

WHY BUDDY ROGERS WILL WED MARY PICKFORD!

Radio Stars

M A Y

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

*Don
Ameche*

Inside Stories On—
FRED MACMURRAY
JESSICA DRAGONETTE
VICTOR MOORE
FRANCIA WHITE
VINCENT LOPEZ
MILTON J. CROSS

*Earl
Christy*



BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

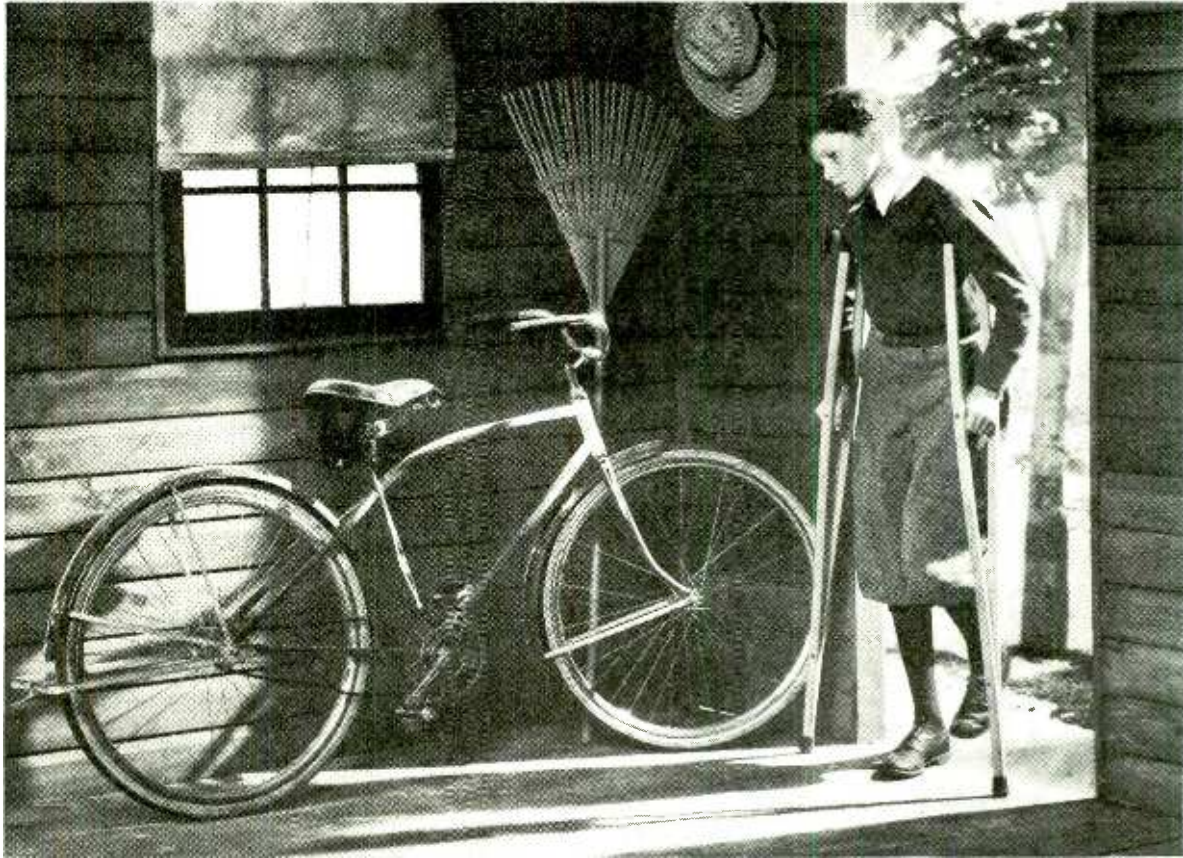
Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK



AND NOW THERE'S A BICYCLE FOR SALE

No—he'll never ride a bicycle again.

For the rest of his life, he must pay the penalty for something that needn't have happened.

He merely cut his foot—just as thousands of active boys do. And his mother bandaged it, lovingly, as has been the way of mothers since the world began.

The bandage looked clean, too. *But it wasn't.* And infection set in and spread . . . infection that crippled.

It just doesn't pay to take chances in dressing the tiniest cut or wound. Every precaution must be taken. Even some bandages, though they come in boxes plainly marked "sterilized," may not be worthy of your trust.

For such bandages may be sterilized only in an early manufacturing process. Later, when they are cut and packed, their cleanliness may be destroyed in handling.

Be safe. Be sure. Use only the first-aid products of responsible 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.

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. Used as 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. "Neat Edge" prevents raveling.



RED CROSS ABSORBENT COTTON

Sterilized after packaging. 2-oz. 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

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor



RADIO STARS

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a Floral Bouquet for You

Rhapsody in flowers. That is: Blue Waltz Perfume. Not just the fragrance of one flower but a myriad of flowers. Not of one mood, but many moods. Its blended bouquet adapts itself to you and your personality. Use it to be gay, alluring, utterly feminine! Wear it for the one you love best.

BLUE WALTZ

PERFUME • FACE POWDER
LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE
COLD CREAM • TALCUM

10¢ at 5 & 10¢ Stores



Preview of their first picture together!

How Bob loves — and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner — which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!



Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!



He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...



Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!



Bob's the boy to clear up complications — so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

J E A N

R O B E R T

HARLOW · TAYLOR

in
"Personal Property"

with Reginald Owen

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

*The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man"
"San Francisco" and others*





Join our news sleuth
in his airway roving
and learn the latest
ether artist doings

Ted Collins holds *Radio Stars'* medal awarded to Kate Smith's *Band Wagon* by George Delacorte, Jr.

RADIO RAMBLINGS



First Nighter's Don Ameche co-stars with Ann Sothern in *Fifty Roads to Town*.

THOSE old playboy days of Bing Crosby's career seem to be definitely over! He has settled down to a comfortable, orderly life, an occasional whirl at the track (where he races his own horses) being the only reminder of the wild young man Bing used to be. One of his old night club pals was talking about it after a recent visit to the Crosby home in Hollywood.

"Bing never goes out much evenings any more," the story ran. "He comes home, hol-



Winchell's in pictures! He and Patsy Kelly to be seen in *Wake Up and Live*.



Decorative Frances Langford is entitled to a rest, what with her *Hollywood Hotel* and film work.

lers: "What's for dinner, Dixie?" and sits down to play with the kids or read the paper. Never even takes a drink while he's working on a picture.

"After he finishes a picture, he always steps out for a night or two. Not a binge, you understand. Just a little party. Certainly a changed guy!"

Bing's radio program directors have the same sort of story. There was a time when it took all a director's ingenuity and tact to make sure Bing had learned the new songs instead of

just carrying on with the old ones he already knew. None of that nowadays.

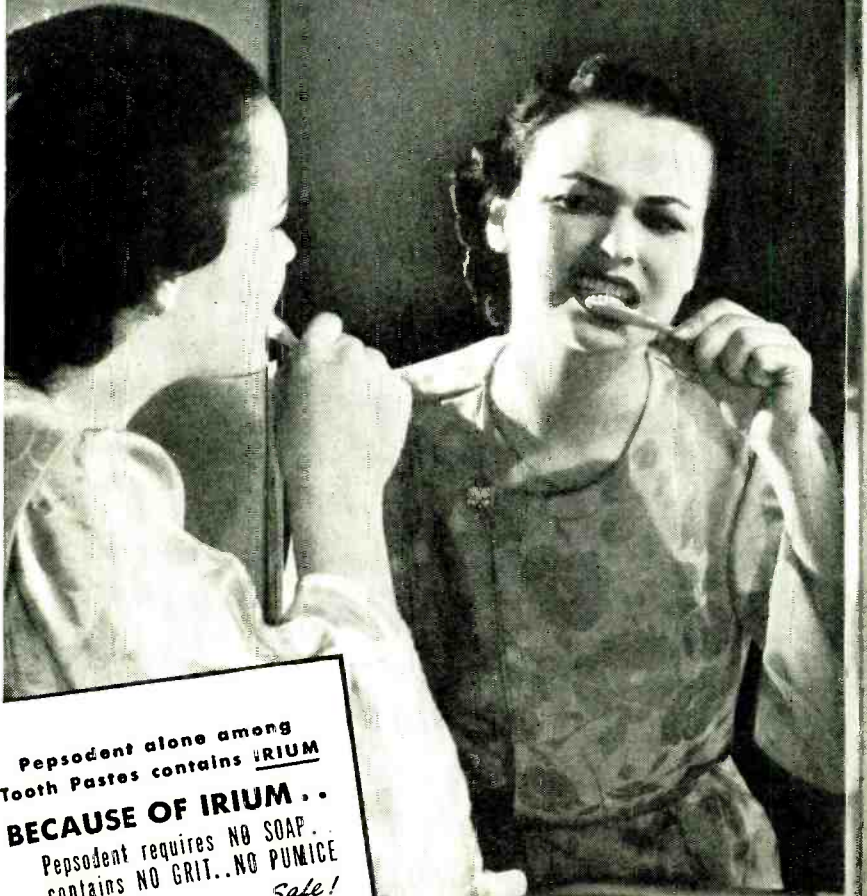
"I never worked with anyone," one of his associates remarks, "who seems to take more interest and comes up with more suggestions than Bing Crosby. No temperament, always energetic and down to business—he's the perfect artist from the standpoint of getting things done."

Harry Von Zell, the announcer, came in for Fred Allen's Ipana program sporting a brand new moustache.

"I see," Fred said in his solemn drawl. "Preparing for television. When television comes, you can just put a strip of tooth paste across that moustache, turn in your upper lip and demonstrate how Ipana cleans the teeth."

Ed East (Continued on page 8)

NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard*,
No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really
sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.



Change to
**PEPSODENT
TOOTH PASTE**
containing
IRIUM

The modern way to
remove film and win flashing
new luster on teeth

● Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing *thoroughly effective!* It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It *obsoletes* the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like *magic.* Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

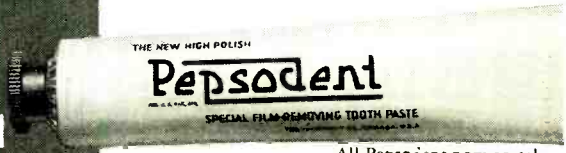
Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!

Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**
BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires **NO SOAP**.
contains **NO GRIT..NO PUMICE**
— Safe!

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

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent, with massage,
stimulates gums.
— *Refreshing!*

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



All Pepsodent now on sale
contains IRIUM.

