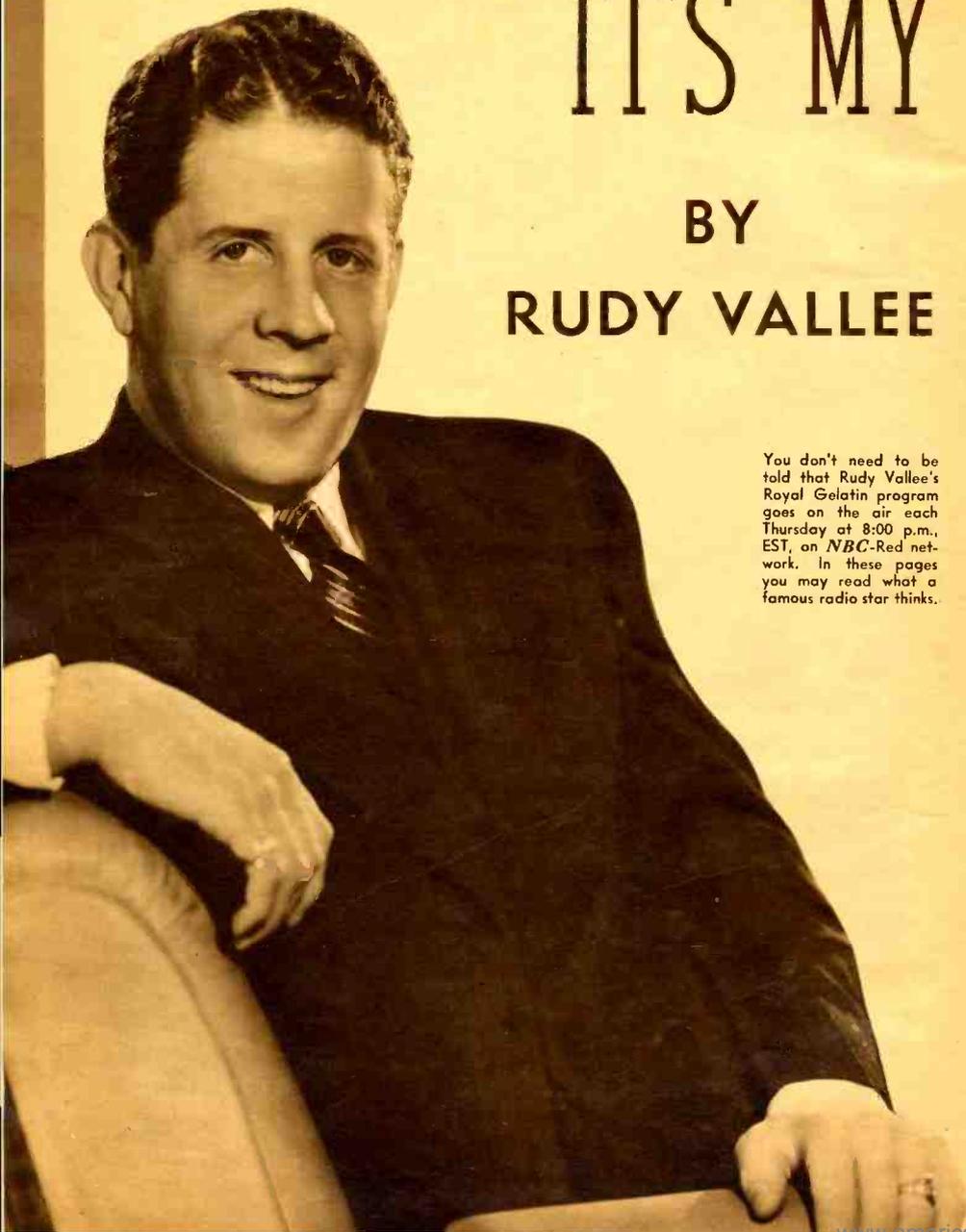


FREE! The First 1-Piece DISPENSER with every 50c size of Hinds

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c size. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds, the lotion with Vitamin D. Hinds puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T., WABC-CBS.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



IT'S MY

BY

RUDY VALLEE

You don't need to be told that Rudy Vallee's Royal Gelatin program goes on the air each Thursday at 8:00 p.m., EST, on NBC-Red network. In these pages you may read what a famous radio star thinks.

HUMBLE OPINION -

EXCLUSIVELY PRESENTING THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF COLUMNS IN WHICH RUDY VALLEE FRANKLY AIRS HIS VIEWS ON VARIOUS TOPICS AND PERSONALITIES - AS WELL AS HIS PET PEEVES

During the month that has elapsed since my first column appeared in RADIO STARS, I have found myself looking forward with eagerness to this, the second, one. There is a

its way with incredible speed into the waste basket of radio editors everywhere. Yet there are many of them who have the audacity to print in their columns witticisms ascribed

of fauna and flora, the bright remark made by an ordinarily intelligent gentleman whom I know. We were watching Jimmy Durante, one of my favorite comedians, as he

BARBARA'S ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE



This story is
announced by
Robert Trout

Some surprisingly candid
words from Barbara Stanwyck
on what we all want to know!

BY GLADYS HALL

"JUST don't let it break your heart," said Barbara. "Don't give your life away, along with your love, if you can help it. You won't be able to help it, of course. But it's still good advice."

"I'm a swell one to be giving advice on love," laughed Barbara. "Since I can't take it! Most women can't. We're like that, all of us. Not just fluttery, inexperienced little girls, either. Independent, strong-minded women go down like blades of grass in a storm, when they're in love. We lose our wits. We lose our sense of humor. Women who have battled life with their bare hands; women who have faced joblessness and hunger and death and illness and all of the major catastrophes, and faced 'em standing up, collapse, go to pieces, turn to water when they fall in love."

I wondered whether Barbara was thinking of the seven years of her marriage to Frank Fay. The years in which, first out of her great love for him and, later, out of her equally great gratitude, she did, indeed, give her life with her love. For she lived as Fay wished her to live. She did as Fay told her to do. She almost spoke as Fay wished her to speak. Her work in pictures, her broadcasts, her contracts, her house, her comings and goings, were done at Fay's dictates and subject to his approval. The girl who had battled through a meagre, stormy childhood, who had held jobs with the telephone company

when she was too young to be holding jobs at all; who had worked at cutting out patterns with the *Vogue* company, who fought her way, single-handed, to the turning point of her career when she played the rôle of "Bonnie" in *Burlesque* and so touched the stars—this gallant, grave, grim youngster was putty, pliable, in the hands of love.

"Life is a jealous wench," Barbara was saying. "If she gives you something with one hand, she takes something away with the other. I've never known it to fail. *You can't have everything!* You're not supposed to have everything. And it's like that with love. If you get love, you usually lose somewhere else along the line."

"There's just one ray of hope—I'd like to tell girls this, if they don't already know it: *It only happens once.*" Barbara said grimly. "Give thanks for that! I mean," she added, "it only happens once in the sense that it tears the heart right out of you, knocks you down on your knees, makes a slave out of you, abject and crying: '*Surrender!*' Love may come again, more than once. It may be just as sweet and fine and strong. But never the same. Never the total eclipse, the complete collapse."

We were sitting, Barbara and I, having early morning coffee in the warmly colored living-room in her Beverly Hills home. A room all greens and browns and blues, against white walls and white Venetian blinds. A sort of

woodland room, with the tempered sun shining through. Barbara wore some sort of a linen affair with divided skirt. Her red-brown hair hung loosely about her face, guiltless of make-up. Through the French windows we could see, in the garden, toys of every kind scattered about, hear the laughing shouts of Barbara's young adopted son, Dion, as he played with his nurse. The portrait of young Dion is the only portrait in the homelike room. And I remembered the day, two years ago and more, when I was having tea with Barbara in her Brentwood home. I remembered the nursery she was then preparing for the reception of young Dion. I remembered the glow in her eyes, the warm curve of her mouth, the loving eagerness with which she showed me that nursery. She hadn't intended to show it to me. She hadn't intended, then, to tell anyone about the expected arrival of the baby. She couldn't keep it in. She had to tell. I liked her for that.

"Love," Barbara was saying in her forthright fashion, feet tucked up under her in the big wing chair, "love floors women. It hits them between the eyes. It takes the heart right out of them and plays ball with it. I know! I know the feeling of wanting desperately to do everything, have everything, *be* everything *he* wants you to do and have and be. I know the feeling of having no self of your own left, of being (Continued on page 102)



Jack Benny is the hopeful hitchhiker above, and Marsha Hunt looks faintly dubious.



Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, good little gray doctor of the famous Dionne Quintuplets.



Above, Jessica Dragonette, long queen of song with the *Cities Service* orchestra, now sings on the new *Palmolive* program on *CBS*.



James Lyons (above) shows Nancy Coleman how three different sound effects can be produced at one time by this new *RCA* sound effects reproducer.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

you may see popular stars of the ether whose voices will reward your dialings

Two who contribute to the success of the weekly *Community Sing* on *CBS* are winsome Jolly Gillette and comedian Milton Berle.



Above, *Daisy Schloggenheimer* (you know her as *Martha Raye*) in *Paramount's College Holiday*.



"Play Ball!" calls *Benay Venuta*, *NBC* singing star.



George Burns and *Gracie Allen* in *College Holiday*.

Below, *Hildegard*, another of *NBC's* lovely songbirds, said to have migrated here from *Australia*.



Below, two who scarcely need introduction—*Colonel Theodore Roosevelt* and *Major Edward Bowes*.



BY WILLIAM
L. VALLEE

Fannie Brice in
her *Baby Snooks*
incarnation. In
real life she is
a swell person!

SHE MARRIED A SHRIMP!



This story announced by Carlton Kaddell

Her husband's a shrimp—but a
man in a million, says Fannie Brice

"MISS BRICE," gushed a tremulous young thing at a cocktail party, "won't you introduce me to your husband?"

"Why, certainly, dear," answered the ever-kind Miss Brice. "This is my husband, Mr.—er, Mr.—Hey! I can't think of his name!"

And Fannie Brice had forgotten the name of the man she was married to—Billy Rose, a song-writer-producer and the man-she-loves! Really loves, mind you.

"The little Goose," she said to me, referring to Billy Rose, *in absentia* in Texas, where he is at present running a modest café seating a mere 3,600. "And to think that I disliked him heartily when we first met! I blush to admit it now, but, when I saw him at the Backstage Club, I called him a 'shrimp'."

She went into a reverie in the midst of her exquisitely-appointed Madison Avenue apartment, a reverie induced not by a shrimp she had eaten but by one she had seen.

It seems that while she sat in the club with a gang of



Top picture, Billy Rose, song writer, producer, "shrimp" of this tale and the man Fannie Brice loves.

Above, Fannie Brice, wife and mother, a good sport and a grand actress of both stage and screen.



"We want to quit soon, Fannie and I," says Billy Rose, "so we can get to know each other better."

theatrical cronies, she heard the orchestra playing *In the Middle of the Night*.

"I asked who had written it and they brought over this Billy Rose. Right away I didn't like his attitude and I could see he didn't like mine. And he was a shrimp."

She made me stand up to my full height of five feet five inches and then asked her fifteen-year-old son, Billy (who was helping the interview along): "Don't you think he and Billy (Rose) are the same height?"

"Naw," judged Young Billy. "Billy's an inch shorter."

Satisfied that I knew he was a shrimp and ignoring my feeble efforts to defend Mr. Rose and myself by declaiming Lincoln's classic about the length of a man's legs (he said they should be long enough to reach to the ground!), she went on with her story.

"Leo Edwards, one of my favorite song writers, called up to say that he and a feller had written what they thought was a pretty good song (*Riverside Rose*) and

that they were coming up to play it for me. The feller, he said, was an especially swell lyric man. Of course he turned out to be Billy Rose! Well, we fell to arguing and the dirty digs were falling where they might and all over a line in the song. Instead of respecting my arguments, which I thought were moderately good, he hinted that I should stick to singing. It ended up by my telling him that the song would not be a hit—and I was right! The little Goose!

"A few weeks later Ballard MacDonald was scheduled to go over several ideas for a skit with me. Ballard asked if I'd mind if he brought along a feller who was going to work with him on a big show and would have to be included in this skit-building as a matter of courtesy. Even as I said 'yes,' an unhappy premonition came to me. Could the 'feller' be the argumentative little shrimp? Could fate play a trick like that on me?"

"I'm enough of a sport to (Continued on page 76)



Ed Wynn before the broadcast. Ed Wynn studies over his script.

Wide World



Ed keeps trust with the Eight Lovely Girls of his program.



Ed Wynn, Ed's cigar and Ed's perfect foil—Graham McNamee.

MUST THE SHOW GO ON ?

BY GEORGE KENT

MUST the show go on?

Ask any actor. Ask Leon Errol, who played two solid acts with both ankles broken. Ask Ed Wynn . . .

You have heard him laugh. Who hasn't? You have heard him squeal for joy, titter, giggle and go into hysterics. So have millions. The point is, have you heard him weep?

Have you heard him groan and grind his teeth in agony? Have you seen him wrestling with doctors, fighting off nurses, so that he could take his place on the stage? If you have, you know the real Ed Wynn.

Just for the record, Ed Wynn, whose real name was Edwin Leopold, was born on November 9th, 1886, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His father, a prosperous hat merchant, foresaw a career for Ed as a millinery merchant king. But Ed had other visions. After finishing school, instead of going into business, he went into the theatre. He made his stage debut in a show called, perhaps prophetically, *American Grit*. That was in 1902, and Ed, then sixteen years old, played the rôle of a man of seventy.

From that time on Ed Wynn has been an increasingly important figure in the entertainment world. He was one of the early figures on the radio scene. In June of 1922 he took the entire cast of his current stage success, *The Perfect Fool*, over to the old studios of *WJZ* in Newark, New Jersey, and gave a complete radio performance of the show.

In April, 1932, Ed Wynn made his bow on the National Broadcasting Company's networks as a regular weekly comedy star. Graham McNamee faced the microphone with him, beginning then the long and successful association of *The Perfect Fool* and his *Perfect Foil*.

Must the show go on? In the case of this great comedian, the answer is: "Yes!" A reply shrouded in a mem-

ory of pain. For us who know—a memory of an actor's remarkable heroism.

What does the record say? Ed Wynn has been thirty-four years before the public, in vaudeville, musical comedy, movies and radio. And not one performance missed. The show went on. It had to go on. At what cost to him, you shall see in a minute.

Start at the beginning. His father had attended every opening. First night for Ed Wynn meant the presence of his devoted father and mother, seated in the front row. On the day before his show, *The Grab Bag*, opened, his father died. But the show must go on and Ed minced out of the wings, to all appearances the wildly hilarious clown. The audience shouted with laughter. No one suspected tragedy in his heart.

"You'll never know how I felt," he said. "That vacant seat. That terrible empty spot in the theatre . . ."

"Sometimes I think the tradition is wrong. Why should an actor be obliged to laugh, when he is unhappy? Why can't he go home and cry his heart out, like any other human being?"

A few years later, Ed Wynn fainted on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago. The doctor, hastily summoned, pronounced it ptomaine poisoning. Ed was unconscious for over half an hour. He woke up in a hospital. The doctors prescribed a week of rest, a special diet, sedatives.

"Nonsense," said Wynn. "I open tonight." And he did open that night. The show was a great success, and played there sixteen weeks.

Again, in Long Island, he was playing golf. It was a much advertised match, with Ed Wynn and Oscar Shaw representing the playwright on one side and Ring Lardner and Grantland Rice on the other, playing for the writers. Ed clowned for the gallery. Everyone was laughing, having a grand time. (Continued on page 78)

This story announced by Don Wilson

On Saturdays at 8 p.m., over the NBC-Blue network, *The Perfect Fool* goes on the air.

Behind that infectious, irresistible giggle that is Ed Wynn's, you'll never guess what pain and heartaches mock at mirth

Here are Sandra and wee Ronnie Burns, in the Hollywood home of Daddy George and Mama Gracie.



"DADDY—det up!"

George Burns stirred, shut his eyes tightly against the morning light, struggled to hang on to sleep, precious sleep!

"Daddy—" the tiny voice persisted, like a gnat, a mosquito that refused to be brushed away. "Det up!"

George groaned. He had been working so hard, was so tired—if only he could have just a little more sleep! "Tell Mommie to come here," he bade his little annoyner numbly.

Mommie was there in a second, laughing down at him. "Just fifteen minutes more," George begged. "Keep them quiet just fifteen minutes!"

With Ronnie in her arms and Sandra tugging at her skirts, Gracie slipped back into the other room. She was used to getting up at nine, used to rousing at that first sweet whisper: "Mommie—det up!" And George made a practice of it, too, but he was more than usually tired this morning, after that benefit show last night. He needed that extra few minutes sleep. Gracie hummed softly under her breath and got out some of the children's toys.

But five minutes later a loud wail went up. Sandra had caught her fingers in the door. Tears streamed

down her soft, apple-blossom cheeks. She clung to Mommie, sobbing, but her eyes went over Mommie's shoulder, toward the farther door. "I want my Daddy!"

And so, like any other daddy, George hopped out of bed and came running, to see what had hurt his baby!

The coming of the babies has so altered life for George Burns and Gracie Allen that they hardly know themselves. The footloose, carefree days are over—voluntarily they have shouldered new burdens, new responsibilities. Cheerfully they wear new chains, forged by two pairs of tiny hands!

They always meant to adopt a baby—one baby—sometime! Not while they were in vaudeville, and moving from town to town. Not so long as the baby would have to sleep in a theatrical trunk or be tied to a chair in the wings while they did their act—but some day—some day when they could give the child a real home, the right sort of background.

Strange as it may seem, it was Hollywood that was to provide that background, to make that dream come true.

George and Gracie—the names are as in— (Continued on page 64)

Most precious of all, for George and Gracie, are the happy hours they spend with their children.



CHILDREN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

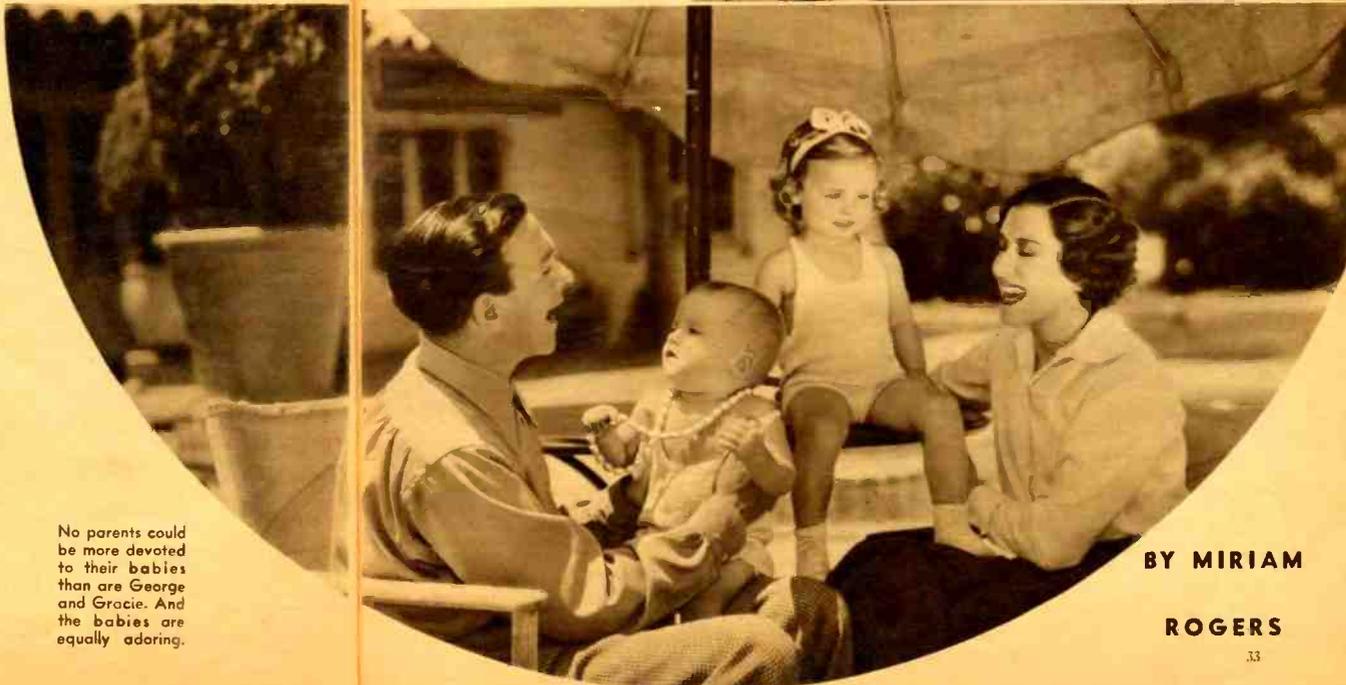
Two reasons why life for George Burns and Gracie Allen is sweet beyond belief



This story announced

By Paul Douglas

No parents could be more devoted to their babies than are George and Gracie. And the babies are equally adoring.



BY MIRIAM

ROGERS

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

this month we discover new
and old favorites of the air

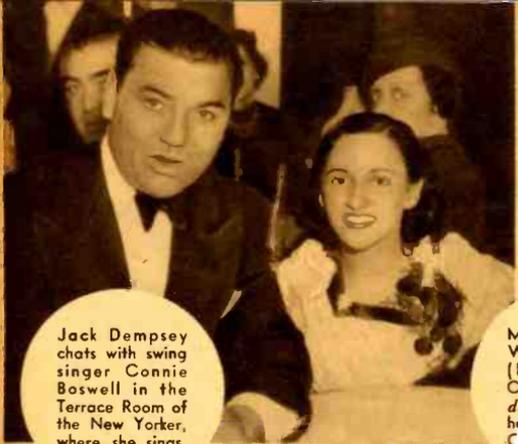
Peeping at you from that Raleigh and Kool cigarette show are (top to bottom) Robert Bernard, Jack Pearl, Mae Questal, Cliff Hall and George Haggerty



A tender moment. Radio's James Melton salutes Patricia Ellis in Warner Brothers' new movie, *Melody for Two*.



Coy Uno Merkel dances with Sid Silvers, of the Al Jolson radio program.



Jack Dempsey chats with swing singer Connie Boswell in the Terrace Room of the New Yorker, where she sings.



Mrs. Waite (Betty Cooper) here.



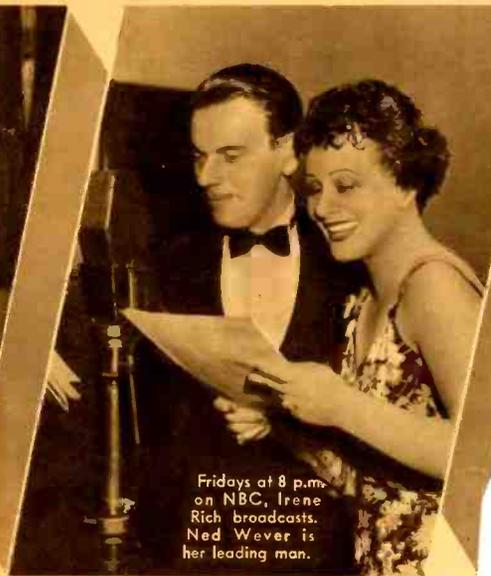
An American Japanese girl, Betty Wing, of Armstrong.



Henry King (left), Frances Langford and Allen Cross work out gags for *Hollywood Hotel* program in Frances' home.



A merry frolic in Central Park with her police pup pets and Slinky, the Scot.



Fridays at 8 p.m. on NBC, Irene Rich broadcasts. Ned Wever is her leading man.

THREE TIMES DIVORCED, BUT-

"I'd make a success of marriage now," says Irene Rich. "But I can't marry again!"

BY MARY
WATKINS REEVES



This story announced by Kenneth Carpenter

IT'S got to be a favorite pastime with Radio Row—marrying off Irene Rich. For the microphone people, who are just as cliquy as the neighbors around Goose Creek, feel about Irene much as small-town folks feel about the village belle—they can't sit back on their cracker-barrels and rockers in peace till the *Just Married* sign has been tied to the bumper of the honeymoon car and the sparrows have got the last speck of rice off the sidewalk in front of the church.

So Radio Row is forever pairing its stunning Miss Rich with this or that distinguished gentleman of exceptional talent, background or wealth. Of course he must be something extra special, because Irene is. Because at forty-five she's as vivacious and pretty as a sub-deb; because she can slip into a size fourteen at Hattie Carnegie's and wear it away without an alteration; because she has the mature charm and graciousness of two-score years packed into a sparkling *joie-de-vivre* that couldn't possibly be out of its 'teens; and because, after three unsuccessful attempts at wedlock, she deserves a man who could make her life a love song.

The only trouble—and this will be news to Radio Roy,

too—is that its stunning Miss Rich isn't having any marriageable affairs of the heart this season, thank you, or any season ever. And that's definite.

She said to me the other day, looking very slender and serious behind a low white tea table at the Waldorf: "I'd like to make a success of marriage. It's the only big thing I've ever tried hard to do and failed at. Three times I failed, you know—and it was my own fault every time. I know now how to rectify those faults, but I'll never have a chance to prove it."

"You see," she said, "I can't marry again. That's the whole thing. It's—well, it goes back . . ."

And for the first time she ever has discussed it fully, Irene Rich told me the intimate story of her three divorces and the strange prohibition they have put on her life.

She was just a kid, a seventeen-year-old child, just out of high school, when she stood before an altar in her lacy white graduation dress and became the bride of a young Spokane bank clerk who was almost as much a child as herself. They had been sweethearts for a long time. Irene always had been popular, because she was pretty and gay as the green-gold sorcery of an April afternoon. But when school was finished she had had enough of dates and dances and beaux. She yearned, with all her heart, for the jny of married life, with a home and babies.

Especially babies. "I was crazy about them. I wanted, more than anything in the world, a baby of my own. Mother could understand that, because she, herself, had married at sixteen. So she didn't oppose our plans. My husband and I settled down and I (Continued on page 112)

BEFORE FAME

This story
announced by
Louis Roen



BY NANCY BARROWS

A voice, a kiss from a star, the
girl he loved and money he
earned himself were all that

Richard Crooks needed

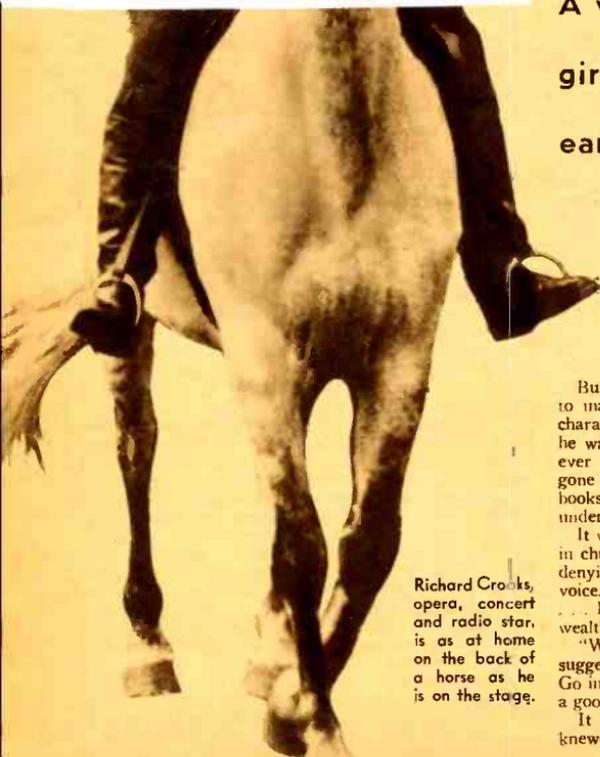
HE WAS a tall youth, well over six feet, and broad in proportion, and looking more mature than he had any right to look at twenty-one. And already he was earning two hundred dollars a month as tenor soloist with a choir.

But the father of the girl young Richard Crooks wanted to marry felt hesitant. Not in any doubt of the lad's character or worth or ability. He had known Dick since he was a child, and his daughter had been "Dick's girl," ever since she was five and Dick was seven. They had gone through school together. He had carried Mildred's books, had been her beau at parties. And always it was understood that one day they would be married.

It was the music that made Mr. Pine hesitate. Singing in church or concert was all very well—and there was no denying that Richard Crooks had a rare and glorious voice. But music as a career . . . It was so uncertain . . . It meant struggle, sacrifices, hardships—unless some wealthy patron smoothed the way to success.

"Why don't you put this music idea out of your head?" suggested Mildred's father kindly. "There's nothing in it. Go into business—come in with me, if you like—and make a good living for yourself and Mildred."

It was no stern, unfriendly parent who spoke, Dick knew—yet his words were a sharp knife turning in the



Richard Crooks, opera, concert and radio star, is as at home on the back of a horse as he is on the stage.



In his home, Richard Crooks runs over a new song for the *Firestone* program. His wife, who is an accomplished pianist, helps him select and prepare all his programs.



Above, the new farm tractors intrigue the *Voice of Firestone* star. Farming might be fun now, he thinks. In the top picture, Crooks foregathers with a couple of canine friends.

boy's heart. He wanted to please Mildred's father, wanted to do what seemed right and best. But—"put music out of your head . . ." The difficulty was, music wasn't merely in his head, it was in his heart—just as Mildred was. How could he give up either?

Soberly he talked with Mildred about it. Not "Shall I give up music?" That question he couldn't ask. But, "Do you think I should give up singing and go into business?" How important was the answer to that question!

But Mildred, with wisdom and understanding rare at nineteen, with love and loyalty and faith that matched his own, held his hand tightly, looked into his shining blue eyes, deep now with earnest thought, said simply: "It's your life, dear—you must do what you feel is right."

She had grown up loving Dick Crooks. Every thought and dream and hope and ambition that were his were as familiar to her as her own—were her own, really. She couldn't fail Dick—ever!

And so they were married. In their tiny apartment they cooked the meals together, washed dishes together, studied together. Mildred was an accomplished pianist. She had studied music longer than her young singer husband had. Two hundred a month wasn't a meagre income in those days, but young Mrs. Crooks budgeted it carefully, determined to save every penny possible to further Dick's musical education and advance him in his chosen career. Ten dollars a week, she figured, was enough to spend on their living. They were so happy, anyway—money could buy them no more joy.

It was Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink who first had implanted in the heart of young Dickie Crooks the idea that music held greater glories than any he yet could dream. He was twelve years old then. For two years he had been soprano soloist in the boys' choir of a church in Trenton, New Jersey, where he was born. That summer, when he was twelve, he was chosen as soloist with Madame Schumann-Heink at The Trenton Music Festival. The two soloists were accompanied by a chorus of three

thousand children's voices. When Richard finished his solos, the great singer kissed him.

His face had flamed with embarrassment at the time, but later his mortification cooled, remembering the words she had said to him: "You can amount to something—if you work."

He was tall and strong for a boy of twelve. He felt himself a man, and knew a man must work for his living, for a home and a family. Fame was a word that meant nothing to the lad. Work he understood. Music he loved.

"You can amount to something—if you work."

The words were like an accolade. He thought of them as he sang the church hymns on Sunday. As he studied his school lessons, the words sang in his heart. "If you work . . ."

Well, he had always worked—but not for music—yet. They were not rich, the Crooks family, but comfort they had. If you wanted something, you earned it. That was understood.

Theirs was a typical American household, with no musical background. Three husky boys growing up. Father a soap salesman. Mother taking care of them all, loving them all, singing as she prepared the meals or did the sweeping and dusting. She knew nothing about music. Just sang, as, in countless other modest homes, Mother was singing songs she knew and loved—church hymns, a popular melody learned from a record, old, familiar songs, *In the Gloaming* . . .

Only Dick loved to sing with her—and one day his mother realized that her boy's voice was unusually pure and sweet, his ear amazingly true. It was she who took him to the choirmaster, who lost no time adding that flawless young voice to his choir. And in this choir Dick received the only training he had in music.

When Richard Crooks was fourteen, his mother died. Maybe the immeasurable heartache of that loss marked the end of childhood. Life (Continued on page 106)



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When Richard Crooks was fourteen, his mother died. Maybe the immeasurable heartache of that loss marked the end of childhood. Life (Continued on page 106)



Bobby Breen, that bright boy star of the *Texaco* program.



This story announced by James Wallington

IS BOBBY

JEALOUS

OF DEANNA?

Do the two child stars of Eddie Cantor's program vie with each other to hold first place in Eddie's heart?

Eddie Cantor's newest discovery, thirteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, who sings like an operatic star.



"DO you still love me, Uncle Eddie?" A little boy's face showed between the curtains at the back of the stage. It was Bobby Breen who asked this question of Eddie Cantor, last September, at a rehearsal of the *Texas Town* radio program.

"Come here, Bobby," answered Cantor, and he took the little nine-year-old boy on his knee. "Now, tell Uncle Eddie just what you mean—"Do you still love me?"

"Now that *she* is on the program—do you love me as much now as you did before Deanna came on the program?" The little boy was worried. For a year, Bobby Breen had been the child of the Eddie Cantor programs. His "Uncle Eddie" had looked upon him as an adopted son. And now his position was jeopardized by the coming of another child. True, the other child was a girl, thirteen years old, but nevertheless, Bobby Breen was worried.

Deanna Durbin was given important spots on the radio program. She was being hailed as a child wonder—the child with the voice of an adult. Bobby Breen had been secure in the knowledge that he held the first spot in the heart of his adopted uncle. Now he was afraid this Durbin child would crowd his place. It was a difficult situation for the nine-year-old boy to understand.

Only by careful explaining could Cantor set the child's mind at rest. "Now listen to me, Bobby," he began. "I love you now and I'll always love you. No one can take your place. Deanna is going to help our program. She is going to make it a better program than it was before. She is joining our family and making it a better and happier family. Remember that."

The little boy smiled. He was happy again—happy in the knowledge that no one could push him into the background.

But how did Deanna feel about joining a program on which a nine-year-old boy was so important? For a year, Bobby had been a member of the program; for a



Deanna Durbin smiles to the microphone for the *Texaco* program.



Bobby whispers a secret to Janet, the youngest of Eddie's daughters.

BY MIRIAM GIBSON

year he had enjoyed the affection of the man who made the program possible. Would she have a chance?

"As soon as I knew Bobby, I liked him," is her answer to the question. "Jealous? Of course not!"

To understand the situation better we must go further into the background of Eddie Cantor.

"I love to help people who have ability, whether they are adults or children," he says. "When I first met Bobby, I realized that here was a boy who had something remarkable in a child so young. And not only has he ability, but he has a remarkable personality. He is a great kid. I love that boy."

But what about Deanna's entrance upon the picture? "One day, when I was having lunch in Hollywood, a friend said to me: 'Eddie, I have just found the most remarkable child. She is thirteen years old, but she has the fully-developed singing voice of a woman.' I thought it was another case of a fond relative. You know—a supposed wonder-child. But I gave the man the benefit of the doubt. I told him to bring her over for an audition."

"When Deanna started to sing at that audition, I couldn't believe my ears. In front of me stood a child—thirteen years old. I saw that. But my ears told me that I was listening to a woman's voice. It was amazing!" Eddie still wonders at such a marvel. "And she is such a sweet little girl. It is just as though she didn't realize that she is unusual. She is sweet and untouched by all the attention she is getting. Don't you think so?"

And I had to admit that I agreed with him. After all the fanfare that had preceded Deanna Durbin—after hearing what a remarkable person she was, how sweet, unspoiled, how untouched by the attention she was receiving, one expects to be disappointed. She was in New York for the first time, being shown all the sights of which she had heard all her short life. At one of the most lavish hotels in New York, she was ensconced in a suite. She was being photo- (Continued on page 98)



Left, *Twin Stars of Mirth and Laughter*, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, are well known to movie fans for their RKO-Radio picture, *Swing Time*.



Right, lovely Helen Hayes, star of the radio serial *Bambi*, won *Radio Stars Magazine's* medal for Distinguished Service to Radio by her acting in this air drama.



Left, Kay Thompson, singer on the Chesterfield show, tries her hand at ping-pong. Kay warbles with her *Rhythm Singers* and Hal Kemp's orchestra.