(Continued from page 6)



**SHE'S STEPPING OUT
WITH A LOVELY COMPLEXION—
AND THE MAN OF HER DREAMS**

Soon he will call for her, look at her—and marvel anew at the fresh, radiant loveliness of her skin! She, reading the admiration in his eyes, will give thanks anew to

*Armand
Blended
Cream*

The delightful new cream which serves as

FIVE FACIAL AIDS IN ONE

- CLEANSER
- FRESHENER
- POWDER BASE
- MASSAGE
- NIGHT CREAM

Let Armand Blended Cream protect **your** loveliness, too! Ask for a sample at the store where you bought this magazine. Or mail the coupon to Armand, Des Moines, Iowa, and a sample will be sent you. Most dealers have Armand Blended Cream in trial sizes at 10c and 20c; larger, more economical sizes at 50c and \$1.00.

ARMAND:

Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name

Address

City

State

I buy my cosmetics at the following store:

and Ralph Dumke (*Sisters of the Skillet*, remember?) have a huge Great Dane dog, and they insist on bringing him into town with them occasionally. He even goes up to their broadcast studio. In some New York office buildings a rule is enforced prohibiting dogs unless they are carried.

So this pair of large comedians pick up their tremendous beast, one comedian at each end, and solemnly lug him into the elevator.

When Kate Smith stopped her weekly radio awards for heroism, a lot of stories immediately started that she was forced to do so because so much ill feeling was caused by aspiring heroes who had been passed by. If you hear any such story, you can deny it, and even make a little bet you are right. Kate's published reason was the only one there was. So many heroic deeds were being performed daily in the Ohio River flood regions, it was impossible for a radio program to keep track of them all. So Kate saluted the heroes collectively and donated future weeks' prize money to the Red Cross Flood Relief Fund.

What was not published, however, was that her contribution was in excess of \$10,000, large money even to a high-salaried radio star. Besides, Kate had to engage new talent to fill the place of her heroism dramatizations in her program.

While we are killing rumors, there is also the one about Eddie Cantor firing Parkyakarkus because of a thwarted romance between a Cantor daughter and the Greek dialect stooge. That's pure poppycock. Parkyakarkus' (really Harry Einstein) courtship of his new bride, Thelma Leeds, was no secret around Hollywood.

Einstein left the Cantor troupe because he thought it was time for him to seek a program and movie rôles by himself. Cantor was paying him \$750 a week and he decided he could get more elsewhere. Eddie and his departing stooge are still the best of friends.

You might think Dave Rubinoff was down-hearted during that recent breach of promise suit he had to fight in a New York court. If you had any such idea you were very, very wrong. Dave actually seemed to relish the whole battle.

Evenings he could be seen around the Broadway spots, gleeful, laughing and beaming as his heavy Russian accent was heard in jovial replies to his friends' kidding. Eddie Cantor even kidded Dave about the affair during a Cantor program. Rubinoff probably was one of the loudest laughers who heard it.

Anyone who talked seriously about the case could be treated to a lot of excited Russian indignation as Dave told his story. But he was always ready to banter about it, too.

Around his Connecticut home, Colonel Stoopnagle conducts himself in much the same spirit of light-hearted foolishness that he has in his radio program. The other day, the Colonel's sponsor telephoned to talk about some detail of the program.

"No, I can't get him to the phone," the Colonel's wife answered. "There's a man digging a hole down the street and the Colonel went down to watch him. He left word he wouldn't be back for at least an hour."

Stoopnagle entrusts all his business affairs to his manager, which is probably just as well. As a sample of one of his own business ventures, there's an invention into which he put some money recently. The Colonel's broadcasts for years have been filled with wild recitals of his own queer inventions. But when another inventor came to him with an idea for a flat-iron that would bend in the middle, the Colonel invested. The idea was, if the iron could be bent in the middle, it could be pushed up into small places by the ironer.

If Phil Lord had been easily discouraged, he would have been out of radio altogether these past few years. He had made a small fortune with *Seth Parker*, on the air and in pictures, three years ago and decided to shoot the works on a boyish adventure—a trip around the world in a sailing schooner. He hoped there might be a sponsor to pick up broadcasts of the adventurous trip, bringing in enough money to finance the jaunt partly, at least.

A sponsor did appear for programs from the ship on its way down the Atlantic coast from New York. That was where Phil Lord's luck ran out, and stayed out. The sponsor dropped him. Phil set out across the Caribbean Sea anyway. Sensational magazines chose that moment to "expose" Phil. He sang hymns, it seemed, on the air but not in private. He even did such things as take a drink now and then. Phil was away and no defense was forthcoming.

Then came that famous SOS from the little schooner in the south Pacific. Phil's call of distress was branded a publicity stunt, even though the captain of the rescuing British warship vindicated Phil. His ship unseaworthy, he abandoned it at Samoa and returned to his old radio haunts to find his former followers very cool. Seth

(Continued on page 89)

Do You Suffer Vitamin Shortage?

People Don't Know Whether They Get
ENOUGH VITAMINS with Their Meals—
Until Ill Health Shows It

But—by Adding
ONE FOOD to Your
Daily Diet, You Can Be
Sure of a **REGULAR
SUPPLY** of These
4 VITAMINS Every Day



G Too Little
Vitamin G
means poor
growth

WEAK, thin, irritable children are often found to be poorly supplied with **Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN**. Everyone needs a generous supply of this vitamin regularly to assure proper development of body tissues, and lay a foundation for good health. **Fleischmann's Yeast** is rich in **Vitamin G**. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes a day.



D Lack of Vitamin D

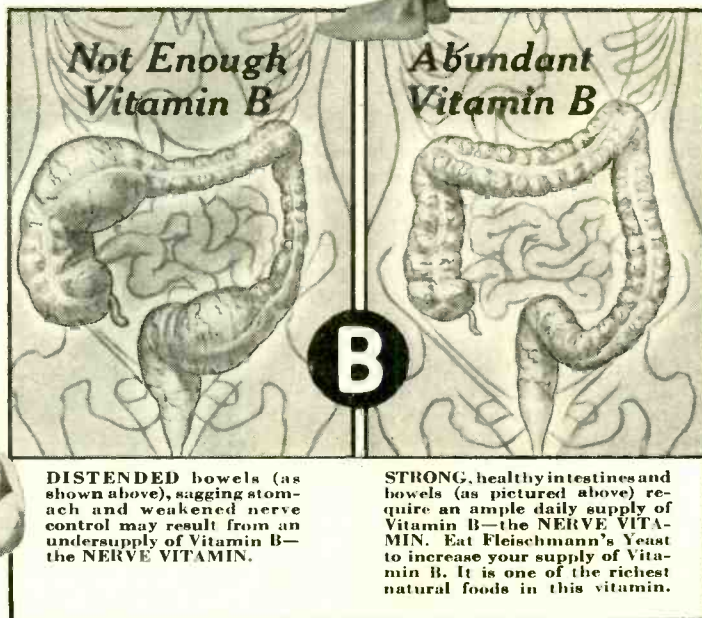
SOFT BONES followed by bowlegs and knock-knees often result from too little **Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN**. An ample supply of this vitamin is essential to babies and young children. To assure her child having a good foundation for straight bones and good teeth, the mother should have ample **Vitamin D** in her diet during pregnancy and while nursing. **Fleischmann's Yeast** contains a rich supply of this **BONE VITAMIN**.

**Undersupplied
with Vitamin A**

YOU CATCH COLD more easily and more often if you are not getting enough **Vitamin A**. For without enough of this vitamin, membranes of the nose and throat are weakened, and your general resistance lowered. Eat **Fleischmann's fresh Yeast** daily to assure yourself a regular **ADDITIONAL** supply of this important vitamin.



A

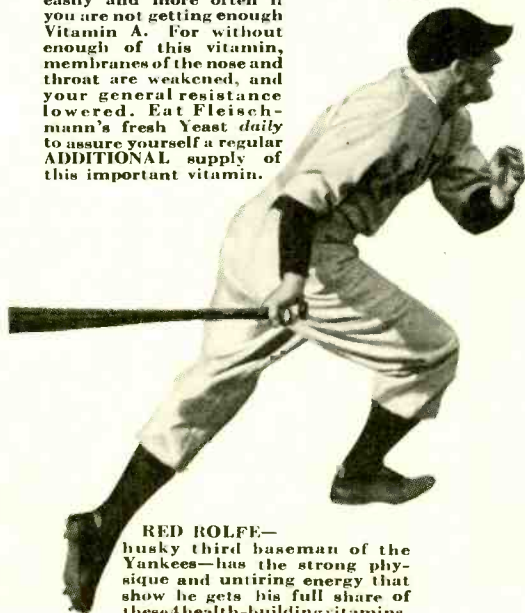


**Not Enough
Vitamin B**

**Abundant
Vitamin B**

B

STRONG, healthy intestines and bowels (as pictured above) require an ample daily supply of **Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN**. Eat **Fleischmann's Yeast** to increase your supply of **Vitamin B**. It is one of the richest natural foods in this vitamin.



RED ROLFE—busky third baseman of the Yankees—has the strong physique and untiring energy that show he gets his full share of these 4 health-building vitamins.

MANY PEOPLE today are the victims of chronic ill health because their everyday meals do not provide enough of these 4 essential vitamins—A, B, D and G.

A shortage of even one of these important food elements can undermine your vitality and lower your resistance to disease.

But, by adding one **SPECIAL** food to your ordinary diet, you can be sure of getting a regular **EXTRA** supply of these 4 vita-

mins in addition to what your meals supply.

That one food is **FLEISCHMANN'S** fresh **YEAST**. It is the only natural food that furnishes such an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes of **Fleischmann's Yeast** daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Start today to build up your vitamin health this simple way. Order 2 or 3 days' supply from your grocer. **Fleischmann's Yeast** keeps perfectly in the icebox.



IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION-

Presenting the fourth of a series of personal columns in which Rudy Vallee airs his views on various topics, personalities and peeves

Rudy, whose ever-popular *Variety Hour* entertains us Thursday evenings at 8:00 p.m. EST, thoroughly enjoys his monthly column-writing stint, and wishes to express his thanks for your appreciation.

Radio Thoughts: *FUN IN THE STUDIO!*—a term coined and defined by the head of the radio department of a big advertising agency and meaning *artificial spontaneity*. Now that you have refreshed your memory at the dictionary and have a better idea of what spontaneity means, may I add my own belief that it might include almost *anything artificial* in radio, as well as the stage and screen? Of course, I know you'll say that all of these fields are built on illusion and fantasy, and I'll grant that, but, *Fun In The Studio* is that "phonyness" that insults the intelligence of the listener.

You've heard someone talking into the microphone, pretending that so-and-so just walked into the studio (have you ever tried to walk in without a ticket?). The attempt at surprise on the part of the speaker is, to me, nauseating, to say the least.

We lean backwards on our Thursday night stint (or should that have been a "k"?) to avoid this sort of thing, partly because I have always felt that *prolonged artificiality*, whether it be of enthusiasm or downright pretense, inevitably leads to disgust on the part of the listener—and, often as not, this disgust is *subconscious!*

Bill Bacher, who produces the *Hollywood Hotel* air show, seems to like *Fun In The Studio*. Far be it from me to attempt to counsel the producer of an hour that tops mine in the Crosley Survey, but I do think that *Hollywood Hotel's* success rests more on the enjoyable singing by all of the vocalists, its excellently-played music and its most perfectly-staged dramatic spots. These dramatic spots, in themselves, make the hour most outstanding, as



Who was to be Dick Powell's successor on *Hollywood Hotel*, or "*Fun in the Studio*"—and how!

they are not only fresh (usually from some forthcoming picture) but the cast line-up is the cast line-up of the picture itself, the movie names being there because of Miss Louella Parsons' persuasive powers.

To be sure, this hour is founded on a pretense—but it is a harmless pretense and one that is what is commonly known as "stage license" and is a necessary illusion, viz. that you are listening to a broadcast that emanates from a beautiful room in a mythical Hollywood hotel.

But—the artificial naïveté and giddy enthusiasm for things and situations that don't merit it, may keep this hour from being *even more* popular.



Louella Parsons, movie columnist, who is responsible for the big names on the program.

Hollywood Hotel reached the heights of *Fun In The Studio* during the first broadcast after Dick Powell had said farewell. For one solid hour you were led to believe that no one knew who was to take Dick Powell's place!

Here's a radio program that costs upwards of fifteen thousands of dollars, each second costly and timed to the split-second, and yet you were led to believe that no one, except maybe the sponsor of the program, knew who had been engaged to follow Dick. That, my friends, is what I call *Fun In The Studio*—and how!

Last month I said that I would mention a subject that the networks, and their

How would *your* laxative rate with the doctor?

by
Rudy
Vallee



Bill Bacher, producer of the *Hollywood Hotel* show, seems to like "Fun in the Studio", too!

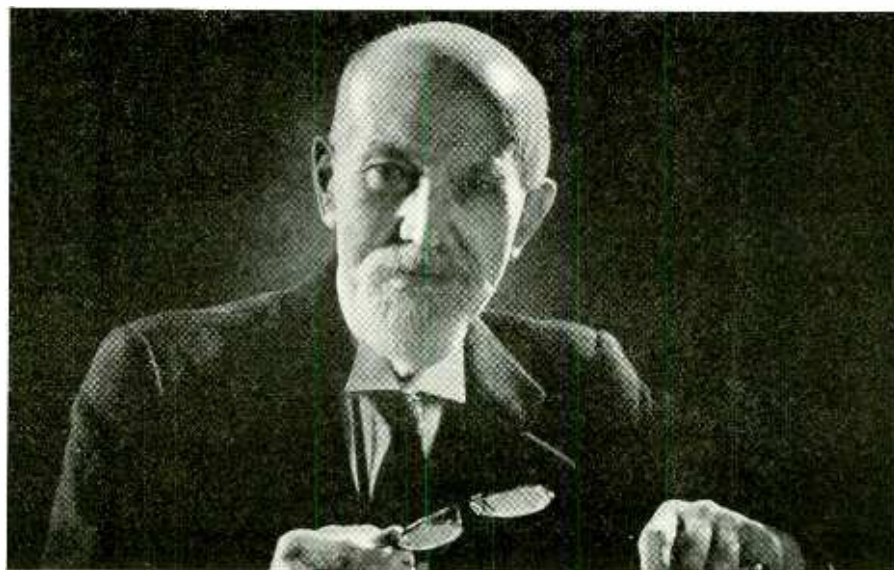
engineering departments, might not like—so here goes. This is really my *pet peeve*. The one I've just discussed (*Fun In The Studio*) is not a peeve and it is only occasionally annoying. But this thing, about my old friend the microphone, is *serious*.

Now—can you imagine yourself riding in an automobile and being absolutely unable to judge your speed until you were stopped by a motorcycle-cop who forcibly gave you the information? (Not that this doesn't happen, but, if the driver *wished* to, he or she could consult the speedometer and thus know at exactly what speed the car is traveling.)

But we who talk and sing and play over the microphone have no way of knowing just what we are doing to that sensitive piece of apparatus. We must wait until the cop (only in the studio the "cop" is a production man, i. e. a studio official engaged by the broadcasting company), who is informed by telephone or signals from the control booth or monitor room, that we are one of the following things:

1. Too close—with the result that we blast you out of your room.

(Continued on page 110)



YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about *little* matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative *you* now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- 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 EVERY DEMAND

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point! No wonder so many doctors

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than thirty years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax *is* mild, *is* gentle, *is* thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does *not* over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggytasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or 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) MM-57

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

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

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING



Our Cooking School Director, Kate Smith, prepares a quick, pleasant starter for the meal, the popular fruit cup.

Eggs Milan, one of Miss Smith's favorite combinations, is a dish of eggs and spaghetti. Doesn't it look delicious?

Hello Everybody:

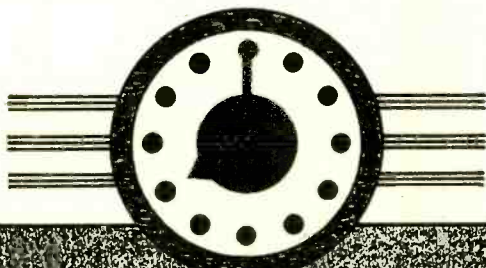
This is your Cooking School Director, Kate Smith. Here I am, folks, broadcasting again for the many readers of this magazine who seem to like to "tune in" on these little culinary chats; and especially for those who enjoy trying my favorite dishes and who write in regularly, every month, for the free leaflet which contains at least four of my very own recipes.

I surely do want to tell you all, right here, how greatly I appreciate your interest in this department of mine and how much I like receiving the kind, friendly greetings that so many of you send along with your coupons. I'm just sorry that I don't have a chance to answer each one of those letters personally. But just imagine—won't you, please—when you get your copy of that attractive little recipe folder and see my face on the cover, that my smile of greeting is meant for *you* and that I'm saying: "Dear friend, thanks for writin'."

But let's get back to our cooking! Because the two closely related subjects that I've decided to take up with you here, this month—*Quick Meals* and your *Emergency Shelf Supplies*—should appeal to everyone. I know that I've always found them interesting and have read everything on the subject I've ever come across, because if there is anything I like to have, it's a well-stocked pantry. But even though I have made quite a study of it, I actually surprised myself when I started to jot down all the things I wanted to tell you about. There are so many, in fact, that in the course of this short "broad-



Courtesy Borden's



S T A N D • B Y

Kate Smith, Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your recipes for *Quick Meals*.

Name

Street

City State.....

cast" I'll have to condense them into as few words as possible, so that I'll have room to mention them all. With the *Quick Meal Recipes* I intend giving you and with this list of the things that I think you should have on hand at all times, you will be prepared not only for *speed* but for *emergencies* as well.

As I go into the matter further, I know you will be mentally adding to my list of dishes and ingredients. I also hope that you'll be planning in your mind, as you read, to send for the recipes. For then, almost before you know it—what with my recipes and suggestions and your own additions—you'll have a large number of useful ideas which will enable you to fix up appetizing meals in just no time at all.

Speaking of time, reminds me that I don't think there is anyone with a greater respect for the moving hands of a clock than a radio performer. You'll understand immediately what I mean, if you've ever attended a

SCHOOL

Presenting those most desirable aids to harried housewives—*Quick Meals and Emergency Shelf Supplies*

broadcast. If you've been to one of our *Band Wagon* broadcasts, for instance, you'll recall that, just before the program goes on the air, almost every eye is on the clock! Silence prevails as the words: "Stand by!" flash on at either side of the stage. Jack Miller, with raised baton, holds the attention of the members of our orchestra. Ted Collins takes his place in the center of the stage, I wait in the wings, the announcer is at the "mike" and our "visible audience" sits motionless, watching. It is a minute of suspense . . . just sixty seconds of waiting that seem like years! Then the words: "On the Air!" flash on, as the hands of the clock point to eight. And we're off for an hour of fun and entertainment!

But before that hour goes out over the air waves, remember that there have been weeks of planning, days of preparation and hours of rehearsing. On Thursday, the day of our broadcast, for instance, I arrive at the studio theatre at 9:30 in the morning and never leave it until 9:30 that night. And, boys and girls, I'm working and on my feet every minute of that time!

So you see, the things that seem to go off with the greatest ease are usually those that have had the most careful, sensible planning. Yes, in order to be ready when the clock says that it's time to "Stand By," you must be prepared—and in order to be prepared you must plan ahead. That's as true in the home as it is in the radio game, I'm sure you'll agree.

Of course, you don't have to adhere to split-second-punctuality in your own house, as we do over the air. But you could do worse than to de-

(Continued on page 70)

"SURE, 'T WAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT...



COPR FELS & CO 1927



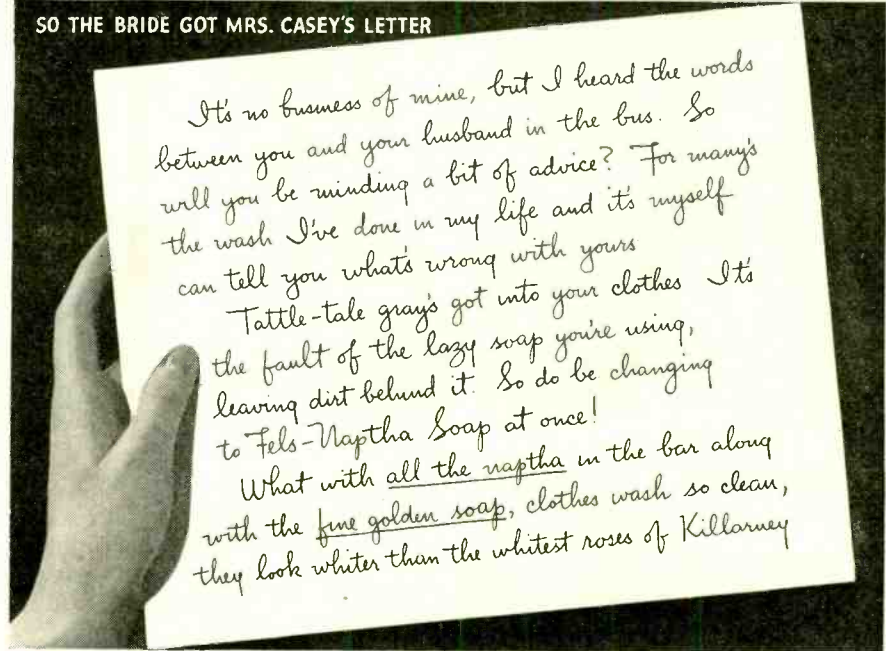
THERE YOU GO AGAIN! I WISH I'D NEVER MARRIED YOU!