Right, Eddy Duchin, whose orchestra rewards listeners to the *LaSalle Fashion Show*, with program director Charles LeMaire beside him. A Thursday broadcast.

DIALINGS

Informal glimpses of popular personalities that make your dialings a sure delight

Your old friend, Eddie Cantor, questions announcer Jimmy Wallington on the *Texaco* show.





"We won't wait too long," declares Joan Blaine fervently. "Time goes so fast!"

Joan Blaine is radio's *Mary Marlin* and Joan in *A Tale of Today* on NBC network.

Cyril Pitts, tenor soloist of *Carnation Contented* program, Mondays, 10 p.m. EST.



THE ROCKY ROAD TO ROMANCE

Will Joan Blaine and Cyril Pitts marry?

BY LESLIE EATON

"We won't wait too long," said Joan softly. "Time goes so swiftly—and we don't want to lose one moment of it."

She was talking, of course, of marriage. Joan Blaine, radio's *Mary Marlin*, and Joan in *A Tale of Today*, is in love. Deeply, excitingly in love with and engaged to another radio favorite, Cyril Pitts. And of course they want to be married. But even as she says: "*We won't wait too long*," you feel that their road to romance will not be an easy one. All along it are shadowy shapes, gray ghosts of duty, of responsibility to others, pulling Joan this way, pulling Cyril that way.

Will it be possible for them to marry? To have the home of their dreams? To live their own lives together, unburdened by the various problems of other lives?

"We'll work it out somehow," says

Joan, a trifle wistfully. "This year—I hope."

But right now Cyril Pitts is in New York—his work keeps him there. And Joan's radio work keeps her in Chicago. And Cyril has parents to support. And Joan has her mother and brothers and sisters to take care of. And the country walks that Joan and Cyril love to take together, the riding and the swimming or skating, the happy planning for the home they want to build, all are shut away from them right now by the hard hand of fate!

It's not easy to lay aside burdens, once you've taken them up. Especially if they're other people's burdens—people you love.

In the beginning Joan planned to be a lawyer. She earned her B.A. and B.L. degrees and passed her Bar examinations. But she found legal work a strain (Continued on page 100)

CAN WOMEN TELL MEN THE TRUTH? MEN THE TRUTH? NO? . . . YES?



This story
announced by
Ben Grauer

**BY HARRIET
MENKEN**

Rosemary Lane, sweet singer with Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians*, says: "Men can't take it! You just can't tell men the truth!"



Lucy Monroe, young soloist of the *American Album of Familiar Music*, reveals a tragic experience due to being absolutely frank.

A girl from Georgia, blue-eyed and slim, *Ziegfeld Follies'* star and radio singer, Jane Pickens learned a sad lesson when she told a man the truth!

And here is demure Rosemarie Brancato, lovely coloratura singer from Kansas City, Mo., who finds that men are averse to believing truths they hear.

Here's what happened when four lovely radio stars tried it!

CAN we tell men the truth? That is an age-old subject to which women have given serious consideration, even before the days when Cleopatra floated down the Nile with her captive Antony! Probably Eve pondered upon that problem in Eden! For, be they blondes or brunettes, maids or millionaires, Colonel's Ladies or Judy O'Gradys, all the feminine sex at some time debate the all important question: Can we tell men the truth?

I determined to find out what the famous feminine radio stars had to say about this. I expected to discover two points of view—that of the ladies who believe that we can tell men the truth, and that of those who believe that we cannot. Up and down Radio Row I went and asked the question. But there was only one reply from the celebrated ladies of the air.

"No, no, no." was the reiterated feminine refrain. "We can't tell men the truth!"

So let me tell you about the experiences of a few of the radio celebrities who hold this viewpoint. Listen to the intimate incidents of their lives which made them form this opinion.

I caught Jane Pickens in her dressing-room at the *Follies*, for the gorgeous Georgia gal, with the blue eyes and slender figure, is the leading lady of this Broadway show as well as the leading lady of an *NBC* Saturday night program.

"No," the most famous of the Pickens sisters told me. "I don't think it a good idea to tell men

the truth. Let me give you an example out of my own experience. I go mostly with people outside the theatre and radio, and one of my best beaux is a lawyer. Now people outside the theatre and radio never understand theatrical lingo and habits. They don't realize that, when we put our arms around each other or call one another 'darling' and 'honey,' it doesn't mean a thing. The other day, Jimmy Farrell (he's in the show with me) and I were having our pictures taken for publicity purposes, by some news syndicate. Jimmy was supposed to kiss me in the picture. The minute it was over I knew my lawyer friend would misunderstand. So I decided that I'd better tell him the truth about the picture, before he saw it in the papers. Well, I did. I told him the whole, the exact truth. What was the result? I won't say he didn't believe me, exactly. But he certainly couldn't understand it. If I'd said nothing, instead of explaining and telling him the truth, it would have been much better. He probably never would have seen the picture, anyway. Some things are just better left unsaid!"

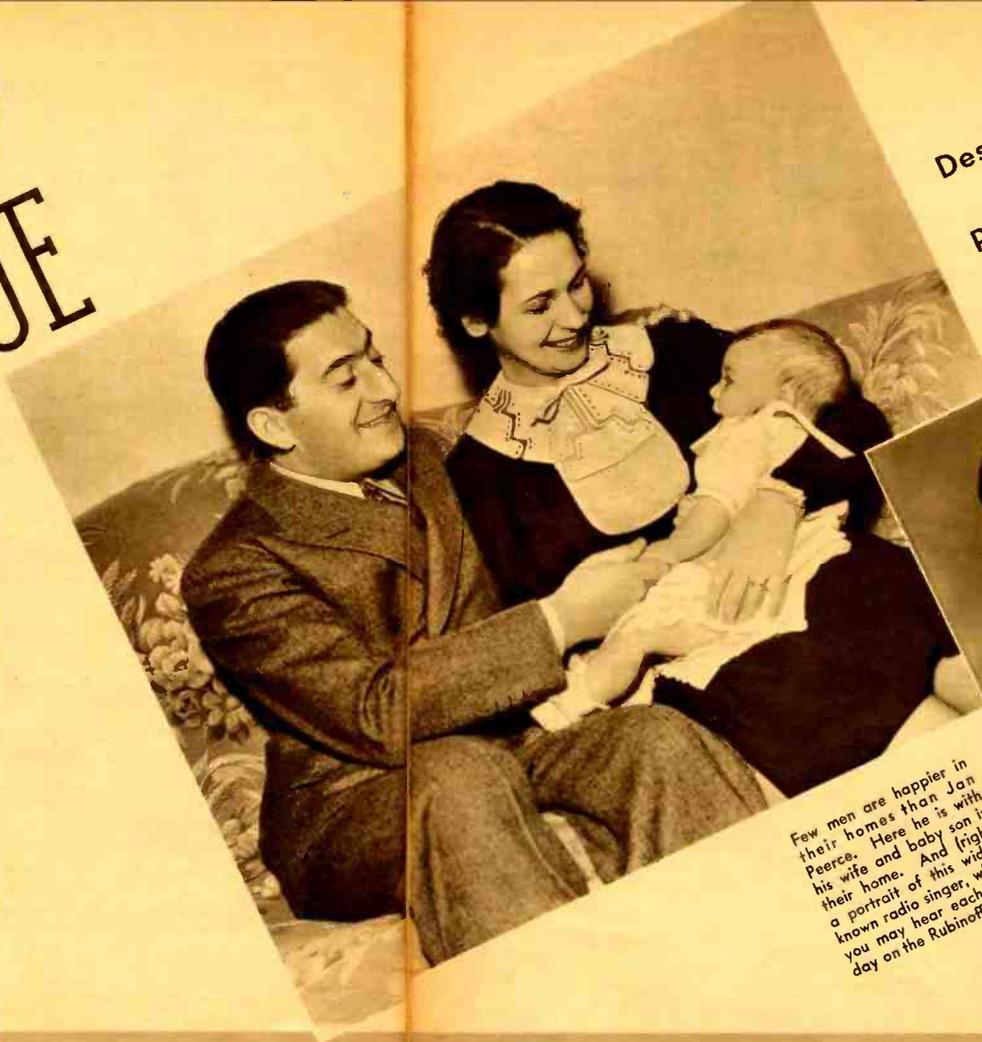
The strains of *You Don't Love Right* floated up to us from the stage. "No, you can't tell men the truth," Jane said slowly, fastening her diamond and ruby necklace around her throat. "Here's another instance: Once upon a time I was in a show with someone. Every night he asked me to go out with him. I started to tell him why I couldn't go, to explain that the reason was that I loved someone else. The moment I began, I saw him look hurt and cold. So I stopped. I didn't tell him the truth. I just evaded the issue, kidded him along. If I'd told him the truth, he would have been hurt, even if only momentarily, and things wouldn't have gone smoothly with the show. This way no one was hurt and we continued to do our numbers beautifully and harmoniously together. You have to be kind and tactful. (Continued on page 90)

DAY DREAMS COME TRUE

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN



This story
announced by
Harry Von Zell



Despite heartbreak, Jan
Peerce, CBS tenor, never
lost faith in his dreams



Few men are happier in
their homes than Jan
Peerce. Here he is with
his wife and baby son in
their home. And (right)
a portrait of this widely
known radio singer, whom
you may hear each Sun-
day on the Rubinfoff show.

THE first song that really touched Jan Peerce was one his mother sang to him when he was a little boy. Down in those few crowded rooms in the lower East Side she sang, and the words were in a tongue strange to him and yet he understood the melancholy undertones of the music, the sudden wild swerve to a Zigeuner strain.

And suddenly he wasn't on the lower East Side at all and there weren't any crowded streets or mobs gesticulating around push carts. He was holding his mother's hand and a clear, strong wind was blowing over the Russian Steppes and he heard guitars strumming and saw distant fires and all around him were the sad, gay Gypsies his mother sang of.

Then the song was finished and he saw he really hadn't been away at all, for there was his mother stirring the

noodles in the great copper pot on the stove and there were his three brothers doing their homework on the kitchen table and there was he, moved to tears by the words and the music and his mother's voice.

Even now, when he hears that song, it's as if he were hearing it again for the first time, down in that crowded room, and as if a wind were blowing over the Steppes and Gypsy fires burning, and his brothers studying their lessons at the kitchen table.

Songs do that to Jan Peerce. A song that lifted one day to the skies, a song that tore another day down to unutterable sadness, he has only to hear them again, no matter how many years later, to recapture an old joy or to weep in an old sorrow.

That's one of the reasons why Jan Peerce moves you

so, when he sings. Because the song means so much to him.

Even today, when he hears anyone singing the war songs, it isn't of doughboys he thinks, or of the Victory parade up Fifth Avenue, or of drums beating, but of a small girl of eleven, sloe-eyed and dark-haired, who tossed her head a little when he was introduced to her by her cousin, a boy in his class at school.

"An uppity kid!" He laughs, remembering. "Terribly snooty! She acted as if her father were president of four banks."

They were still singing war songs, that night back in 1919, when he stayed on for supper. And even five years later he remembered her name was Alice.

And when he hears *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No*

More, he remembers a dark girl of sixteen, who came up to him when he was playing the violin at a wedding, dragging her father with her because she was shy, and saying: "Don't you remember me? You came over to my cousin's house for supper one night?" Maybe it was because her dress was yellow that he liked her so much, for yellow is his favorite color. Maybe it was the light that played in her eyes or the tender curve her mouth made above her small, pointed chin, but Jan never had been so happy with a girl before in his life and he remembers how they hummed that song together all evening and how they laughed as they sang.

Then there was another song, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*. That was the big hit of 1928 and so popular that even today, after (Continued on page 71)



Sophisticated
black moiré,
with gardenias.

WIN

ONE OF THESE GLAMOROUS EVENING GOWNS

LUCILLE MANNERS ASKS
YOU TO EXPLAIN WHICH
GOWN BEST SUITS HER
PERSONALITY



**THIS
CONTEST
ANNOUNCED
BY
CHARLES
LYON**

RADIO'S newest prima donna, Lucille Manners, wants you to help her to decide what type of dress she should wear for her Friday night *Cities Service Concert*. This exciting and glamorous NBC star offers you a chance to win any one of the four beautiful and expensive evening gowns pictured here.

Think of it! A gorgeous new evening gown to wear now and all through the spring and summer months—yours for the easy trick of writing fifty words, or less, explaining why you think one dress suits Lucille's personality better



Lucille Manners,
star of *Cities
Service Concert*.



Romantic violet and white corsage silk print.



Tailored blue-and-black silk dinner dress.



Stately chiffon print in softer of pastel hues.

than any of the others.

These four lovely prizes come from the Rockefeller Center Shops, situated in the heart of Radio City in New York. Out of the seventy shops in the Center, four have generously donated their loveliest evening gowns. One of them can be

yours. Here is what they look like:

Dana de Paris offers a stunning silk print, romantically printed all over in large corsage bouquets of violet and green on a white ground. The skirt is full, with the hem bordered in a band of the violet shade. The bodice (Continued on page 110)

RULES

1. Write fifty words or less on which of the four dresses, pictured, best suits Lucille Manners' personality and why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to Lucille Manners' Contest, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest will close at midnight of March 3rd, 1937. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your preference and size in gowns, according to the description given.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best essays of fifty words or less, on the given subject, will each win one of the four dresses shown.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Manners and the editors of RADIO STARS) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. No employees of RADIO STARS or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

PRIZES

1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes are donated by the Rockefeller Center Shops, Radio City, New York, N. Y.

Violet corsage print gown, from Dana de Paris, La Maison Francaise, 612 Fifth Avenue.

Pastel flower-printed chiffon gown, from Tappé, 17 West 50th Street.

Black and blue silk crêpe dinner dress, from Greer's Town and Country Shop, R.C.A. Bldg., 62 West 50th Street.

Black moiré gardenia gown, from Thea Sheehan, 22 West 51st Street, International Bldg.

HE CERTAINLY STARTED SOMETHING!

BY MILDRED

MASTIN

Jerry Belcher comes into your own home with his microphone and broadcasts your replies to his questions on his popular *Our Neighbor* radio program. It goes over the NBC network Sundays at 1:30, EST.



This story
announced by
Ken Niles

FOUR years ago, when Jerry Belcher walked into a Houston, Texas, radio station, with a suggestion to make, he didn't know what he was starting.

Jerry's suggestion was that the station let him take a microphone down to the street and broadcast short interviews with passersby. Everyone at the studio laughed at the idea. But Mr. Belcher was a newspaperman. He had seen *The Inquiring Reporter* used successfully in news columns; why not over the air?

Above the laughter rose Jerry's determined arguments. And finally, with misgivings, the station put a microphone in Mr. Belcher's hands and told him to go to it.

Nobody remembers now who was the first person interviewed. No one realized that he was heading a long parade of thousands who were to follow. Thousands of non-professionals, who would pour into microphones their troubles, their hopes, wisecracks and wrong answers, for a listening world to weep over and chuckle at.

Mr. Belcher still didn't realize what he had started when, almost three years after his first Texas broadcast, he and a partner, Parks Johnson, left the local station and came up to New York to pull their stunt over a national hook-up. In New York they handled it just as they had in Houston. Belcher still called the program *Vox Pop*, and asked the same type of questions. The only differ-

ence was, more people were listening to the program now.

All along the way tragic endings were predicted for Jerry's program: He wouldn't be able to keep it free from censorable comments; the man on the street would offend the lady in the parlor; Belcher would inadvertently ask a question that would tie the program up in a libel suit; it was novel now, but people would tire of it. So the prophecies went, each more dire than the one before. But none of them came true. *Vox Pop* remained successful and trouble-free.

But as *Vox Pop* grew in popularity, program planners sat down with sponsors and began to figure. And in no time at all the networks were adding more and more programs patterned after Belcher's original idea—human interest programs that permitted you and your neighbor to speak for yourselves.

Now Jerry Belcher's idea was based on several things that anyone who has worked on newspapers learns about people. He knew, for one thing, that the most interesting topic to man is man. Jerry didn't believe the wet-blankets, who said an unrehearsed, unplanned program wouldn't carry over the air. He knew that people love unvarnished, true-life stories, expressions that are real. A snapshot is more revealing than a portrait. He knew, too, that everybody loves a confession. (Continued on page 62)

Meet Jerry Belcher, originator of the man-on-the-street programs

THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through."



MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Café, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
- MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles
- MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
- MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
- MRS. ANTHONY I. DRENEL 3rd, Philadelphia
- MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
- MRS. NICHOLAS C. PENNYMAN III, Baltimore
- MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
- MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . .
SMOKE
CAMELS!**



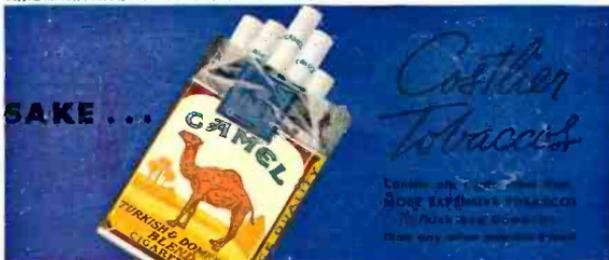
AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion . . . on your busy days!

MOST modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes

the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)



BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW!

IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY!



LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN. SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . .



WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

21 EAST 64TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

4 WEEKS LATER—SWEETHEARTS AGAIN THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!



How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture . . . the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your

complexion soft, smooth and young. Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—to-day?



CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dajfoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

Are YOU registering your radio preferences? Write us, giving your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERY EDITOR, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

Madge Riley, New Castle, Ind. (Student.) "Who do we listen to? Well, I, for one, think Ben Bernie is the best to be had! Wild horses couldn't drag me from the radio when he broadcasts. The 'old maestro' blends subtle humor with grand music and is delightfully refreshing. Prunes to any who brand the maestro's quips as 'smart alec talk.' For shame!"

Mrs. Paul Clarke, Obsidian, Idaho. (Housewife.) "One Man's Family and other dramatic skits are my favorites. They seem so human and real. As we live where we can't see shows or any entertainment outside our radio for about six long winter months, they give us many hours of amusement and company."

Paul F. Douglas, Washington, D.C. (Bus-boy.) "Listening to dance music

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO-AND WHY

is my favorite pastime. For the swing variety, I like Benny Goodman's contribution to the *Camel Caravan*; Guy Lombardo, for soothing, sweet music; and for syncopation, Jimmy Dorsey's numbers, on Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall*."

Elaine Frances Kort, Clifton, N. J. (Vocal Student.) "I listen to the popular tenor, Frank Parker, no matter what program he's on. Ben Bernie is my second choice and I also like Jessica Dragonette."

S. P. Richfield, New York, N. Y. "With all due praise to the stars of radio, let's not forget the youngsters who are just starting in that field. For instance, the 'variety-baritone' voice of Larry Taylor (*H'OR*) and that distinguished young composer and arranger, Morton Gould. Here's to the success of these coming stars!"

Agnes Meale, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Student.) "Hollywood Hotel is my favorite program, because it always is entertaining in both music and drama. However, one of my main reasons for liking it is that my favorite star of radio and screen, Frances Langford, is with the program. Being able to hear her every Friday night is the only thing in the world I care for."

Theodore Vasallo, Philadelphia, Pa. "Since everybody has been picking All-American teams and so on, I feel sure it is also a time to pick an

Letters from readers, giving their choices among broadcasts

all-star radio program including the ten best orchestras. Here is how I would rate them: 25% for style, 25% for type of music played, 25% for popularity and 25% for how well they play. My choices are: 1. Benny Goodman, 2. Hal Kemp, 3. Guy Lombardo, 4. Ben Bernie, 5. Ozzie Nelson, 6. Glen Gray, 7. Richard Himber, 8. Wayne King, 9. Tommy Dorsey, 10. Ray Noble."

Margaret Holloway, Memphis, Tenn. (Typist.) "My favorites are: *American Album of Familiar Music*, because the sweet, soft music of the orchestra is very soothing to a person who likes this type of music. And Frank Munn is still 'The Golden Voice of Radio.' The *Carnation Contented Hour* and *Words and Music* programs all feature fine artists. (Continued on page 116)



"Ben Bernie, the best to be had. Delightful. Refreshing."



"Loretta Lee has everything anyone could ask for!"



"Mary Eastman should be the 1936 Radio Queen."



"Ken Murray's was one of my favorite, never-miss programs."

JOIN OUR TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD

BY JACK SMALLEY



Don't be a fade-out!



SAYS

Jane Heath

• Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes. . . so play yours up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.



then use this

• But be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHTINT compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can whisk it out ready to use at any moment. And it insures even, natural applications. Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. \$1.



and always this

• Most important of all! KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamorous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, Dept. D-5

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eye: Hair: Complexion:

Name:

Address:

City: State:

(Please print plainly)



See movies being made! Here four of the ace comedians in Universal's *Top of the Town* serenade Dorine MacTavish (Ella Logan.) Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert and Henry Armetta form the band.

Radio Stars Magazine announces a grand two-weeks' vacation trip from Chicago to the Coast! Don't twist your dials until you've listened to our exciting plans for your summer vacation—it's the best news we've ever broadcast!

Radio Stars has arranged three grand and glorious expeditions to Hollywood, to give you that long-awaited chance to hobnob with radio and film celebrities and enjoy the most thrilling series of adventures imaginable. It will be a house-party on wheels, with special trains to carry each group from Chicago to California, on an all-expense vacation that whisks you out and back again in exactly two weeks.

And all at an astonishingly low cost! Here is your chance to see your favorites in person, at parties arranged especially for your entertainment. At last you can see movies being made, you can dine and dance at the night spots you've read about, and when you come home from this vacation you'll be broadcasting to the world that it was the most memorable experience in your life.

To begin at the beginning, here is the plan: Three special trains will leave Chicago on July 4th, July 17th and August 1st, returning two weeks later. Summer excursion rates bring you to the starting place at small extra cost, if you live East of Chicago.

Every detail for your comfort and enjoyment is arranged before you climb aboard, so you'll leave worry and care behind you. Then you'll start on a sight-seeing trip that will take you through the Rocky Mountains to the Coast, with stops at national parks, ending in Hollywood.

Here a series of gala festivities awaits you. There will be cocktail parties, dinner

dances, and trips through the studio to see pictures being made. And we've invited Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, and a host of radio and screen personalities to come to the parties to meet you. So bring your kodaks and autograph books!

Each vacation trip will be distinguished by a festive party at a movie star's home.

Leo Carrillo, a universal favorite of the fans, is going to have a real Spanish barbecue and fiesta at his famous ranch home in Santa Monica. You saw Leo in *The Gay Desperado*; now he's with Charles Boyer in *History is Made at Night*. Glenda Farrell will entertain at her San Fernando home at a rollicking *Goddiggers' Party*, and Richard Arlen at a *Melting-Pot Party*.

Dick Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are the center of social life at Toluca Lake, where the Crosbys and the Dick Powells are close neighbors. As you may know, Dick spent a year in Canada and England making that historic film of railroad pioneers, *The Great Barrier*. He has just finished two films for 20th Century-Fox release, *Secret Valley* and *Boots and Saddles*.

You'll be thrilled at Dick's lovely estate near Warner Brothers Studio, with its outdoor bar, huge swimming pool, and the amazing playground he built for his son, Ricky. Don't forget to bring your swim suit to this party. Dick has invited his movie friends, so you'll meet your favorites.

The new Universal Studios will be our hosts when its time to show you how pictures are made. As you know, visitors to Hollywood find it impossible to "crash" the studio gates, but, thanks to Universal, our party actually will see movies being

(Continued on page 111)

Lines... Dry Skin



ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krobs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking
—learn how to invigorate
your **UNDER SKIN**

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands func-



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away dried lines—and tones my skin."

tioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon

you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly parted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger!*

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

POND'S, Dept. 98E-CC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Heavy date...
..but look at
her Nose!



KLEENEX HABIT saves noses during colds!

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money and reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

WINNING THE HOLLYWOOD HANDICAP

(Continued from page 25)

and silence builds them into obstacles that eventually become insurmountable.

"Let's say, for instance, that friend husband arrives home an hour late for dinner. Perhaps he's been working late and hasn't had a chance to phone. He meets up with a suspicious glare from the little wife. Then, let's say, he's tired and he forgets to tell her why he's late. Her normal, healthy reaction would be to yell: 'Well, where have you been, you lug?' Whereupon he would lift his tired face out of the soup course and tell all, and they'd live happily ever after. On the other hand, if the little woman chose to continue her suspicious glare and say nothing, by the time the next morning arrived she'd have figured out at least a dozen places where her unfaithful spouse might have spent that hour. After a few of those occasions she is fully convinced that she is married to a comiving reprobate who maintains love nests in every section of the city. Next thing you know, she has packed her bags and returned tearfully to mother. Unless, of course, mother is already under the same roof. In that case, she takes the family with her, leaving poor hubby wondering what happened."

I wondered how a household could keep its balance when both of its members had careers. Was there any resentment when Al, who had been the highest paid star of stage and screen, suddenly saw Ruby's fame rise till she was as well known as he was?

After all, when the Jolsons first came to Hollywood, Ruby was practically unknown. She had danced in New York night clubs and she had had small parts in some of the Ziegfeld shows, but her fame, compared to Al's, was nothing. He did *The Jazz Singer* and *The Singing Fool*, and made motion picture history. It was the birth of sound on the screen, and Al Jolson had helped considerably to make sound a success. Those two pictures made more money than any films in the history of the screen. And then came *42nd Street*, and Ruby's dancing feet tapped her way right up the ladder of stardom. She was a sensation. The public wanted more of her and there were rumors around that Al was attempting to keep her out of pictures. They were saying he thought she should be content to bask in the reflected glory of his success. But all this wasn't true.

"Ruby's career is her own," he says. "She's the star of her pictures—not Al Jolson—and I never even look at her scripts, unless she comes home blue or worried about them. When it comes to arranging financial matters with her studio, I generally advise her, because I've had years of experience in that sort of thing. But outside of that, where the studio is concerned, Mrs. Jolson is strictly Ruby Keeler."

Since Ruby is a dancing girl in all her pictures, people no doubt wonder if home life sometimes seems a bit humdrum by comparison. "Ruby has danced ever since she was a kid," Al said, "and home is



Gale Page, vivacious, versatile brunette, is both comedienne and singer on the NBC networks.

swell relaxation for her. It gives her a variety of interests that she's always wanted. That's why we adopted the little fellow whose proud papa named him Al Junior."

There was a loud thumping on the piano downstairs and proud papa jumped to his feet. "That must be Al Junior, now. Nobody else around here plays that well!"

So up came Al Junior, fresh from a nap, toddling beside his mother, who was also obviously his first sweetheart. We shook hands solemnly. I said: "How do you do?" and Al Junior replied: "Goo," which means he does all right.

"We've had him since he was four weeks old," said Al, "and now look at him. Big, husky, and nineteen months!"

"Twenty," said Ruby.

"Twenty months old," continued the perfect husband. "Even now he tries to dance like his mother, and say! Can he sing! Right now he's learning *Mummy* and in another year he'll be doing it on one knee!"

"And I'm afraid," added Ruby. "that he's going to grow up to be a radio comedian. He's just learned how to work the dials, and he spends all his spare time turning things on and off."

"And I'll really call him 'Sonny Boy'," kidded Al, "when he learns to turn off Cantor!"

So there you have the Jolsons—Ruby, Al and Al Junior—a fine household of nice people. Al hopes you like his new program. Ruby hopes you've enjoyed the moments she has contributed to it, and all Al Junior has to add is "Goo!"—which means he listens to it every Tuesday.

Capture romance



Copy. 1937 F.W.F.C.

... With Soft LUSTROUS HAIR

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

1. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of the hair.



Soap Shampoo

2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



Fitch Shampoo

Every woman longs to have exquisitely soft, alluring hair, so lovely that men turn their heads in admiration and other women sigh with envy.

To bring out the natural silken texture and gleaming highlights of your hair, use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo does not leave a single trace of undissolved deposit to dim the natural luster of your soft, glossy hair. As good for blondes as brunettes. It rinses out instantly and removes all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter with the very first application. Fitch's is the only shampoo guaranteed 100% soluble in hard or soft water.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

WRITE TODAY to The F. W. Fitch Co., Dept. M3, Des Moines, Iowa, for generous FREE Sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

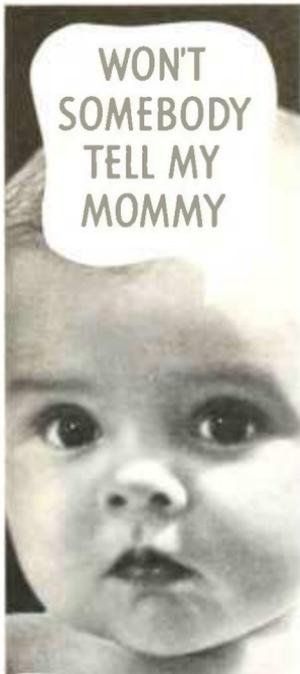
FITCH'S

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

The F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa. . . Toronto, Can.

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 11)



WON'T
SOMEBODY
TELL MY
MOMMY

"I need a daily
MENNEN OIL RUB
to keep me
safe from germs"

"It is fair—I ask you—to let me fight all alone 'gainst those germs that are always landin' on my skin! Gosh... the way folks sterilize my dishes and bottles you'd think my insides were more exposed to germs than my outsides. But, believe me, my outsides need protection too. That's why—over at the hospital where I was born—they gave me a rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. I heard 'em say that I ought to have a body rub like that for years. But I guess my Mommy has forgot. So won't somebody tell her, please, to keep my skin safe from germs—with Mennen Antiseptic Oil!"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important on maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too!

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily

couldn't resist mentioning, right off, when I started talking about particularly festive food.

Of course, I always give you one or two recipes here, too, just to keep you going until the leaflet reaches you! This month is no exception, for I'm including several recipes further along in this article.

One is for *Pincapple Egg-Nog*—a non-alcoholic drink that will go over as big with the young folks as it does with the older crowd. Then I'm also giving you some general sandwich-making directions, for I like nothing better than a huge platter of all sorts of sandwiches to have on hand when I'm expecting company.

I also asked *Radio Stars'* Hostess, Nancy Wood, to find a copy of that *Fruit Salad* recipe of mine that I once gave her, so that I could have it reprinted. This salad deserves to play a return engagement for the benefit of those who missed it the first time, because I'm sure it's about the nicest "party salad" you could wish to serve. And one of the easiest to make, in the bargain! Mold it in a ring mold for a buffet supper, in heart, diamond, club and spade molds for bridge parties... in any and every form imaginable, it's sure to be popular.

But let's get on with our parties, shall we? Since we really ought to take them up in the order in which they come on the calendar, we'll start off with Lincoln's Birthday. This holiday does not suggest, offhand, as many cute decorations nor as definite a color scheme as do the others, so I advise refreshments of a general nature. And what could be more generally popular than sandwiches. I'd like to know! Certainly those I fix up, when I'm entertaining for my friends who come up from home to visit me, seem to make a big hit, always.

Right at the start let me tell you something mighty important about sandwiches. They take time and thought; they demand infinite care and the greatest patience, if you expect them to stand out from the ordinary sort that careless hostesses sometimes serve. Oh, yes, you can take a loaf of sliced bread, slam on some too hard butter and some tasteless filling, top each piece of bread with a second one, leave on the crusts and still call them "sandwiches," all right. But they couldn't be served in my house, I assure you! No, I want the fillings to be pretty special, the bread to be home-sliced, the crusts to be removed and the finished product to be as pretty to look at as it is good to eat!

Personally, I favor open-faced sandwiches for party purposes, because they can be so attractively cut and garnished. When I start making up a batch, I first prepare my fillings and garnishes, then soften my butter and cut my bread. After the bread has been sliced, I cut it into fancy shapes with regular cookie-cutters, spread each with butter and line them up like soldiers on parade. Then, with butter-spreaders, pastry tube, egg-slicer, garnish-cutters (which are just like cookie-cutters,

only much, much smaller) and the like, I set to work. Here are some of my pet ideas:

First I slice hard cooked eggs, putting the yolks of white aside carefully, so that they do not break, and putting the yolks through a ricer. The rings are then ready for a number of uses. Sometimes I put them on rounds of bread and fill the centers with caviar (of which I am very fond). The caviar is then sprinkled with the ricel yolks or with very, very finely minced onions. Sometimes I fill the centers with chopped pimiento; or with *pate de foie gras* or the less expensive domestic substitute that you can now buy in cans. I'm also very fond of chopped chicken livers as a sandwich spread, sprinkled with the ricel yolks or topped with thinly sliced, peeled tomatoes. Calves liver may be used, too, if you make sure that it is chopped fine enough.

Another grand sandwich spread is made by combining salmon, celery and parsley... all of them minced fine, mind you, seasoned with celery salt and moistened with mayonnaise. Particularly good when spread on whole wheat bread.

I like salads served with sandwiches for a "sit down" type of supper. My *Fruit Salad*, if the guests are women, or a more substantial salad such as *Potato Salad*, if there are men present. A tray of cold cuts always seems to make a hit and of course a tray—preferably a wooden one—of assorted cheeses... Liederkranz, Roquefort, Camembert, Edam and the rest. Speaking of cheese, there is nothing nicer, in my opinion, than toasted cheese and bacon sandwiches. I make 'em up right on the spot in my electric sandwich toaster and you just ought to see that line form for "seconds." And, still speaking of cheese, I often combine cream cheese and Roquefort. Moisten them both to a smooth paste with cream or mayonnaise, place this combination in a pastry tube (the kind you use for decorating cakes) and garnish the finished sandwiches with curls of cheese. Try it sometime, it doesn't take a minute really—and, loy, doesn't it look great!

Included among your party refreshments should be, in my opinion, such things as potato chips and assorted relishes. A raw vegetable plate also goes over with a bang—especially with the men folk. On this you would have slices of green pepper, thinly sliced (and very crisp) raw carrots, celery hearts and stuffed celery as well, sliced Bermuda onions and even flowerets of raw cauliflower, which I first tasted when I was out in California making a picture. Out there they serve these tiny portions of young cauliflower liberally dusted with celery salt and they're great, really.

I also like what are called "cocktail refreshments," those single bites of something tasty, impaled on bright wooden cocktail "picks," which are then stuck into special holders (mine is a little Mexican with holes for the picks in his sombrero) or in an orange or apple, if you prefer. I

won't have room to give you many ideas along these lines, but I'd like to mention my favorites: Tiny, browned pork sausages; cream cheese balls with minced chives, parsley or nuts mixed into them; and, best of all, perhaps, new tiny potatoes, which have been boiled, drained and then dropped for a minute into deep hot fat, which gives them a golden brown coating and makes them taste like French fried potatoes—only better! If you can't buy small enough potatoes (they shouldn't be much larger than marbles!), use a ball vegetable cutter.

But, gracious! I haven't said a word about sweets, have I? Well, I'll have to remedy that at once, by mentioning the *Cocoa Cream Roll* that appears in the leaflet. It's an easily made, light textured sponge cake, actually, flavored with cocoa and rolled with a whipped cream filling. For a Washington's Birthday party you can call it the trunk of George's famous cherry tree, garnish it with candied cherries to carry out the idea further, and stick a paper hatchet into it to make it completely correct for the occasion you are celebrating!

Also timely for this festivity is a *Washington Pound Cake*, in which candied cherries again are featured, as well as the more familiar raisins. If you frost this cake with a plain confectioner's icing and make a decoration on the top with candied cherries and citron slices for leaves, you'll certainly have everybody praising your cleverness and your cooking ability!

For St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Days, there are so many grand ideas that I can only hope to skim off some of the cream of the crop. Of course, for the first, a red and white color scheme must predominate, and for the latter, a green and white one. You can choose foods that carry out this idea and you can also use harmless vegetable colors to gain the desired effect. The *Party Cheese Loaf* that I mentioned before—and for which there is a recipe in the leaflet—lends itself admirably to these two occasions. Because, you see, the loaf is spread all over with cream cheese, which can be garnished with pimiento strips or sprinkled with paprika for the red idea; or it can be mixed with watercress or sprinkled with parsley or peppers for "the wearing of the Green."