DARLING, I'M SORRY. BUT I SIMPLY WON'T WEAR GRAY-LOOKING SHIRTS FOREVER!

'TIS GRIEF THE LITTLE BRIDE NEXT DOOR IS HAVING, JIMMIE. SO, LIKE A GOOD LAD, SLIP THIS NOTE BENEATH HER DOOR AND NOT A WHISPER OUT OF YOU.

I'LL KEEP MUM, MRS. CASEY.

SO THE BRIDE GOT MRS. CASEY'S LETTER



It's no business of mine, but I heard the words between you and your husband in the bus. So will you be minding a bit of advice? For many's the wash I've done in my life and it's myself can tell you what's wrong with yours. Tattle-tale grays got into your clothes. It's the fault of the lazy soap you're using, leaving dirt behind it. So do be changing to Fels-Naptha Soap at once! What with all the naptha in the bar along with the fine golden soap, clothes wash so clean, they look whiter than the whitest roses of Killarney.

AND A FEW WEEKS LATER



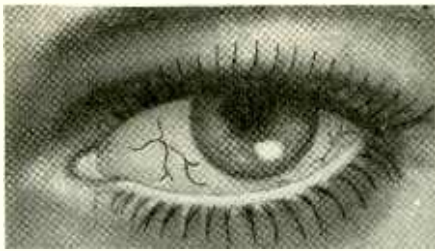
YOU'RE A WONDER, HONEY. THESE SHIRTS ARE SO WHITE NOW I REALLY AM "THE WELL-DRESSED MAN."

GIVE FELS-NAPTHA THE CREDIT. I WISH I COULD THANK THE WOMAN WHO WROTE ME ABOUT IT.

SURE 'TIS CLEVER I AM! AND 'TIS MYSELF THAT KNOWS IT!

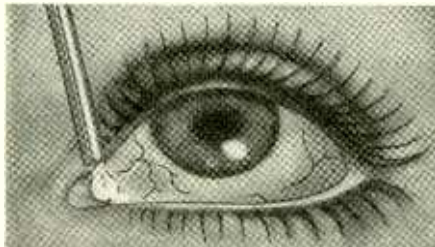
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

RED DULL . . . BOARD OF REVIEW



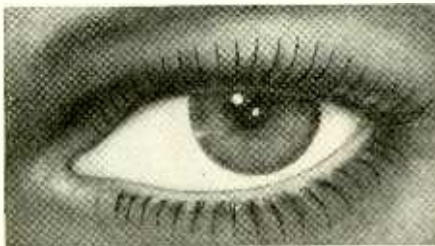
● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are so prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .

FEW DROPS



● Quick! A drop of Eye-Gene goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .

EYES CLEAR



● In just a few seconds. Yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And so refreshed.

NEW DISCOVERY

● Eye-Gene! Now used by thousands before every "date" to make eyes clear and lovely. Marvelously refreshing to tired, overworked eyes. Not like old-fashioned lotions and washes. Stainless, safe. Large size at all drug and dept. stores, small size at 5 and 10c stores.



EYE-GENE

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| Lester C. Grady Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman N. Y. World-Telegram, New York, N. Y. | Si Steinhauser Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa. | James E. Chinn Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C. |
| Alton Cook N. Y. World-Telegram, New York, N. Y. | Leo Miller Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn. | H. Dean Fitzer Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo. |
| S. A. Coleman Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan. | Richard G. Moffet Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla. | Joe Haeffner Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y. |
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| Andrew W. Smith News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala. | Larry Wolfers Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill. | Chuck Gay Dayton Daily News, Dayton, Ohio |
| Richard Peters Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn. | | |

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 spring 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 . . . 84.3
CBS Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST
2. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR . . . 83.9
CBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST
3. JELL-O PROGRAM—JACK BENNY, HARRIS ORCHESTRA . . . 83.3
NBC Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
4. MARCH OF TIME . . . 82.5
CBS Thur. 10:30 P.M. EST
5. ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—RUDY VALLEE . . . 79.1
NBC Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST
6. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—FRED ALLEN, VAN STEEDEN ORCHESTRA . . . 78.8
NBC Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST
7. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT—ERNO RAPEE . . . 78.0
NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST
8. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS NINO MARTINI, KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA . . . 77.2
CBS Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST
9. MAGIC KEY OF RCA . . . 76.3
NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST
10. LUX RADIO THEATRE . . . 75.7
CBS Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST
11. MEREDITH WILLSON'S ORCHESTRA . . . 75.0
NBC Tues. 6:05 P.M. EST, Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST
12. GLADYS SWARTHOUT — WILLSON ORCHESTRA . . . 74.1
NBC Wed. 10:30 P.M. EST
13. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA . . . 73.6
CBS Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST
14. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT . . . 73.4
CBS T-T 7:30 P.M. EST, 9:30 P.M. PST
15. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS, DORSEY ORCHESTRA . . . 73.2
NBC Thur. 10:00 P.M. EST

16. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . 73.0
NBC Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST
17. VOICE OF FIRESTONE . . . 72.9
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
18. HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—KAY THOMPSON . . . 72.6
CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
19. BURNS AND ALLEN—TONY MARTIN, KING ORCHESTRA . . . 72.1
CBS Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
20. THE SINGING LADY . . . 71.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST
21. HELEN HAYES IN "BAMBI" . . . 71.5
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:30 P.M. PST
22. BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—JESSICA DRAGONETTE, GOODMAN ORCHESTRA . . . 71.4
CBS Wed. 9:30 P.M. EST
23. VICK'S OPEN HOUSE — NELSON EDDY, NADINE CONNER . . . 70.9
CBS Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST
24. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—FRED MURRAY, FRANCES LANGFORD, PAIGE ORCHESTRA . . . 70.7
CBS Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST
25. PHIL BAKER — BRADLEY ORCHESTRA . . . 70.6
CBS Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST
26. CITIESERVICE CONCERT—LUCILLE MANNERS, BOURDON ORCHESTRA . . . 70.4
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
27. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER . . . 70.0
NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST
28. ONE MAN'S FAMILY . . . 69.8
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST, Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST
29. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—LANNY ROSS, GOODMAN ORCHESTRA . . . 69.8
NBC Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
30. JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—GOODMAN BAND . . . 69.6
CBS Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST
31. AL JOLSON SHOW—MARTHA RAYE, SID SILVERS, YOUNG ORCHESTRA . . . 69.6
CBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
32. PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW—JOHN HELD, JR. . . 69.5
NBC Fri. 10:30 P.M. EST
33. H. V. KALTENBORN . . . 69.3
CBS Sun. 10:45 P.M. EST
34. BOAKE CARTER . . . 69.2
CBS M-T-W-T-F 7:45 P.M. EST
35. SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG—FRANK MUNN, NATALIE BODANYA, LYMAN ORCHESTRA . . . 69.1
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST
36. YOUR HIT PARADE . . . 68.9
NBC Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST; CBS Sat. 10:00 P.M. EST
37. COFFEE CLUB—GOGO DeLYS, HIMBER ORCHESTRA . . . 68.5
MBS Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
38. SHELL CHATEAU—JOE COOK, WATSON ORCHESTRA . . . 68.4
NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST



RADIO STARS

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| <p>39. BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—BEATRICE LILLIE, RICKEY ORCHES-TRA 68.2 <i>NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>40. AMOS 'N' ANDY 68.2 <i>NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>41. FAMOUS JURY TRIALS 68.1 <i>MBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>42. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS 68.0 <i>NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>43. EASY ACES 67.9 <i>NBC T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>44. MODERN ROMANCES 67.7 <i>NBC Wed. 2:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>45. ETHEL BARRYMORE 67.7 <i>NBC Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>46. WARDEN LAWES 67.5 <i>NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>47. METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR 67.3 <i>NBC Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>48. JOHNNY PRESENTS—PHIL DUEY, MORGAN ORCHESTRA 67.0 <i>NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST; CBS Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>49. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC — FRANK MUNN, LUCY MON-ROE 66.8 <i>NBC Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>50. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA 66.7 <i>CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST; NBC T-W 8:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>51. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, MARY EASTMAN, LYMAN ORCHESTRA 66.5 <i>NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>52. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS 66.4 <i>NBC Tues., Sat. 11:05 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>53. EDWIN C. HILL 66.3 <i>NBC Sun. 9:45 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>54. A & P BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH, MILLER ORCHESTRA 66.1 <i>CBS Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>55. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, GREEN ORCHESTRA 66.0 <i>NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>56. ALEMITE HALF HOUR — HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS 65.8 <i>CBS Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>57. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE 65.8 <i>NBC Fri. 10:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>58. RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY, KOESTNER ORCHESTRA 65.6 <i>NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>59. EDDIE CANTOR — RENARD OR-CHES-TRA 65.5 <i>CBS Sun. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>60. GABRIEL HEATTER 65.3 <i>MBS M-T-W-T 9:00 P.M. EST; WOR Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST</i></p> | <p>61. GANG BUSTERS—PHILLIPS LORD 65.3 <i>CBS Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>62. CONTENTED PROGRAM — VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, BLACK ORCHESTRA 65.1 <i>NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>63. STAINLESS SHOW—FORD BOND 65.1 <i>NBC Fri. 7:15 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>64. ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE, VOORHEES ORCHESTRA 65.0 <i>NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>65. TWIN STARS — VICTOR MOORE, HELEN BRODERICK 64.9 <i>NBC Fri. 9:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>66. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—VOOR-HEES ORCHESTRA 64.8 <i>NBC Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>67. RUBINOFF, JAN PEECE, VIRGINIA REA 64.7 <i>CBS Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>68. SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY 64.7 <i>NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>69. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR 64.6 <i>CBS M-W-F 11:00 A.M. EST, 12:00 Noon PST</i></p> <p>70. NASH-LAFAYETTE SPEED SHOW—FLOYD GIBBONS, LOPEZ ORCHES-TRA 64.6 <i>CBS Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>71. TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S—DON Mc-NEILL, GALE PAGE 64.4 <i>NBC Fri. 4:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>72. FIRESIDE RECITALS 64.3 <i>NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>73. LOWELL THOMAS 64.1 <i>NBC M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>74. LISTEN TO THIS 64.0 <i>MBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>75. HENRY BUSSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA 63.9 <i>NBC Wed. 4:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>76. HOUR OF CHARM—PHIL SPITALNY 63.7 <i>NBC Mon. 4:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>77. ALLEN PRESCOTT 63.4 <i>NBC T-T 11:45 A.M. EST; CBS W-F 9:30 A.M. EST</i></p> <p>78. GRAND HOTEL—ANNE SEYMOUR 63.2 <i>NBC Sun. 3:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>79. WE, THE PEOPLE—PHILLIPS LORD 63.0 <i>NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>80. BAKERS' BROADCAST — ROBERT RIPLEY, NELSON ORCHESTRA 62.9 <i>NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>81. GILLETTE COMMUNITY SING—MIL-TON BERLE 62.8 <i>CBS Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>82. BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM 62.5 <i>MBS Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>83. PENTHOUSE SERENADE — MARTIN ORCHESTRA 62.3 <i>NBC Sun. 4:00 P.M. EST</i></p> | <p>84. CARBORUNDUM BAND 62. <i>CBS Sat. 7:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>85. U. S. ARMY BAND 62.0 <i>NBC Mon. 6:05 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>86. THE LONE RANGER 61.9 <i>MBS M-W-F 7:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>87. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN 61.6 <i>CBS Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>88. JOSEF CHERNIAVSKY'S MUSICAL CAMERA—WILLIE MORRIS 61.5 <i>NBC Sun. 4:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>89. RIPLING RHYTHM REVUE—FRANK PARKER, FIELDS ORCHESTRA 61.3 <i>NBC Sun. 9:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>90. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY 61.2 <i>CBS Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST</i></p> <p>91. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY 61.1 <i>NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>92. LESSONS IN HOLLYWOOD—JACKIE COOPER, YOUNG ORCHESTRA 61.1 <i>MBS M-W 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>93. 1937 RADIO SHOW—RAY KNIGHT, JOHNSON ORCHESTRA 60.9 <i>M/S Sun. 6:00 PM EST</i></p> <p>94. YOUR PET PROGRAM—MARY EAST-MAN, HAENSCHEN ORCHESTRA 60.9 <i>CBS Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>95. NATIONAL BARN DANCE 60.7 <i>NBC Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>96. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND 60.6 <i>NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>97. LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH—LOUISE MASSEY 60.4 <i>NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>98. MYRT AND MARGE 60.1 <i>CBS M-T-W-T-F 2:45 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>99. LA SALLE FASHION SHOW—CHARLES LEMAIRE 60.0 <i>NBC Thur. 4:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>100. FATHER COUGHLIN 59.9 <i>WOR Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>101. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—VOOR-HEES ORCHESTRA 59.7 <i>CBS Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>102. KRUEGER MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY COOPER, SALLY SINGER, BLOCK ORCHESTRA 59.6 <i>NBC Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>103. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE 59.4 <i>CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST</i></p> <p>104. DEATH VALLEY DAYS 59.3 <i>NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST</i></p> <p>105. WATCH THE FUN GO BY — AL PEARCE 59.1 <i>CBS Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</i></p> <p>106. IRVIN S. COBB—PADUCAH PLANTA-TION 58.8 <i>NBC Sat. 10:30 P.M. EST</i></p> |
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CLOSE-UP, ALL RIGHT! IS MY POWDER SHOWING TERRIBLY?



YOUR FACE lighted by the bright spring sunshine! Does he see it "soft and fresh"? . . . Or "all powdery"?

The answer is in your powder!

Pond's Powder is "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light—never to show up "powdery." True skin tones, they give a soft look in any light.

Try Pond's for yourself—in the brightest light. In a recent inquiry among girls, Pond's got more votes than any other powder for not showing up in bright light!

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

(This offer expires July 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 9RS-PE, Clinton, Conn.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test

Name _____

Address _____



Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

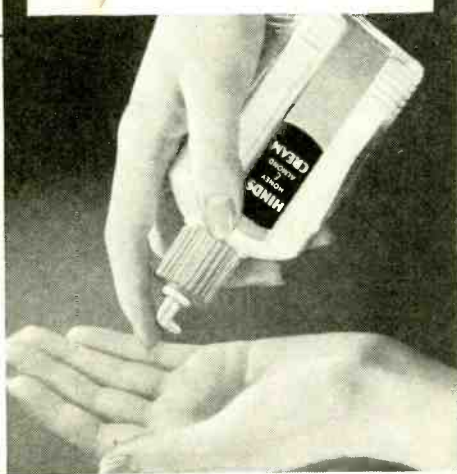
RADIO STARS



HERE comes the bride...and an adoring husband feasting his eyes on her skin. Smooth, velvety-soft...in spite of nippy winds! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream yourself for bride-like skin. Now that it contains Vitamin D, it's better than ever—gives skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Skin feels so much softer!

SPRING PLANTING stains, roughens skin. Use Hinds to ease that "tight" drawn feeling...change chapping into smoothness *fast*. With its Vitamin D, Hinds seems to smooth even scaly places!

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

Hinds—with Vitamin D in it—does dry skin a world of good!

Now, more than ever, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes and softens dry, chapped, windburned skin. This beloved hand lotion, long famous for the good it does, now contains Vitamin D! This vitamin is *absorbed* by your skin... gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds regularly to fight cracked knuckles, chapping, rough "sandpaper hands." Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good than ever! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

- 107. MORNING MATINEE — LAWRENCE GRAY 58.7
MBS Thur. 9:00 A.M. EST
- 108. LOVE AND LEARN 58.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 1:30 P.M. EST
- 109. VOX POP 58.5
NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 110. RALEIGH AND KOOL CIGARETTE SHOW—JACK PEARL 58.4
NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST
- 111. FOLLOW THE MOON—ELSIE HITZ, NICK DAWSON 58.3
NBC M-T-W-T-F 4:30 P.M. EST
- 112. YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND 58.1
CBS Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST
- 113. POETIC MELODIES—JACK FULTON, MILLS ORCHESTRA 58.0
CBS M-T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST
- 114. UNIVERSAL RHYTHM — CHANDLER ORCHESTRA 57.9
NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 115. PROFESSOR QUIZ AND HIS BRAIN-BUSTERS 57.8
CBS Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST
- 116. LUM AND ABNER 57.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 117. JOE PENNER — GRIER ORCHESTRA 57.6
CBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST
- 118. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY 57.5
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST, 10:30 A.M. EST on WJZ WLS WSYR WHAM KDKA
- 119. QUALITY TWINS — EAST AND DUMKE 57.4
CBS T-T 11:15 A.M. EST
- 120. DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR?—HAVEN MAC QUARIE 57.2
NBC Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 121. BROADWAY VARIETIES 57.0
CBS Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 122. NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES 56.9
CBS M-W-F 2:00 P.M. EST
- 123. JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP 56.8
NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST
- 124. WILDERNESS ROAD 56.7
CBS M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST
- 125. THE O'NEILLS 56.5
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:45 P.M. EST, 11:00 A.M. EST on WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WMAL WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WXYZ WLS
- 126. IRENE RICH 56.4
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 127. MARY MARLIN 56.3
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST
- 128. FIVE STAR REVUE—MORTON BOWE 56.2
CBS M-W-F 1:00 P.M. EST
- 129. JERGENS PROGRAM—WALTER WINCHELL 56.0
NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 130. VOCAL VARIETIES 55.9
NBC T-T 7:15 P.M. EST
- 131. THE LAMPLIGHTER 55.7
MBS Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST, M-W-F 9:30 A.M. EST
- 132. DICK TRACY 55.6
MBS M-T-W 5:45 P.M. EST
- 133. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA 55.4
NBC Tues. 7:45 P.M. EST
- 134. BETTY MOORE 55.3
NBC Thur. 11:30 A.M. EST
- 135. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN 55.2
NBC Sat. 5:30 P.M. EST
- 136. HUSBANDS AND WIVES 55.0
NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST
- 137. MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR 54.9
CBS Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 138. GIRL ALONE 54.8
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:00 Noon EST
- 139. SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES 54.6
NBC Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 140. PRETTY KITTY KELLY 54.3
CBS M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 141. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS 54.2
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST
- 142. VIC AND SADE 54.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:30 P.M. EST, 11:30 A.M. EST on WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WMAL WGAR WXYZ KWK KSO KOIL KGO KECA KPSD WMT WSYR WHAM WLS KDKA KLO
- 143. TODAY'S CHILDREN 53.9
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:45 A.M. EST
- 144. GOLD MEDAL FEATURE TIME 53.7
CBS M-T-W-T-F 10:00 A.M. EST
- 145. FIVE STAR JONES 53.6
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:15 A.M. EST
- 146. SUNSET DREAMS—MORIN SISTERS 53.4
NBC Sun. 7:45 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST
- 147. DAVID HARUM 53.3
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:00 A.M. EST
- 148. LANDT TRIO—COL. JIM HEALY 53.1
NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST
- 149. MA AND PA 53.0
CBS M-T-W-T-F 7:15 P.M. EST
- 150. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION 52.9
NBC M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 151. IODENT DRESS REHEARSAL—MORTON BOWE, RINES ORCHESTRA 52.8
NBC Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST
- 152. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY 52.6
NBC Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST
- 153. BACKSTAGE WIFE 52.5
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:15 A.M. EST
- 154. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT 52.3
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:30 P.M. EST



Charles Butterworth

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Fred Astaire

Since its initial broadcast, the *Packard Program* starring Fred Astaire and Charles Butterworth, has steadily improved, until now it definitely is one of the air's most entertaining programs. Fred Astaire no longer has to carry the full responsibility of the hour's success on his dapper shoulders. That seemed to be the fault when the program first started. It depended too much on Fred. And veterans of the airwaves all know that putting over an hour's show, week after week, certainly is more than a one-man job. Charles Butterworth has developed into a positive favorite, thanks to comic material which conceals that the average radio listener is an intelligent person. The wise additions of Conrad Thibault and Francia White have given the show the balance necessary for outstandingly

good radio entertainment. And, of course, the music of Johnny Green and his orchestra, and vocalist Trudy Wood, always are a delight to the ear. And, too, the expert production job done on the *Packard Program* has contributed immeasurably to the broadcast's success.

Because of its superior artists, presentation, believable commercial announcements and excellent script, *RADIO STARS Magazine* presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio to the *Packard Program*.

Letter C. Grady

—EDITOR



Charlie and
Fred at rehearsal

WHY BUDDY WILL WED MARY

What has made love's dream
come true for Maestro Rogers
and *America's Sweetheart*?



A success on screen and radio, Mary may return to the mike after becoming Mrs. Charles Rogers. Her husband-to-be heartily approves.

Not long ago Miss Pickford appeared as guest star on Rudy Vallee's program. She is considering several propositions for radio work.



From Olathe, Kans., came Buddy, to do big things on the screen, air and bandstands, with Mary as his long-awaited prize.



"I'LL TELL you something about us I bet you never knew before," said Buddy, a smile in his eyes, on his lips and, I think, in his heart. "I'll tell you when I first saw Mary. It was when I was in college. I went to the movies and saw her, for the first time, in—*Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I think I knew then," Buddy laughed, "that she was my 'Best Girl.' I didn't know it consciously, of course. I had no idea of ever meeting her, of ever even seeing her in person. She seemed as far distant to me as Venus. In fact, to me she sort of became Venus. I still feel that way," laughed Buddy again. "I guess I never got over it. Looks that way now, doesn't it?"