Cookies suggest themselves as the ideal sweet for these occasions, principally because they can be cut and colored to conform to the general idea. Heart-shaped cookies, of course, for the day dedicated to lovers—and shamrocks for that of Ireland's patron saint. Another reason for my suggesting cookies is that I have a splendid recipe I want you to have . . . one you'll want to have, too, I know. With these I like to serve ice-cream and so I suggest cherry ice-cream or strawberry, when it's pink you're wanting, and mint ice-cream when it's green! I'm not giving you the ice-cream recipes, however, because I don't know whether most of you use a freezer or your automatic refrigerator, and I'm pretty sure that a lot of you prefer to buy it, anyway . . . especially now that so many manufacturers offer fancy molds and designs for special occasions. But I have given you all the other recipes in this month's leaflet, the *Cocoa Roll* (you notice I always seem to men-

(Continued on page 75)



Imagine!

A SATISFYING DELICIOUS MAIN DISH for less than 3¢ a portion

Just try the two menus suggested at the right and see how your family will relish them. They might not get excited over ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. But they will over Franco-American. They'll rave about its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients . . . seasoned to savory perfection.

Franco-American has been called a "millionaire's dish." Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents—less than it costs to

prepare spaghetti at home! Get Franco-American from your grocer today. Try these delicious spaghetti meals:

SERVES 3—COSTS 45 CENTS

Franco-American Spaghetti
Brussels Sprouts Buttered Squash
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Brown Betty with Lemon Sauce
Tea

SERVES 3—COSTS 55 CENTS

Spaghetti Meat Scallop
(Casserole dish combining Franco-American with 1½ cups of any leftover meat, ground)
Buttered Beets Coleslaw
Fruit Cup Sugar Cookier
Coffee



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

HE CERTAINLY STARTED SOMETHING

(Continued from page 50)



"My Fashion Mannequins have beauty protection in this Germ-Free powder"

says

MAGGY ROUFF

Famous Fashion Designer of Paris



"The lovely *jeunes filles* who model my fashion creations are slim, fresh, erect. Their complexions have the glorious tint of the rose petal, and one reason is their use of Woodbury's powder.

"Very glamorous, very chic are the shades of this famous powder which you American women know so well. Yet it is not alone for Woodbury's beauty that I advise my mannequins to use it. A disaster these girls must avoid is a disfiguring blemish. And Woodbury's powder is free of the germs that cause skin infections". Naturally, no blemish-germ can come to the face from this germ-free powder."

Woodbury's Facial Powder comes in six enchanting skin-tone shades, for every type of complexion. \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

"Treated with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use."



You will always stop to listen if the girl in the red hat starts to tell why she left home, or if the gentleman next to you begins to explain why he will never marry a brunette.

It was because he believed everyone is interested in everybody else that Belcher was sure of his program.

If you think Jerry wasn't right, just scan the list of today's broadcasts in this morning's paper and mark the programs that are offshoots of Belcher's original *For Pop* idea.

Most talked-of among these offshoot-for a period was *The Good Will Court*. To it each Sunday came the deserted wife the broken husband, the wage-earner whose small salary was garnisheed—a troupe of unfortunate embroiled in difficulties and looking for a legal way out. There was the woman whose husband and children mistreated her. She cried as she talked. What should she do? A man confessed an untruth which had involved him in difficulties; how could he disentangle himself? For an hour, unhappy people took turn-over a national hook-up, pouring out their sad stories. Lawyers questioned; judges advised; and the nation listened.

On another station, and at another hour, similar heartaches are revealed and treated by *The Family Counselor*. A girl threatens suicide. Her fiancé has deserted her. Her family is angry about it. Her suicide threat is not an idle one. Is there a way out? The Counselor booms out advice—and another life is saved, perhaps.

But whether a life is saved or not, there are millions of Americans pressed close to their radios, eager to hear these confessions, to listen to the halting stories, the unrehearsed speeches of everyday people who are willing to reveal themselves.

Of the same cloth is the *Personal Column of the Air*. Like Belcher's *For Pop*, it, too, was torn from the pages of the daily paper. Primarily concerned with pressing persons, it exposes the heart-throbs of parents who have been separated from their children, husbands who, through strange circumstances, have lost track of their wives, brothers searching for sisters, people adopted in childhood, trying to find their real parents. Dramatic pleas, most of them: rich in tragedy.

Lighter than all these, but similar because it also tells personal stories, is the program, *Husbands and Wives*. This is patterned very closely after Mr. Belcher's original program, only it restricts its queries to problems of marital interest and its speakers to husbands and wives. "Should the husband arise on winter mornings to close the windows, or is this the wife's job?" "In your home who punishes the children?" "Is it all right for a husband to bring a friend home to dinner without telling his wife beforehand?" These are the types of questions put to vociferous husbands and their talkative spouses. The answers are both contested, with boos and hisses and spontaneous applause from the audience.

Similar, too, are the down-through-the-

audience interviews in Mr. Rodeheaver's "sing" programs. The microphone pushes through the crowd, between songs. "Where are the Hebrides? What is a zither?" Questions asked, answers given.

Perhaps none of these programs has copied Belcher's original idea as closely as the amusing and successful *Professor Quiz* hour. The Professor calls people from the audience to enter a question-and-answer contest. At the end of the half-hour program, the person who has given the greatest number of correct answers wins a prize of twenty-five silver dollars. Even the questions the Professor asks have a striking similarity to those that Belcher used on the street, and they are asked with the same rapid-fire intensity and brightness. "If a gondolier is a man who runs a gondola, what is a bandolier? What is the difference between twiddle and twaddle? What is the difference between a manole and a manacle? Who wrote *Gray's Lley*?" And so on.

Now all these outgrowths of Belcher's program have merit and interest. Yet Belcher's original idea, the *For Pop*, was better than any of its offshoots in many ways. It had a better balance of pathos and gaiety, of seriousness and humor. *The Good Will Court* was necessarily limited to depressing stories—human problems that demanded serious solutions. It had been handicapped, too, by necessary censorship, and its existence threatened by the Bar. In it there was little room for humor, for lightness. The same is true of the *Personal Column of the Air*. The program, *Husbands and Wives*, finds itself restricted to homey discussions that often are very amusing but have little appeal except to married people. Furthermore, many people feel that the home stuff can be done more effectively in a planned, professional program. That, for instance, no married lady picked at random can be as funny as Jane Ace. Even *For Pop*'s carbon copy, *Professor Quiz*, lacks much of the spontaneity and surprise that made the original program delightful.

It remained, therefore, for Mr. Belcher to improve on his own idea. And he has done it with his Sunday afternoon *Our Neighbor* program—for which new and exciting adventure, he deserted, a few months ago, his first brain child.

The idea for the *Our Neighbor* program hit Belcher, like a bolt from the blue, one Sunday when he was sitting in his own living-room, chatting with his mother and a friend of hers. He went right to his typewriter, blocked out his plan, had the two ladies sign their names as witnesses to the idea, and the next morning had it notarized. For two years the typed pages rested in a safe-deposit vault and Jerry dreamed about it.

A few months ago, believing that the future of the human interest program did not lie in street broadcasts, Belcher refused a renewal of his *For Pop* contract and went to work on *Our Neighbor*, (*For Pop*, renamed *Sidewalk Interviews*, is still being put on by Belcher's former

partner, Parks Johnson.)

In his new program, Jerry takes his microphone each Sunday afternoon into the home of a typical American family. Informally, for half an hour, he chats with the members of the family and friends who might drop in.

When he asks the lady of the house, mother of four children, what is the biggest problem in raising a family, all parents listen. And when he follows that question with: "Do you think a one-armed man could handily eat a broiled lobster?" the tension of seriousness is quickly relieved.

He questions the eighteen-year-old daughter about romance, what she thinks of marriage. Then asks: "If you could have a pair of angel wings, with the provision that you must wear them all the time, would you take them? And when she answers emphatically: "No, sir! I don't want to be an angel!" the listeners are amused.

He offers to wager the boy of the house that it won't rain for sixty days. The boy accepts the wager, and Jerry asks: "Have you ever seen it rain for sixty days?"

He asks the youngest girl rapid-fire questions about books and authors. "Who wrote *Quo Vadis*? *When Knighthood was in Flower*? What was Mark Twain's real name? George Eliot's? Uncle Remus?" And when the youngster answers with amazing speed, it becomes a game every listener joins in.

Even Mr. Belcher, handling the program, isn't sure what is coming next. He was as surprised and impressed as his listeners when, some weeks ago, he asked a five-year-old child if she said her pray-



Oscar Shaw, singing master of ceremonies of the CBS *Broadway Varieties*, and stage favorite.

ers at night, and, after a moment's silence, the baby voice, clear and sweet, repeated "The Lord's Prayer," ending the program with the final "Amen."

Yet Belcher cleverly controls the program. While it retains all the charm of spontaneity, he guides its progress to make it appeal to all ages, all classes. The broadcast achieves a nice balance of seriousness and fun, a tear following a laugh.

Belcher is careful to choose, too, different types of families different weeks, thus widening the program's appeal. One Sunday you visit the home of a preacher; the next you are taken to an aristocratic household on Gramercy Park; another week the neighbor is a family of foreign

birth, hardworking people with fascinating stories.

Another type of man might have trouble getting families to admit him. But not Jerry Belcher. Though most of the families who invite him to their homes have never seen the tall, red-headed fellow, they've met him many times over the air. They know that his wit is always kind, that he always gives his interviewee the advantage.

He makes a point of getting to the home about an hour and a half before the broadcast, just to get acquainted. Recently he arrived at one home and found that the young son of the family was an epileptic. It is characteristic of Jerry Belcher that, rather than risk hurting the mother's feelings, he included the unfortunate child in his around-the-mike conversations. So cleverly did he question the boy, so adroitly put the child at ease, not a single listener was aware of the youngster's condition. And the family's appreciation was boundless.

Belcher chooses the families he visits from the stacks of written invitations he receives each week. Up to now, he has visited only homes in and around New York. But in the near future, he plans to take the microphone into all parts of the country and every state in the Union.

It's hard to tell what the off-shoots of Mr. Belcher's newest idea will be. Where will the microphone venture next?

One thing is certain: if someone pushes a mike in front of you and asks you a question—blame Mr. Belcher! It was his original, ridiculed idea of stopping the man on the street that started this avalanche of personal programs.

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!





LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...

THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER

AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...

SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN

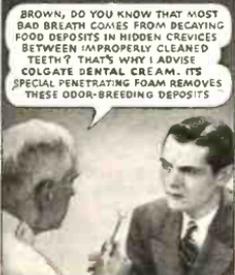


YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU





BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS



AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...

I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



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

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

CHILDREN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

(Continued from page 33)



Her mother taught her
this sensible rule...
*Never to let more
than one day pass*

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular habits of elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of Dr. Edwards, an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'

Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

separable as the two people themselves. You can't think of one without thinking of the other. You can't think of a George Burns program or a Gracie Allen program—it is George and Gracie, now and forever!

Those are big words in the theatre, in Hollywood. Marriage is the least permanent adventure in this land of make-believe, of excitement and glamour and change. Just because George and Gracie have worked together a long time, are a well-known team in the theatre, in the movies, in radio, does not mean that they must continue together always. Why shouldn't Gracie make a picture? Why shouldn't George do something on his own? No reason, of course—except George and Gracie! They look at each other and their eyes shine and you don't have to wait for them to put it in words, to know that George and Gracie are bound together by more than business, more than a comely act that has been built up around their personalities. To know that they are as completely dependent upon each other in their home, their private lives, as they have ever seemed to be on stage or screen or radio...

It had its beginning in the days when George was a hooper, and a tiny black-haired Irish girl came backstage one day to meet him. She had had some stage experience and it was not long before they were working together in a skit. But it wasn't her ability to put over gags that made her valuable to George, then or now! From the very beginning, she occupied a place in his life, in his dreams, that no one else ever could fill.

There was a boy back in San Francisco, her home town, to whom Gracie was engaged. But that was a small matter! George was of Jewish birth—his real name is Nathaniel Birnbaum—but the racial difference was unimportant, too. Didn't Abie have his Irish Rose? George was a persuasive wooer. He reminded her that he never had been successful alone, that it was she who had brought him luck. Alone, he would have to face failure again, dismal, heart-breaking failure... Gracie couldn't do that to him! He needed her, was utterly dependent upon her, now and always...

He won Gracie, but not the argument. They are still fighting over which is more dependent upon the other!

But that is the only thing they fight about. For life together has been richer, sweeter than their fondest dream. Even in those first romantic days, when Gracie listened and agreed, and they made their eager, excited plans, those lovely dreams fell short of the lovely reality that is theirs today and that they have won—together.

Life was very pleasant for them, from the beginning. They enjoyed their work, they loved each other, they were successful enough to live comfortably, patronizing good hotels and having a good time as they moved from town to town. But they held on to their dreams, working always for something beyond the day's success

and the day's fun, sweet though it was.

Their first big chance came when they were asked to make a movie short. Just back from a trip to Europe, which they had made for about \$450,00, the offer of \$1750 for one day's work sounded too good to be true. They had given little thought to the movies, had not the least idea what was expected of them. They merely faced an imaginary audience and went through their lines, put over their gags as they were in the habit of doing.

"It was awful, of course," George said candidly. "But it gave me an idea. I went home and wrote a skit which I sold to Paramount, with ourselves included. And that led to our making four shorts a year, at \$3500 a short."

And that's good pay for a day's work, in any language! It was to mean much more than that, eventually, of course, for out of that grew their opportunity to play in the *Big Broadcast* pictures. And they have just signed a new contract with Paramount, for two pictures a year, instead of the one they have been making.

When radio came along, they stepped into the new career blithely and confidently. The personalities which, to the public, are now so inseparable from their own, developed gradually. George has always written the skits and Gracie has put them over in her own inimitable way. Their program always has been one of the most popular on the air, and whether it is George's gags or Gracie's voice and mannerisms that make it so, we'll leave to Mr. and Mrs. Burns to settle between them! But doesn't it seem almost a Bob Ripleyism that their nit-witticisms will be under the hammer of *Grapenuts*—beginning April Fool's Day?

It would be nice, Gracie sighs, to be taken seriously just once in a while. But if she isn't, it is her own fault for being so convincing in the rôle of nitwit supreme, which has made her famous. And Gracie isn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. She raps on wood and keeps her fingers crossed—and looks to George for the encouragement and approbation and love that mean so much more to her than all the applause any applause machine could register!

For, while they were building success in their chosen field, while they were building up the familiar characterizations of George and Gracie as you know them, Mr. and Mrs. George Burns were building something else, too—something much finer and more lasting than anything the theatre has to offer.

With financial success, the dream of enlarging their little family became a possibility. With palpating heart, Gracie went to the Cradle in Evanston, Illinois, to find a baby girl.

The coming of Sandra marked a new era for the Burns family. When Gracie first held that tiny morsel of humanity in her arms, life took on a new meaning.

The nurse at the Cradle saw and understood the expression in the wide-apart gray eyes. She beamed and said: "You'll

be back again next year for a little boy."

But for Gracie that stirring moment was rapture enough. She shook her dark head, her arms tightening on the little animate bundle in her arms. "This is my family," she said softly. And never dreamed she was wrong.

They had been living in a small apartment, with a bedroom and a tiny kitchenette and a room they had converted into a bar and playroom for the entertainment of their friends. But with the coming of Sandra, all that was changed.

"Of course the bar had to be taken out and the playroom converted into a nursery," George explained.

"And the electric refrigerator became Sandra's, too," Gracie added. "We had been in the habit of dining at home two or three nights a week, just for fun, but we couldn't do that any more because there wasn't any room in the little ice-box for food—Sandra's bottles took up all the space!"

"After a while," George continued, "we decided we had to have a larger place and, oddly enough, that led to our buying our first car. You see, we never had needed one, living in hotels as we did, and calling taxis when we wanted them. But when we moved, we were no longer near a park and so we felt we had to get a car—and that meant a chauffeur, too, because, of course, we didn't know how to drive . . ."

A larger place, a car and a chauffeur—all for little Miss Sandra, who lay in her crib and cooed like the happy little cherub she was! And that was the real beginning of the domesticating of George Burns and Gracie Allen!

They were making movies now, and spending a large part of their time in Hollywood. The fact that they could spend six months in one place, instead of traveling all over the U. S. A., had influenced them in adding to their family. Now, with Sandra tugging at their heartstrings, filling a niche the emptiness of which they had hardly had time to realize before, they began to rearrange their lives around her curly blonde head.

Without her, hotels and trunks would have sufficed. Now, suddenly, they felt the need of a home. And so they rented the lovely mansion and estate of Pauline Frederick, on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. And with that luxurious setting, that splendid background, what more natural than that Gracie should stop again at the Cradle, for little brother? The nurse, you see, was right. Gracie was a born mother . . .

"We didn't want Sandra to grow up selfish and spoiled," Gracie murmured. "And do you know, if I so much as offer her a pretty box, she says: 'Where is one for Ronnie?'"

George and Gracie went through the alphabet for names for their babies. They chose Sandra because they thought Sandy Burns cunning. At first, they thought of Allen Burns for their little boy, but decided it was too "stagy" and selected Ronald instead. They want their children to live a normal, natural life—not to be spoiled by too much adulation, too much publicity.

"Of course, if they have talent," George explained, "we'll see that it is developed. But we won't force them—to my mind.



● *"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"*



● *"I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"*



● *"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since I've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"*



● *"Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!"... That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc... no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

For lips that never look old



Through the day use Tangee... watch the blush-rose shade of youth appear... Tangee, with its magic Color Change Principle, changes from orange in the stick to blush-rose on your lips... Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with today's fashions." Tangee isn't paint—cannot give you a "painted look." Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks. It also has the magic Color Change Principle.



Through the night... Tangee Lipstick's special cream base softens and protects your lips... Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects lips. Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Beware of Substitutes! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luff Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of mixture Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder, 1 enclosure 10¢ (stamps or coin) (16¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ MM37

there is nothing worse than those poor little kids who have to take tap and elocution and what not, without having the least talent for the stage. You can tell, at an early age, whether they have it or not."

They are very sensible about their babies, these two. It would be easy for people in their position, who have had no children of their own, to adopt a boy and girl and hire nurses for them and let them grow up in a world apart, going in to see them, to admire them, to show them off to their friends, but not quite taking them to their hearts. But these are lucky babies, indeed, for no parents of their own could be nearer or dearer or more concerned with their health and happiness. George and Gracie do not believe in spoiling their babies, either. They have a splendid nurse and they enforce discipline, even as you or I.

"If I say they can't have something and they run to George, he never fails to back me up," Gracie said. "They know we mean what we say."

"And it is the same with Rose, their nurse," George added. "We have complete confidence in her and we never interfere."

"Oh, no, I have no theories," Gracie discounted the idea at once. "Just good care—good food and sun—"

She did not add: "And lots of love!" But the two Burns babies have blossomed under that like flowers under the California sun. They run to their mother and fladdy with the joy and confidence that come only from love, certain of the rewarding smile and embrace, however busy their parents are.

Sandra delights in that precious morning routine, when she is allowed to awaken Mommie and Daddy at nine. Breakfast together downstairs is a daily rite, even Ronnie sharing it, from his high chair. I suspect George of a tiny preference for dainty Sandra and Gracie of a greater yearning over Ronnie's husky boyishness, but there is really no discrimination. They are equally adored.

When Sandra was tiny, Gracie enjoyed taking care of her on the nurse's day out, but Ronnie was a sickly baby and she did not dare trust herself with him. Now, however, he is hale and hearty and she feels well rewarded for giving up that pleasure. Often she bathes and dresses them both and she is as full of stories about them as any mother you ever knew. And George has several of his own to add to them—and he seems to enjoy them better than the gags for which he is famous!

For George still writes the gags, with the aid of his brother Bill and Harvey Helm and John Medbury. His is a full-time job, day in and day out, six days a week, whereas Gracie has to devote only Wednesdays to her work, with the exception of a preliminary reading of the script the night before—that is, when they are not making a picture.

She takes her work seriously, always looking to George for suggestions, comment and praise. And she takes her house-keeping, her home-making, equally seriously.

She is a tiny, elfin person, about half as big as a minute. The black-haired, blue-eyed Irish type, with small, pert features and cute, appealing ways. You can see how she appeals to George's protective

instincts. How he has fostered her dependence upon him. In her home, with her children, she seems at first like a child herself, a child absorbed in new and fascinating toys.

But there is much more to Gracie than that, infinitely more than you'd ever expect from hearing her over the radio or seeing her on the screen. George and her home and her children mean everything in the world to Gracie—the rest, Hollywood, fame, fortune, are just a background, delightful, but necessary only as a frame to the life they have built together.

For, through the years, she and George have shared a precious understanding, a fruitful and satisfying companionship, a mutual looking forward to enduring, worthwhile things. The money they have made has been important only as it has helped them to achieve these things.

You would not doubt it, if you could see how the new house they recently bought has been altered and changed to fit the needs of the two babies. Ask about the new house, and both Gracie and George will immediately begin to describe the nursery—its size, the paper on the walls, the sun-porch for the babies' daily sunning, the play-yard, the pool. You'd think, to hear them, that there was no more to the house!

The house itself is beautiful. It is a less pretentious estate than the one they left. The house, though large, is not ornate or extravagant—nothing *Hollywood* about it. It has the dignity and simplicity of a fine American home. There is a long, low balcony across the front, overlooking a small front yard, the landscaping of which has been Gracie's particular pride and joy.

She has had the time of her life furnishing the new home. No rented furniture this time—now everything is her own, a real home at last. Such an orgy of shopping! If she had had an ounce of superfluous flesh, she would have lost it, for she stopped ardently for everything from the gold-colored carpets in the living-room and dining-room, to the shiny pots and pans in the immaculate kitchen.

The result is a charming place, tastefully decorated, beautiful but livable, too, as any place must be which is planned for two small children!

In the rear is the pool, which the whole family enjoys. Even Sandra, at two, can swim, and Ronnie, a year younger, will be doing so soon. There also is a charming clubhouse for the adult friends, but it is infinitely less important to Gracie than the two orange trees she bought and set out beside the pool and which already have two oranges dangling from spindly boughs!

Incidentally, when Gracie inquired the price of the trees and the man said: "Two and a half," Gracie thought he meant \$250! "Isn't that a little high," she murmured disappointedly, "for orange trees?"

For money, to Gracie, like higher mathematics, is a world beyond her ken. That is George's business and she is only too glad to leave it all to him.

"I have an allowance," she said gaily "Fifty dollars a week!"

George laughed. "Don't think she runs the house on that! That is pin money—the bills go through my office."

Gracie giggled. "I also have a charge account in every store!"



Ray Heatherton, whose baritone voice delights radio listeners.

But don't get the idea that Gracie is extravagant. She has an excellent sense of values, if not of legal tender, and she dresses very smartly at a moderate cost. She has a gift for wearing clothes, rare in such a tiny person. High-crowned hats and high heels lend height and dignity and she seems to wear tailored suits, evening frocks and sports pajamas with equal verve and dash.

"And you wouldn't consider a career alone, in the movies, for instance?"

The question startles Gracie with its sheer improbability.

"Oh, no—I couldn't do anything without George! I'd be frightened to death!"

"I think Gracie's wrong about that!" George, who had wandered into the other room, returned with a shout. "There's no reason in the world why she couldn't get along without me!" He laughed. "A lot of women I'm not married to are doing pretty well—Mary Boland, for instance! Why, if anything happened to me, Gracie could go right on—"

Gracie laughed and said simply: "If George didn't write the gags, I couldn't read them, could I?"

"Gags!" George snorted. "Anyone can write gags! It's Gracie that puts them over!"

But there was a far-away look in Gracie's eyes and a smile played around her lips. You knew she was thinking: "Let him shout! I know—" And you see that she is so thoroughly convinced of the fact of her dependence upon George that it is probably true. She is half of the team of George and Gracie. Without her other half, she feels herself to be colorless, lost, helpless, nothing!

Sometimes someone goes up in his lines, there is a miscue, a faulty timing and George reminds you that it is always Gracie who saves the day—Gracie, the nitwit, who contributes a laugh that tides over the difficult moment. But at such times, it is George she is helping. George is thinking of, George who is the direct inspiration for her wit, her cleverness. Without George, she couldn't do it. It takes two halves to make a whole . . .

And she is well content to be the half of 'George and Gracie' who reads his clever lines—the half of Mr. and Mrs. George Burns who is the tiny and adored mother of Sandra and Ronnie Burns. What has life to offer sweeter than that?

My day couldn't have been More Perfect!

... YET IT MIGHT EASILY
HAVE BEEN SPOILED BUT FOR
THE 3-WAY PROTECTION
OF KOTEX



A fast game of Table Tennis

1 CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 CAN'T FAIL

The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3 CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheepest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.



Shopping with Sue

Dinner Downtown

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



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Air topnotchers bare their very souls
in reply to fans' fascinating queries

Do you object to giving your
autograph or posing for publicity
photographs and informal
snapshots?

Fred Allen: "No. He who taketh my photograph or autograph has trash on his hands."

Lucille Manners: "If a radio friend likes me and my programs enough to want my picture and autograph, who am I to refuse? To me, that is a fan's way of thanking me for enjoyment received, and I truly appreciate it."

Eddie Duchin: "Not at all."

Johnny Green: "No! I love it. A performer depends on the plaudits and affection of his so-called public, and one does not have to be very vain to enjoy public approval, indicated by a desire for autographs and pictures."

Welcome Lewis: "I certainly do not. I always consider it a compliment."

A. L. Alexander: "Personally I have no objection to this, although I think it can be overdone. Of course, anyone who engages in work as public as radio, must expect to conform in this regard to a reasonable extent."

Parker Fennelly: "I never have any objection to writing my name except on a check. I dislike having pictures taken any time, anywhere, by anybody."

Edgar Guest: "No—if the purposes are worthy. Do have a limit for photographs, of course."

Ted Hammerstein: "Absolutely not! I think any form of good advertising is good, as long as it doesn't border on notoriety."

Betty Winkler: "No, I do not object to doing these things. Since the public is interested enough to listen to my programs, I feel that these things can only show a small part of my appreciation for their approval and support."

Kay Kyser: "I feel that a large percentage of autographs are not kept, but I don't object to giving them—I will worry when the fans stop asking."

Allen Prescott: "I'm so flattered I could fall on my face when asked for an autograph. Besides, I'd rather have my picture taken than do anything—well, almost anything."

Cab Calloway: "I confess I get a kick every time someone wants my picture or autograph and I think I always will. I haven't forgotten when I was unknown and what it meant to me when the great Duke Ellington found time to speak to me."

Margaret Speaks: "I do not object. I do, however, prefer to pose for informal snapshots rather than studio shots."

Duke Ellington: "Giving autographs and posing for publicity pictures is a very small price to pay for the good will and loyalty of your fans."

Lanny Ross: "No, I am happy to give my autograph to all who would like to have it. Posing for pictures is not pleasant but is a part of one's work."

Ed McConnell: "Yes, I object to doing anything which unnecessarily forces me upon the public."

Sid Gary: "On the contrary. The truest and surest indication of an artist's popularity is the amount of requests for pictures and autographs. When they stop asking for these—it's time to retire."

Irene Beasley: "I have no objection to giving my autograph, and consider it a compliment that anyone would want it. I don't like to pose for publicity photographs, but I have no objection to posing for informal snapshots."

Ed Fitzgerald: "No one ever asked me to do either . . . but I would love it."

Jimmie Fidler: "On the contrary, I am highly pleased. I am a newspaperman and know that the cameraman has his right to make a living. As for giving autographs, I hope Carnera is behind me to give me a stiff kick if ever I refuse."

Benay Y'nuta: "Of course not. I'm very thrilled to be asked for my autograph and when they don't ask for it, I'll feel terrible."

Bide Dudley: "No, I have a quiet laugh at those who want the autographs and photographs."

Will Hudson: "No. I am always pleased by such requests, since they indicate that my work is appreciated."

Ethel Rinne: "I really enjoy it. Mostly because I think that people who are kind enough, and think enough of you, to want

your autograph or picture, should certainly not be made to feel that you are doing them a favor. After all, it's you whom they are honoring, isn't it?"

Kenny Baker: "No, I do not object. Why should I? It's for my own benefit."

Grace Albert: "I have no objections whatsoever. In fact, I'm always very flattered and pleased. I will object, very strenuously, when people no longer ask for my autograph or picture."

I've Lashhurst: "I don't object to giving my autograph, ever. But I don't particularly enjoy posing for publicity photographs. Autograph-hunting was a part of my own adolescence—but picture-posing doesn't fit in with the lack of tendency toward all exhibitionism, which is, unfortunately (?) a part of my make-up."

Phil Harris: "Not at all—I should have reason to object if they were no longer wanted."

Marian Jordan: "I love it because other people get a 'boot' out of it—and so do I!"

Jim Jordan: "No. It is all part of our business—and as for informal snapshots, I get a big kick out of them."

Generally speaking, do you think there is as much temperance among the stars of radio as there is with those of the screen? Why?

Kay Kyser: "No. A cross-section of radio stars, as a whole, will show that most movie stars make considerably more money and can afford to be temperamental. After all, temperance is a luxury and if we can't afford it, we will surely restrain ourselves."

Ted Hammerstein: "No. All that I have been brought in contact with seem to possess none, and look at radio strictly as a business."

Sid Gary: "That's hard to say. Most of the people I've met have been very regular. Of course, occasionally you'll meet someone who is obsessed with an exaggerated sense of his own importance."

Martin Starr: "Radio stars have more temperance than screen celebs, but they have more of a right. They're under greater pressure, what with that menacing clock on the studio wall daring them to come out on the nose."

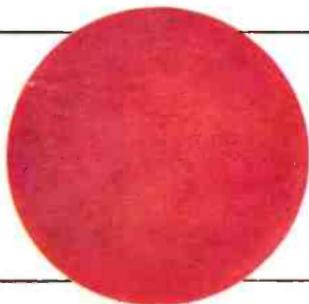
(Continued on page 92)

Does Your Nail Polish Peel or Chip?



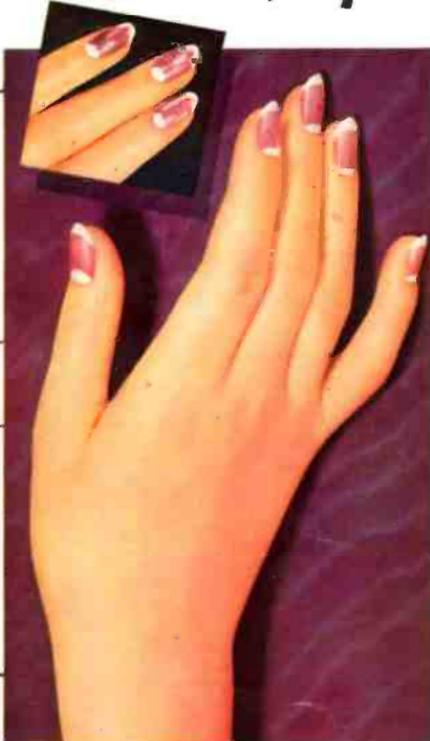
Ordinary Polish MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Bumpy and uneven—no wonder it peels and chips and has a low lustre on the nail because of its rough surface. Representative of competitive brands at 50c.



New Cutex Polish MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Smooth as glass—it wears a week. Make this test yourself—apply any other brand of polish alongside Cutex on a piece of glass—see the difference!



- Mauve
- Rust
- Burgundy
- Robin Red
- Old Rose

A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray and with delicate pastels.
A smoky pink with brown undertone—wear with green, brown, beige, gray.
A brand-new purple wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.
A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with everything—very sophisticated with black and white.
A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

“Does nail polish *have* to chip off right away?” women asked us. “Certainly not,” we said. And we proved it.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip in a week! The reason is simple.

We took a picture of our New Cutex Polish right after it had been applied to a smooth surface. And we took pictures of 8 other popular brands of nail polish, also immediately after application.

The photographs showed an amazing difference. Look at them above—magnified 18 times.

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! Cutex will stay unmarred on the nail for days. Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of the ordinary polish. The lines in the picture show clearly that the polish formula is imperfectly balanced. They show the beginning of cracking and peeling—10 minutes after the polish dries!

Big Saving . . . It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New Cutex Polish . . . with its glass-like, wonderfully resistant finish. You can put on the New Cutex and forget about it for a week. And its lustre will be higher, too, because of its smoother, longer wearing surface.

Remember, too—the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades. And it's usable to the last drop—never thickens in the bottle.

Keep away from ordinary polish that develops unsightly cracks and chips after a day or two. Stock up on the new, longer

wearing Cutex in all your favorite shades today. 10 smart shades to choose from! Only 55¢ a bottle. Creme or Clear.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16c.

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 7-M-3
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked: Mauve Rust Burgundy Robin Red Old Rose

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

The Dionne Quintuplets  The World's Darlings



"OF COURSE —
WE EAT KARO"
the Dionne Quintuplets

All reproductions copyrighted 1937, Nix & Son, Inc.



Karo

THE TABLE SYRUP OF QUALITY
RICH IN DEXTROSE
The Food-Energy Sugar

DAY DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from page 47)

eight years have gone, you hear it often when you tune in on your radio. And every time Jan Peerce hears it he's back in a three-room rear apartment in the Bronx again and a small, slender girl is standing beside him, and in her eyes all the love and loyalty she promised to hold for him forever, when they took their marriage vows together a few short hours before. And the place is sparkling and everything is new, except a few things that she wanted because they were old, a pair of brass candle-sticks she had found down on Allen Street, that had originally come from Warsaw; a gay, painted chest that had been his mother's, a table of San Domingo mahogany that the years had worn to that soft sheen.

The song was new that day when he sang it to her, and he meant it so deeply. "... Diamond bracelets Woot,orth's doesn't sell, baby." Some day he was going to give them to her, just as the man in the song promised. Some day he'd have to get them for her, for she loved beautiful things, this Alice he had married. She'd rather go without things than have shoddy ones, just as she'd gone without a honeymoon to get that old table, and the best grade linoleum for her kitchen floor.

It was that day, singing to her, that he decided playing a violin in an orchestra and singing an occasional number wasn't the thing Alice's husband should be doing. That snooty little eleven-year-old Alice would have turned up her pert nose at a husband like that, and yet, here was the twenty-year-old Alice, who had waited for him four years, perfectly satisfied with him because she loved him!

But even if Alice was satisfied, Jan wasn't. That was because he loved her so much. Until then it had seemed all right that he was a violinist, playing with this orchestra and that, and knowing full well he didn't have the stuff that makes a Heifetz or an Elman. But his voice, he couldn't help wondering about that, wondering if he worked hard, if he took lessons, it wouldn't carry him on to other planes.

That was the dream that carried him through the next three years. Easier to do without things with Alice sharing that dream, too. Taking the little money left over from one engagement to keep on with his lessons, even when there wasn't any money coming in at all during those periods of idleness all musicians know. Trying not to mind it so much when he had to start work when other men were just coming home to be with their families.

A baby had come to them at the end of that first year, too. A little boy. That made it doubly hard to miss so much of the fun of being with them.

"Funny though," Jan Peerce said slowly, "the incentive responsibility brings, when you happen to love that particular responsibility above everything else in the world. I found myself doing things I would never have thought of doing before, asserting myself, demanding things. I asked to sing songs now with the orchestra. I wasn't content to sit back and just sing whenever

the conductor asked me to. I found myself haunting radio studios, too, sometimes getting spots with unimportant sponsors and glad of the extra money it brought in, even though it was small so far as radio remuneration went. When I couldn't get this, I begged to be allowed to sing on sustaining programs, getting nothing at all but the chance it would give me and the new confidence that came with it.

"Then I got an engagement with the house orchestra of the Astor Hotel and sang a couple of choruses with them, and one night Roxy was attending a testimonial dinner there and sent around a note asking me to call on him.