Yes, I thought, with their marriage in the spring, it does "look that way now."

"Life," continued the more mature, more dignified Charles Rogers of today, "life is a magician, a sleight-of-hand artist. Whoever said: 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' certainly made the most masterly understatement of fact of all time. For, if anyone had told me then—me, a run of the mill student of the University of Kansas—that one day I would marry *Mary Pickford*—well, I would have thought it a fantasy bordering on madness. Such a notion never entered my head.

"I didn't, then, think of picture people as being real people at all. I didn't think of them as flesh and blood human beings, eating and sleeping and having jobs and mortgages and problems like the rest of us. I can remember the first time I ever saw Mary eating. I was surprised. I must have had an idea that the people of the screen were veritable shadows, projections of the imagination, compounded of stardust and moonbeams—or some equally ethereal and nonsensical notion.

"And I certainly," grinned Buddy, "didn't figure that I would ever have anything in common with ethereal types. I was then, as I am now, much too fond of boxing and food and jazz, music and animals and the good earth. No,

if anyone had even suggested to me that some day I would meet Mary Pickford, I would have said: 'Aw, come off. You're dreaming!'

"And I never did try to meet Mary," Buddy continued, over the luncheon table at his home in Beverly Hills. "Such an idea as that would never have entered my head, either, until she chose me to play opposite her in *My Best Girl*. I never was more excited over anything before. For the first time in my life, I guess, I changed my tie ten times. I had my hair cut, and then wished I hadn't. And then we met. So many things," said Buddy, simply, "fail to come up to expectations. But Mary did not fail!"

And I thought, as Buddy talked, that he was, unconsciously, accounting for the fact that never in all his happy, popular, limelighted life, in college, on the screen, on the air or making personal appearances with his world-famous band—never has he really been in love before. It is a case without precedent, so far as I know.

I recalled how, when he first came to Hollywood and all the frail feminine hearts were sighing, he dated most of the pretty, popular, nicest girls in town—and let it go at that. Mary Brian. This one. That one. Dances. Dates. Luncheons. Hints of romance which never developed beyond the rumor stage.

And when rumors die a-borning here in Hollywood, it's jolly well because they have nothing to nourish them!

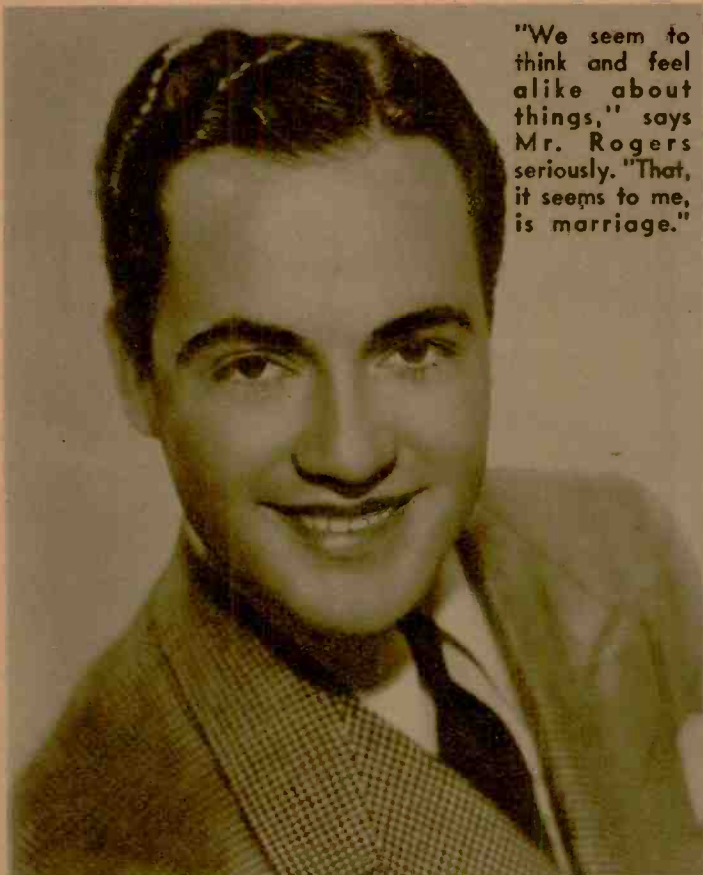
People wondered why. For years, people have wondered why. People need wonder no longer. I am about to tell them. For I asked him: "Haven't you ever been in love, Buddy? Before—before Mary, I mean?"

"Never," said Buddy immediately, "never before."

Which does account for it. Though it still remains a case without precedent.

I remembered, too, how his mother once told me that Buddy had always been quiet (Continued on page 81)

BY GLADYS
HALL



"We seem to think and feel alike about things," says Mr. Rogers seriously. "That, it seems to me, is marriage."



Mary's terrified expression is an act. She's anything but afraid of life and her, new rôle in it.

- BUT NOW LIFE'S

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

To Fred MacMurray, life

seemed out of tune as

he traveled from job

to job, seeking his

proper place in the

scheme of things

Fred is fond of his sax,
for with it he got his
first start on Broadway.

Fred and Carole Lombard hold everything as they fight a gale.

Frances Langford watches as Fred sings a Hollywood Hotel ditty.



ONE SWEET SONG

WHEN I asked Fred MacMurray how long he had been married, he said: "We just celebrated our seventh anniversary."

I stared at him incredulously. Gossip columns—interviews—they couldn't all be wrong. Surely he hadn't been *secretly* married all those years!

He grinned. "Not seven years—seven months! We were married last June—we had weekly anniversaries at first, but now we celebrate monthly!"

My briefly glimpsed "scoop" took wings, and with it, a vaguely preconceived idea I had had, that Fred MacMurray had been a little spoiled by his success. It had come quickly, it was sudden and outstanding enough to turn any good-looking boy's head. One moment he was young, unknown, struggling toward a dim and distant goal, and the next he was famous, established, playing opposite such popular favorites as Claudette Colbert, Gladys Swarthout, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn . . .

And as if all that were not enough, he had stepped, without any preliminary training or experience, into a top spot in radio, too, as master of ceremonies of *Hollywood Hotel*. It would not have been at all surprising if I had found him, as I half expected to, a little vain, a little snobbish, a little arrogant.

But obviously he was not like that at all, this smiling

young man, who was unaffected and sincere enough to talk about his monthly anniversaries like any other happy bridegroom.

Fame came so suddenly that he was not quite able, at first, to realize it, to count on it. He had been in love a long time, but he wanted to offer his wife security as well as love. He wanted to be sure his success was not just a flash in the pan, that he himself had staying qualities, that he had chosen the right profession and was building a foundation for the future. He could not believe the papers, he could not trust in his fan mail. Might not this interest die out as quickly as it had come? He had to have something more concrete before he could believe in his own good fortune.

And before he had lost this sense of bewilderment, of surprise in his own achievement, he had won a seven-year contract. With shining eyes and glowing hopes, he laid it in Lillian's lap.

He had met Lillian Lamont when he was playing in *Roberta* in New York. She was one of the models from a swanky Fifth Avenue shop (Continued on page 84)



Two stars of radio, Gladys Swarthout and Fred, have an informal chat.

Fred's lovely bride, Lillian Lamont, used to be a model in New York.



Photo by Ben Pinchot



Photo by Ray Lee Jackson



Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

1001

Jessica Dragonette, lovely singing actress, star of the *Palmolive* love-story broadcasts, a modern prototype of Scheherazade, greatest teller of love stories the world has ever known

BY NANCY BARROWS

On Wednesday evenings at 9:30 p.m., EST, over the CBS network, Jessica Dragonette sings in the *Palmolive* presentation of the world's greatest love stories. On the opposite page, at the left, is Jessica in *The Student Prince*. Right, in *Rio Rita*.

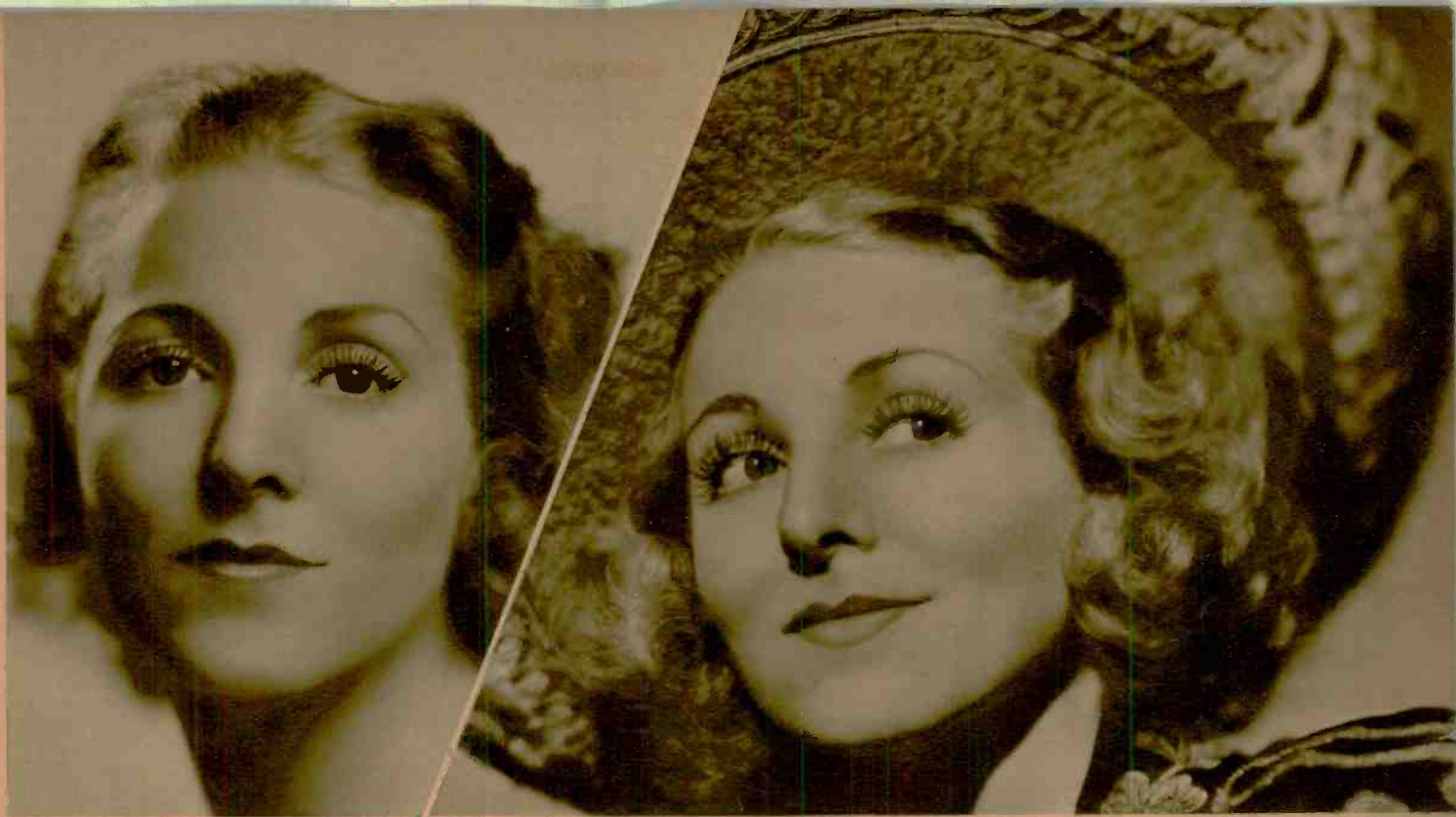


Photo by Ben Pinchor

RADIO NIGHTS

THROUGHOUT the Orient the stories of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*—or *The Thousand and One Nights*—are oft-told tales, familiar to everyone, as today the continuous sagas of the comic strips are familiar to us. Jessica Dragonette, a child, traveling with her father through those far Eastern lands, heard these stories told and retold—the stories of the Queen Scheherazade, who, to save her life, nightly related to the Sultan a story of romance and adventure. If the story failed to entertain and enthrall, Scheherazade's life would be forfeit. Always the invisible sword hung in the air as, for a thousand and one nights, she wove her fateful stories.

Into the impressionable mind of the child Jessica, the stories sank deeply, to be overlaid, as time passed, with other impressions, other experiences. She did not, naturally, dream how one day they would come back to form an analogy for her own career. Time goes swiftly when you are a child and Jessica was changing time into life in the medium she loved best—music. To Jessica Dragonette, who sang even before she talked, music was the ruling passion, the one completely absorbing, enthralling way of life. The baby songs she sang to her adoring family changed to the more ambitious ones of school-girl concerts. Led her later, inevitably, to the theatre, where she made her debut as “the voice of an angel” in the Max Reinhardt production of *The Miracle*. She sang the rôle of *Kathe* in *The Student Prince* and Broadway came to know her, still in her 'teens, in *The Grand Street Follies*. Then radio brought her to that ever widening audience which eagerly tunes its dials when Jessica sings.

Of her first radio appearance Miss Dragonette recalls no thrill. “I was extremely nervous,” she admits. “And the lack of applause bothered me. I was convinced that I was a failure!” But a flood of letters from listeners

reassured her, and she resolved to continue her career in this new medium of entertainment.

These fan letters, coming in continuously increasing numbers from all over the world, mean a great deal to Jessica. All of them are acknowledged as promptly as possible. Many of them she answers personally. From some have come friendships, experiences that touch the heart. But of these Jessica is chary of speaking.

“It would be exploiting them,” she says. “I couldn't talk about them for publication. But, out of the multitudes, always there are some that come close to one . . . Life somehow brings certain people together for some experience—like those people in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*—do you remember? It must be something more than chance . . .”

From that, one might surmise in Miss Dragonette a strain of the underlying mysticism of the Orient. But she disclaims that. A thoughtful student of philosophy, of the sciences, of history, hers is a well informed, well balanced mind. But hungry always for wider knowledge, she looks beyond superficial aspects to deeper significances.

Jessica Dragonette definitely is one of radio's pioneers. It is over ten years since she started on the *Coca Cola* program, presenting the first singing and talking program for the air. Then there were no traditions for radio programs, no set pattern to follow. Jessica created and wrote scripts and continuities for these programs, offering every type of acting and singing parts, from Shakespeare to operettas.

She was the first star of *General Motors* program. For two and a half years, as star of the *Philco* program, she brought to her unseen listeners the first radio versions of all the popular light opera rôles. As star of the *Cities Service* program for seven years, (*Continued on page 98*)



Lum and Abner, bound for California, where their NBC program now originates. Norris Goff (Abner) on the step, with Chester (Lum) Lauck at his left. And above are Mrs. Goff (left) and Mrs. Lauck.



Left, Mary Orr of the stage hit, *Three Men on a Horse*, with Jack Landt and Bernice Claire.

IN THE

Take a peek at the

Alexander Woolcott rehearses for his Tuesday and Thursday CBS *Town Crier* programs.





Nelson Eddy as *Paul*, in the M-G-M movie, *Maytime*, starring Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.



Wide World.

Not *swingin'*, but *wingin'*! 275-pound Jack Smart floats with 61-pound Peggy Ryan in Hollywood's newest dance creation for a Universal musical.

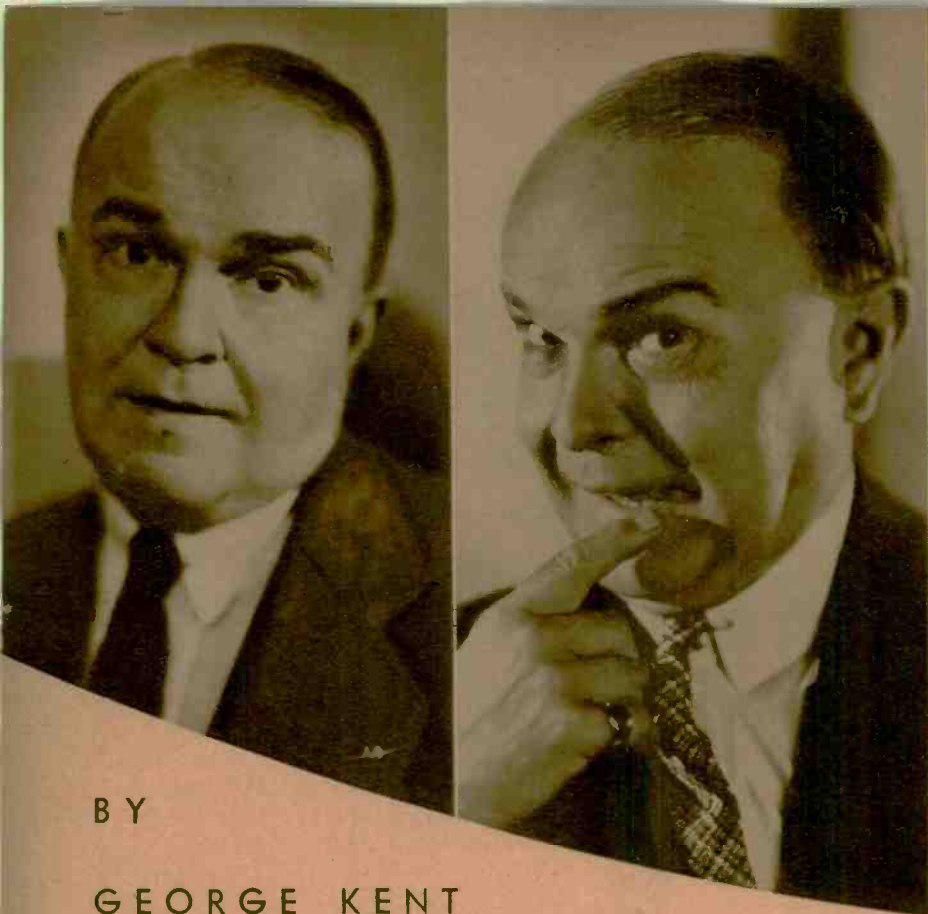
RADIO SPOTLIGHT

aircasters in odd moments, playing or working with equal zest

Dorothy Lamour, radio singer now being featured by Paramount, has tresses thirty inches long.

Between rehearsal and broadcast, Victor Arden (left), Jack Pearl and Cliff (Sharlie) Hall foregather at a table in a Radio City restaurant.





DO YOU KNOW

Don't let that dumb face
It's a mask! He's sixty-
everything he ever has

BY

GEORGE KENT

WHEN Victor Moore was born, the new moon was shining over his pudgy right shoulder. Horseshoes were nailed to the headboards of the crib. Rabbits' feet tickled the baby neck and four-leaved clovers sprouted between the pink toes. In a word, Mr. Moore, our most chronically triumphant comedian, was born lucky—born to win. The genius who christened him Victor was right, even though he was punning, for *victor* he has been from the beginning. Victor in every department of life.

Don't take my word for it, look at the record. He is sixty-one years old, has been on the stage since he was seventeen—and in the past twenty-five years, no show he played in has failed to succeed. All of them have made money. Most of them have been hits and a few like *Of Thee I Sing* and *Anything Goes* have established new box-office highs. No line he has delivered in the effort to make people laugh has failed to get its giggle. He is known to Broadway, Hollywood and now on radio—on the *Twin Stars* program—as the absolutely sure-fire comedian.

Producers follow him around, offering him flabbergasting salaries. He is the man with the Midas touch. He can take a script dry as dust and wring from it the golden belly laughs that produce another kind of ringing in theatrical cash registers. They say that anybody can write a show for him, because when he is on the stage, or at the mike, it's not what he says but how he says it that makes you guffaw.

There you have good fortune enough for any man! But not enough for Victor Moore. Peep in on the man's personal life. What is it that completes and rounds

out a masculine life? Yes, a woman. In his case she was Emma Littlefield. She, too, was an actress and, atop of that, a wife. Together, they wrote, developed and acted the famous vaudeville skit, *Change Your Act*, which never lost a week's booking in over ten years. Some weeks, they made as high as \$1500. They worked together, traveled, played, loved together—and at the end of every year they were broke! But they didn't care. They were having fun.