"Neither Alice nor I could sleep that night. We knew all about the Rockefeller Center Music Hall that was going to open in a few months and that Roxy was on the look-out for talent. If he took me, how wonderful it would be! We talked and planned and always at the end we had to pull ourselves up with that horrible 'if.' 'If, if, if!' The word was always on our lips in those anxious days.

"But the break came. I was engaged to sing for the Music Hall and a new number was written for the finale, *Journey's End*, it was called, and for an awful time it looked as if the title were a prophetic one, as if this chance, that had seemed like the beginning of a new career, was the end instead. For, on the day of the dress-rehearsal, Roxy took me aside and told me the whole finale was out. The show was running too long.

"I couldn't speak at dinner that night and Alice thought I was nervous because of the opening and tried to bolster me up by telling me how marvelous I was and how I would knock the audience cold that night. And then she put on the new dress she had bought, to make me proud of her, too," she said, with her eyes shining. I couldn't tell her what had happened. I could only try to swallow down my tears and smile and rise to her gaiety.

"Finally I said: 'Look, Alice, there's a chance I might not sing to-night. It all depends on how long the show will run. And I have a four-weeks' contract.'

"She tried not to show the way she felt, but afterwards she told me how she had sat through the show, hectoring the entertainers every minute they had on the stage, stiffening at every round of applause that might mean an encore and the lengthening of the show. And then it was over—and I hadn't gone on."

Even today the Peerce's live that old agony over again in telling it. Even today their eyes seek each other's for reassurance and confidence. For they had none that night.

Jan stood in the wings and saw the bright flare of the footlights, heard the orchestra playing and the applause that was not for him, and it seemed as if his world ended that night, his bright world that he had dreamed of so often, that was going to mean all the things he had never been able to give Alice before. All the things he wanted so much to give her.

And then—he couldn't help it—he cried,

and tears were rolling down his cheeks and finally Ray Bolger, the dancer, came over to him and tried to cheer him up. "Listen, Jan," he said. "You're new in this game. When you've played as many tank towns as I have, when you've had as many one-night stands, you'll know this is just part of the breaks. Wait and see."

But Jan Peerce had played all the tank towns, all the one-night stands right here in New York, with all those unimportant orchestras he had appeared with and that violin he never really had believed in. He had played them all on those sustaining programs in radio and felt as completely stranded now as any theatrical troupe suddenly penniless a thousand miles from Broadway.

"We had told all our friends about the big opportunity and telegrams and boxes of flowers kept pouring in for me, all during the performance." Jan went on, and, even now, it was an effort to smile, telling about it. "Afterwards I met Alice and her smile wobbled a little when she saw me with that sheaf of telegrams in my hand and my arms piled high with florist boxes. Then she gave up the effort of trying to be casual and gay and there we were in each other's arms, crying as if we'd never be able to stop crying again.

"It was raining and we walked in the rain up and down streets, not knowing or caring where we were walking. Then we decided it would be easier and drier to ery in a taxi and we hailed one and went on up to the Bronx, our hearts empty of the dreams that had filled them a few hours before."

Maybe that should have been the hardest blow, meeting Alice that night with the big chance gone, but the days that followed were harder. Reporting to the theatre every day, getting his salary check every week, knowing that he hadn't earned it; feeling an imposter in accepting it.

It did horrible things to his morale, sapping the confidence grand people like Jan Peerce have little enough of, anyway.

"I must be a swell singer!" he burst out one day, when he came home. "They're paying me not to sing!"

He needed Alice that day. Needed all the little words she could tear out of her heart, to bolster him up again. Needed that smile she summoned so frantically to her lips, her arms holding him.

Then one day Erno Rapee, who was conducting the orchestra, came to him.

"Do you want to show those people upstairs that you want to work, not merely hang around and draw your pay?" he demanded.

Jan couldn't get the eager assent from his lips fast enough and it was arranged that he should sing behind the curtain during Dick Liebert's organ recital.

So that was how he made his first appearance in the theatre and that is how Alice heard him for the first time, sitting there in the audience, with his voice reaching out to her and it didn't seem important that she couldn't see him, too. All that mattered then was his glorious voice filling

(Continued on page 74)

good news for
THIN people



worries of underweight

or

JOYS of added weight

IT is now common knowledge that the three foremost things in restoring lost weight are food... digestive juices... and red-blood-cells.

Digestive juices of the stomach make use of the food you eat... red-blood-cells aid in turning the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic is of great benefit in both.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells... just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."
© S.S.S. Co.



WEST COAST CHATTER

IRVIN S. COBB and Jack Benny were bragging the other day at the NBC studios over the number of cigars they smoked, since neither of them is ever seen without a stogie in his face. "I'll bet I hold the record, though," said Cobb, "Why, my cigar bill amounts to a thousand dollars a year." Jack looked a little crestfallen until Mary Livingstone came to his aid. "Humph!" she humped. "Jack spends that much every year to get his ashes hauled away."



From San Francisco the Williams Sisters, Laura (left), Ethelyn and Alice, speed the *Carefree Carnival* over NBC.

Dorothy Page, the Paducah Plantation gal, doesn't confine her charming to the air waves. "Arnie" Rusk, who hails from Texas, can tell you that. But a Christmas gift he gave Dorothy nearly proved his undoing. Dorothy once mentioned that her favorite type of reading, when she had any time, was biography. So "Arnie" came across with a set of biogs—and no less than fourteen. Now he has to go to the broadcasts to see anything of Dorothy. The rest of the time she's too busy appreciating his present.

Al Jolson called the doctor one morning recently, complaining that he really felt pretty peculiar. So

the M.D. rushed out to the Jolson home and found Al moaning and groaning in bed. His pulse, however, was normal, so was his temperature and the doctor was puzzled. "Let's go swimming while you think over the case," Jolson suggested. After a long swim in the pool the two decided to go for a canter through the estate, then decided on a good rousing set of tennis and finally motored out to the club for cocktails and eighteen holes of golf. The doctor called his office next morning. "Jolson is fine," he reported, "but I think you'd better cancel my appointments for the next couple of days."

Edward Everett Horton always

wears a topcoat and muffler at rehearsals and broadcasts for Shell Chateau. The first few times his co-workers would anxiously inquire if he had a cold, only to have Eddie reply, "No, I haven't a cold, but I'm afraid I'll get one." Last week he came into rehearsal limping and lowered himself gingerly into a chair. "What's the matter?" asked the solicitous cast. "I fell off a tree on the set today," Eddie said, with a groan. "Does it pain much?" Victor Young asked sympathetically. "No," replied Hor-



Versatile Fred Astaire of the popular *Packard Hour*.

ton, shaking his head sadly, "but I'm afraid it might, so I've had my back all taped up and I'm going to be very careful about it."

Jimmy Fidler is one of the busier young-men-about-town. He not only regales you with the choicest, hottest and latest news from the Hollywood front on his Tuesday broadcast, but writes a daily syndicate column, and describes the news events in a Fox Movietone. "Everything's going fine," Jimmy yelled, as he rushed past the NBC studio enroute to the broadcasting room, "I haven't time for a nervous breakdown." Don't think that Jimmy's wasting any time (Continued on page 86)



It wasn't the March wind that chilled him...twas the touch of her dry, chapped Hands

IT HURT WHEN JIM SAID he hated rough hands. Mine were chapped and harsh all winter — kind of old-looking — but what could I do?

THEN... MY SISTER TOLD ME Jergens Lotion keeps a girl's hands soft because it goes down into the skin. Now I use Jergens, too, and Jim says, "Your soft little hands keep my heart."



HANDS need Special Moisture *inside the skin cells*

Your hands chap and roughen when the skin cells lose their moisture. This moisture easily dries out—from wind, cold or water. And most women have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But Jergens Lotion saves the young beauty of your hands because it restores the lost moisture. It goes into the skin cells better than any other lotion tested.

The two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as skin specialists use to soften and whiten skin. Your first application smooths roughness, soothes chapping. Use Jergens faithfully and you'll soon have charming hands your man will love. Jergens leaves no stickiness. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the big bottle—in any drug, department or 10-cent store.

Sinks into the skin more completely than other lotions tested—soon gives back youth-giving moisture.



Jergens Lotion

FREE: PURSE-SIZE JERGENS

Use after having hands in water, to keep hands girlishly soft and smooth.

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Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens—free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

DAY DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from page 71)



Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the double protection everyone needs. It does both vital jobs—cleans teeth and safeguards gums.

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and end half-way care once for all. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

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Have you a seductive skin?
GET ONE—QUICKLY!

SATINMESH—the new speed beauty lotion shows what it can do in 10 seconds! It cleans out the pores—reduces them—prevents dry skin and blackheads. If you want seductive skin beauty quickly—use Satinmesh night and morning. Girls simply cannot do without it—try it and see!



10c
 LARGER SIZES AT DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORES

Alma Woodward
4-ACTION
SATINMESH

Alma Woodward, Graybar Bldg., N. Y. C.

the theatre and the stillness that came at the first sound of it and the frantic applause that broke out at the end. And the song that mattered too, for it was *Take Me In Your Arms*, that he sang and it was as if his arms were really holding her close as he sang.

No one could hold Peerce back after that. It came so quickly, that success of his, after all those waiting years.

One day, shortly afterwards, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., came into the theatre during a rehearsal, and listened attentively as Jan sang. Maybe it was a coincidence that he came in again and again while he was singing his number... But it couldn't have been that, after all, for one day he was asked to sing at John D. Rockefeller, Sr.'s birthday party.

They were still living up in that three-room rear apartment in the Bronx, that day the Rockefeller limousine came to their door to take Jan to Pocantico Hills, and the smart-liveried chauffeur climbed the long flights of stairs to say the car was waiting.

It was the first time Alice wished they had taken a front apartment, because then she could have seen Jan, in all his grandeur, stepping into that car, with a chauffeur holding the door open for him. Even then there wasn't too much money in the Peerce family and Alice had pressed his suit herself, so that she could buy him the new shirt he was wearing and the tie she had seen at a smart shop. He looked so important and successful, standing there while she brushed him again—though there really wasn't any need of it, for she had been brushing him all afternoon!

Then he kissed her and was gone, but before he had even started on his way downstairs Alice was flying up the stairs, still in the little cotton house dress she was wearing. Up and up she ran, and her heart raced her slim, rumming feet to the roof. And then she was there, leaning over the parapet, her eyes straining down to him as he walked briskly across the sidewalk and into the car. Just that glimpse of him, and he was gone, and Alice standing there, clutching at one of the poles holding up a clothes line, fuming that women can cry as hard when they are happy as they can when they are sad!

Jan Peerce was important at the Music Hall now, even though his friend Roxy no longer was connected with it. Then came the hardest decision of his life. Roxy was getting talent together for a tour of the country and wanted Peerce as his star.

Already Roxy's sun was setting. He no longer was the great figure in the theatre he had been all these years, and the Music Hall was important. Not only important, but it spelled security in great big capital letters. But Jan left all that security and the success that had come to him to take a chance with Roxy, knowing all the time that the tour almost certainly was doomed to failure. But that's the kind of man he is, loyal even to the point of jeopardizing his own future. And Roxy had begged him to come, had told him that now he needed him.

So Jan went, and, as he had foreseen, the tour was not a success and he was back in New York starting all over again. Then the Paramount Theatre engaged him for a long run and before that engagement was over the Music Hall had sent for him again, and Jan Peerce has consistently remained one of its major attractions.

Then came his radio engagements, and that meant he really was making money and, of course, that meant, in turn, a whole new scale of living.

But even success cannot stay off heart-aches. There came the day that little boy of theirs was desperately ill with mastoid, and Alice and Jan sat the night through beside a small hospital bed and knew that in the morning this first-born child of theirs was going through a dangerous operation. They were back where they started from that night, a young mother and father, despairing and frightened and knowing how little either success or security really means.

While his little boy was on the operating-table, Jan had to sing at the Music Hall. All his professional training was needed, then, to bring him through the ordeal, to force his voice through the tears he was swallowing as he stood on the stage.

Alice's face was there before him as he sang. Alice's eyes, dim with tears, her face lined with the horror of that night they had been through. Alice's smile trembling, as it had trembled when she had kissed him and whispered everything would be all right.

It didn't help that the song he was singing was a gay one and yet the words came tripping lightly from his lips.

La Donna e Mobile was the song. "There I was up on that stage," Jan says, "telling the audience women are fickle!"

Is it any wonder he's disliked that song ever since, that song he sang on that awful afternoon, with every word of it a lie on his lips, remembering that woman he had married and the strength and truth and tenderness of her every word and act.

There are two children in that huge apartment the young Peerces have to-day, for that little boy has a baby sister now and the little family is sitting on top of the world.

Their home, at first a five-room apartment, now is an eight-room one on West End Avenue, since Jan Peerce signed with Rubinoff on the Chevrolet loan. But they feel that, for them, success was first rooted down in those few crowded rooms on the lower East Side, when Jan was a small boy listening to the song his mother sang to him. Rooted in the tears that came to his eyes that night when he thought he was a failure, that afternoon when his little boy was in danger. Rooted in the great love they share. Rooted in that warm heart of his that feels so deeply.

For that's the thing life owes to those who aren't afraid to live it to the full. It has a way of coming right back into anything they are doing, whether it's painting a picture or writing a book or singing a song.

(Continued from page 59)

tion that first!) the *Valentine Cookies*, that *Cheese Loaf*, which also provides you with several of my favorite sandwich spreads, and the *Washington Pound Cake*.

Guess that about covers the subject as completely as I'm able to, except that I want to call your attention to those cute little place card holders that are pictured at the beginning of this article. They're made with marshmallows as a base, into which appropriate little paper favors are placed. You can buy little hatchets, cupid and slammers, or you can make them yourself out of colored paper—the stiff kind that children use for kindergarten work. They'll give added humor and charm to your party. And I do hope you'll try some of my recipes, too, when you entertain next time. So hurry up and send in your coupon and you'll get directions for these dishes of mine in time for most, if not all, of February's festivities and certainly for the March special events. And even the late comers (as well as the early-birds) can enjoy having these party refreshments throughout the entire year.

Here, also, are the other recipes I promised to give you. And now once more it's time for me to sign off. Thanks for your many kind and cordial letters and let me repeat again, *thanks for listening!*

MY FAVORITE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 package lime-flavored gelatin
- 2 cups water
- 1 cup small green seedless grapes
- 1/4 cup chopped, pitted dates
- 1/2 apple, dried
- 1 small banana, diced
- 1/4 cup coarsely broken nut meats

Dissolve 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 meats. Fold these into the gelatin mixture carefully. Turn mixture into individual molds which have been rinsed in ice water. When firm, unmold each on a single leaf of crisp lettuce. Garnish with a dab of whipped cream topped with a red Maraschino cherry.

PINEAPPLE EGG-NOG

- 1 egg, separated
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 cups chilled, canned pineapple juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- nutmeg

Beat the egg yolk until thick and lemon colored. Add the sugar. Place mixture in cocktail shaker or mason jar, add pineapple juice and lemon juice and shake well. Beat the egg white until light but not stiff, then fold it in lightly. Pour into small glasses, dust lightly with nutmeg and serve immediately. If desired, sherry may be substituted for the lemon juice, using slightly less sugar.

Kate Smith, Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your special Party Refreshment recipes.

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Street: _____
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"THE HIDING PLACE"

A Minute Movie
with

JANE WYATT

Lovely Star of

"LOST HORIZON"

A Columbia Picture



1 WE JUST CAUGHT THIS SNEAK THIEF IN YOUR KITCHEN. MISS WYATT

I WAS DREAMING ABOUT BEING ROBBED. I'M GLAD YOU GOT HIM!

2 MY SAPPHIRE CLIPS ARE GONE! THE ONES FATHER GAVE ME! OH, TINY, LOOK FOR THEM!

I AIN'T SEEN 'EM, MIZ JANE. SPOSE THAT OLE BUGLAR TOOK 'EM?

3 DID YOU SEARCH HIM SERGEANT? COULD HE HAVE HIDDEN THEM?

DON'T CRY, MIZ JANE. EAT YO' QUAKAH PUF'WHEAT. DAT BUGLAR WAS EATING OUT DIS VERY BOX WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM—

TINY, LOOK! IN THE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT BOX!! MY SAPPHIRE CLIPS! SO THAT'S WHERE HE HID THEM!

4 I DON'T SEE HOW, MISS WYATT. WE GOT HIM BY SURPRISE!

TO GUARD CRISPNESS

THE PACKAGE

WITHIN A PACKAGE

WITHIN A PACKAGE

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS HIGH IN ENERGY; RICH IN BONE-BUILDING MATERIALS AND HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR YOU'LL LIKE!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
"Breakfast of the Stars"

SHE MARRIED A SHRIMP!

(Continued from page 29)



You don't have to scrub and scour to clean a toilet bowl. You don't even have to touch it with your hands. Sani-Flush is made especially to do this unpleasant job for you. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and see stains and incrustations disappear. Spots vanish. Odors go. Germs are killed.

Sani-Flush purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It also injure plumbing. 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.

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take a chance, so I said nothing but waited for the two to appear. One, a tallish man, was Ballard MacDonald, the other, a wee, small man, (she rolled her eyes and stuck out her lower lip) "was the Shrimp!"

But things worked out differently this time, for Ballard fell ill and left Billy Rose to do the skit by himself. Tireless, a veritable dynamo on the small side, clever, he did a perfect skit and three very swell songs—and with their writer, who was still a Shrimp and a Goose, but with subtle shadings of the words that made him the best Shrimp and the best Goose in the world!

Her young daughter, Frances, interrupted the séance to show her mother some gloves she had bought, "Don't just think they're good, you've got to like them!" She has her mother's look, much more so than Young Billy. Frances is an accomplished horsewoman. If you were able to get over to the Big Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, you probably saw her in a very smart habit, riding side saddle.

Young Billy is the artist of the family. Not the type of artist who draws for the comic strips, whose characters say "gleeps" every so often, nor the kind who slave in the advertising offices. Master Rose is an artist for art's sake, with a hint of future scenic work. Mostly, however, he goes in for moderns, whose daubs of paint are more apt to confuse than inspire, and he has inveigled Fannie into interesting herself in them. They both paint, but Fannie hides hers from Big Billy.

"Young Billy knows more about Picasso than I," she admitted. "He bought his first painting the other day. It showed a boy putting on his pants." (A gesture, impossible of translation, told me her private opinion of the spending of good money on pictures of boys putting on their pants!)

But for all their arty interests, the family remains a natural, wholesome gang. How could they be otherwise, with Fannie there to laugh at pretense whenever it rears its ugly head?

"They're all natural," said Fannie, "Big Billy, especially. He's a considerate and kind man, but he's not given to the more showy sort of politeness, you know, like rushing over and pulling the chair almost out from under you. I like him better the way he is. I know he's a gentleman."

"Like most women," she groaned, "I have the devil's own time getting the man to the tailor's. He likes his clothes, but he thinks there should be a way for a man simply to call a tailor and say: 'Send me over a suit, something snappy in plaid!'"

Young Billy added that Big Billy was hard on his clothes and confided that Big Billy liked his heels built up, "so's he'd look taller than he really is." He has a bad habit of leaving coats in restaurants, while he absent-mindedly walks out, trying to rhyme "moon" with something new. He has a couple of lucky hats that he wouldn't swap for elephants.

Speaking for his sister and himself, Young Billy admitted that they were

pretty crazy about the guy. "Sometimes Frances and I ask him for dough and if he's in the mood he'll discuss our reasons for wanting it. He's so clever that usually we end up agreeing that we really didn't want it, anyway, and, after one particularly good argument, I asked him if I couldn't let him have a little. Of course we know, after all, he'll come through with what we really need."

"He's a pip of a comic, too. He wrote me, a while ago, that he didn't fear a revolution because, if there was one, he said, he'd probably produce it and break his backers!"

Fannie was reminded that she had got a letter from Billy that day—now where had she put it? After tearing through three desks she found it under the cushions of the chair she had been sitting in.

"I feel as though we were married by remote control," (she read from it) "'and I am so tired, I know we both want to quit soon and just get to know each other better. This I do know, though, that after seven years I don't want anyone but you.'" (She sighed). "Next summer, perhaps, we can both knock off work and go to Europe."

"You'd love my café here, the Casa Mariana. It's not a hit—it's a bloody sensation! It costs 3,600 and that makes it three times as big as any New York café. Not bad for a prairie town of 170,000."

She chuckled at something in the letter that she didn't read out loud and then read on.

"Tell Bill and Frances that I'm sorry they couldn't get down here. Tell 'em I miss 'em like the devil and tell 'em they know what I think of 'em, the mugs! After their school is over, I'll take them into business with me and make a pile of dough for each of them and people will respect them like anything. Did you all hear about the man who asked his boss for more money or more respect? His boss gave him a five-dollar raise and threw him out of the office! Tell Bill not to get too fresh with the dames but to wait till I get there."

"I'm talking to a picture company about doing a few things for them. Right now they're worried about the dough, but if they hire bums, there's no reason why they can't use another one."

Fannie laughed quietly, but Billy couldn't hold in, he whooped with laughter. "The kids won't go out when he's home. They'd rather sit around and talk to him. Me, too," said Fannie.

"What do you two do for excitement?" I asked.

"We don't go in for it," she said. "Billy doesn't play cards or drink and he post-

tively hates big parties. We're both inclined to prefer our home and, of course, he likes to talk to me and, too, he's a potato-pancake man.

"He eats the things as fast as I can run them through the meat chopper. I cook 'em on a grill big enough for a hotel, but none too big for our parties, which always end up in the kitchen."

I asked her what she thought about people marrying into their own professions. Some Hollywoodians had found it impractical, I'd heard.

"Mebbe," she answered, directing with one hand the placing of flowers by her maid. "In our case, we've found that we did the right thing. You remember what he said in the letter. . .

"Then there's the little matter of common interests, which bothers so many marriages. Ours is the theatre. Our long-winded discussions help us. As a singer, I think I know how a song will affect the listeners. If I don't like a certain line in a song he's doing, I say so. He hasn't, I admit, quite reached the heavenly stage where he will immediately accept my criticisms. Most often he laughs them off, but a little later he sneaks back to ask me again what was wrong with the lyric or the tune. He's sheepish about it.

"After all, I'm sort of hanging around the top of the ladder, while he's scooting up it. The eight years difference in our ages hasn't made a particle of difference, but the extra eight years of stage experience do give me a background that is helpful to him. Our marriage has gradually developed into a case of needing each other—and being glad we have each other."



Gertrude Niesen, glamorous singing star of Broadway and radio, long popular with CBS listeners.

That sent her off on a sort of presidential campaign for Billy Q. Rose that, had he been running for the presidency of anything, would have swept him into office like a Democrat. He was, she said, a marvel

of concentration. Fill the room with a thousand jabbering tea-drinkers and Signor Rose would deal with a mental problem before you could say: "it's de-lovely," if you wanted to. His career was an ever-constant marvel to her. How he had decided that he wanted to know shorthand and how he had subsequently become, with ease, world's champion. Of how much Mr. Bernard Baruch thought of him as his one-time secretary. And when she described his easy ability to talk to twenty people simultaneously, answering questions fired by each in a rotating-rapid-fire fashion, she could hardly contain herself. Like Napoleon, he has only to suggest sleep to himself and it is his. He's a man in a million—at least, I gathered that she felt that way.

Would she retire?

"Oh, no!" she was aghast, "I couldn't! I'd be lost without work, although I could do with a few less stage shows in the week. I am crazy about the radio, with its power to bring me closer to people who wouldn't otherwise be so apt to meet me at a \$5.50 show. Of course radio is work, too. There's Monday with the writers, Tuesday with the cast and Wednesday all day in rehearsal. And meanwhile I have to show up at the *Follies* every night except *Sunday*!"

She came down on the word "Sunday" like a ton of bricks.

"That's my day! I sit around the whole day in an old nightgown and a big pair of slippers and do nothing!"

Thus Fannie Brice; a real person, a good mother and a good wife. She's peachy!



Popular Young Things guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way—

LOVELY girls everywhere keep their skin smooth and clear the easy Hollywood way.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—frees skin of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

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MUST THE SHOW GO ON?

(Continued from page 31)

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—yet Bab is the envy of his music-loving friends

You, too, can learn to play any instrument this simple, easy, no-optional teacher. No expensive exercises or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in—one how popular you become. Yet the rest is only a few cents a day.

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Quick—easy to install. No tools needed. Set of 8 Push-Clips to match your lamp cords or woodwork, 10c.

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Relieve Pain in 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **MURTO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drugists. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **MURTO** today.

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The Great New Cold-Fighter Ointment

Wins Fight With a Cold

By Helping to Build Up Cold-Fighting Resistance AT ALL DRUGISTS

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when suddenly, he slipped, fell and broke his collar bone. The newspapers thought it was funny. One columnist wrote:

"Always original, Ed Wynn broke his collar bone playing golf."

But it wasn't funny, because the show he was starring in had a performance the same evening. The broken clavicle was bound with adhesive tape and three hours later, the comedian was on the stage of the George M. Cohan Theatre roaring them into the aisles. He did everything the part called for, except the more violent acrobatics. Did it again the following night, and many nights after that—and somehow, thanks to abundant vitality, the bone knit.

In Kansas City, playing in *Simple Simon*, he went on under even more glibly circumstances. Seized with unbearable pain in his abdomen, he sent for a doctor.

"Take this man to the hospital at once," said the medic. "He has intestinal flu. It's not to be trifled with."

But again Ed informed the doctor that he was an actor, that his play opened that night. It had been extensively advertised. He was expected.

"Hospital?" he shrieked. "I open to-night!"

Said the doctor:

"You mean you are thinking of going on the stage tonight? It's madness. It's suicide! Unless you go at once to the hospital, I wash my hands of the case."

Another doctor was called. A specialist, who said: "If you have the guts to do it, I'll get you on the stage."

So Ed Wynn's tormented body was shot with pain-deadening drugs, drugs that reduced his vision and robbed him almost totally of consciousness.

A doctor was in the dressing-room. Another sat in the front row. The specialist was on the stage. The stage manager and assistants took the comedian as you would a sleep walker and leaned him against a post in the wings—and when his cue came, pushed him forward on to the stage. Ed stumbled forward a few steps until he found something to lean on—and there he went through his part.

"I didn't know what I was doing or what I was saying," said Wynn. "I didn't hear the applause or the laughter. I was like a prize-fighter, who is out on his feet but keeps on, going through the motions instinctively.

"When the curtain fell, someone led me back to the dressing-room. In the second act, the stage directions required me to lie down and pretend that I was asleep. Invariably at this point I did, in fact, go to sleep. Another time, I stumbled and fell to the floor—and was sound asleep before I was picked up.

"Why did I do it? Why did I go through this inferno, when I might have been taking my cure like a normal man in a hospital? Instinct, I guess. Reverence for the trouper's motto. 'The show must go on' may have, in the beginning, been invented by theatre owners who hated

the idea of having to refund money to ticket buyers, but it has become a tradition, a noble watchword.

"My son, Keenan, has absorbed it. He has pranced about the stage with colloidion tormenting his legs, bruised in an automobile accident. He has danced on a half-healed fractured foot."

Possibly the worst of these ordeals was Ed Wynn's experience in Washington. This time it was due to his teeth. Four neglected molars, gone into abscesses, were punctured unwittingly by a clumsy Baltimore dentist. Pain cannot be described, but Ed Wynn says he hollered and jumped in agony, and, to keep from doing himself an injury, he had two of the chorus boys hold him down on the ride to Washington.

In his hotel—this being Sunday and no dentists being available—he called his friend, Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the late President Wilson. After an hour or so of delay, a little gray man appeared, an unimpressive man of middle age. He inspired no confidence. He looked briefly into the Wynn mouth and told Ed to come around to his office immediately. The comedian had little faith in this dentist—but what else was there to do?

From his place in the dental chair, he faced a wall covered with photographs of the nation's great men, Chief Justice Hughes, and others, all autographed with expressions of thanks to the little gray dentist. Ed's confidence returned. He begged him to fix up his mouth to enable him to go on with the show that night.

The story of what the dentist did for Ed Wynn is enshrined in medical journals, one of the most remarkable dental feats of all time. The dentist popped two pills into Ed's mouth, told him to go home and sleep, but to be at his office immediately after the show—or fifteen minutes before midnight.

The comedian was there and all through the small hours, the dentist drilled and hammered and cut and searched and—in four instances—extracted. At eight o'clock in the morning—eight hours later—he released the actor.

"Go home and get some sleep," he said. "But be back tomorrow night after the show."

So, for one week, Ed Wynn spent eight agonizing hours—from midnight to eight in the morning of each day—at the dentist's; three hours on the stage; the remainder of the time in sleep. Each night, after amusing the good people of Washington, he left them to go to torture. If you think little of this, check up on your own dental experiences! What is the longest you ever spent in a dentist's chair? One hour seems long!

At the end of the week, Ed had been true to the actor's tradition. And he had lost four teeth. In their place he had acquired what the little gray man described as a "temporary bridge." That was six years ago and the bridge still is sound.

There's another story that answers the



Vincent Lopez calls for more speed from his band—a CBS network show

question: "Must the show go on?" It concerns Ed Wynn indirectly—but it concerns him intimately, for it also is the story of his romance.

This was long ago. Ed Wynn, billed as "the man with the funny hats," was on the same bill in vaudeville with Frank Keenan, the well-known legitimate star. Keenan was doing a sketch in which his daughter, Hilda Keenan, played the part of a nurse.

"When I saw her, I was lost," said Wynn. "She was beautiful. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, I tipped my hat to her, flirting. She ignored me. One night I was hanging around, completely smitten, watching her, my jaw hanging slack, my eyes full of adoration, when it happened.

"In the sketch, the nurse left the stage to make way for a third character. As she went out, he came in. But this night, he couldn't come in. He was lying there dead, stone cold in the wings. Hilda took in the situation at a glance and, instead of leaving, turned back to the stage, saying: 'He's gone,' at the same time giving her father a meaningful look.

"Then followed one of the most magnificent pieces of ad libbing I have ever seen. Frank Keenan spoke for seven minutes, of this and that, and finally managed to pull the strings of the plot together and bring the sketch to a close.

"After it was over, there was confusion in the wings and I saw an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the girl. I went up to Mr. Keenan and asked him if it would help him any, if I escorted his daughter home.

"Well, to put it mildly, he spurned me. I was a mere vaudevillian. And no vaudeville mountebank was going to take his daughter home!"

The next afternoon, on the local golf course,—this all happened in Winnipeg—the situation was different. A friend of both Wynn and Keenan introduced them. That night they had dinner together. It was the beginning of a great friendship and a great romance. The friendship led to the courtship and marriage of Ed Wynn and Hilda Keenan.

Complexions that need coaxing bloom at the touch of these

Germ-Free Beauty Creams



THIS LUSCIOUS COLD CREAM

helps prevent Blemishes and Dryness... Vitamin D
Ingredient brings New Vitality to the Skin

WHY let searing dryness age your skin or blemishes shadow your beauty? Keep your skin fresh and smooth with the help of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams.

Many blemishes start as germ-infections. Germs are inescapable, but the damage they do to sensitive complexions can largely be avoided.

As you smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, it softens dry patches, leaves your face gloriously fresh. And quickly its germ-free antiseptic destroys blemish-germs which may be nesting in the tiny cracks and fissures of your skin.

A new ingredient now in Woodbury's Cold Cream, Sunshine Vitamin D, stimulates the youthful breathing of the skin, helps keep it active, alive!

You'll find Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream an ideal base for make-up. It guards your skin from blemish, wind and dust. Each cream only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

"RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE" with Radio's brightest stars, every Sunday Night, NBC Blue Network, nation-wide.

GERMS CAUSE BLEMISHES MOST OFTEN HERE

Clugged pores on the nose... inside breaks in the dry skin near the mouth... the tiny hair follicles of the brow. At these 3 places, especially, blemish-germs are most likely to invade the skin and set up an infection. Woodbury's Germs help protect you from germ-caused blemishes. They're lastingly germ-free!



SEND For 9-PIECE Loveliness Kit!

It brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream (with Vitamin D) and Woodbury's Facial Cream; also generous packets of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 generous packets of Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 3715 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"I AIN'T NO LESLIE HOWARD"

(Continued from page 60)

DOES YOUR SKIN FEEL LIKE A FILE?

USE COUPON BELOW

● Are your hands coarse to touch? Unightly to the eye? Does your skin feel like a file?

Try using Italian Balm—a justly famous, rich and wide-spreading skin softener—and see how quickly your skin becomes soft again and smooth in texture. Italian Balm is recognized, from coast to coast, as being one of the quickest-acting, most inexpensive skin beautifiers ever invented. In one of the nation's large cities recently, an independent survey of homes revealed this unheard-of endorsement: Italian Balm was in the homes of better than 50% of all those buying any such preparation; in better than three times as many homes as any similar toilet goods item.

Non-sticky. Quick-drying. Approved by Good House-keeping. Send for a FREE Vanity bottle today.

Campagna's Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

FREE CAMPANA SALES CO.
1404 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
In Canada, Campagna, Ltd., 481-641 Caldwell Road, Toronto

NEED FACE TISSUES?
Ask for **STROUX**

ANNOUNCED SIT TRUE!
STROUX
ITAL CREAM POWDER

ATS AND 10c STORES

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Untoved I once looked like this. Urry hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped... Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret, MY FREE Book. How to Grow Super-fluous Hair... explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzetta, P.O. Box 6040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 338, Chicago.

because he can be himself. "Hell, I just want to be Jim Braddock," says he. "I know I ain't no Leslie Howard. If I tried to talk fancy-like, I wouldn't fool anybody, not even myself. And what would my friends say? 'The big bum has gone high-hat!' No, sir, this is the kind of a program I like—when I can be myself!"

Back of Braddock's decision to be himself on the air can be seen the shrewd workings of his manager, Joe Gould. It was Gould who early saw that Jimmy wasn't going to get anywhere in his extracurricular activities if it were necessary for him to assume mannerisms foreign to his nature. He encouraged Braddock at all times to act just as he pleased.

The result is that Jimmy frequently walks down the streets of New York with his tie askew, his collar rumpled. Never a fashion-plate, even in the infrequent periodic spurges of prosperity he enjoyed before becoming champion, Braddock is happy that he doesn't have to don his best bib-and-tucker for all public appearances. He had a holy horror of being mistaken for Mrs. Astor's horse.

Save for the fact that he has requested that there be no studio audiences for his broadcasts, Braddock is quite at home before the microphone in his current program. He is sincere in his rehearsals and manages to read his lines convincingly, because they are lines he likes. In his own words, "I don't feel like a phoney."

Braddock's radio contract is the biggest individual contract the champion and his manager have signed, since winning the title from Baer. It calls for \$400 a broadcast, or \$1,200 a week. It runs for a year, the sponsors having the choice of dropping or continuing the option at the end of each thirteen-week period. Should it run the entire year, it will net the fighter \$62,400. For defeating Baer, Braddock received less than half that amount—\$31,000 to be exact.

If you listen to Braddock, you know the continuity of the *Tastyest* program. It is the life story of the champion, based in no small part on the book, *Relief to Royalty*, written by Lud, sports editor and columnist of the *Hudson Dispatch*. Lud, who knew Jimmy from boyhood, did a remarkable job, which is complete down to the most minute detail.

The radio script is written by Jack Kofoed, sports director of *WHN* and well-known as a sports columnist on several New York and Philadelphia papers. Kofoed is taking Braddock's life story in round-by-round fashion, at a rate that will require nearly the full 52 weeks for completion.

Harry Balogh, who sprang into prominence as a fight announcer, after the retirement from active service of the late Joe Humphreys, announces the program as he would a prize fight. Since Balogh has been the announcer at all recent fights sponsored by the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, which controls Joe Louis, his voice is well known to radio's fight fans and heightens the illusion of a boxing

program. But, just to keep the records straight, it was Al Frazin who did the announcing at Madison Square Garden Bowl when Braddock defeated Baer.

In framing the program, actors and actresses from the legitimate theatre have been hired, with Braddock, at present, merely greeting the listeners when the program opens, setting the stage for the incident which is to follow. At the conclusion of the dramatization of that particular round of Braddock's battle with life, Jim returns to the microphone with a few words about his prospects against future opponents, and about past bouts.

The child actors who play the parts of Jim and the friends of his school days, all are from Sidney Kingley's stage success, *Dead End*. As the story unwinds, Braddock, himself, will play his own part, when it comes time for the script to pick up his actual ring career. And his manager, Gould, is eagerly awaiting the time when he enters into the story. Watching Jimmy before the mike has enthused Gould to the point where he is itching to enrich the drama with his own portrayal of himself as the champ's manager.

"Who could play Joe Gould better than Joe Gould?" he demands. "Besides, they'll probably pay me extra for it."

Braddock's sincerity before the invisible audience is not the assumption of a rôle. Since becoming champion, he made close to \$100,000, through personal appearances, endorsements and so on. But he hasn't changed his mode of living. He still resides with Mrs. Braddock and the children in the same house in which he lived when he was *Case No. 2706* on the relief rolls of the Township of North Bergen, New Jersey—with one notable exception. Braddock now lives upstairs. He used to live on the ground floor and haul ashes, performing the duties of janitor in lieu of paying rent.

A shiny new automobile of medium class and an improvement in his dress are the only outward appearances of Braddock's rise above relief. His suits are no more expensive, but he doesn't have to wear them as long.

Jimmy walks every day from Gould's suite of offices in the Mayflower Hotel on Central Park West to Stillman's gymnasium. He smokes a cigar before and after the workout and, if the cigar isn't smoked down too far, when it comes time to leave for the gymnasium, he caches the stub behind a filing cabinet in Gould's office, to retrieve it when he returns!

It is difficult to imagine a more dingy and lack-lustre spot than Stillman's gym. There is a musty odor permeating the two canvas-rings and the roomful of punching bags, comparable to the backstage smells of a cheap vaudeville house on the six-a-day time. It was moved to more pretentious quarters once, but moved right back. And boxers liked the old quarters better. And Braddock likes it, too, proving he is a boxer first and a world champion second. He works out in the same room with preliminary boys, kids who may never get a

professional chance, punch-drunk old-timers who never will fight again and the usual riff-raff which pugilism invariably attracts. And, to repeat, he likes it!

Braddock likes lots of things, which is no small part of his charm. He likes being champion, he likes being on the radio, he likes being interviewed. He even likes the idea of fighting Joe Louis! The Brown Bomber holds no terrors for the Jersey Irishman, who went blithely along with his training preparations for a Louis bout at Atlantic City, while making his radio debut. Microphone artists are troupers as good as any, and many have been brilliant before the mike while suffering from private troubles, but, so far, Braddock is the only radio performer who had the prospect of meeting Joe Louis hanging over his head.

When the New York State Athletic Commission ordered Braddock to meet Max Schmeling in June and not to fight Louis in the interim, Jimmy actually was disappointed! He was confident he could beat Louis in February and then take care of *der Marie* later.

The faithful Gould is about the only boxing expert who shares Braddock's confidence in himself. But then, this pair alone believed that Jimmy would defeat Baer, which he did.

"I haven't got the greatest fighter ever lived," declared Gould. "I know it and you know it. But I certainly have as game a fighter as any in the history of the ring. Braddock isn't afraid of anybody—and that means a lot. And paste this in your hat—Jimmy never has been knocked out in his life."

While Braddock's radio program is not going to write any new chapters in ether drama, it is likely to prove a popular one. In the provinces, Jimmy is even more of a hero than in New York. Although the country still was in the throes of the depression when Gould and Braddock packed their portmanteaus and took to the Pullmans, his barnstorming tour put tangible evidence of his wide-spread popularity into the cash box. He outdrew every barnstorming champion since Dempsey and tripled the returns shown by Schmeling on a tour five years earlier.

Gould overlooked no spot for Braddock, reaching towns which even Rand McNally never heard of. They touched every state in the Union, and everywhere the populace showed its approval by forming lines at the box-office windows.

It doubtless was the success of this tour which prompted Braddock's radio engagement, the sponsors deciding, sagely enough, that people who had paid cash to see Jim Braddock would be willing to set the dials of their radios to hear him. And to hear him as champion of the world, the rôle for which he is best suited. For, after all, as Jimmy himself says: "I ain't no Leslie Howard!"

P. S.—*He ain't, neither!*

In our next issue—

The most unusual story of
MARTHA RAYE

Don't Miss *April* Radio Stars!

Out March First



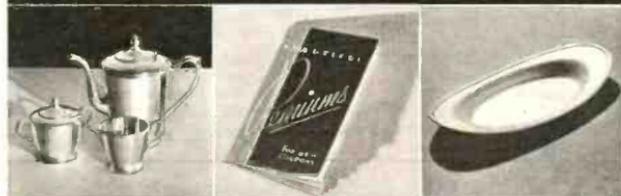
..IT'S TIME YOU TRIED THEM!

You've only one throat to last you a lifetime. And there's only one cigarette with a touch of "mild menthol" to keep it cool and easy. You and **KOOLS** ought to get together. First, because it's a magnificent blend, judged on tobacco quality alone. Second, because without spoiling that fine tobacco flavor, the mild menthol makes each puff as stimulating as a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Finally—the coupon on each pack! Save 'em for stunning gifts. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) And there are *extra* coupons with every carton! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Oneida Community Par Plate Silver. FREE. Write for illustrated 26-page Bread Tray—Oneida Community Par Plate Silver; 14 in. long, 200 coupons
Pat. 450 coup. Cream. Sugar Set, 375 B & W premium booklet, No. 13

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

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 21)

"I can't
resist your
LOVELY
skin"



L'oreal Oatmeal Facial
Clears, softens, freshens

Breathless allure of soft, satiny, clear skin can be yours with this natural beauty treatment. L'oreal is an age-old beauty formula in a new, modern form—Oatmeal Facial, into which is blended an amazing new softening ingredient, Vegetable Milk.



MIX



WASH



WASH OFF

An instant beauty treatment for times when you must look your best. Simply mix L'oreal to a fragrant lotion with water, apply to face, wash off. Its remarkable penetrating and cleansing qualities deep-clean and close large pores, combat blackheads. The distinct natural oils released by L'oreal soften the skin to its irresistible loveliness. Skin tissues are calendered, tired lines and surface wrinkles disappear to send you forth on your evening's adventure glowing with freshness and confidence.

At cosmetic counters 85c. or a dime size in 10c stores.



L'oreal Oatmeal Facial
enriched with
Vegetable Milk
and skin vitamin F

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

It's the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes coughs. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

PERTUSSIN

Seach & Kade, Inc., Dept. W-5
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of
Pertussin FREE... by return mail.

Name _____
Address _____

synchronization directing them, it was amazing to see the number of intelligent undergraduates and alumni out of step. According to those who know, these individuals would make poor musicians, as their beating would be extremely irregular. Music is still considered one of the arts.

Among dial-data is an interesting note. In 1922 the first ten minutes of radio commercial time was sold for \$100. That was for a single station—WEAF. Today, that same ten-minute period over WEAF alone would cost exactly \$334. Since these short periods are permitted only twice an evening, and then are confined to news, they are exceedingly hard to get. The first big hook-up was on Washington's Birthday in 1922, when forty-two stations carried the late Calvin Coolidge's speech.

May I recommend a book? It is by Walter B. Pitkin, a gentleman at whose throne I humbly worship. It was called *The Psychology of Achievement* but it now becomes, in a cheaper edition, *The Secret of Achievement*. It is a book, I believe, that should be compulsory reading for every high school student between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, more especially since it is now less expensive to buy.

After reading it, try this. Apply it to the successful men of the past and you should be able to explain, if you know anything at all about them, why they were successful. And then, if you will be honest enough to mirror yourself truly and, as Laertes said, "To thine own self be true," you very likely will be able to tell yourself, with a certain degree of accuracy, the possibilities of your chance of achievement—not mere success—but achievement.

Bring an individual who believes in the fable of "the better mouse-trap" and the subsequent beating of paths to the front door, I always have felt that I will fail or succeed according to the sincerity and quality of my performance. The "better mouse-trap" idea was founded on the theory that a product having high basic worth will succeed, such being at variance with the modern vogue of the press agent who, only too often, is trying to sell a worthless product, or a person, by high-pressure methods. In my case, I feel that if my programs maintain a high standard, if my stage appearances are well staged, lighted, paced and loaded with real talent in my roster of artists, the public will continue to want me to try to entertain them.

So I contend that no amount of hokey about what I eat, wear, whom I dislike or like, or what I think about this or that, will restrain a listener from dialing me when my program is poor, or conversely, sell them the idea of dialing me in.

Observations on a young lady who tries so hard to be perfect in the pronunciation of certain words that she goes to the extreme of mispronouncing by over-emphasis, and then, oddly enough, relapses into a

faulty pronunciation that literally grates on the ear. She takes poor, ordinary "haven't" (which should be stressed on the first syllable) and wrestles with it until it becomes "have-ENT." Equally bad, but more amusing, is her:

"Jams-ESS" for "famous"
"two-MEX" for "toman"
"Republi-KIN" for "Republican"

Tune in and hear radio vocalists and comedians sing and say:

"ro-BOUS" for "robin"
"beau-DA-ful" for "beautiful"
And, more's the pity, "ro-SUS" for "roses!"

Here are some more of the mispronunciations you can pick up easily, simply by turning up your radio:

"ain-JELL" for "angel"
"heav-EN" for "heaven"
"youman" for "human"

The last can only be explained under the heading of laziness. It takes an effort, a sort of vocal running-jump to pronounce "human" and give the "h" the aspiration it requires, but "youmans" are often lazy.

Under the heading of dial-discrepancies, I should like to list those who say "der Max" (*Schmeling*) as "Marks" and those who pronounce it "Max" and who further mess things up by saying "Schmeling" with both a broad "o" and with an "e" as in "fell." Let's get together, gentlemen . . .

Then there's a young orchestra leader whom someone should tip off to watch certain peculiarities of his that are bound to affect the sensitive listener. For instance, he sings, "YEW are my lucky star." And when he wants to be endearing, he moans "dorrerrrllling," and I'm sure his "darling" puts on her bonnet and walks out. Heaven knows I've been trying long enough and hard enough to stress the letter "r" a little (which we of New England, and especially Maine, fail even to recognize, as witness "harr" for "heart"), but here's a fellow who leans backwards, and I honestly believe the over-emphasis of the "r" is worse than the under-playing of it. The English cut loose entirely when they say "fu-ah" for "figure." I have often wondered if it were an affection, the result of London joy or home influence. Do you know?

Which reminds me, that same young orchestra leader might pay some attention to his "to," which, by the same unholy gargling process, becomes "TEW." This wholesale theft of their own private "TEW" might be enough to make Lum and Abner polish up their muskets and go a-huntin' "TEW" git him!

I was tickled by Bill (*Sports*) Cornm's pronunciation of "bomb," which, as everyone (including the Communists) knows is handled as though it were "baum." But Bill said "bum." He was obviously thinking about one of the palookas he writes so well about.

RADIO STARS

Speaking of nepotism, and why not, I can't help but be reminded of a certain broadcast (not my regular one) on which we performed some time ago. A young lady, a vocalist, was featured on this program of national importance, because she was related to one of the company's executives. Not that her voice wasn't fair, but why let family relations affect the listening habits of millions of people; supposing her voice had been bad?

If we weren't looking for the shortest cut, no one would say "San Berdud" for "San Bernardino" (that little orange-growing town outside of Los Angeles). "San Berdud" has only three syllables, "San Bernardino" has five, therefore requiring two more movements of the jaws, tongue, larynx and pharynx. As most of us prefer to shop on the ground floor, even when we are provided with elevators complete with divans and bars, so do most of us prefer to cut down the number of syllables in a word. Look about you and observe the laziness of human nature and furnish me, please, with more proof of our wickedness in this respect.

So you don't believe that television is going to turn everything upside-down, eh? So you don't believe that it will cause greater convulsions with the musical, theatrical and cinematographical world than sound and sound-on-film? Well, listen to this from "Variety" of November 4:

"Concerns operating news theatres here are angry at British Movietone because that company is supplying news reels to the British Broadcasting Corporation for

television transmission. Exhibitors have protested by letter that it does not give them a square deal with the public as they can see at home on their television receivers the same type of program they are showing in the news theatres."

That was from London, England. And to those who believe it will be possible to withhold arbitrarily, for personal and selfish interests, such a thing as television from a public eagerly awaiting it, I am sure it is not necessary for me to scoff or to point out the very obvious fact that progress, like time, will not be stayed. For every individual or group of individuals who are selfishly trying to withhold a progressive invention, there will be ten individuals and ten groups of individuals with ten times as much wealth, willing to present it. Whether the motives are altruistic or materialistic is beside the point. Mark you me, no one is going to hold back television! When it is ready, regardless of the squawks of those affected, television will be here.

When the phonograph companies, back in 1927-28-29, found an \$800,000,000 yearly business going to pot, because of a new invention called "radio," nothing could be done about it. More recently, the American Federation of Musicians spent hundreds of thousands of dollars with the best of intentions in an attempt to convince the public that "canned" music was inferior to musical performances played by individuals in the flesh. Not all of these hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertisements (mingled with tears and wringing of hands and the plea that musicians had given

their lives to the study of music and even possibly to the making of the music termed "canned") could prevent a public from going to the theatres, now devoid of the live musicians. This was because the perfection and the progress of this art of recording sound had indeed so progressed as to make it impossible for the uninitiated, on entering a theatre, to tell whether the music was recorded or actually played by musicians in the flesh!

Now, if you'll gather closer, friends, I'd like to ask you a question: Do you know someone who says: "I can't play jazz, oh my goodness no, I only play classical music?" You do? I thought so. Now, do you suppose they really know what they mean when they say "jazz"? I'll bet they don't, but do you? Sure? I don't mean the dictionary definition. I mean your own, carefully-thought-out definition. NOW let's have some fun. Suppose you sit down and, taking your pen firmly in hand, dash off a serious answer to my question: "What is jazz?" and mail it to me in care of Radio Stars Magazine.

Perhaps I'll award a leather medal to the writer of the best answer, but at any rate, it ought to be fun and I'll print the best answers.

I know I shouldn't help you, but let me suggest that you consider:

1. Material (popular or operatic)
 2. Place (where played or heard)
- There, I've practically given you the answer, but let's hear yours . . .

See you next month.

**DOT
TAKES
STOCK OF
STOCKING
BILLS**

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT -
I SPENT \$52 LAST YEAR
ON STOCKINGS!

OH NO DOT
YOU
COULDN'T

I FIGURED IT ALL OUT - TWO
PAIRS A WEEK - 50¢ A PAIR

THAT'S \$52
ALL RIGHT
A LOT OF
MONEY

I'LL SAY IT IS - SO I DECIDED
TO TRY TO CUT DOWN ON
RUNS. ALL LAST MONTH
I USED LUX

DID IT WORK
DOT?

YES, THAT'S THE WONDER-
FUL THING. MY STOCKINGS
ARE LASTING TWICE AS
LONG - I'LL SAVE ABOUT
\$25 A YEAR

GOSH YOU CAN
BUY A LOT WITH
\$25. THINK I'LL
TRY LUX
MYSELF

ONCE you stop to figure what Lux can save you, you'll never again want to risk using just any old soap.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Lux preserves the "live" resilient quality stockings have when new—so Luxed stockings give instead of breaking easily under strain—seldom go into runs.

This means they last much longer, look lovelier, too.

**-SAVES
STOCKING
ELASTICITY**

LUX

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 15)

JOE'S JOKESTER

Joe Penner still includes an Episcopal clergyman on his staff of comedy writers. The minister is Reverend Henry Rubel, who writes songs and comic bits for Joe under the pen name, Hal Raynor. He preaches regularly, too, always finding a little parish somewhere near wherever Joe's radio and picture work takes him.

MY STARS!

A lot of people make a hobby of astrology, but it's hard to find an amateur astrologer who goes into the thing as intensively as Vincent Lopez. The stars really amount to a religion and friendly counsellor, as well as a hobby with Vincent. A couple of years ago, Vincent disappeared from New York and the large network programs for a season. When he returned, he resumed his old place in the night spots and radio shows. A lot of people wondered why he had dropped from sight when he did.

Vincent explained it to me one night. "I had found that the next year was not going to be a good one for me," he said, explaining some astrological calculations. "So I simply decided to mark time and do what I could until the influences were favorable again." There was no other reason. He probably would have had no more difficulty finding a place for himself

that season than in any other year.

WHY IS IT?

Surprising with what determination the lawyers hopped on *Good Will Court* and drove it off the big network. I'm not one to argue about the ethics of a large corporation's buying radio rights to people's troubles, but *The Voice of Experience* and a few others have been trading in that commodity for years and no one seemed to bother them.

TOO BAD!

It was only two years ago that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was given a radio contract at \$3,000 a week, which made her one of the very highest paid radio stars. Since those days, Fred Waring has brought his radio salary up to \$13,500 a week, Eddie Cantor went to \$14,000 and Major Bowes to the neighborhood of \$25,000. Several comedy and big variety programs hover right around \$10,000 in the salary list.

WHERE'S THE CATCH?

Have you noticed how long it has been since one of radio's catch lines slipped into the current conversation? Jack Pearl this season has been trying to re-establish the most famous of them all, "Vass you dere, Charlie?" Even that one has lost its magic. Every season used to produce its "Wanna buy a duck?", "OK, Chicago," "I's regusted," "Check and double check."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

If your memory goes back far enough, it might recall an old vaudeville song and dance trio, Correll, Gosden and Givot. The act didn't amount to much and the three youngsters drifted apart. You can hear the first two nowadays as *Amos 'n' Andy* and the third, George Givot, is on the air occasionally as the *Greek Ambassador*.

TO BE SURE

In spite of all the publicity exposing fraudulent radio schools, a lot of them still flourish around New York, Los Angeles and other radio centers. Radio stars and radio stations have frequently conducted campaigns to stop the business, and so have the legitimate radio schools. But the quick professors continue.

One story is told of a woman singer who tried to gain a foothold in radio for years. Unsuccessful, she finally gave up and now is running a profitable school which teaches other people how to get on the air.

Many a small station has an arrangement with a school. The school guarantees the ambitious candidate a radio hearing. The hearing turns out to be a few minutes on the small station some morning. Radio stars often have calls from strangers who chat with easy familiarity for a moment or two and then hang up. Those are usually

the school proprietors, impressing a prospective customer with a wide acquaintance in radio's highest circles.

If you are thinking of studying with any school, there is no sure way for the novice to be sure which are legitimate and which fraudulent. Probably the best question to ask is: "Are any of your graduates financially successful in radio right now?"

MUSICAL MADNESS

One of the wildest of Radio City studio scenes is a Richard Himber orchestra rehearsal. A jovial practical joker himself, Dick is no stickler for discipline and during a good part of the rehearsal his men behave like a crowd of school boys.

"All right, boys," the maestro will order, "we'll run through this now."

Likely as not, a chorus of ribald objections will reply, "We know it!" "You do the playing." There is uproar and argument but the rehearsing does get done and the standing of the Himber band is always high.

"Maybe I'm wrong, running a band that way," Himber concedes, "but I think I get better shows. The boys are under tension and hard discipline all day and all evening, playing on other programs. They get a chance to relax and feel free on my program and I think they do their best playing there as a result."

A sharp contrast is the band of Horace Heidt. He saves any jovial spirit he might have for the program itself. Everything

is very serious with this earnest minded young Heidt. The programs are casual and informal, but rehearsals decidedly not.

Heidt liked the way his band was presented during its recent stay in New York. He played in one of the Columbia Playhouse studios, which is fully equipped with theatrical stage lighting apparatus. So the band played in soft light and shadow, bathed in purple and red. A stranger wandering in would never guess that this elaborate stage setting had been put together just for a radio show.

BARE FACTS

Radio is gradually acquiring quite a contingent of toupée wearers. Included are George Burns, Phil Baker, Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby. Crosby's is no full toupée, just a strip he wears during pictures, where his hair would look too thin in front.

Bing has grown less careful about this secret in recent years. He always used to broadcast in private and with his hat on. Lately, he broadcasts in front of an audience, no hat and frequently without even bothering to adjust his hirsute arrangements the way he has them for movie work.

SAD SID

When Sid Silvers came to New York recently to confer about his new radio program, he planned to make it a big holiday, once business was out of the way. Sid is a New Yorker in spirit and his stay in Hollywood had made him lonesome for the lights and stages of Broadway.

The day he arrived, he joined old friends and was telling what an occasion this visit would be. "A drink to start it off," they urged. Sid never drinks at all, but on an occasion like this he finally agreed one drink was appropriate.

A waggish friend filled a tumbler full of straight Scotch. Handing it to Sid, he said, "Scotch and soda. Down the hatch now." Sid doesn't like the taste of liquor anyway, so bravely he gulped the whole tumbler of straight whiskey, as fast as he could, with no notion of what it was.

That was the end of the holiday for poor Sid. Most of the following week he spent in bed, so ill he could barely get around to settle the radio business that was urgent. His time in New York up, he headed back for Hollywood, after having seen nothing much of New York except a radio executive's desk and the ceiling of a hotel room.

BATTLING BENNY

Benny Rubin is the smallest of radio's comedians and easily the most belligerent. He weighs around a hundred and forty, maybe a little less. Nevertheless, he once tackled Max Baer. Just got mad at him, that was all. That was one of the fights Benny did not win.

Benny is a good boxer and from his youth in a rough neighborhood of Boston, he says he is still a good rough and tumble street fighter, if things come to the worst. They don't get to that for him very often nowadays.

(BUT GRACE - I TOLD THEM WE'D BOTH BE THERE)

GRACE WAS "TOO TIRED" TO ENJOY THE CROWD



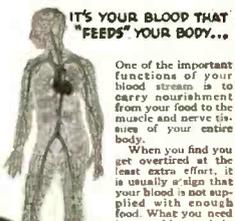
DON'T LET UNDERFERD BLOOD MAKE YOU FEEL "DONE UP"



That "all-in" feeling so many people have at this time of year is often a sign of run-down condition. Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is underfed and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other needed food elements. Your blood then carries more and better food to your nerves and muscles.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake about 1/2 hour before meals, plain or in water. Start now.



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER ----



COUGHS



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT
**CLINGS TO THE
COUGH ZONE**

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS
VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



**SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP**

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3 SLIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known **FLAME-GLO** Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Gloriously you lips with **FLAME-GLO** send coupon TODAY!

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AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 73)



Tarzana, the Chimp, dines with Joan Winters and Ben Bernie.

for a nervous breakdown." Don't think that Jimmy's wasting any time on his broadcast with those dots and dashes, either. . . The first signals spell out "CQ" or "attention". The second batch of key clickings spell out *F-I-D-L-E-R* and all the dots and dashes throughout the program spell *J-I-M*.

There's been considerable upset among the *Hollywood Hotel* broadcasters of late. It looked for a time as if Dick Powell would kiss Louella Parsons goodbye forever. But now the *Hotel* again is one big happy family and we understand that all the difficulties have been ironed out to everyone's satisfaction. That sounds almost too good to be true, but anyhow, the program sounds as good as ever, so why worry?

Il Bacio is the most important thing in her life, according to fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, prima donna of the *Eddie Cantor* hour. *Il Bacio* happens to be *The Kiss*—but it's also a song. A year ago Jack Sherrill, actor's agent, heard Deanna warbling her favorite melody while he was passing on the street. He rushed her immediately to M-G-M and told Deanna to sing it again. She did and walked out with a contract fifteen minutes later. A few months later she sang it for *Universal* movie megals and again signed her name to the dotted line. And when it was learned that *Eddie Cantor* was looking for a singer on his program, Deanna wasn't in the least alarmed about not getting it. She just dusted off her *Kiss* and went to call on Cantor.

Those in the know around town are saying that Nino Martini and Elissa Landi took a Yumatrimonial trip recently. We wonder if J. F. T. O'Connor, comptroller of the currency from Washington, was best man or what. He must have gone along, since the three are inseparable. Or maybe Elissa married Jafy and Nino was best man.

After every number at the *Packard Hour* rehearsal, Fred Astaire jumps from the

stage and heads for the darkest corner of the auditorium. And there, along with suggestions and criticisms, is Mrs. Fred Astaire. To date, Mrs. A. hasn't missed a rehearsal, though she doesn't show up for the broadcast. She's checking on Fred via the radio at home at those times.

Blow for the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce: Frances Langford finally weighed in at 100 pounds after months of following the doctor's orders of a quart of milk a day. She even went him one better by sipping a glass of cream while rehearsing for the *Hollywood Hotel* program. And not an ounce did Frances gain until she went back to Florida for that vacation. Seven pounds were added to the Langford silhouette.

Looks like the navy has taken first place in La Langford's heart these days. For Ken Dolan, her manager and perennial escort, has suddenly been transplanted by Lieut. Ken West of the *U.S.S. Pennsylvania*. They're seen everywhere together and looking so-o-heppy.

Tony Martin isn't quite sure that success is all it's cracked up to be. For between rehearsing and airing the Burns and Allen program, and continual picture work out at Fox studios, Tony hasn't seen Alice Faye for over a week. And it's got to the point now where he'd rather see Alice than a four-figure pay check. The blondish Miss Faye also is pretty busy these days, between finishing up a Shirley Temple picture and starting her new one with the *Ritz Bros.* It's beginning to look as if they'll either have to give up the idea of being Mr. and Mrs. Martin or stop improving their work.

The *Hollywood Hotel* broadcast, put on in connection with the premiere of *Born to Dance* at a *Hollywood* theatre, proved to be a gala occasion for the celebrity hounds. Everybody who is anybody in town turned out. Particularly swamped by autograph hounds were Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore. The new Barrymore bride always looks elegant and seems to be having a grand time. But how long will it last?

The world premiere of *Lloyds of London*, at a Hollywood theatre recently, brought out the biggest crowd of radio stars yet seen at one time. The latest innovation for the fans who attend the premieres is grandstand seats along the sidewalk leading up to the theatre. Here, for mere fifteen cents, they can get a good view of their favorites and for ten cents more can rent field glasses for a close-up. Dressed up in their best bibs and tuckers, silver foxes and sable coats, we spotted the Jack Bennys, the Don Ameches, George and Gracie Burns, Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee Crosby, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, the Joe Penners and the Dick Powells, among others. Joan Blondell Powell came up the walk with several thousand dollars' worth of white fox around her—and Dick's arm.

Sid Silvers swears that when the *Al Tolson* show opened, on December 22nd, the program had the largest audience of any show on the air. "I know that definitely," Sid told us, "because all my relatives listened in."

Francia White always has wanted to be a comedienne and she let her bouncing sense of humor smack at Otto Klemperer, famed conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, this month. Francia had been contracted for a guest appearance with the orchestra in the Philharmonic concert auditorium. She was waiting backstage for her rehearsal with Dr. Klemperer. It was a morning for auditions.

"Pardon me, Miss," queried the director's assistant. "Are you waiting to play or sing for Dr. Klemperer?"

Francia's eyes twinkled. "Oh, I'm going to sing and I do so want Dr. Klemperer to like me," she explained. "Will you put in a good word for me? I'm scared to death." She continued to chatter, writing her name—a fake one—and her selections on a piece of paper for the assistant. She even trilled a few notes. Out rushed the enthusiastic assistant, singing her praises to the conductor.

Francia walked shyly to the center of the stage.

"Haw, haw!" boomed Klemperer. "That's Francia White!"

The assistant slowly slunk away.

Amos 'n Andy's last trip to Chicago was their final one before settling down permanently in sunny California. Andy bought a home in Palm Springs and Amos has been shopping around in the neighborhood for one just as good. They're doing all their broadcasting from the desert resort now, except for the Friday minstrel show which necessitates the two flying into Hollywood every week. At Palm Springs, the tower of the El Mirador Hotel is utilized for broadcasting purposes, with some two dozen navajo rugs hung on the wall to deaden the sound. "I expect to break into a *ki yi* any minute, instead of cullud dialect," Amos said when he saw the layout.

The Jones Baby, whose squalls are so agonizingly realistic on the broadcast, is actually the mother of a seven-months-old baby boy. Off the airwaves Loretta Poynton, who has kept for many an NBC program, is Mrs. William Carroll.



Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By *Lady Esther*

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another.

Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face powder, or your shade of face powder, put you at a great disadvantage. It means you have one complexion one day and another the next. It calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the wrong one, it makes you look years older than you really are. What you want, first of all, is the right kind of face powder. Secondly, the right shade.

No. 1. The Right Kind of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder will go on evenly and blend perfectly.

Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of face powder that absorb excessive oil and perspiration and prevent shine.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely soft and smooth. It contains no rough or sharp particles whatever. This you can prove by my famous "bite test."

Because it is so smooth, Lady Esther Face Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly.

It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the right shade!

There is only one way to tell which is your most becoming shade and that is to try on all five basic shades. You

must not assume that because you are a blonde or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your skin, but improve your appearance. You want, NOT a matching shade, but a *flattering* shade.

I Say "Try," not "Buy"

In my five shades I provide the most becoming one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone else, can tell you in advance. You must try on all five shades.

But I don't ask you to go into a store and buy all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No, indeed! I say: "Here, take all the five shades of my face powder and try them all on! Let your own eyes tell you which is your most becoming shade."

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare itself the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my face powder is, how long it stays on and how well it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes!

The coupon below waits your mailing!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (31) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2910 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also give me either tubular or your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

WARDROBE CHANGES FOR A STAR

(Continued from page 17)

"OVER-TURE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Gives extra firm uplift
In Maiden Form's "Over-Ture" brassiere, little stitches under breast "petals" accomplish extra-firm uplift support. In bandeau style or with 1-, 1½- or 5½-inch diaphragm band—\$1.00 to \$2.00.

Maiden Form
LESS FOR THE TRADE
BRASSIERES
SPECIAL COASTAL BELTS

"What I want to know, however, is how I look to the radio audience and what sort of person radio listeners imagine me to be. If possible, I should like to dress, for my new *Cities Service* series, in keeping with this impression.

"Some friends told me that I should wear sophisticated gowns when I sing. Others say I should wear delicate pastels in very girlish styles. Just the other day a woman, meeting me for the first time, said that I should wear bright, vibrant colors. She said that my singing gave a feeling of high color and that I should dress accordingly."

The varying opinions of these three friends give you an idea of how everyone sees her as a different person—her personality to each one suggests a certain type. I wonder what each of you will decide is Lucille's real type and how she should express it in the clothes she wears on broadcast nights?

I found this charming girl a very unusual fashion subject. She's quite small, only a trifle over five feet three inches in height. She's very blonde, her hair brushed smoothly to bring out the golden highlights and curled severely, but provocatively, about her head. The trim roll of curl is typical of her—she's definitely not the fluffy blonde type of girl. She's rather brisk, almost boyish in her movements. In day clothes she looks a well-tailored and efficient young career-gal. You will notice this particularly in the picture of her favorite tailored dress.

It's a beige jersey, nicely cut, with sets of buttons used to set off the pockets and front collar opening. The narrow stand-up collar is very flattering to Lucille. Incidentally, just because she has stepped up to prima donna radio place, is no reason for her careful clothes budgeting to change. Lucille likes to strike a good bargain in clothes and this beige jersey is one of the best. She told me triumphantly that it cost her about ten dollars. Imagine! It looks twice that amount or more.

Speaking of what she likes to wear, she said: "A singer must be as versatile in her selection of clothes as she is in her selection of songs. I try to visualize the setting in which I shall sing. Then I take the season of the year into account and I usually am guided, too, by current styles. But the most important thing, I've always felt, is for any woman's gown to suit her personality. This applies quite as much to a non-professional woman as it does to one with a career."

Lucille believes that most people have a changing personality—it frequently is guided by the mood.

"Some days I feel quite gay, other days quite dignified," she declared. "If I'm going out for a walk with my dog, for instance, I like to swing my arms and take long, athletic strides. Naturally, I have to be dressed in casual, comfortable clothes that give me plenty of freedom. When I'm dressed for evening, I like to feel dainty or elegant—or both.

"Two of my favorite evening colors are

aquamarine blue and eggshell white. I love them because the last evening gown my grandmother made for me, several years ago, was of aqua and eggshell tulle. It's much too old to wear now, but I keep it, packed away in tissue paper."

Lucille is one of those lucky smaller girls who wears a size 12. And it's a small size 12, because she has to diet to keep her weight, not to lose it. She resorts to between-meal drinks of milk, flavored with maple syrup, in the hope of adding even a few pounds.

This winter she has been wearing black a lot in her daytime outfits. For a color accent she introduces scarfs and costume jewelry in turquoise or coral. She likes high-heeled shoes except, of course, for active sportswear. And because her ankles are slender, she finds the new higher cut in shoes very becoming. She's very fussy about overshoes, probably because she has to wear them in order to protect herself from the colds which prove so devastating to singers. She told me that she is crazy about those smart and practical Canadian boots of velvet with fur tops. They're the only overshoes that don't make her feel clumsy.

She doesn't like earrings for herself, never wears them. But she does love the fashion for wearing flowers and bows in the hair for evening. She likes to wear bows especially—you can see one of her favorite bow and hair-do's in the small picture. A crisply tied black velvet one is worn at the side of the head—this happens to be a French copy of an evening hair-dress and it has a narrow band circling the head with a small net bow at the back on the other side. Very unusual and becoming to her.

The Manners' biggest wardrobe enthusiasm is—hats.

"Coats, dresses and even shoes have to be practical," she insists, "but hats can be as frivolous as you want them."

What's more, she practices what she preaches and goes in for some very giddy numbers. There are saucy models that perch on the back of her blonde pate—usually little velvet caps set "way back on her curls. She has a trick double-duty one. It's a skullcap made of wine-red feathers. This has a separate brim of red velvet. When the feather cap is worn by itself it makes a rather formal dinner hat. But with the brim added, it can go places by day.

Lucille crochets a lot but she gave up knitting after one attempt. She did knit one outfit.

"You should see it," she laughed. "The skirt is big enough for two of me and the sweater top doesn't measure eight inches across the shoulders. I don't know what went wrong with my calculations, but I certainly did ruin a lot of nice yarn. Now I stick to something simple like afghan squares!"

For her morning voice practice, Lucille prefers to wear tailored pajamas—flannel ones on cold days and heavy satin ones when it's warmer. The attractive ones

ROMANCE

SWEETHEART STORIES

Romance. The vital, tender thrill of young love is yours in the March SWEETHEART STORIES. Ten four-star glamorous tales by outstanding romantic authors are crammed into this mammoth issue.

Complete novelettes:
"Love is More Than Moonlight," winner of the \$500.00 first prize in the Amateur Writers' Contest.
"Valiant Lady"—She risked her reputation, her happiness, to save a stranger in distress.
"That Fatal Fascination"—A kiss is bitter-sweet when the man belongs to another woman.

Continued Novel:
"Doctor's Wife," by Maysie Greig. A thrilling new novel of a girl who loved a married man.

Short Stories:
"Never Say Sorry"
"Marry For Love"
"The Kiss That Told"
"Rich Boy Friend"
"The Washing Pool"
"Co-Respondent"

All in the March issue of
SWEETHEART STORIES 10 cents
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



Lucille Manners wins new laurels with her singing on the Friday evening *Cities Service Concerts*

pictured were designed especially for her by Dorothy Couture. The tunic top is metal cloth and the trousers are black silk.

Being well-dressed, she thinks, is largely dependent upon how well you take care of your clothes and your grooming.

"With several changes of accessories, an extra hat or two, some costume jewelry and a fresh flower now and then, you can make one dark dress and coat do for a whole season—even for several seasons," she told me. "But the loveliest clothes in the world don't seem to look smart if they have a spot, need brushing or are worn by someone who isn't particular about her hair, fingernails and make-up."

All these wise fashion observations give you a very good idea of Lucille, as she really is. And with it as a starter, you should be able to tell her what you think her real personality is and just which type of dress she should choose to play it up best. Be sure to turn to pages 48 and 49, where you will find the four stunning gowns from which you may select one to suit Lucille and possibly be the lucky winner of one for yourself!

It's great fun to try, and a great thrill to win!

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars Magazine,
148 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Kindly send me, free of charge, your **MARCH SHOPPING BULLETIN**.

Name
Street
City State



*on an all-top in the summer
You see I took no care
being too late this time!
I'll be the proudest man at the Chom-with you,
Joan, dear,—your pearl-beautiful complexion, those
thru'll promising lips! All my love—
Paul*

The new skin-matched make-up—this is lovely Joan's sweet secret of conquest. Seems like every boy in town asks her first, for the important occasions. Clever girl, she discovered, like thousands of modern women, that *nothing* is quite so important in make-up as the color of the skin itself.

We chance color of hair to harmonize better with complexion—we choose outlines to glorify our complexion—naturally, then, make-up must be keyed to the natural color of your skin, to be basically correct. Hollywood Mask is this kind of matched make-up—it is keyed to your skin type.

Many lipsticks, rouges, powders, when chosen hit-or-miss, actually make women unattractive, starchy, chalky, "hard" looking. End all this!

Start with Hollywood Mask Facial. Cleanse skin of blackheads, dirt, rancid oils. Shrink large pores. Then blend on your Hollywood Mask matched make-up—let its exquisitely harmonizing shades, its balanced ingredients, its new blending secrets add thrillingly to your own individual and natural charm—it's the natural thing to do—for the natural-appearing loveliness which most charmingly individualizes you.

Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 10c stores. Check your favorite matching shades of lipstick, rouge and powder on the coupon below. Try the marvelous new facial, too. Send for them now. There's a make-up adventure in store for you.



Avoid Blackheads
Clear skin of blackheads quickly. Avoid large pores. Stimulate underlain tissue with Hollywood Mask Facial. Large tube 21. Trial size 10c.



End Make-Up Look
New fluffing powder won't show—shades complement skin color. STAYS on longer. Matching Cream, Blanche, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Skin's Own. Trial size 10c. Purse size 10c.



Lipstick Matches Rouge
Stimulating, translucent, fade-resistant. Prevents chapping. Ideal through winter. Shades: Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Tube size 10c. Trial size 10c.



Natural Color Harmony
Keeps the color of your youth because it accepts individual skin color. Peach, Blenheim, Peach, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 10c. Purse size 10c.

Hollywood MASK

MAIL FOR HOLLYWOOD MASK MATCHED MAKE-UP

Send me new skin-matched make-up. I enclose 10c for EACH of check!

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Name:
Street:
City: State:
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Lipstick Clear Rose HOLLYWOOD MASK
 Peach Orange Raspberry Natural
 Blenheim Raspberry

Powder Peach Blenheim
 Peach Blenheim
 Natural Blenheim

CAN WOMEN TELL MEN THE TRUTH?

(Continued from page 45)

You don't have to blurt out the truth about everything."

Jane told me afterwards that she wandered around backstage at the *Follies*, asking the girls "the truth question." "I wish you could have heard the violence of the negative replies," said the beautiful Pickens' sister. "Unfortunately, you couldn't print some of the answers! But all the girls' replies were in this order: 'When I told him the truth he said: 'Yes, darling, I'm glad you told me.' But four weeks later there was the mischief to pay,'" Jane reported, laughing.

Take little Rosemarie Brancato, the quiet, demure young singer with the startling coloratura voice, who is fast climbing to real fame and whom you already hear on a coast to coast *NBC* network on Friday nights.

"No," the young Kansas City, Missouri, girl, of Italian parents, said to me thoughtfully, "I don't believe you can tell men the truth. Of course, I haven't had much experience with any men, except my father and my brothers. But I know it didn't work out with them—to tell the truth. They never believed me. So I might as well have lied to them. I really would have been better off in the end.

"I'll give you an example of what I mean," Rosemarie reminisced. "Once I went to the theatre with my cousin and my sister. They were both older than I. There were some young men sitting behind us, who tried to catch their eyes, to flirt with them. But the girls minded their own business. Of course I did, I was too young to do anything else. Well, it just happened that my uncle was there in the theatre, too. He went home and told Dad the girls were carrying on with the young men.

"Now, in an Italian family like ours, flirting with boys before you're engaged is strictly taboo, you know. When I heard what Uncle had reported, I spoke up and said: 'Daddy, it isn't true. The girls didn't pay any attention to the boys.' But I got spanked for it. Dad didn't believe me. If I'd lied and agreed with Uncle, the girls would have got a reprimand and I would have been all right. As long as Daddy didn't believe I was telling the truth, anyway, I decided it would be best not to do so in the future.

"But that's a hard lesson to learn all at once. I'll give you another example out of my own life, to prove that you can't tell men the truth.

"While I was at the University of Rochester, I never went out with a young man alone,—only at parties—because my family didn't permit it. When I came home for vacation, I told the family this.

"But my brothers said: 'What? You were thousands of miles away from home,

where nobody would know the difference, and you didn't go out with any boys? Don't tell us that tale!

"I was so furious I cried. Here I'd told them the truth and they didn't believe me! I wished again that I'd lied. Then there wouldn't have been all that fuss.

"After all, what a man doesn't know won't hurt him. As long as I wasn't believed when I told the truth, I really determined, this time, that I'd make up little white lies or evade the truth in future, when necessary. I don't like lies. But it seems you can't tell men the truth!

"I think with a husband, it might be different." Rosemarie Brancato said thoughtfully. "Of course, I've never had that experience. But yet, I guess, husbands, too, might not like to hear the truth sometimes." Rosemarie added, thinking out loud. "I don't know. But in my own life, with the men I've known, my brothers and my father, it's certainly a mistake to tell men the truth," said Rosemarie Brancato.

I spoke to titian-haired Lucy Monroe between numbers, as she rehearsed for her *American Album* broadcast. In her own way Lucy is as beautiful as gorgeous Jane Pickens or flower-like Rosemarie Brancato.

"I think some things can be left unsaid," Lucy made this remark with a sad little smile. "Let me tell you why I say that. I wish I hadn't told a certain man the truth. You see, I cared very much for him, very much indeed. He asked me a certain question. There's no use going into just what it was. That doesn't matter. The point is that I leaned over backward to be extremely truthful in my reply. This confirmed his suspicions about a characteristic he'd imagined I had, that he didn't like. Well, it broke off the affair between us—a romance that meant more to me than I care to say. If I hadn't told him the truth, if I'd hedged, it might have made all the difference. Perhaps we'd be together today.

"I will give you another example in my life, that proves that you can't tell men the truth," Lucy continued. "I once went to take an audition for a singing job. It was the second audition for that job. I was late. My prospective employer asked me, seriously: 'Could you ever learn to be on time?'

"No, I don't believe I could," I answered truthfully. 'I've always been late. It's a life-long habit. I don't really think I could change it.' I didn't know it, but it just happened that this man was a conservative person, brought up in a family where it was considered heresy not to be on time. Well, of course, I didn't get the job. And it was one I wanted very much. It was stupid of me to be so truthful. I



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The story you have been waiting for!

Glamorous Gertrude Niesen went to Hollywood. And then—
Read it in the April issue of RADIO STARS—Out March first.

won't be next time. I'll hedge. You can't tell men the truth."

You all love Rosemary Lane, the sweet and beautiful young Iowa miss, who sings with Fred Waring's orchestra. Rosemary's a darling. I've known her well for many years and every time I see her I like her even better.

"No, you can't tell men the truth," Rosemary said, puckering up her pretty nose. "A lot of them can't stand it. It's better to tell a little white lie, and then everybody will be happier. For instance, I'll tell you about a case in my own life when truth telling didn't work out." Rosemary said, a bit reluctantly.

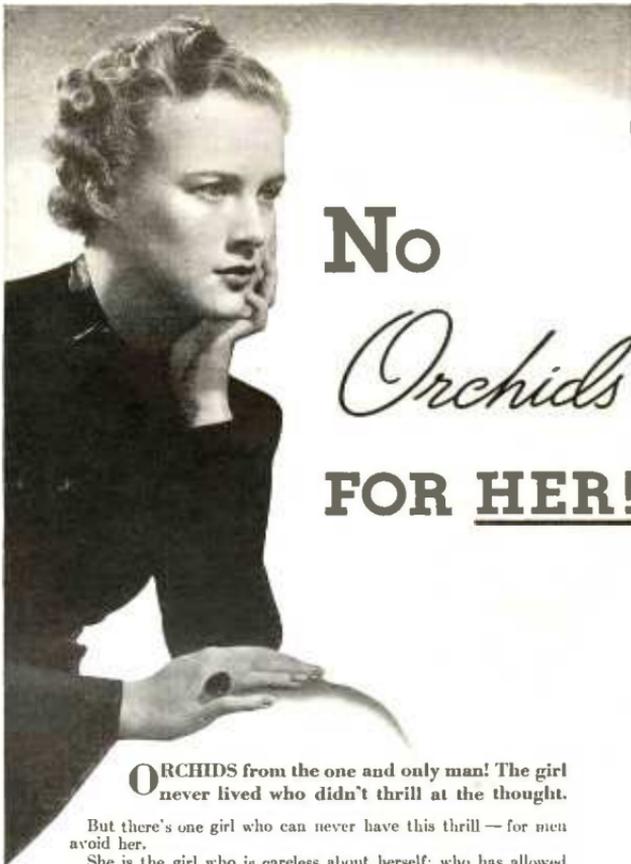
"There was a certain boy. . . It would have been better if I'd just 'kidded' him along. We were having such a swell time together. We danced and attended football games and just went places and were gay and happy. We had fun. Then he began to get serious. He told me he loved me. I answered truthfully: 'I don't love you.' Just like that. Well, after that, he kept pestering me about it, to see if I wouldn't change my mind. Everything became serious and, when we went out together, there were no more laughs—no fun! Finally it got so difficult and so involved that I couldn't stand it. It became impossible for us to see each other any more.

"That void made life empty for quite a while, because it had been such fun going around together and we had such good times. If only I hadn't told him the truth! If only I had evaded the issue and said: 'Oh, I don't feel in the mood for love tonight,' or something like that when he asked me! If I had, we could have been enjoying our friendship and going places together yet. Next time I won't tell a man the truth! I'll just kid and laugh and everything will be better.

"In fact, I've tried it out already. This is what happened. A composer brought me one of his songs to sing. It was terrible. I was just about to tell him so, when I remembered that you can't tell men the truth. So I just said evasively: 'Oh, it's very nice; I'll sing it, if I can, sometime.' Of course I never did. But since then the composer has written many other songs. I've sung them. I've loved them. If I'd told him the truth about that one, he would have been insulted. He never would have offered me another song, and that would have been a pity. For I've been successful with many of this composer's melodies. If I'd told him the truth, I never would have had that opportunity. For men can't take it! You just can't tell men the truth," said sweet Rosemary Lane.

So here's the testimony of the lovely ladies of the air: "Men cannot take it—or us afterwards!" If you agree with their viewpoint, you'll merely have to whisper the truth to your feminine friends, when fights are low and curl papers are being rolled up. You'll have to resort to telling the other girls about it all when they're cold-creaming their faces. For if you wish to take the opinion of Jane Pickens, Rosemarie Brancato, Lucy Monroe, Rosemary Lane and the girls from the *Follies*, you'll have to decide that you can never, never, never tell men the truth. For, to paraphrase Kipling, the girls might say to you:

"Be warned by my lot,
If I know you will not,
And learn about men-folk from me!"



No Orchids FOR HER!

ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is!

Don't let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

New! ...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO!



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You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness this New Shampoo Gives Hair—FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust-laden film that leaves hair lifeless, color-faded and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST-SHAMPOED" look all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, natural shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Blondes, brunns and chestnuts invariably find New Blondex leaves their hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—soft, not lard or brittle. Start New Blondex today. Contains an instant bleacher or dye. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH PLEASANT RINSE, now also in a tin size at all stores.

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Don't miss

Jack Oakie's rollicking story in RADIO STARS for April out March 1st.

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbler New Growth

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbler new growth.

No razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Loses no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbler. Try it today.



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De Miracle
Special Now **67c** \$2.00 Size
\$1.00 Size..... Now \$1.33
At All Drug and Department Stores

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from page 68)



Paul Whiteman casually displays the famous \$1500-spurs which were presented to him by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce. They are fashioned of solid silver, inlaid with gold, and with his monogram set in diamonds.

Ross Graham: "I believe radio artists, as a rule, are a much more sensible type of person. Also, radio artists' temperament is often suppressed because of time schedules and the so-called microphone technique."

Arthur Hale: "Not quite. The radio star still has a sneaking suspicion (well submerged, but still there) that he's not the great shakes his stooges say he is."

Allen Prescott: "I find sponsors are much more temperamental than any star ever dared to be."

Jean Paul King: "No. To my mind, nine-tenths of all temperament is bad manners, and the competition in radio is too keen to allow many people the privilege of showing bad manners to the general public for long."

Benay Venuta: "All artists have temperament, but the day of giving way to it

is gone, I think. Screen stars seem to give full sway to it more often than radio stars."

Irahn S. Cobb: "No. Radio stars haven't had as much practice at being temperamental."

Cab Calloway: "Certainly. People who entertain on the radio are made of the same stuff as screen stars. However, I believe the thing we call 'temperament' is disappearing. Performers are learning more and more that they can be big and still be regular."

Margaret Speaks: "I do not consider radio stars temperamental."

Kenny Baker: "Yes. I think there is more temperament expressed by radio stars, due to a greater nervous tension. On the air a program has to be right the first time. On the screen, retakes are made until a scene is right."

RADIO STARS

Duke Ellington: "No, I don't. The radio business, profiting, perhaps, from a study of the Hollywood mistakeneque, has grown in a more efficient manner and hasn't spoiled its artists, as the movies have done so often."

Allie Lowe Miles: "Yes, I do. Because aren't the real stars of radio people from the stage and screen? And you can't blame them, because, while radio has advantages, it also has limitations that play havoc with artistic temperaments."

Lanny Ross: "No, but perhaps it would be better if radio artists had more temperament. However, their bosses are business men and have very little use for temperamental displays."

Lud Gluskin: "More, because stars of radio can show their temperament before more people and thereby make themselves feel more important."

Benny Fields: "No. With the absence of an audience, temperament disappears, too."

Bernice Claire: "No—because radio work is a white-collar job, compared to movie work. There is the nervous strain of performance, to be sure, but the long hours of movie work are more apt to bring out temperament, if the artist has that sort of a disposition."

Ed McConnell: "Radio stars have as much real temperament as screen stars, but for less assumed temperament."

Grace Albert: "Wherever there is talent there seems to be temperament, but radio demands more teamwork than the

screen. Therefore, radio stars are less pampered."

Al Goodman: "No. Because radio stars are fundamentally better equipped, artistically, and have to stand on their own feet."

Ed Fitzgerald: "There is, of course, but the radio mob will not pay attention to a temperamental fit."

Jimmie Fidler: "Definitely no. I believe it is because more talent is necessary for screen success. On radio, it is voice alone. Since fewer qualify for screen success and the stars know they are not easily replaceable, they know, also, that they can get away with temperament. Temperament is not only silly, it is usually faked."

Homer Rodcheaver: "It takes more real intelligence to make good on radio and the more intelligent people are less temperamental."

Vee Lawnhurst: "No, because radio people aren't as glamorous—nor is glamour stressed, sought after and fostered in radio, as in pictures—and glamour and temperament go hand in hand."

Bide Dudley: "No. Stars of radio never worry themselves or anybody else if the sponsors let them alone."

Will Hudson: "No, I don't. There are very few radio artists who could afford to be temperamental. The work is too hard and too exacting, and the results are as important to the artist as they are to the sponsor."

Phil Harris: "No, because radio is not so exciting as pictures."

Marian Jordan: "I do, but can't see why people do it, unless it's for show."

Jim Jordan: "Not knowing any movie people, I can't say. But I take a drink once in a while, myself!"

How will you, personally, react to television when it comes?

Fred Allen: "I will get my face lifted and be ready for it."

Bernice Claire: "I shall probably just hope I'm the type!"

Kenny Baker: "I am anxious for it to come, as I feel it will be another medium through which to express myself."

Allen Prescott: "I'll be just as scared as ever, but I'll try to make the grade—even if I'm held up here and there by old pieces of adhesive tape."

Margaret Speaks: "I think television will tend to 'personalize' radio to a greater extent. Radio artists will, of course, have to go through a period of adjustment, but I feel television will prove to be much more interesting than radio broadcasting is today."

Duke Ellington: "Never mind how I will react to television. The question is: how will television react to me? Having played for years before live theatre audiences, however, I don't fear being seen on the air as well as heard. Let some of the mike-born artists do a bit of worrying!"

(Continued on page 94)



"Outdoor Skin"

...Then Make-up's Smart

A SWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all scuffed and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder catchers"—in just one application!

Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. The skin feels harsh. These particles can be melted away instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear."

See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Before make-up—Right after cleansing put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

Overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.



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Dead cells on the top of your skin are dried out by exposure. Flake off. You can melt them smooth.

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Pond's, Dept. 985-VC, Chilton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's creams, and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.

says: "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it overnight, too, after cleansing."

RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 93)

Irvin S. Cobb: "I think I shall remain comparatively calm. At least, I'll try to."

Benny Venuta: "I'll try to get a job at it—I guess."

Lanny Ross: "I hope that I shall be able to enhance my radio activities with the advent of television."

Allie Love Miles: "I will feel that radio has been perfected. For all of the four half-hour programs I'm doing on the air, we have an audience. But, having the 'untold millions' able to see, as well as hear, what goes on, will make radio what the stage was to me years ago."

Cab Calloway: "Television is on the way, and I'm not running away. True, it's going to be a bit tougher to know there will be critical eyes as well as critical ears focused on you. However, let it come. It will be an important step forward for the radio industry and I'll be happy to be among the first to telecast. (Incidentally, I submit that word to describe the coming television broadcasts.)"

Lucille Manners: "I shall look forward to the coming of television, for I've always adored the stage and, to me, broadcasting will then be very similar to the stage."

Eddie Duchin: "Will be delighted."

Lee Lawnhurst: "I won't be scared and it'll be rather fun."

Johnny Green: "I'll try to keep my weight down and get plenty of sleep. be-

cause competition at that time will include one's physical as well as artistic attributes."

Welcome Lewis: "As an artist, I can't say I'll welcome it. It's too hard to face a microphone and know that all eyes are on you every second. Of course, it will be a big step ahead, but very tough on the artists."

Benny Fields: "I will welcome it, for I feel my style and delivery will lend themselves to a seeing as well as a listening audience."

Betty Winkler: "Television, naturally enough, will require a great readjustment on the part of us who have worked almost exclusively in radio. I want to prepare myself for that eventuality by gaining more experience in stage work."

Bide Dudley: "I'll have to get a new tie and keep my hair cut."

Homer Rodeheaver: "I will be glad to cooperate. Feel it will not be practical for some time."

Jimmie Fidler: "I feel the question should be: 'How will television react to me?' Television will make or break hundreds of radio performers, me among them. Frankly, I shall continue exactly as I have in the past. Like hundreds more, I have my fingers crossed."

Irene Beasley: "Television will give all of us a new showmanship to learn: Namely, that of being seen and being heard by an audience whom we neither see nor from whom we can hear audible applause, and yet, of whom we are keenly conscious."

Lud Gluskin: "I think it will be great and that it will afford much greater opportunities to artists who, heretofore, have had a difficult time getting by on radio"

Ed Fitzgerald: "Will raise a beard and try to become a type"

Al Goodman: "Can't wait till it arrives."

Marian Jordan: "Think it will be great because 'mugging' will mean something then."

Grace Albert: "I've been on several experimental television programs and have loved them! It's very thrilling and offers possibilities radio could not. It's a happy union of movies and radio, and my reaction is that I now aspire to be a television star."

Edgar Guest: "Look forward to it. Think I shall enjoy it greatly."

Ed McConnell: "I shall prepare to take my place in the new order of things. I believe it would improve rather than hinder the results of my work."

Jean Paul King: "As a former legitimate actor, I'll be glad to see television. It will be added entertainment for the listener who has put up with some pretty bad stuff. (But I'll probably be an old character actor by the time television gets here!)"

Arthur Hale: "I'm agin it. None of us looks up our fondest fans would imagine us."

Jim Jordan: "I will welcome television if they will let us work at it."

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in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get the genuine I-ronized Yeast. Don't let anyone sell you some perhaps cheaper yeast and iron tablet which is not the original I-ronized Yeast that has been so successful. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each I-ronized Yeast tablet.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of I-ronized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded, at all Druggists, I-ronized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 43, Atlanta, Ga.

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BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 6)

71. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY— WEEMS ORCHESTRA NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST	62.4	93. HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL CBS Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST	59.8	115. MODERN ROMANCES NBC Sat. 10:30 P.M. EST	53.0
72. ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST	62.3	94. LUM AND ABNER NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:30 P.M. EST. 8:15 P.M. PST	59.5	116. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT— BENNY RUBIN NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST	53.0
73. THE O'NEILLS NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:45 P.M. EST. 11:00 A.M. on WJZ WBZ WEEA WBEA WJAL WSRW KDKA WGAR WXJZ WHAM WFL	62.2	95. RY-KRIST PRESENTS MARION TALLEY NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST	59.4	117. GREATER SCLAIR MINSTRELS NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST	52.9
74. THE SINGING LADY NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST	62.1	96. JIMMY FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST	59.4	118. LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST	52.6
75. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST	62.0	97. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION NBC M-W-T-F 7:15 P.M. EST	58.5	119. VIC AND SADE NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:30 P.M. EST. 11:30 A.M. EST. on WJZ WBEA WJAL WBZ WBA WGA WJXVZ WKW KSO KOIL WREN KLD KGO KSCA KPSD WMT WSRW WJAL KDKA WLS	52.0
76. HIVIAN DELLA CHIESA NBC Tues. 7:45 P.M. EST	61.9	98. MAJOR BOWEN AMATEUR HOUR CBS Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST	58.0	120. DAVID HARUM NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:00 A.M. EST	52.0
77. THE CARBORUNDUM BAND CBS Sat. 7:30 P.M. EST	61.7	99. GIRL ALONE NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:00 Noon EST	57.6	121. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED CBS M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST. 8:15 P.M. PST	51.2
78. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOR CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST	61.6	100. YOUR PET PROGRAM CBS Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST	57.5	122. HORN AND HARDART'S CHILDREN'S HOUR CBS Sun. 10:30 A.M. EST	50.7
79. LA SALLE STYLE SHOW—CHARLES LA MAIRE, DUCHIN ORCHESTRA NBC Thurs. 4:00 P.M. EST	61.3	101. TODAY'S CHILDREN NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:45 A.M. EST	57.5	123. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST. T-T 7:15 P.M. EST	50.3
80. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE NBC Fri. 10:00 P.M. EST	61.2	102. IRENE RICH NBC Fri. 4:00 P.M. EST	56.8	124. JACK ARMSTRONG NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST	50.2
81. CAPT. TIM HEALY NBC M-T-W-T-F 9:45 A.M. EST	61.1	103. BROADWAY VARIETIES CBS Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST	56.7	125. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST	50.2
82. FIRESIDE RECITALS NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST	61.0	104. TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S NBC Thurs. 4:00 P.M. EST	56.0	126. POPEYE, THE SAILOR CBS M-T-W-T-F 5:00 P.M. EST	50.1
83. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS NBC T-T-S 11:05 P.M. EST	60.9	105. MARY MARLIN NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST	55.2	127. HOW TO BE CHARMING NBC M-W-F 11:30 A.M. EST	50.1
84. MELODIANA—ABE LYMAN ORCHESTRA NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST	60.8	106. RALEIGH AND KOOL CIGARETTE SHOW—JACK PEARL NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST	55.1	128. YEA LAWNHURST AND THE CHARTIERS CBS Thurs. 5:30 P.M. EST	50.0
85. COME ON, LET'S SING CBS Wed. 9:30 P.M. EST	60.8	107. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST. 10:30 A.M. on WJZ WLS WSRW WJAL KDKA	55.0	129. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:30 P.M. EST	50.0
86. AL JOLSON, SID SILVERS, MARTHA RAYE, YOUNG ORCHESTRA CBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST. 8:30 P.M. PST	60.7	108. SIDEWALK INTERVIEWS NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST	55.0	130. MOLLIE OF THE MOVIES NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:00 P.M. EST	49.9
87. THE JERGENS PROGRAM—WALTER WINCHELL NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST. 8:15 P.M. PST	60.5	109. THE GOOSE CREEK PARSON CBS M-W-F 7:30 P.M. EST. 7:45 P.M. PST	54.3	131. WILDERNESS ROAD CBS M-T-W-T-F 3:45 P.M. EST	49.8
88. GANG BUSTERS CBS Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST	60.4	110. THE MYSTERY CHIEF NBC Tues. Sat. 11:30 A.M. EST	53.8	132. SMILING ED McCONNELL NBC Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST	49.7
89. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN NBC Sat. 3:30 P.M. EST	60.3	111. HUSBANDS AND WIVES NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST	53.4	133. SINGIN' SAM NBC Sun. 8:15 P.M. EST. 8:30 P.M. PST	49.7
90. DEATH VALLEY DAYS NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST	60.2	112. QUALITY TWINS—EAST & DUMKE CBS T-T 11:15 A.M. EST	53.4	134. BACKSTAGE WIFE NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:15 A.M. EST	48.3
91. NATIONAL BARN DANCE NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST. 8:00 P.M. PST	60.1	113. THE MIM AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:15 P.M. EST	53.3	135. EVERLAST GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY NBC Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST	48.0
92. ALLEN PRESCOTT NBC T-T 11:45 A.M. EST	60.0				

WHY DO OUR CHILDREN HAVE TO CATCH EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ?



I WISH OUR KIDS HAD THE PEP YOURS HAVE

DON'T BE SO HARD ON OUR CHILDREN! THEY'RE JUST OUT OF SICK BEDS!
OUR KIDS USED TO BE SICK ALL THE TIME, TOO, BEFORE MISS BLAKE, THE SCHOOL NURSE, TOLD THEM TO WASH THEIR HANDS WITH LIFEBOUY

MISS BLAKE! SHE OUGHT TO KNOW WITH ALL THE KIDS UNDER HER CARE, BUT WHY LIFEBOUY ?

BECAUSE IT REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT FROM THE HANDS, AND KIDS PICK UP ANY NUMBER OF THEM...

I'M ALL FOR TRYING OUT MISS BLAKE'S SUGGESTION, LIFEBOUY'S SWELL SOAP, GRAND IN THE SHOWER, IT REALLY STOPS 'ROU'
AND IT'S GRAND FOR THE SKIN! SO MILD!

MISS BLAKE SAYS IT'S SO THOROUGH AND SO MILD BECAUSE IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN THE OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS

LATER
IT'S CERTAINLY GRAND TO HAVE YOUR WHOLE FAMILY SIT DOWN TOGETHER

NO ONE'S BEEN ON THE SICK LIST FOR MONTHS! I GUESS MISS BLAKE WAS RIGHT ABOUT LIFEBOUY



Wash-up Charts Free

WRITE today for a free school-size card of Lifebouy and a Wash-up Chart for each child—under 12 years of age. Your children are bound to have fun keeping their hands clean when they keep their own scores! The Clean Hands Health Game helps protect health, too—For Lifebouy removes germs as well as dirt. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 593, Cambridge, Mass.



BOOKWORMS SOMETIMES SNAP!

(Continued from page 8)



Have the natural-looking eye beauty that wins men!

PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
prepared in France

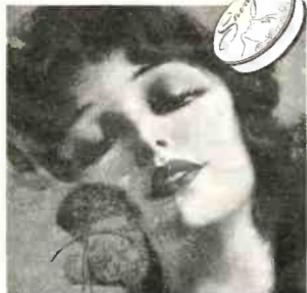
Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this Improved creamy mascara... Never makes you look made-up... Permanent, runproof, smudge proof... in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Make-up requires

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

SAVAGE
all-day ROUGE



This dry rouge is so smooth... its particles so extremely fine... that it melts right into the skin and remains freshly blushing from dawn till dawn. Five lovely shades, to match Savage lipstick: TANGERINE, FLAME, NATURAL, BLUSH, JUNGLE. 20c at all ten cent stores.



FEEL weary and worn? Try an energizing USA-FOAM MILLION BUBBLE BATH! Laze away in a tub filled with millions of sparkling, refreshing bubbles. Let "nerves" and fatigue melt in its fragrant luxury. Step out buoyant... invigorated! Feel how satiny-smooth your skin is; no damp, tacky feeling. No "ring around the tub" to scrub because the tub is left gleaming white. 10c at most ten-cent stores.

B & I LAB., INC., 2023 N. Halsted St., Dept. 15-C, Chicago
I'd like to try USA-FOAM MILLION BUBBLE BATH. I enclose 10c (stamps, coin) and 3c stamp for mailing.

Name _____ Town _____
Address _____ State _____

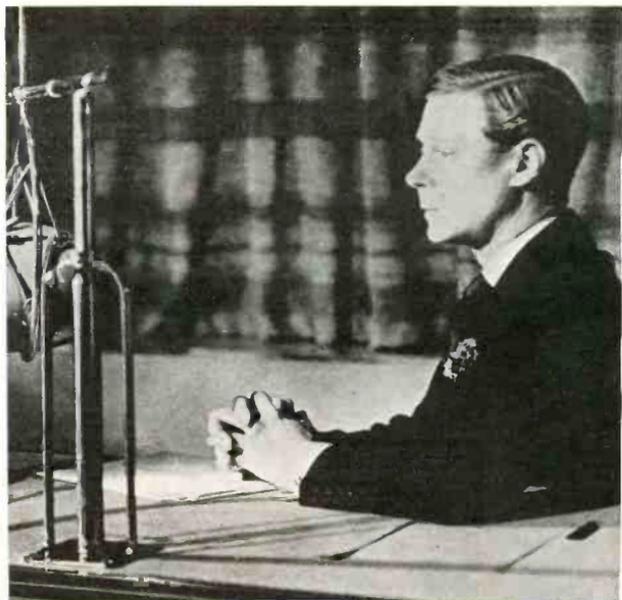
Mr. Woolcott received a letter from a little old lady in New England. The writer gave no address, merely saying that she lived miles from the town on the postmark. She thanked him for the programs and particularly for some classical quotations long dear to her. She went on to say that she and her sister were very old, indeed, and no longer able to get to the public library for the books they loved. In fact, they were so poor that they were not able to afford even kerosene for lighting their meagre rooms. Therefore, at the time of his broadcast, they sat in the first darkness of a winter night and turned on their old, very prized radio, to listen to him pull, from out of his cap of knowledge, the kind of things they were starving to hear.

This letter disturbed Mr. Woolcott. The gentility of these aged women, their poverty and sincere appreciation made the bustling *Town Crier* set out upon a search. He toured the neighborhood of the postmarked letter. He sent his scouts out and even got detectives on the job. No one was able to glean the least bit of information regarding these women, and although it was over a year ago Mr. Woolcott yet has the hope of someday

finding and perhaps, in his tactful way, assisting them.

He can no more help observing the niceties of nuance and shading, than he can curtail his active imagination. Like all of us, some days he writes rapidly and well. Other times he has to write and re-write. From the days at Hamilton College, through which he worked his way as a waiter, while acquiring a Ph.D., Woolcott and his pen have not long been separated. Or rather, it should be said nowadays, Woolcott and his portable typewriter are never separated. He works like a fiend all day long, and still has enough work piled ahead for two men. Consequently, editors usually have to request articles months ahead. One imagines him with his perpetual cigarette dangling from his mouth, while his fingers bang at the typewriter with a speed of which he is very proud.

After years of splendid newspaper work for the *New York Times*, and the *World*, not to mention the *Herald* and *Sun*, Woolcott decided to confine himself to writing for the magazines and reading his comments on interesting personages, plays and events over the radio on station WABC. But, popping with ideas, he simul-



He was King of England then, Edward the Eighth, as he sat in the broadcasting studio, speaking to his subjects at home and in the dominions beyond the seas. Now Duke of Windsor, he awaits in lonely exile the happy fulfillment of that love for which he renounced his royal throne.

aneously has written two plays and several books. He refuses to allow any ghosting—or, in other words, anyone else to do any part of his work for him. He spends infinite time on his broadcasts—writing his theme of the evening and constantly calling his radio director or his music director, to be sure that everything will run off perfectly.

His great work on the Seeing Eye, which was broadcast, is still talked of. The funds that were raised to buy the magnificent shepherd dogs, that were to become the Seeing Eyes of their blind masters, are daily paying dividends in the most comforting way. These dogs, and their masters who live in darkness, are now, through the help of Woolcott, comrades and helpmates cemented daily in service and love.

Each year around Armistice Day, the *Town Crier* looks, not through his thick glasses, but back into the days when he was unable to join the fighting men during the World War. Regretfully, he did the next best thing, he got himself in the army as a reporter on the famous *A.E.F.* newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*. In this paper his wit and humor, applied to military life, materially aided in keeping up the soldiers' morale. Dramatically each year around this day, he recalls to his radio audience the story of Christmas Eve back in 1914. The tale is about the fraternizing of English and German troops on the first Christmas Eve in the trenches. A true story, which once heard from Woolcott is never forgotten.

Again this rotund *Town Crier*, out of a fine afternoon, startled staid Manhattaners by playing croquet in Central Park. In fact he started a craze and soon had other famous persons, and some not famous, all enthusiastic over this game. Pleased as a school-boy, inspired by his success, he wrote humorous treatises under such delightfully idiotic titles as *Mullets Toward None*—and, *No Peace Unto the Wickets*.

No wonder Woolcott is loved, cussed at, and admired. The depth and simplicity of his being commands singly and instantaneously all that. Some people think he is crazy, and he is just crazy enough to be pleased that they do. He says he ought to write bedtime stories, because it would be more suitable to his working costume. This costume, a relic of his reporting drama days, consists of pajamas and dressing-gown until late afternoon. He is convinced that he does his best writing thus garbed. When morning comes the *Town Crier* strolls into his study and parks himself in a special overstuffed chair, his typewriter in front of him, and pounds away like mad. His slippers feet reflect his progress, for the more he warms to his theme, the more his toes turn out—it's a sign to all that old poker face is at work and Heaven help the person who disturbs him!

Woolcott's new series is patterned closely after his programs of previous years. Although Woolcott is one of the most sophisticated figures in New York life, with close acquaintanceship with celebrities on both sides of the Atlantic, his genius for simple, direct and salty speech has won him a host of admirers in all ranks of the nationwide radio audience.

PERMANENT WAVING

Now Robbed-



OF ALL ITS TERRORS

AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT
USES NO HARMFUL CHEMICAL HEAT—NO INTENSE
ELECTRICAL HEAT—NO HAIR-PULLING WIRES

FOR YEARS women have shrunk from the terrors of Chemical Heat—from the discomforts of electrical machines with heavy hair-pulling gadgets. But all this is a nightmare of the past. Frederics Wireless Wave has robbed permanent waving of all its terrors. Today, feather-light, pre-heated aluminum wavers are put on to cool off—not heat up. Quickly—magically—comfortably—your straight hair is coaxed into beautiful, soft, lustrous waves—so alluring—so enduring and so easy to manage that you will think you really have naturally curly hair.

Send your name and address to E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City and we will rush you the names of Frederics Franchise Shopowners in your neighborhood who are qualified and equipped to give the new Frederics Wireless Permanent.



Make certain that Frederics Vita-Tonic or Vitron Magic Shield are used on your hair when getting a Frederics Wireless Permanent (see illustrations above). Avoid substitutes. Sample wrappers for identification, will be sent free.

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WIRELESS
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235-247 East 45th St.
New York City

Kindly send me a list of salons in my neighborhood who give Frederics Wireless Permanent.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

and talent which I believe is worthy of aid.

"But there's no jealousy between them," he continues seriously. "None of that. Why, there's none of that on our program at all. Sure, I suppose, at first, Bobby was a little bewildered, but not for long. And after all, Deanna knows she has a definite job on the program. But the most important thing is that I set them an example. I don't believe in any one person hogging the spotlight and they have learned, from watching me, that the program can only be good if we all share enthusiasm together and work together for the good of the show."

And the children have learned these things from Cantor.

"Bobby and I have fun together at rehearsals. I like him," says Deanna.

And Bobby adds: "Sure, she's a nice girl."

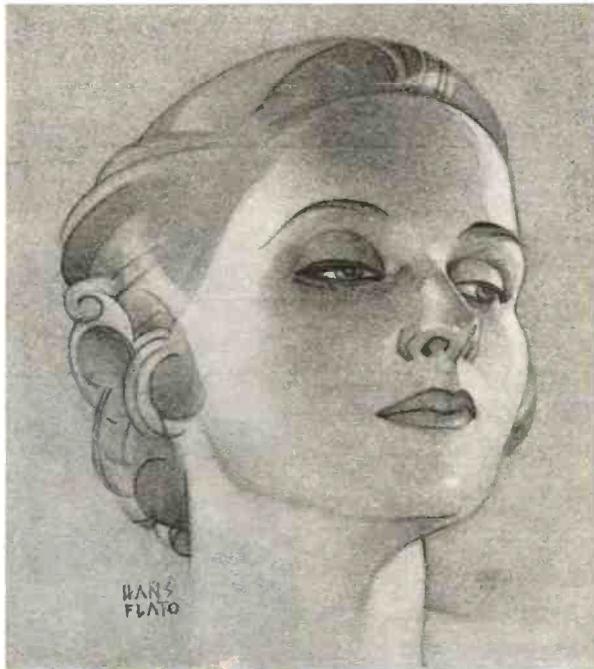
After appearing on the Cantor program, Deanna Durbin was given a contract by Universal Pictures. Her first movie was *Three Smart Girls*, which has recently been released. The motion picture critics were most enthusiastic about her performance, and predict a fine future for her.

Born in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4th, 1922, she moved to California with her family a year later. She has been singing at her mother's parties as long as she can remember.

"I think Deanna was three when she first sang," recalls her mother. "Then she sang at church festivals and little parties, of course. But it wasn't until she was ten that we decided to give her lessons. We realized then that Deanna had an unusual voice for her age."

Now little fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin is taking vocal lessons from Andree de Segurola, the man who has taught such stars as Marion Talley, Francis White and Mary McCormick. He is most enthusiastic about his youngest pupil. Doctors who have examined the child's throat declare it to be fully developed in spite of her extreme youth. She is at home in singing opera or popular music.

Perhaps one factor in the lack of jealousy between Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen is their completely opposite goals for the future. Deanna hopes one day to be a Metropolitan Opera star. Bobby wants to be a star "like Uncle Eddie." Deanna's life will be a serious one. Bobby wants to have a lot of fun. Perhaps the fact that they are children is an important factor in the non-existence of ill feeling between them. But most important of all is that Eddie Cantor has set an example for them. Eddie Cantor, who always is ready to offer a helping hand. Eddie Cantor, who always is ready to give the other fellow a chance. Eddie Cantor, who believes that any program must be built for the entire cast. It is working for a man like Cantor that makes Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen fast friends.



FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



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Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. They are deodorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

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2. They contain *Parahydrin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of *Unguentine*. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for many hours.
5. Norforms can be used as often as desired. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

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Are you registering your radio preferences? See page 53 of this issue. Let us hear yours. Address: **QUERY EDITOR, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.**

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vogforms"

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THE ROCKY ROAD TO ROMANCE

(Continued from page 43)



"Ugly Complexion"

Denies You

Life's Thrilling Moments Poslam Gives Real Help

Disagreeable surface pimples and ugly blotches caused by irritation are so embarrassing just when you want to look your best. Stop worrying about your complexion! Use Poslam a short time. AT OUR EXPENSE, and you will be amazed by the rapid improvement. Used successfully for thirty years to relieve surface pimples of acne and minor irritations of the skin. IT MUST BE GOOD to have stood this test. Poslam is a concentrated ointment that penetrates the outer layers of the skin and soothes irritation thereby aiding nature to bring back your skin's loveliness. Don't delay, get Poslam from your druggist today, only 50c or let us prove to you free what Poslam will do for your skin.

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(TEST BOTTLE
FREE)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you

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

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

MARY T. GOLDMAN

2311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....



Kay St. Germaine and Jack Brooks (right), Dotty and Johnny of the Murine Company's program, *Listen To This*, with Lew Diamond (left) and his orchestra.

on her health and her emotions. She suffered with her clients, carrying their burdens, too. So, reluctantly, she gave up this career.

But the emotional quality which made the law too severe a strain brought her happier success in a new career. It was easy for Joan to play dramatic, emotional roles on the stage. She made her professional debut with the Chicago Theatre Guild. And, after some stock experience and some concert work—she has a lovely singing voice with exceptional range—she appeared in a number of popular plays. Among them were *Mystery Square*, *Hot Water*, *Spiritfire* and *A Winter's Tale*. And in these her charm and ability won the praise of critics and sophisticated Broadway audiences.

"Then," said Joan Blaine ruefully, "I made a mistake. I had appeared with Lionel Atwill and Violet Heming in a movie, *The Knife*, and M-G-M offered me a five-year contract. I should have signed that contract. It would have been a great help financially. But I turned it down. It seemed right to do so, at the time. If I could only have seen ahead..."

You can't look far ahead when you're young and life is full and exciting. Joan's family was well-to-do and she had only herself to consider then.

And then came trouble—and tragedy. The family fortune vanished. And Joan's father died—her father, who had been closest of all to her. Whatever happened, till now, she could turn to him

for help, for comfort, for understanding.

And now he was gone. And their money was gone. And Joan, frightened, desperate, looked into the frightened, desperate faces of her mother and her brothers and sisters—and knew that now she must be the man of the family.

So Joan put her own grief behind her. Devotedly, capably, she took upon her slim shoulders the burdens she has carried so successfully ever since. You might think that a girl who could so efficiently handle business affairs must be of the masculine type, but Joan Blaine is charmingly feminine, delightfully girlish. She is tall, slender, with wide-apart, long-lashed blue eyes and fascinatingly cleft chin. And the sensitiveness and strength, the intelligence and devotion that have carried her through stern tests and trials are proof of character that in itself makes life a great adventure.

For two years Joan worked with concentrated effort, with only one thought in mind—to provide for the comfort and security of her family. She maintained a home for them. Helped to establish her brothers in careers of their own. Helped her sisters—and saw them fall in love and marry, while she carried on.

"But don't think I haven't had any fun," Joan interposed quickly. "I don't care for night clubs, dancing, and all that. Any way, if I did, my work would suffer—and I couldn't forgive myself if it were less perfect than I can make it. Of course," she smiled, "I know it's far from perfect! But to do my best, however good

RADIO STARS

or bad it may be, is the least I can do. But I've had plenty of good times," she insisted. "I've been tremendously lucky. There are so very many compensations. . . And, as a family, we are unusually close."

So the days were full and rewarding. And then, suddenly, Joan became aware of a lack. She had her family and she was proud of them, passionately interested in all that concerned them. She had devoted friends and many pleasures. And she found deep satisfaction in her radio success, which enabled her to do so many of the things she wanted to do for her family and which brought her many more friends. But success and fame and financial gain were not enough. Life, somehow, was not complete. And she was young, warm-hearted, eager. . .

And then Cupid shot his fateful arrow. She met Cyril Pitts, handsome, brown-haired, six-foot tenor on the *Contented Four* program. Cyril. . . Her soft eyes glow, her cheeks flush as she speaks his name. It is evident that this new, glowing romance gives point to her whole existence. That she has found someone like herself, someone who understands and shares the same ideals.

"Even though we are separated," says Joan, "we feel that sense of companionship." "We share so much—our love of music, our radio work—and so much more! He is a Quaker, more stern than I am, perhaps—but I like that. I like a man who is serious." And he, has a saving sense of humor."

But now the ghosts plucked at her sleeve. Could she break up her happy home life

for the sake of her private and personal happiness? So long her personal desires had been submerged, her whole thought and being devoted to her family, it was difficult now to think only of herself. But, on the other hand, shouldn't Cyril be considered, too?

He thought so! And although he, too, has responsibilities, he feels that they must have their home, their love, their happiness.

"We want a farm in Connecticut," says Joan, whose happiest early memories revolve around the farm of her dearly beloved grandfather Blaine in Iowa. This grandfather, James G. Blaine, was the presidential nominee of an earlier day and famous personalities of that day were friends and frequent visitors at the home.

"We plan," she went on, "a real New England home—with plenty of bedrooms, so that our friends will feel free to come at any time. And a big ice-box—" her eyes glowed, "supplied with food for unexpected guests. I love people to drop in. At my grandfather's house, there usually were a round dozen for breakfast or lunch, and always more for dinner. People sitting around the hearth talking, I dearly love a houseful of friends! And so does Cyril."

Cyril Pitts concurs warmly. It's easy to see that the fond dreams are truly shared. And one hopes, with them, that the dreams will all come true—and soon. "I'm a country boy," says Cyril, smiling. "I hate the city!"

"We'll work it out," Joan reiterates happily. "I have to consider finances, of course. There is so much I want to do

for my family. But some day we'll have our farm. Maybe then I'll devote myself to writing. I've already done quite a bit. And I've had several stories published—and just now Scribner's is considering my first novel."

It would appear that Joan Blaine is a busy young lady, indeed. Five days a week with *Mary Martin*. And *A Tale of Today*. Rehearsals. Guest appearances. Voice study. Reading. And—writing a novel!

And now that she has romance, the joy of sharing everything with the man she loves, life is rich—even if complete fulfillment must wait a little while.

Once Daniel Frohman said to her: "My dear young lady, I doubt if you are grateful enough to your Maker for the gift of great simplicity and sincerity which He granted on to your complex mental and emotional nature. To be a real artist, one must first of all be a real person."

And Joan Blaine is a real artist. That no one can deny. She is a real person, too. She has known hard work and sacrifice. Moments of discouragement. Hours of grief. And she has faced her problems with courage and fortitude.

And now the thing that every girl, in her heart of hearts, desires above all things, has come to her—love—rich and full and tender and exciting and sweet. "I'm a lucky girl," Joan insists happily.

And maybe she is. Anyway, we feel confident that Cyril Pitts feels that he is a lucky young man.

And we hope they will be able to work it out—this year.

NEW BEAUTY SECRET!

★ Peggy Conklin

SAYS



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by RICHARD HUDNUT

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say they like it better than any makeup they've used before!

EASY TO BUY! Ask at drug or department stores for *Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara* if your eyes are blue; *Parisian type* if they are brown; *Continental type, hazel; Patrician type, gray*. Each single item only 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

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Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

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USE Sasoilite Artragent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Sasoilite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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BARBARA'S ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE

(Continued from page 23)

nothing but blind desire to be what he wants you to be, to serve, to please. I've been all through that. I'll never have to go through it again! That kind of love happens only once. When you finally pick yourself up, put yourself together again—and you usually do—you're different. You're immunized.

"I know the agony of quarreling and trying to make up. I know the dull pain of not having him speak to you for days at a time, of making little pretexts for going into the room where he is, hoping against hope that he'll break the heart-breaking ice and say something. I've known the final surrender of facing him across a wordless table and breaking down and saying: 'I'm sorry. I was wrong. I'll do anything you say, if you'll only speak to me again.' The humiliation of such a surrender, knowing I wasn't wrong. It's like striking off the chains of slavery," Barbara said, "to be free of that.

"I know what it is to have no life of my own at all. Even in little, inconsequential things. I know how it feels to move a chair in the living-room and have him give it one look and, hastily, put it back again.

"You lose your life for love, this kind of love, though you are living. And this is what I'd advise girls not to do, to try not to do. I don't know what the antidotes are, except that, having gone through it once, you are immunized and free from ever having to go through it again."

I said, tentatively: "If this same thing should happen to you again—with Bob—"

"No," said Barbara, "the same thing does not happen again. There is more than one love in a lifetime, of course. I know that. But no two loves are the same. As no two friendships are the same. One may be quite as sweet and real and sound as the other, but only once does it take you by the scruff of your neck and blow your hair, so to speak.

"If life doesn't teach us anything, we might better give up. . . I know," said Barbara with her ruthless honesty which never spares herself. "I know that I have reached the stage where I wouldn't place my whole trust in any man. Not unreservedly. This is no aspersion on the male sex or any member of it. I just don't think it's in them. I do trust women. I really believe that women are capable of disinterested friendship, of undivided loyalty, of keeping faith. When it comes to men and women, there is some equation between the sexes which makes for a natural enmity. The slogan, 'All's fair in love and war,' was first said by a man, I believe. And they believe it, men do.

"Now, when a man says something sweet to me—and few men say sweet things these days—yes," laughed Barbara, to the question popping out of my eyes. "Yes, Bob does say sweet things. He's one of the few young men of today

who know how. He doesn't say them too often for him to lose their savor and their strength. But he does say them. But now, when I hear them, I believe them for a few minutes. I feel warm and glowing and happy and wanting to believe. And then reaction sets in and I find myself thinking: 'Oh, yeah? How do I know that he really means that? Seems to me I've heard that before!' It's not that I am cynical. It's stupid to be cynical. It's that I have grown wise and wary. I believe that I have learned my lesson from life. I can't be cheated if I don't trust blindly.

"I know," said Barbara, pouring us our fifth cup of coffee. "I know that I am living dangerously now. I'm told that I am. Because I am living my own life as I please. I have my house here. I picked it out myself. I had it done over according to my desire and the good taste of my friend, Marion Marx. I wanted white walls and Colonial fixtures and there was no one to say me nay. I wanted colorful hangings and comfortable chairs and divans and rugs. I wanted it to be the kind of a house where you can put your feet on the chairs, if you want to, spill ashes on the rugs, without having to feel that you were giving me apoplexy.

"I can move that lamp there over here if I want to—and there is no one to give me a black look of disapproval. I go out when I wish and come in when I please. I entertain or do not entertain, as I feel inclined. I have my own ideas about Dion and can put them into practice unmolested. I am free. I am my own man. And it's dangerous because no woman can live in marriage this way. Perhaps no one can live alone this way, for long, safely.

"I've bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Marion Marx and I have bought one hundred and twenty-five acres together. We're raising horses. Thoroughbreds. I bought five horses from Kentucky, brood mares, yearlings, two stallions. I also brought a trainer from Kentucky. We're going to breed horses and, besides caring for our own, we're going to breed and train and board horses for other people. One of the mares foaled the other day and I don't believe the birth of the Quintuplets was any more exciting to the Dionnes than that foaling was to me. I'll build a ranch-house out there and live there most of the time. It's peaceful and quiet. I can have gardens, and it will be wonderful for Dion. It will be home.

"And all of this is so important to girls in love, too," Barbara said. "For my advice, for what it's worth, is for girls to have their own lives, to have vital interests, to build such a wall of interests around their hearts that, while love may find a chink in the wall, it can't completely capture the fort. To me, right now, there's such romance in living my own life as I wish to live it, that I can't believe it's dangerous. And even if it

is," Barbara said, "life is always dangerous, however you live it."

"The thing to do when you're in love," Barbara went on, "is not to expect anything. Then you won't be hurt, you can't disappoint and you may be pleasantly surprised. If you dream too much, if you envision love as life on a silver cloud with an archangel by your side, you're going to take a Brodie, sure as shooting!"

"Someone has said that 'pain is the keenest of the pleasures,' and certainly you'd better not face love unless you can also face pain and hard work and sacrifice, which are component parts of love—along with the clouds and the halos and the harps.

"Just don't expect consideration and flattery and attention. Hope that you may get them, if you must—don't count on them.

"Don't expect the man you love to be a combination of Mussolini, Gable, Lindbergh, Edward, Duke of Windsor, or," laughed Barbara, "a Robert Taylor! If you do, you're riding for a fall. Realize that all men are human, mortals, and then, if they do exhibit a few godlike traits, that's velvet!

"Don't be too forceful with the man you love. That's a hard lesson for most of the modern, self-sufficient women of today to learn, as I well know. I know, because I am the type who has to work hard in order to keep quiet. I usually don't succeed. I'm far more likely to say: 'Oh nuts!' than to utter a meek: 'Yes, dear.' I seldom have sense enough to agree with a man, when I know that he is wrong. I've had a man tell me black is white, and, believe it or not, I've been fool enough to hand him an argument! I have strong likes and dislikes, tastes and predilections, and I'm far too apt to express them, forcibly and with emphasis. It's a mistake. It's a dangerous business. It arouses the dictator in a man, and you're apt to be a door mat, with feet being wiped on you, sooner than you would be if you played a subtler game.

"Either way, you lose. If you fight a man, he'll either call forth all of his latent cruelty and mastery and beat you down, or he'll turn to some clinging beauty with a body which forgot to include brains. Or, if you start right out by surrendering your will to his (as you do, the first time), he's apt to lose interest. Man is a hunter and must keep on the hunt or lose interest.

"Give the man you love some sort of an ideal. That helps. Men love to worship. They need to worship today more than ever, since women have hopped down off their pedestals and revealed themselves as flesh-and-blood and bone-and-muscle and a dash of brains—not merely as a few yards of lace and a whiff of perfume as in the dear, dead days. . . . We've got to do something to offset the shock.

"For men have changed, I think, much less than women. Fact is, I don't believe that men have changed at all. They would still feel right at home in a coat of mail, in a knight's armor. Women may be seeking Galahad no longer, but men still want to look up. When they have to look down, or even on a level with their

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eyes, they are very apt to look in other directions! So, climb up on a pedestal and stay there, even if you must die of a cramp!

"Men like the little attentions, too," Barbara said reflectively—and even she spoke Robert Taylor was announced. He leaned over her, winked at me, said: "Do you mind?" and kissed her. He remarked that he was going duck hunting that afternoon but would be back by evening. Barbara offered him coffee, which he refused, saying he had just eaten a gigantic breakfast. He deposited himself on the davenport, hands back of his head, closed his eyes comfortably and said: "Go ahead, girls, don't let me stop you."

And I thought how nice and comradely and warm and affectionate the friendship between Barbara and Bob. If it is more than friendship, that's their business.

"As I was saying," grinned Barbara, her voice mocking but her gray eyes warm as she looked at the recumbent Robert, "as I was saying, men like little attentions. Ever enter a room in which are a man and a woman and note which one is resting on the davenport?"

"Umph!" said Bob, not opening his eyes. "Ten and a half times out of eleven," resumed Barbara, "it will be the man. Mothers, you see, always wait on their sons and sons get used to it. So hand the boy-friend an ash-tray when he comes in, put a pillow under his head, light his cigarette for him. You won't lose face."

Bob grunted, appreciatively. "Let the man know that you love him, but, if you can help it, don't let him know how much! If it kills you, try to have those other interests. Get 'that look' in your eyes, when you see a Galile, a Colman or," she laughed, "a Bob Taylor. Get sentimental when Nelson Eddy sings. In other words, create the idea that you know there are other men in the world and that they're not so bad.

"Don't let him think that you are too sure of him, either. A man likes to think of himself as a devil of a fellow, hard to get and harder to hold. Give him that kick. It's tonic to his self-esteem.

"A few domestic traits, neatly displayed, also help. Even if you are a business girl, a movie star, a radio star, whatever you are, manage to whip him up a cake, a batch of bread, fry a pork chop now and then. Be discovered with a bit of sewing in your hands. Make a fuss over children, even if you have to borrow the neighbors'. For men have, bred in their bones, the traditional belief that women should be able to handle a broom, a needle, a frying pan and a baby.

"Don't expect to go out every time he comes to call, either. Don't stand at the front door with one hand out for an orchid and one foot over the sill. Stay at home now and then and do some entertaining yourself. Play cards, play bridge, if you can bear it. Even make games. Night clubs, make for casual friendships and charming flirtations, but, if it's love you're after, it's more apt to flourish on the hearthstone.

"Don't be dressed up like a manikin every time he sees you, either. Not that there's much chance for creating illusions these days," laughed Barbara, "what with slacks and shorts in place of the old-time ruffles! I often think that radio offers about the only real romance there is in life any more. When you hear a voice over the air, you can visualize the man or girl as you please—and ten to one the men visualize the girls in those same ruffles. But what I mean is don't be too-too unnatural in your appearance. Men are frightened away, I think, rather than attracted by the outré looking girl, the girl who wears bizarre, startling clothes. Don't stave your eyebrows in a fashion nature never dreamed of. Don't do your hair like nothing human. Don't tint your nails outrageously. Men may laugh at and with the weird and sirenesque type. They may exhibit her now and again. They may get a great kick out of her. They seldom marry her."

"Right," muttered Bob. "What I mean is, it's just as well to let the man you love know that you do not always look as you do when he comes to take you out to the 'Tric' or to some big party. It would let him down considerably if, after marriage, he discovered that he had married 'just a girl who has her off days,' instead of a mannikin just stepped from a band-box, as he thought you were. Let him see you in ordinary house dresses now and again. Be fastidious always, of course, with clean, brushed hair and well-kept hands. But let him realize that he is marrying a woman and not an 'edalsik.

"Don't drink so that you ever slow it. The easiest way to disillusion a man—the man who wants to marry you—is to let him see you even slightly befuddled. "Don't tell risqué stories. Men may laugh at these laxities but love laughs at them, too."

Phones began to ring. Bob began to count the ducks he was going to catch. I began to leave.

Barbara went to the door with me. She said: "Just tell 'em to take their hearts off their sleeves, that's all."

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 13)

tion "Exercise," it's as distasteful to a lot of you as castor oil.

No amount of sugar-coating is going to help a discussion of exercise, even with Maxine Gray as an eye-appealing example to follow. Many of you will say: "I wish I had a figure like hers," and content yourselves with wishing. But since you've taken my advice thus far sitting down (or I hope you have), it

should be even easier to take a bit of it lying down. Oh, we'll expect you to be "on your toes," eventually, but we will begin with the alarm clock.

"It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed." That is the sentiment of most of us. *Br-r-r-r-r-r-r*, goes the alarm clock. *Gr-r-r-r*! Well, we'll have to grin and bear it. Now, don't suppose that I'm going to suggest you hop out of

bed immediately and fall into a series of setting-up exercises that would tax even the most ardent "daily dozen" enthusiast. I believe you can get further by taking it easier. (And I'm not a Southerner!)

The easiest and the smartest way to get yourself awake is to stretch yourself awake. Your circulation is sleepy and sluggish and needs to be awakened first. Please, everybody, stretch and stretch. It's the finest exercise in the world. Imagine that you are being pulled with cables from the head and the foot of the bed. Lift up your chest. Pull yourself out of your hips. Stretch, not only your lazy body, every fibre of it, but your arms and fingers, your legs and feet. Roll your head from one side to the other, until your neck feels loose. Breathe deeply, big, deep lazy breaths like sighs or yawns, the breath pushing out the diaphragm when it starts. Already you're a little more in tune with the world and the day. Now, with one mighty vigorous kick, kick off the covers. And then, if you would like one easy lying-down exercise before you hop out into the cold world, do this:

Bend your knees, and draw them up to your chest. Now turn them to the right, until they touch the bed; now to the left. Now turn your back turn, just your legs. Right—left. Right—left. Half a dozen times, but take it easy. It is a grand intestinal massage.

There are just three exercises I am going to give you that you will have to be "on your toes" for—simple exercises, and no gymnastics about them. But first, turn on the radio. Let's get into the day with the right rhythm. Music is excellent for a case of the morning grouch. It helps to put you into the mood of singing before breakfast. I wouldn't give up my radio in the morning for all my favorite evening programs.

The first exercise is the old familiar "up on your toes" exercise. The value of this exercise, as a poise and balance developer, has never been stressed enough. But it loses its value if it is done incorrectly. The important thing to remember while doing it is the thing we started our with—*Watch your posture*. Your chest must be held high, your stomach in, your spine straight, your head back. Whatever you do, don't thrust your head forward. Stand with one hand against the wall to steady yourself, and to help you maintain your balance and correct posture. Rise up on your toes to a full stretch, and lower again to your heels, coming down lightly and softly, not with a thump to jar your system. Up on your toes again, quickly, and down again, lightly. *Up—down. Up—down.* At least twenty-five times! Work up to more as you go along. Think about your chest—*up, up, up*, all the time. You lose all the value of this exercise if you don't keep on your toes in posture. Don't let your stomach slump!

All right. That was pretty good. And now, class, I'm going to give you an exercise to contract the muscles you've just stretched! You see, we're being very scientific about this. Maintaining the same posture as you did for the "on your toes" exercise, and steadying yourself with a hand against the wall, lift your right knee to your chest, that is, as near to your

(Continued on page 108)

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EPISODES BEFORE FAME

(Continued from page 39)

changes, sometimes, all in a tragic, time-less moment. Dick finished high school, working, after school hours. His first job was painting gas tanks. You got paid for "time and a half," if you painted the tops of the tanks, extending forty feet above the ground. Dick painted the tops. His next job was filling ice carts. You had to get up at three a. m. to do it, because the carts had to start out early. But you got twelve dollars and a half a week for it.

There wasn't much music now, because his voice was beginning to change. So, at sixteen, since there was a war going on, young Richard enlisted in the 626th Aero Squadron. Clarence Chamberlain was his teacher. Dick proved an apt pupil and soon won his pilot's license. He was slated to be sent overseas, when somehow it was discovered that this handsome six-foot-two aviator was barely seventeen years old! Regretfully, instead, they wrote him an honorable discharge from the service, congratulating him on his loyalty and faithfulness.

But while he was flying, a strange thing had happened to Richard Crooks. Feeling the rhythm of the rushing wind about his ship, he had flung out his voice in a burst of song. But—was that his voice? Never had he sung like that before! It was a new voice—that rich tenor we know today.

He got a job with a life insurance company. It paid him eighty dollars a month—and Richard Crooks signed up for four singing lessons a month, at twenty dollars a lesson. In order to live, as well as to sing, he earned a few dollars each week sweeping out a handball court. He shared a room in Harlem with four other boys, three of them sleeping in the sagging double bed, the other two on forlorn, springless cots.

Incidentally, those five boys—one now a famous singer, one a doctor, one a lawyer and the other two business men—still are fast friends, foregathering often for bridge, for golf or fishing. When Richard Crooks makes a friend, he keeps him!

Sometimes Dick earned a few extra dollars singing in a Westchester church choir. And one day he auditioned for the position of tenor soloist at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church. He was the forty-seventh candidate to be heard. And the accepted candidate.

So there he was, at twenty-one, singing in one of New York's biggest churches—and married to his childhood sweetheart.

One day they were busily cleaning up the house, preparatory to entertaining Mildred's family. Mildred was washing the windows. Dick, with a towel about his knees, was scrubbing the floor—when the telephone rang. Dick answered it. It was the manager of the Chaminade Club of Brooklyn, wishing to engage Mr. Crooks for a concert.

"I'll see," said Dick with dignity, "if Mr. Crooks' calendar will permit it."

The calendar, innocent of engagements, offered no objections. And Mr. Crooks sang for the Chaminade Club. It was his first concert and it paid him seventy-five dollars.

After that there were more concerts.



Richard Crooks, eminent tenor.

And, in 1923, Walter Damrosch sent for him for an audition. That year he made his debut with Damrosch, in a concert version of Wagner's *Siegfried*, in Carnegie Hall, singing the title rôle, accompanied by the New York Symphony orchestra. On the morning of this, his New York debut, Dick was busily engaged in winning a handball championship on the court he formerly swept for his bread and butter!

Shortly after this debut, the producer of a musical comedy offered Crooks a thousand dollars a week to sing in his production.

Again Dick conferred with Mildred. And again Mildred Crooks rightly interpreted her young husband's career.

"The musical comedy stage," she said thoughtfully, "doesn't seem the place for you. You have always sung classical music, sacred music . . . When you go on the stage, it must be the stage of the Metropolitan Opera."

And, agreeing with her, as always, Richard Crooks refused the offer. He continued to sing with the New York Symphony orchestra and in concerts. And one day a famous conductor came to him with a suggestion.

A certain wealthy man, he said, was interested in young Crooks' voice. He would like to finance his studies abroad, to prepare him for opera.

It was the sort of proposition most young singers hopefully anticipate. Most young singers accept eagerly, without hesitation. Many a singing star whose name has made musical history owes his or her fame to the wealthy patron or patroness who financed the studies.

But not Richard Crooks. "There's nothing I want more," said young Crooks wistfully, "than to study abroad . . . To study opera . . . And some day I will. I appreciate the offer," said Richard Crooks, "but my wife and I cannot eat another man's bread."

But a year later, thanks to the efficiency of Mildred's budgeting, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crooks went to Europe. On the continent, they traveled in third-class railway carriages. Although, when they reached Munich, from Paris, where Dick's teacher was to meet them, they indulged in a little subterfuge.

"As the train slowed down for the Munich station," Dick recounts, with a twinkle in his eye, "Mildred and I leaped out and ran along the platform to where the first-class carriages stopped—so we met my teacher in proper style!"

He sang concerts in London, Berlin and Munich. In Munich, for six months, he studied opera, sacred music, concert and German lieder. Henderson, dean of music critics, considers Richard Crooks this country's foremost singer of classic songs and lieder.

All too soon they had to return. When they landed in New York, they had one dollar left.

"But it's all our own dollar!" Richard Crooks exulted.

But more dollars came to swell the family purse. Crooks now was in great demand as a concert singer. And again they saved for further study abroad. In 1927 they returned to Europe. At the Hamburg Opera Richard Crooks made his debut in Puccini's *Tosca*. He learned the rôle in ten days—never having looked at it before.

And now the Metropolitan Opera became interested in this young tenor. In 1928 they invited him for an audition. But Crooks refused. He was not ready yet. Not yet would he venture to stand upon that stage where his idol, Caruso, had sung. Often and often, from the topmost balcony of the Met, young Crooks had listened hungrily to the music of the masters. Not yet could he see himself among their number.

Again and again, for five more years, he refused the invitations of the great opera house. At last, in 1933, he made his Metropolitan debut, in Massenet's *Aharon*.

At the Met, they count up the minutes of applause for each singer—and it is recorded that, on the occasion of Richard Crooks' debut, the curtain was held for fifty minutes, while unprecedented applause greeted the marvelous young tenor.

"Even then," says Richard Crooks, "I couldn't believe it was I, standing there on that stage. I still felt I must be up there in the balcony, watching another singer's triumph."

To the stage hands at the Met, Richard Crooks is an idol. Every year, for his debut, they go to his dressing-room a half hour early, to work, in time not paid for by the management, in adorning his dressing-room for the occasion. They make it gay with bright trinkets, banners, good luck charms—as they used to adorn their beloved Caruso's dressing-room.

Now opera, concert and radio keep Mr. Crooks busy singing, from coast to coast. For some years he has sung on the Firestone radio program—those Monday night programs of song and symphony orchestra that touch a high point of radio entertainment.

In connection with these programs, Crooks recently had an unusually touching experience. Regularly, after each radio broadcast, he received a letter from an unknown woman, commenting on his singing, discussing music with such rare ap-

preciation that he found her letters uniquely helpful and inspiring.

The letters came from a town in California. So, when Richard Crooks was singing a concert in a California city near that town, he sent his unknown friend two tickets for the concert.

On the afternoon before the evening concert he received a telephone call. It was, said a sad, troubled voice, Nancy's mother calling, Nancy, the writer of the letters, was an invalid, Nineteen years old, she never had walked. She had set her heart on hearing Mr. Crooks' concert, and the doctor had thought she might be carried to the hall. But the excitement of anticipation had proved too much for her—and she could not go to hear him. She was heart-broken.

"She shall hear the concert," said Richard Crooks.

And, hiring a grand piano, he drove with it, out to the little town, forty miles away. The piano was set up—and Richard Crooks sang his entire concert, encores and all, for the little invalid.

When, at last, he got back to the hall, he was very late. His audience had been waiting for him for over three-quarters of an hour.

Richard Crooks came out on to the stage. "I have to ask your forgiveness," he said simply. "I have been at the bedside of a sick friend."

And the audience rose impulsively in appreciation.

It's easy to understand why Richard Crooks makes new friends wherever he goes, and never loses the old ones. Simple, straightforward, honest, generous, loyal,

he is a very human man—not merely a voice, to be wrapped up and delivered for payment.

He is fond of sports. Likes golf and shoots an eighty. Plays bridge with his family and friends. But his favorite sport is fishing. He has a fishing shack on Barnegat Bay, where he delights to go with his family for relaxation. And he owns an island in a Canadian lake.

The island is a dense woods, plentiful with game—but Richard Crooks will not take life.

One of his friends, an amateur sportsman, visiting at the shack, declared one day that he was going after a certain big moose that for years had been seen in the woods. "I'm told he comes out at dawn," said the friend, "so I'll get up early and go after him."

Crooks said nothing. The alarm clock was set for the hour of dawn, and the household retired early.

But, an hour before dawn, Richard Crooks stole from his bed. Out in the woods he set up a fearful lullaloo, warning all forest denizens for miles around to seek a safer neighborhood.

The friend understood. "I guess no one will kill your moose," he said, grinning.

There are four in the Crooks family now. Young Dickie, Jr., who is eleven, and Patricia, who is thirteen, with their mother, accompany Mr. Crooks on his trips, whenever possible. They all went with him to Australia, for his concert tour there last summer. Dickie sings in a boys' choir and earns fifty cents a month—but he doesn't think his earnings indicate a career like his father's. Patsy, who is a

student at a girls' school in Connecticut, hasn't planned a career.

In order to put the children in their schools, Mrs. Crooks had to leave for home with them, ahead of her husband. But once they were settled, she flew back to the Coast, to meet Richard on his arrival.

The years have only intensified the happy bond between them. Mildred Crooks searches out songs suited to her husband's voice, helps him plan his program. Also, she studies the operas he sings and designs all his costumes for them.

As often as it is possible they go to church together on Sundays, like any family. And when Richard is traveling, at Christmas time, he always seeks out the minister of the local church and asks his permission to sing, free of charge, at the midnight carol service.

His home, in Sea Girt, New Jersey, is the meeting place of old and new friends. And the lad who did it all on his "own dollar" is a man ever ready to help another along. He enjoys the theatre and the movies, when he can go with Mildred and the children. But best of all he enjoys just being at home with his family.

Recently, on a visit to Akron, Ohio, he went to see the Firestone employees' farms. "Farm work seems much easier," he says, "with motor tractors and what not. I've a dim idea that, when I retire, I might settle down on a farm. I must see what my wife thinks about it."

So he sounds again the keynote of his life—"my wife." A simple, lovable, family man, Richard Crooks—as well as a famous and beloved artist.

TO SEE and be SEEN!



Winox 3-Way Blend
Colors either bland or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness, particularly around the eyes, Winox has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, Winox Blue Mascara blends perfectly with Winox Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other Winox colors. Thus, Winox gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up.

IT'S amazing the way Winox mascara transforms the appearance of eyes. One moment—just attractive eyes. The next—an exotic, glamorous glance that stirs the emotions—the glance that men adore . . . and women envy. Winox truly glorifies the eyes. Makes lashes seem long, silky and shadowy as dusk. Keeps them soft, too. So try this hairless mascara today. In three balanced shades (Blue, Black, Brown) and in three convenient forms (Cake, Liquid Creamy). On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

YOUR BOSS IS HANDSOME MARRIED?

NO, BUT HE NEVER EVEN SEES ME



YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOUR 'AUNT' WENDY?

BUT WENDY YOU KNOW I'M COLORLESS



NOW JUST A BIT OF WINX MASCARA NOTICE HOW IT BLENDS SO NATURALLY WITH WINK EYE SHADOW



I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S ME



MISS GRAY - YOUR EYES WELL THEY DISTURB ME - YOU'RE FRED!

OH! INDEED



SO YOU SEE, DARLING, YOU'LL HAVE TO MARRY ME! (TO HERSELF) WENDY'S THE DARLING!



WINX

Eye Beautifiers

SCREEN ROMANCES

Presents

Janet Gaynor & Fredric March

in

"A STAR IS BORN"

High-jinks and heartbreak in Hollywood! You'll thrill to this true-to-life romance of two who reach the heights of happiness and know the depths of despair! Love that is old as the hills—and modern as tomorrow! Read the book-length novel in the March issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

26 FEATURES INCLUDE:

Errol Flynn in "Another Dawn"; Dick Powell in "On The Avenue"; Ruby Keeler in "Ready, Willing and Able"; Joan Crawford in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Maytime"

AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND

THE
MARCH
ISSUE

SCREEN ROMANCES

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 105)

chest as you can get it. Keep your toes pointed downward. Lower to the floor again lightly, and then lift your left knee in the same manner. Alternating, ten counts each. Work up to fifteen or twenty as you get accustomed to the exercise. It is particularly important (as it always is) that your spine be kept absolutely straight through this knee-flexing exercise.

The third exercise is a little more strenuous, but you can lie down on the floor for this one. Lie flat on your back, with your legs straight, and your arms stretched straight overhead. More stretching! It's good for you. Swing your arms forward slowly in a great arc, and raise your body to a sitting position. *Ump!* Yes, it's a little difficult at the beginning, but it will get easier, and think what marvels it is doing for your lazy stomach and bulgy waistline. Bend your body and arms forward till your finger tips touch your toes. See the way Maxine Gray does it. That's one of her favorite exercises. It's important that you keep your feet on the floor as you raise yourself to sitting position. Hook them under a couch, or some other heavy piece of furniture, if necessary, to hold them down, and keep them down. Now lower your body slowly back to the floor again, with your arms stretching overhead. Forward again, to sitting position, slowly, back to the floor. Eight times is enough.

Surely the morning routine just outlined is simple enough, and not too time-taking. If you will just try it every day for a week, and every week for a month, you will see the difference it makes in slimming down your waistline, increasing your pep, grace and suppleness, whipping your circulation into a rosy glow.

How shall you begin to take care of your skin? Why, begin by keeping it thoroughly, scrupulously clean. Clean from within, as clean as sane diet, exercise (to stimulate the circulation and help to carry away impurities), and regular habits can make it. Clean from without, so that no dust or grease or make-up can clog the pores, and result in unpleasant, enlarged pores and blackheads. After cleansing, then comes stimulation—with cold water and skin tonics and occasional packs, and lubrication—with rich nourishing creams and light massage. Cleansing, lubricating, stimulating—the three processes involved in acquiring a pearl-smooth skin.

Now you don't need a muddle of different preparations to help you care for your skin. If you can't afford more than one good cream, then one good cream will do. I have just finished experimenting for one week with the blended cream that has for its slogan: "All necessary face creams blended into one." I used it, not only for cleansing, but for massage, and as a make-up foundation, and I found it excellent for all three uses. It is the same blended cream which you are going to be able to try out in the same manner, with the gift sample which I am very happy to be able to offer you this month. The cream is soft, fluffy, fragrant—a delight and a joy! I want you to use it in the following simple routine.

Every nightly complexion routine should have for its aim the business of making the skin petal-clean. So apply your cleansing cream first, generously, all over your face and neck, paying particular attention to the crevices around the nose and chin, where pores are so apt to get ugly. Allow the cream to "soak in" for a few seconds, and then remove with cleansing tissues. Now you are ready to complete the "petal cleanliness" routine with soap and water. Work up a generous lather with warm water and pure fragrant soap, and scrub your face and neck until the scrubbing actually makes the skin pink. Rinse in clean warm water until your skin feels thoroughly relaxed. Then, as quickly as possible, turn on the cold water and chill the skin thoroughly, for tightening and stimulation. Pat on an icy-cold skin tonic for good measure.

Finish off with a light cream massage to lubricate and nourish, especially if you have a dry skin, as many of us do—particularly in cold weather. For lubrication, you will need less of the blended cream than for cleansing. Just take a little on your fingertips, and pat or stroke it in well, so that as much oil as possible is taken up by your hungry skin. Be careful not to stretch your skin with your manipulating massage. Use gentle up-and-up pats or strokes, being particularly gentle around the eyes. To get the most good out of this marvelous cream, you must learn to use it in gentle, but firm, massage. Many women ask whether to massage before or after they clean their faces. One important rule to remember is that your skin should always be clean when you begin to massage; otherwise you work the day's grime into your pores.

Now, if all this cream beautifying is being done when you have finished your day's work, and are getting ready to go out in the evening, it is simple enough to use the blended cream, which you have been employing as a massage cream, for your make-up foundation-base as well. Whether you are retiring for your night's beauty sleep, or dressing for a very special party, you can finish the creaming routine in the same way. Just remove thoroughly with tissues. What cream remains won't make you feel or look greasy. It's just the foundation for overnight beautifying, or for make-up glorifying. If for make-up, then, while your skin is still soft and moist from the cream, apply your cream rouge, well blended into your cheeks; and your powder. A dash of lipstick, and a touch of mascara, eyebrow pencil, and eyeshadow, and you're alluringly fresh and lovely for an evening of dancing.

Draw me!

TRY 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 6 inches high, on paper 7 1/2 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by February 25th, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

Dept. 3997, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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

Please send me your gift sample offer of blended cream.

Name

Address

City State

P.S.—If you have any figure or complexion problems, Mary Biddle will be glad to help you with them. Just drop her a line and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invaluable Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. G. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 306, 70 5th Ave., New York

STOP-Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute
Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 30c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

Salicon Tablets

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

At all druggists, or send for a free sample to K. A. HURLEY Co., Janice Plain, Mass.

BE A NURSE

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK
You can learn practical nursing at home by correspondence. Course endorsed by State Board of Education. Thousands of graduates. 18th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another acted \$100 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Dept. 235, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 3c sample lesson order.

Name.....
City..... State..... Age.....

WIN ONE OF THESE GLAMOROUS EVENING GOWNS

(Continued from page 48)



Left, Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) and Andy (Charles S. Correll) broadcast their long popular radio show.

full, with the hem bordered in a band of the violet shade. The bodice is fitted and cut rather low, with slender violet velvet straps in an unusual arrangement. A bunch of violets is fastened right in front.

Tappé offers another prize, this in chiffon, delicately printed all over in flowers and leaves. This is made on stately lines with the front rather high and the back cut low. The skirt has fullness which clings to the figure, with a back flare achieved by a pleated train. Small straps of the chiffon tie on the top of the shoulders and a belt which is attached to the train, ties at front.

Greer's Town and Country Shop gives one of those practical yet flattering dinner dresses that you can use for all sorts of informal parties. The top, with its corded collar and shoulder caps, is in a bright blue shade with sparkling black buttons down the shirtwaist-like front. A black crepe overskirt, something like a redingote, cuts up into the bodice and is slashed down the front to show the blue underskirt. It's tailored in detail but youthful and becoming in design.

Thea Sheehan's black moiré gown is sophisticated to the nth degree, with its dramatic full skirt and low-cut fitted bodice trimmed with large white gardenias. It is a picture frock in every sense of the word, even to the long white stems which trail down across the bodice to the skirt.

Now, don't you yearn to have one? All you have to do is to read the rules on Page 49 and follow them specifically. Lucille will be everlastingly grateful to you for helping her decide such an important matter as the type of gown she should wear each Friday night. You tell her what you think, for you are the ones who will see her on the other side of the microphone.

Send your entries in promptly, for you've only got until March 3rd. Good luck to you all from Radio Stars and Lucille Manners!

(Incidentally, turn to Page 16 and read more about Lucille Manners.)

POPULAR

Miss Madeleine Frick—
Permanent Wave by
Ivan of Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"I Keep My Hair Soft and Golden with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Madeleine Frick, of Norfolk, Va.

TYPICAL of the many girls who have become more popular with sunny, golden hair, Miss Frick was chosen February winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest. Says Miss Frick, "My whole appearance is fresher—brighter—since I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash."

You, too, now can gain this popularity. Rinse your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, and yourself have sunny hair friends admire.

BLONDES—Is dull, faded or streaked hair robbing you of the youthful, lively charm blonde hair can give? Enjoy a more fascinating appearance now. To keep your hair bright and golden always rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—To add an alluring lustrous sheen to your hair just rinse with Marchand's. You will be amazed at the improvement in your whole appearance. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you can lighten your hair to any golden shade and become an appealing blonde.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's also to make "superfluous" hair on arms, legs or face unnoticeable. Keep dainty and alluring all over with Marchand's. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. Use it tonight, at home.

WANT TO WIN A FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK?

For details see folder inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Ask your druggist. Or use coupon below.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed \$0 cents (use stamps, coin or money order, as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

M. G. 337

JOIN OUR TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 54)



Richard Arlen, 20th Century-Fox star.

shot. On this oldest and largest lot in filmland are twenty-five acres of huge sets that date back to *Phantom of the Opera* and *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. At Universal they are now making *The Road Back*, a sequel to their famous war film, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. They've just finished *Top of the Treen*, musical hit of the year, with a cast including the town's top stars and funny men.

Then there'll be a dinner-dance at the Coconut Grove, for more than fifteen years the center of night life in the colony. Every one has heard of the Grove—here's your chance to see it. Screen and radio celebrities have been invited to our dinner-dance and you'll all be together in a party for an evening of grand entertainment. The Grove, you remember, is where Bing Crosby won fame as a crooner (at \$50 a week!) and it's just as popular today.

Those are the highlights of a stay in Hollywood that will be crammed with some new excitement every minute. And of course there also are dozens of other sights to see—Catalina Island, the Observatories, the amusement piers at Santa Monica, the Huntington libraries and art galleries, Gay's lion farm—but the list is almost endless.

Space doesn't permit further details, but complete information giving the itinerary of each trip, along with exact costs, is contained in a booklet which will be mailed to you free. Send today for this illustrated booklet, and plan now to enjoy the most unusual vacation ever devised—one that you'll never forget!

Use this coupon:

Joe Godfrey, Jr., Manager,
Radio Stars Tours to Hollywood,
15th floor, 360 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me booklet and full details of the tours to movieland.

Name

Street

City

State

THRILLING OFFER BY MAVIS!

ONLY 25¢ FOR THIS STUNNING NEW SILVERY NON-TARNISHABLE Sweetheart Charm Bracelet

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS NOW TO GET ONE

Mavis Talcum Powder offers you this lovely Sweetheart Charm Bracelet—with one miniature to start your collection—*for only 25¢!* Stores can't sell them for anywhere near that low price. Just get a 25¢ size of delicately scented, flower-fresh Mavis. Mail in the coupon attached to the can, with 25¢ in coin, and any clear photo or snapshot (to be returned with your bracelet). For each additional miniature, send 10¢, photo, and a coupon from a 25¢ size Mavis. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

DON'T DELAY! HURRY! Order your Sweetheart Charm Bracelet today! Get your 25¢ size Mavis Talcum Powder now.

IT'S NEW! IT'S SMART! IT'S THE "RACE!"
... to wear miniature of those you adore on a Sweetheart Charm Bracelet. Be the first in your set to own one! Miniatures are reproduced from your favorite photos or snapshots—hand-colored by fine artists—set in a frame which clips onto the bracelet.

THERE'S ROOM FOR NINE—sweetheart, charm, sorority sisters, movie stars, mother and dad. Easy to snap on or off. The bracelet itself is a series of gleaming disks etched with a flying dove. Non-tarnishable. Will not discolor the skin.

THIS WONDERFUL OFFER comes to you from Mavis—the velvety, delicately scented talcum Frenchwomen use to safeguard their daintiness. Make their charm sweet your own. After every bath, before you dress—clothe yourself in fragrant Mavis. Its alluring all-over fragrance keeps you flower-fresh for hours. So soothing, too!

MAVIS Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

FREE Treatment for Your BUNION!
Stop pain at once! Write for Free Sample of Fairyfoot. No obligation. Fairyfoot Co., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. Dept. 2713

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Learn to color photos and mints (free in U.S.) in your spare time. Free booklet, money all night, and 100% success. Dept. 2382, Chicago

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of \$95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring the gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Graysness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual, and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send 3¢ top tip of return to United States Dept. 2, 52 844 So. Wabash Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50¢ box of KUDAN Shampoo.

FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW

BETTY BURGESS
Imperial Pictures

Oil curls that comb with the light touch of artistry, your favorites of the screen dress their hair with the curlers used by the stars! Millions of women follow this Hollywood beauty hint...and so more Hollywood Curlers are used in homes everywhere than all other curlers put together. Try this star magic on your hair...tonight!

Be sure to ask for them by name.

3 For 10¢ at 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES. NOTION COUNTERS

HOLLYWOOD CURLER
Rapid Dry

SENSATIONAL

HOW TO OFTEN

LOSE FAT

7 to 62 POUNDS QUICKLY

Without Thyroid Extract, Dinitrophenol, Hot Baths, Starvation Diets, or Enforced Exercising—
So You Can Improve Your Figure
and Get to Feeling Better

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

GERMANIA

Excess fat is frequently caused by faulty elimination of poisons which interfere with the body's natural weight and energy regulating processes called metabolism.

Consequently it often takes that delicious and refreshing GERMANIA Orange Pekoe Tea you drink 15 minutes before each meal, and that pleasant tasting, purely vegetable GERMANIA HERB TEA, you drink with one or two meals each day, together with eating whatever you want, excepting much starchy foods or fatty meats to get your energy on the increase and those trouble-making intestinal toxins or poisons on the decrease, so you can quickly lose those pounds of unnatural excess fat and improve the appearance of your figure.

Don't delay! Get your package of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE TEA and GERMANIA HERB TEA at any Food, Drug or Department Store today. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back.



Figure as Slim, Lovely, Graceful as a Model's

AMAZING FREE OFFER

No Money—Just Your Name

For free packets send name and address to Germania Tea Co., 645 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 92

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

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

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THREE TIMES DIVORCED, BUT—

(Continued from page 37)

cooked and sewed and scrimped—and loved every second of it. We hadn't much money, but we were terribly happy together—until Frances came. Then I made my mistake."

Frances Rich, today, is a tall and striking girl of twenty-six, a sculptress who is making a name for herself around the Manhattan galleries. Irene has sent her to the art schools of New York, Boston, Paris and Italy. The two of them, mother and daughter, are as inseparable as twin sisters.

"After Frances' birth I couldn't think of a thing but my baby. It was like having a live doll—it was the most important, all-consuming experience I ever had known. I was so in love with my baby, I hadn't a thought for another thing in the world. It was childish of me, I know now, but I didn't know it then. I was too young to realize how vital it is for women, especially young mothers who have a strong maternal instinct, to achieve an equal balance of feeling for their children and husbands.

"I neglected my husband. I wouldn't leave the baby even to go out with him at night when he wanted recreation. So, when he went out alone and found his fun by himself, I let it break my heart. I couldn't see that it was entirely my fault. I only knew that I didn't like being married any more and I wanted to run away from the complications I'd got myself into.

"He didn't hold me," Irene concluded. "I took Frances and went home to Mother. "And at home I was miserable. In the first place, I felt disgraced, deep inside. People didn't regard divorce, in those days, the way they do now. There I was, just eighteen and the mother of a baby—and divorced. . . . And I was lonely. Oh, I was so lonely, sometimes. I didn't know what to do with myself! I discovered that a child wasn't enough to fill my life. I wanted and needed companionship, too."

Into this crucial interval walked the handsome young army officer who was to become Irene's second husband. He was a gay companion, deeply in love with her and devoted to her baby. He painted alluring pictures of what their life together would be—all his afternoons and evenings and week-ends free to spend with his wife, delightful travel, new places, the constant round of social activity at army posts. She'd never have to be lonely any more, never.

Before Irene knew it, she was in love, married and off to live in Honolulu—a bride again at twenty.

"Frankly," she said to me, "Mother didn't want me to marry him. Mother, who never had interfered before, felt that she had some say-so in my life, after the collapse of my first marriage. She disappeared of my second husband. She never allowed him in her home before we were married and she never came into our home after we were married. That hurt me because I was so sure I was doing the right and only thing. You see, I was as determined as she. But, anyway, we were very happy for two or three years. We

lived in Hawaii and Spokane and San Francisco and everything was pleasant for a while. . . ."

And then the deepest sorrow that Irene Rich ever has known came to her. Her little boy died, her beautiful little five-months-old son, named Tom. Unfortunately, at the time of the baby's death, her husband was on brief foreign duty. Irene had to bear all her grief in loneliness; and being very young and cut to the quick with sorrow, she never could quite forgive him for being away when she needed him most. An older woman would have understood that the situation was entirely unavoidable; but to Irene it was a vast disappointment in companionship which she was not equipped to fathom.

Her disillusionment caused the first rift between them. When her husband wanted to pick up the usual routine of their lives, in the hope that parties and trips and entertaining would help them mend their hearts more quickly, Irene only wanted to stay at home and grieve—and as soon as possible to have another child. Gradually they drifted apart in their hearts. And, seven days before Jane was born, Irene left her husband.

It was a grim illness, bringing Jane into the world. Irene lay in the valley of the shadow for sixty hours of such agony that her nurse never has taken another maternity case to this day. But when it was all past she had discovered something: companionship or not, in the last analysis, all of us have to live our lives entirely alone. Even child-bearing can be endured with only the comforting hands of doctors and nurses and friends.

From Jane's birth she learned her first lesson in independence. She saw, for the first time, that she was capable of standing on her own feet through anything life could bring. And with that assurance she took her two little girls and set out to support them and herself.

It was shortly after this that she invaded Hollywood and became a top star of the silents. She was beautiful, just twenty-four years old, talented and a hard worker; and the combination of those factors brought her great fame. Wealth, many friends, the finest advantages for her children—pictures gave to her everything she needed but one very important item.

"I wanted protection," she told me. "All the time I felt so insecure without it. Hollywood is a place that makes you see how much a woman needs an anchor, a strong buffer between herself and the world. I made my own decisions and fought my own battles for ten years and, at last, it seemed to me the most desirable and essential thing in life to have the faithful protection of a man. I thought I had found that in the man who became my third husband. . . ."

Irene prefers not to discuss this marriage in detail. She was married at thirty-four, to a prominent California banker and divorced two years later. It has often been printed that he grossly mismanaged her financial affairs. She merely comments:

"—but I was disappointed. I didn't find faithful protection at all. That failure was my own fault, too; I made my own choice and it was a bad one and no one was to blame but myself.

"Anyway, four birthdays short of forty, I sat awake a whole night, one night, taking stock of my life. I said to myself: Here you are, at thirty-six, three times divorced. You've married for all the things women hope to find in the love of a husband; children, companionship, protection. None of those marriages has been a success. So, from now on, don't depend on a husband for anything—depend on yourself!"

"With that as a rule to live by, I started all over again."

And during the past nine years Irene Rich has worked out her own design for living, one which has proved extremely satisfactory through a number of acid tests. In 1928, when Hollywood shifted from silents to sound tracks, they said she was washed up as an actress. She proved she was not and she proved it alone, with no understanding husband to run to for advice or consolation. In 1929 she lost every cent she owned in the crash, was forced to sell her home and cars and jewels and see the financial security she had worked hard to build for the future dissolve overnight into nothingness. Again she stood firmly on her own feet, borrowed money to keep her girls in school and eventually managed to pay it back.

She came to radio and made a success of a new medium by study and strict application and clever management of her opportunities. During the years that Frances and Jane were securing European educations, she lived alone and made herself like it through work and hobbies and cultivating interesting friends. She studied finance and banking, until she became as competent at handling her investments as any well-trained Wall Streeter. And she kept herself young, through diet and exercise and mental activity.

Today Irene Rich has a secure, glamorous independence that is the envy of her married and single friends alike.

Mornings she is awake at nine, takes her breakfast in bed, goes through her exercises, followed by a cold shower, and appears at her penthouse-office at the Waldorf by eleven. It's the kind of office any woman would love to have for her drawing-room. Pastel walls make a soft background for severely modern furniture. A fireplace, gossamer chaise longue, fresh flowers and deep carpets make the room warm and bright. Her desk folds out of sight into shelves of brightly-jacketed books. There is a long wide terrace, with clipped greenery and a fantastically beautiful view of the East River. A dressing-room and bath provide for hurried changes. And Irene has a smartly attractive secretary, who can turn out everything from flawless letters to flawless dinner menus.

In the late afternoons Irene shops. If she wants to be extravagant, it's purely her own affair. She may have no business falling for the white fox cape on Fifty-seventh Street, but, at any rate, there's nobody to squabble over the bill when it arrives. Maybe Jane can get along perfectly well with last year's ski suit, but if her mother wants to buy the imported blue one for

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MODERN women no longer give-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every

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For Free Sample write name and address plainly and send to **ARZEN, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 83**

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to set those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of sweet and one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drugist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and silky and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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What does a radio star think about? See NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH! (Page 61)

SENSATIONAL

LOLA A. SHARP, INDIANA NURSE NOW SAYS:

Drinking 1 Glass of Orange Juice Mixed with 1 Teaspoon of **BONKORA**

2 times a day and eating half fill of the delicious Foods as shown in the Bonkora package make her **LOSE 40 LBS. UGLY FAT**

She lost 0 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 4 in. off bust. She lost probable redundant overweight and regulated elimination.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE and copy of Lola Sharp's letter. Address Bon Kor, 644 B. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 172



When the *Lux Radio Theatre* presented Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor in *Madame Sans Gene*, a crowd of more than three hundred and fifty persons, who could not get seats in the theatre, broke open the doors after the broadcast had been on the air about eight minutes and rushed into the lobby. Only the presence of police officers prevented them from disrupting the broadcast. Here are the principals in the show: C. Henry Gordon, (Left), Jean Harlow, M-G-M star; Cecil B. DeMille, producer; Claude Rains, Warner Bros. star; Robert Taylor, M-G-M star.

her, there's nobody at home to lay a restraining hand on the purse strings. And Jane's mother likes that freedom very much indeed.

At six o'clock, except for Fridays when Irene has her eight p. m. broadcast, she's driving to her spacious and beautiful apartment in the Sixties, which is run like clockwork by two servants who have been with her for years. Frances has her studio at home; twenty-one-year-old Jane, who rapidly is becoming a successful actress, is home at least for dinner between shows or rehearsals. Whether or not there are guests, the evening meal always is a gay affair, looked forward to with great anticipation by the three of them. Maybe they'll dress and dine in state or maybe they'll don pajamas and eat on a card table before the fire. There's little mother-and-daughter attitude between Irene and her girls. She much prefers to have them regard her as a contemporary and friend.

With her evenings she can do exactly as she likes. Because she's charming and witty and lots of fun, there never is a night when she can't take her choice of several invitations. Her masculine admirers are equaled in number by her hosts of women friends and married friends. She can go to the Cotton Club or to the opera or for a drive in Central Park; or she can stay at home and read and knit, while she listens to the radio.

Week-ends Irene usually piles a hamper of food and a few of her closest friends into her car and drives up to her six-hundred-acre country place at Candlewood Lake, Connecticut. The house is a tiny Cape Cod cottage, without heat or lights or plumbing, but everybody has a grand time sawing wood and sledding and hiking through the woods. Sometimes, because she likes to be alone, she drives to Candlewood with the back seat full of books or

letters that must be personally answered. She takes her problems to the country, too, to think them out when she's rested and calm and completely undisturbed.

All in all it's the nicest life Irene Rich ever has experienced. So nice, in fact, that she's never been able to persuade herself to give it up for marriage, although she has seriously considered it twice in the past few years. The first occasion concerned a distinguished gentleman in the diplomatic service.

"I was on the verge of marrying him," she told me, "when the question came up of my mother and children. I'd been Mother's only support for a number of years and I was buying a home for her in California; and Frances and Jane were in expensive schools. Since he expected me to give up my work, I asked him if he could assume my responsibilities.

"He said: 'You know I haven't got much money, Irene. It won't hurt Frances and Jane to go to public school like other girls and your mother can live abroad with us.'

"Of course, that settled it. Mother's health required the California climate and as long as my children could have wonderful advantages, I couldn't take them away by marrying. I had to consider my responsibilities as well as my own desires.

"So," Irene laid down her teacup and looked across the terrace wall to the lighted, gray towers of Manhattan. "I said goodbye to love. It was love, too. I have missed him very much."

The second suitor, whom everyone thought she was going to marry not long ago, was a middle-aged millionaire.

"Frankly," she commented, "I did think seriously about him for a while. But he was too possessive. In the nick of time I saw that clearly. As for his money, that meant little to me. I'd rather work for

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Mr. J. S. Filler: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adierika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."
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what I have. I enjoy it more that way. "Sometimes I think to myself that I'd like to make a success of marriage, just to prove that I could do it—but the thought is always a brief one, not a real desire. I do know what I'd do differently the fourth time, though. Item one: I'd give up my work; item two: I'd devote my whole energy to being the best wife I could possibly be; and, item three: I wouldn't expect too much of marriage. I think I'd succeed the fourth time, too. But that's something I'll never have a chance to prove, because I can't take the chance to prove it.

"It's not," she went on, "that I'm disillusioned about men. I adore them. I get just as much fun out of going out with them now as I did when I was sixteen. But I've been independent so long. I don't relish living any other way. I've actually fallen in love with independence, much more deeply than I could ever fall in love with any man!"

"Independence, really, is a sort of secret romance with me, that keeps any serious thought of other men away. That's why I can't marry again. I've tried and tried to bring myself to it and at the last minute I'm always unwilling to give up the certain joy of my life now for the uncertain joy that another marriage might bring.

"People probably classify me as 'one of those independent modern women.' That's what I am, and I love it. I have everything I want, complete freedom, and only myself to thank or blame.

"I honestly can't envy a single married woman I know.

"Sometimes people say to me: 'You may be happy by yourself now, but what are you going to do when you grow old?' Well, I've planned for that, too. For companionship. I shall always have my dear friends, and friends can last and live as long as a husband. For financial security, my investments are as sound as those of any man I might marry. If I want to, after my girls have left me, I may adopt a child; but I'm counting on having a very full life playing mother and character roles in pictures and radio till I'm too feeble to hobble across a set or a studio."

Irene rose and led me out to the terrace to look at the lights of Manhattan.

"About old age," she said to me, and her voice was clear and serious against the frosty wind. "see the Empire State Building? Sometimes, when I raise my bedroom windows late at night, I notice it all lit up for the charwomen to clean while the rest of the city is asleep. I stand there, imagining what those women are like, what they're doing, down on their hands and knees scrubbing the floors of that great tower for a livelihood. And I always wonder if their lot could happen to me.

"I used to worry me, but it doesn't any more. Now I say to myself: 'All right, so you're a charwoman—but, mind you, it's fate, not mismanagement of your life, that brought you to this. Maybe you chose independence, but also the bucket next to yours belongs to a woman who chose marriage! Neither of you were guaranteed security, you see!'

"We all take our chances," Irene concluded, turning back into the room, "and I'm having a lovely time taking my chances by myself!"

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Edward MacHugh, popular NBC Gospel Singer, whose program delights countless listeners.

Barbara Drew, Grand Rapids, Mich. "I listen to Jack Benny for clean, good fun! The commercial part is put in so that it also is entertainment. Jack and Mary are your answer to the problem of what to do on Sunday nights."

Mrs. L. W. Yiengst, Archbald, Pa. (Minister's Wife.) "The list of programs I listen to looks like the daily schedule itself. I usually turn to my radio at ten o'clock and keep it on till twelve-fifteen. In the afternoon it goes on again at three. Social engagements and church activities prevent my being a regular listener in the evening. However, I try to be near a radio on Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings as those are 'big nights'. To sum up, I might say that I enjoy good music, drama, comedy—yes, and even some amateur programs."

Ann Hajos, Reading, Pa. (Singer and Orchestra Leader.) "Since I am a great lover of music, I prefer Benny Goodman, Jan Savitt and Alex Barthia, for their good, hot and fast music. They're the tops! I don't care for opera singing, but when Nelson Eddy sings, I'd listen to it any day. For a good hot singer, how about Loretta Lee? She has everything anyone could ask for."

Ernestine M. Chapin, Devon, Conn. (Housewife.) "You asked for it, so here goes! I listen to: *Pick and Pat*, *L.L.R. Radio Theatre*, Flippen's amateur hour, Ben Bernie, Fred Allen, Rudy Vallee, *Show Boat*, *Kraft Music Hall*, *Hollywood Hotel*, *First Nighter*, *Shell Chateau*, *Vick's Open House*, *Jack Benny*, etc., etc. Radio plays a big part in my life."

Mary Halligan, Whitesboro, N. Y. (Insurance Clerk.) "My favorite programs are: *Metropolitan Opera Auditions*, because talented singers have a chance to be heard and some of them are better than radio's top-notchers; *Vick's Open House*, for its kindly, neighborly spirit; and *First Nighter*, because of Don Ameche's excellent singing and acting. The only irrefutable fact is that they all end too soon!"

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FREEZONE



Officer,
THIS RUN IS ANNOYING ME

"Madam, when it was tiny, you could have stopped it with Run-R-Stop. Now that it has spread and ruined your hair and—garden—new-year air perfume, it's too late for me to help."
"But it's only three days old!"
"One tube stops 50 turps—you can prevent future hair's accidents."
"He says you don't confuse Run-R-Stop with sunflower that harden or wash out. It's in the handy red and black variety that fits right into your purse. All chemist or department stores."

RUN - R - STOP

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Many other men and women attest that their hair stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp action.



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RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

GRACIE: Oh, don't listen to them . . . it's nothing but gossip, and gossip is nothing but idle rumor and an idle rumor is a boarder out of work.
(GRACIE ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Program.)

PORTLAND: My father hates the cold.
FRED: Really?
PORTLAND: I'll say . . . when his false teeth start to chatter Papa says it feels as though he's got Fred Astaire's foot in his mouth.
FRED: It could be worse . . . he might have Garbo's.
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

GRAHAM: Your aunt must be some cook, Ed.

ED: What a cook, Graham! This morning my uncle asked my aunt why her face smelled so funny, and my aunt said, "I was just going to cook some spaghetti and the cook book said to rub a little garlic on your pan."
(ED WYNN and GRAHAM McNAMEE, Spud Program.)

SHARLIE: An auto salesman tells me there are two hoodlums on the car he's trying to sell me. Can this be so?

JACK: No—one of them must be a FALSE-HOOD!
(JACK PEARL, Raleigh and Kool Show.)

SHELTON: Dogs like me. When I walk down the street dogs follow me . . . they walk up to me and lick my hands.

HOWARD: Why don't you try eating with a knife and fork?
(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Rudy Vallee's Royal Variety Hour.)

BOB: Even the people in Van Buren thought my Uncle Fitchey Whitteley was lazy. In fact, one time a committee went out to him and they found him lyin' out under an apple tree and they told him—they says, "We've just voted you the laziest man in Van Buren and we've brought you the first prize. We've got a silver dollar for you." My uncle says, "Well, I don't care anything about the dollar, but," he says, "just roll me over and put it in my hip pocket!"
(BOB BURNS, Kraft Music Hall.)

BOTTLE: Oh, Beetle, you scoundrel, you scamp, you rascal!
PHIL: You tell him, lettuce, I haven't got the heart.

BOTTLE: Don't worry, sir, I'll quiver at the lips. Oh, Beetle, you turkey, you pigeon, you duck, you foal, you pheasant.
PHIL: Bottle, what are you saying?
BOTTLE: Oh, forgive me, sir, I'm giving him the bird.
(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

EVE: What do you mean—woolen blanket—the label says cotton?
KEN: Oh, I just put that on to fool the moths. Well—maybe you'd like to see something in this halibrot?

RUSS: Yeah—Carole Lombard.
KEN: Oh, you're a married man, eh?
(KEN MURRAY, EVE ARDEN and RUSS MORGAN, Rinsio Program.)

JACK: Where's your pappy?
MARY: Didn't you hear? They carried him home last night.

JACK: Was he shot?
MARY: Only fifty percent.
(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

ANNE: How did your illness start, Fred?

FRED: It started a week ago last Monday. I was up all night with a pain in the neck.

CHARLES: I was with you a week ago last Monday, Fred.

FRED: Ah! That's what I said.
(FRED ASTAIRE, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH and ANNE JAMISON, Packard Program.)

JUDY: That boy is gettin' lazy. Why, today he went out and hired a feller to help him sleep.

PAUL: He hired a man to help him sleep?

JUDY: Yes, sir. Whenever Zeke falls asleep this other fellow snores for him.
(JUDY CANOVA and PAUL WHITEMAN, Woodbury's Musical Varieties.)

KEN: Well, Ken, I'm auctioning off all my personal belongings—I'm going to give the money to a worthy cause—to people who need and want it badly.

ANNCR: That's very noble charity, Ken. Who are these unfortunate people?
KEN: My creditors!
(KEN MURRAY, Rinsio Program.)

BOND: I'll, you better be careful, because if you pull a cat by the tail it'll bite you.

SNOOKS: No it won't.
BOND: It'll not!
SNOOKS: 'Cause cats don't bite at that end!
(FANNIE BRICE and FORD BOND, Revue de Parée.)

GEORGE: Did you ever dream you were out with me?

GRACIE: Oh, no—I never have nightmares.

TONY: Why don't you dream you went to the Brown Derby with me?
GRACIE: Oh, no! I had to stand up in bed two hours last night waiting for a table!

(BURNS and ALLEN, TONY MARTIN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Program.)

SHARLIE: Willie Burns wants to know what happened to the boy who sat on the burning deck.

JACK: He got the hot seat!
(JACK PEARL, Raleigh and Kool Show.)

BUDD: How about an invention or two, Colonel. Well, I have invented things off?

STOOP: Well, I have invented a football field with black lines instead of white lines.

BUDD: Why black lines?
STOOP: For playing football in the snow. Then I have also invented a salty paper for making maps of the ocean.

(COL. STOOPNAGLE and BUDD PROGRAM.)

PORTLAND: Papa sent me down to get our thermometer fixed . . . so I thought I'd stop in.

FRED: Has this changeable weather caused your thermometer to strip its gears?

PORTLAND: Yes . . . it got so low Monday night some gravel got into the mercury!
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

ED: The next scene, Graham, is eleven years later . . . the stork has arrived.

McN: The stork didn't arrive for eleven years?

ED: The stork couldn't help it, Graham. He's been busy for ten years up in Canada! They name the baby Grab-Bag . . . they call him that because every time they pick him up they get a surprise.

ED WYNN and GRAHAM McNAMEE, Spud Program.)

BOTTLE: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha . . .

PHIL: All right, my one-track mind, what are you laughing at?

BOTTLE: The summer underwear book.

PHIL: What's funny about that?

BOTTLE: Er . . . Gone with the Winter!

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

BUDD: Keep yourself under control, Colonel. Say, that reminds me . . . what is control?

STOOP: Control is what firemen get blazing under.

(COL. STOOPNAGLE and BUDD PROGRAM.)

JACK: Hmm-m-m . . . these actors . . . well, boys, let's get into a real Western mood. Kenny, pass out those bandanas.

KENNY: Shall I peel them?

JACK: I said BANDANAS!
(JACK BENNY and KENNY BAKER, Jell-O Program.)

CHARLES: I have been worried about Fred's condition.

DOCTOR: Here, somebody, get Mr. Butterworth a chair, quick! Mr. Butterworth, who told you to get out of bed?

CHARLES: The landlord.

DOCTOR: Have you felt particularly run down lately?

CHARLES: Well, last week I went to Palm Springs. You see, I thought I was catching something.

DOCTOR: Flu?

CHARLES: No, I took the train.
(CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, Packard Program.)

ANACR: Ken, I'm surprised at your losses, tell me, what are you—a stockholder or a bondholder?

KEN: Neither—I'm a bagholder!
(KEN MURRAY, Rinsio Program.)

McN: Where did you get that suit? I'd like to get one like it.

PEENO: This is my "war" suit.

McN: War suit?

PEENO: My grandfather wore it, my father wore it, I wore it!
(JOE PEENO and GRAHAM McNAMEE, Rudy Vallee's Royal Variety Hour.)

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