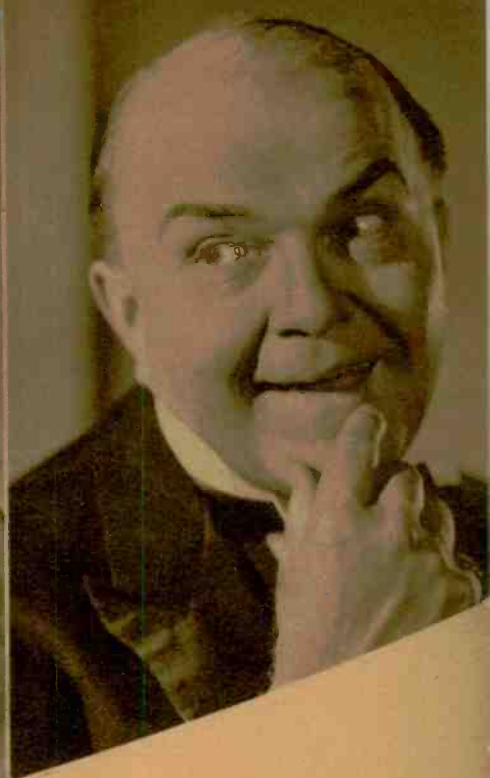
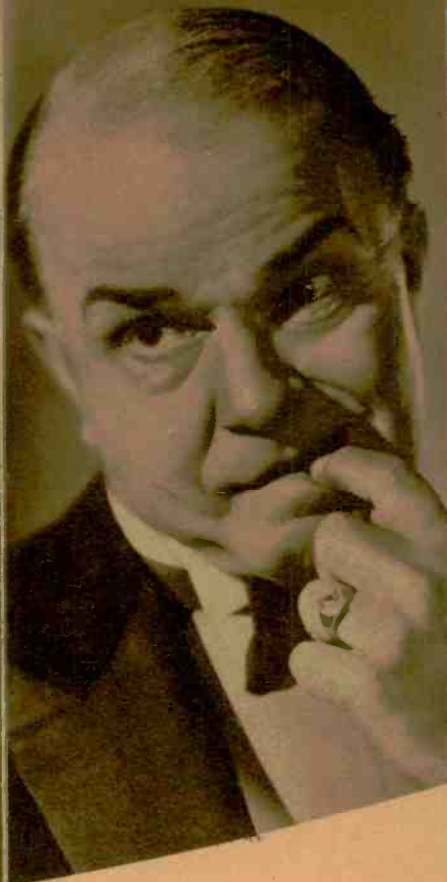
Pour into this man's cup of bliss, two lovely children—and truly, in the phrase of the Bible, it "runneth over." The children, a boy and a girl, are in their late 'teens,



Broadway's celebrated comedians, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, now are together in radio.

REALLY VICTOR?

of Victor Moore fool you!
one years old—and
done has been a success!



Four views of Victor Moore, who is featured with Helen Broderick and Buddy Rogers on NBC's *Twin Stars* program, Friday nights at 9:30 p.m., EST.

both of them headed for stage careers, equipped by gobs of inherited talent. On their thirty-second wedding anniversary, Mrs. Moore died. Death was the one barrier, the Moore luck could not carry over. But measure this marital life by any rule you choose—and it was extraordinarily successful, serenely and beautifully happy.

Finally, for an illustration of the way this man has had with life, you have the story of his financial career. He made all the mistakes possible. He lost in gambling and unwise investments more than a million dollars, yet today, somehow, some way, he is extremely rich. There was the time, for example, when he was nuts about poker.

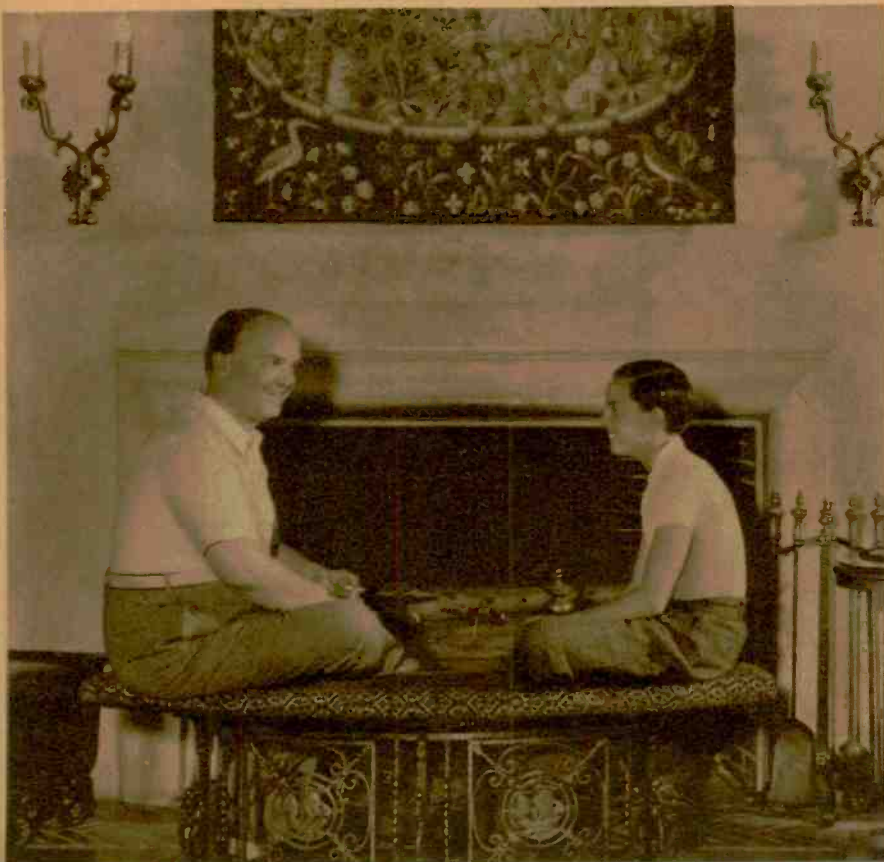
They say he used to arrange to have three games going, one at the hotel, one at the theatre, one at the Lambs' Club. And he always lost. One year he dropped \$85,000. He also was an incurable race track follower and there, too, he invariably lost. The check stubs showed, one year, a loss of \$50,000.

Add to these, the fact that he was meat for every panhandler on Broadway, for every peddler of neckties, razor blades or phony stock. He has owned packing cases full of worthless shares in oil wells, gold mines, airplane companies. This airplane investment looked so good, the British Government was going to write a big order, provided the plane got off the ground. It didn't.

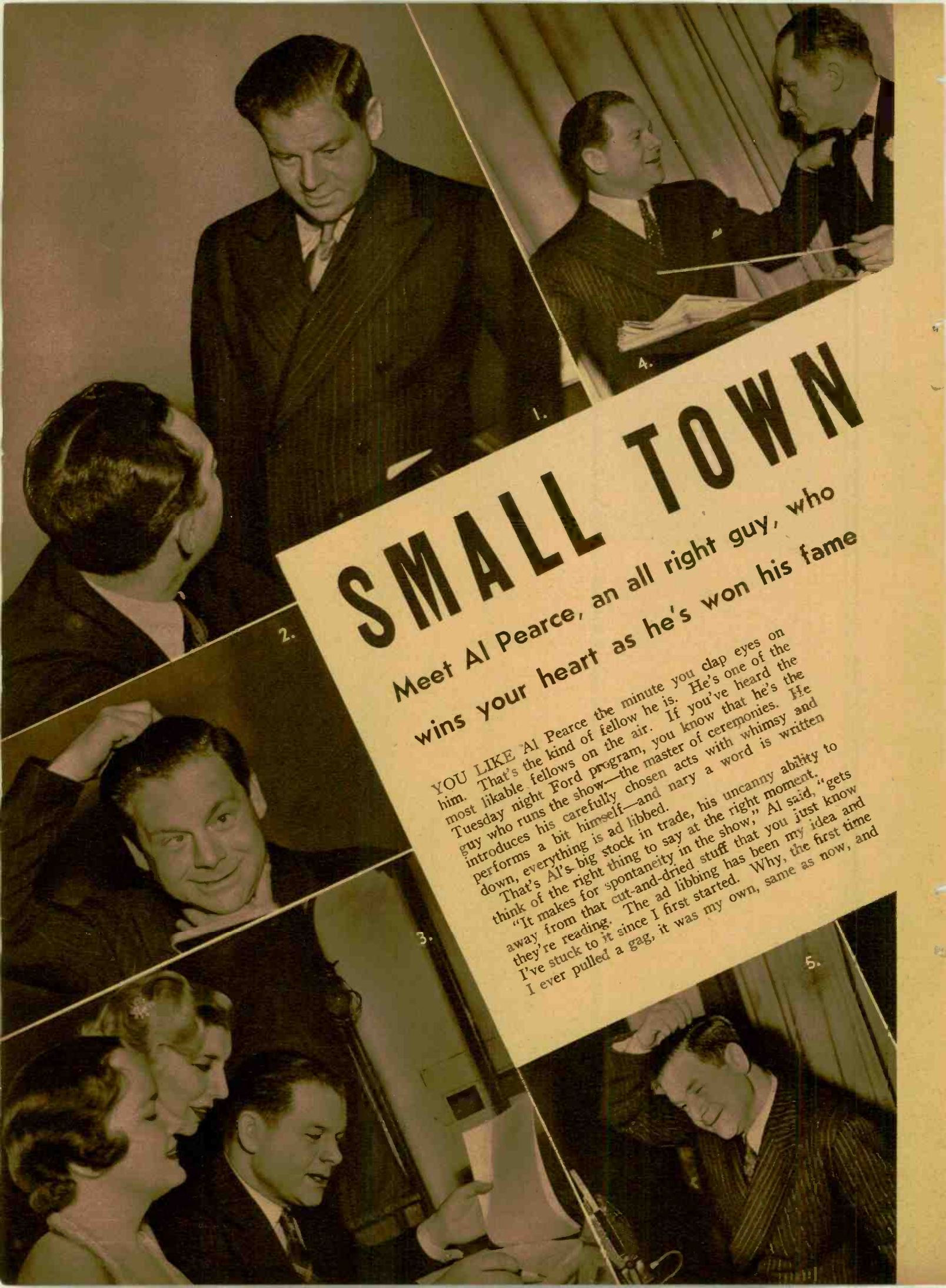
That's how it has been, and it would have been enough to crack the spirit and ruin the career of anyone but Victor Moore, who, in all his life, never has failed to get the big end of the wishbone. One day, a friend came to sell him some lots on Long Island. Victor, by that time, had learned to shy away from investments, and he said no. The friend persisted. Again, Victor said *no*. Finally the friend, in desperation, put it this way:

"If I give you a winner at Belmont (the race track) will you buy them?"

This time the answer was *yes*. Victor went home and, over the protests of his indulgent wife, took the family jewels and raised on them \$300, and went out to the track. The horse, he discovered, was listed at ten to one and Victor got cold feet and bet only \$50. The horse came in, and he was obliged to buy the lots even though it took him—as time showed—ten (Continued on page 72)



Stage success is supplemented by a happy home life. Here is Victor with his tall son, Bobby.



SMALL TOWN

Meet Al Pearce, an all right guy, who wins your heart as he's won his fame

YOU LIKE Al Pearce the minute you clap eyes on him. That's the kind of fellow he is. He's one of the most likable night Ford fellows on the air. If you've heard the guy who runs the show—the master of ceremonies. He introduces his carefully chosen acts with whimsy and performs a bit himself—and nary a word is written down, everything is ad libbed. That's Al's big stock in trade, his uncanny ability to think of the right thing to say at the right moment. "It makes for spontaneity in the show," Al said, "gets away from that cut-and-dried stuff that you just know they're reading. The ad libbing has been my idea and I've stuck to it since I first started. Why, the first time I ever pulled a gag, it was my own, same as now, and

2.

3.

5.

GUY

BY WILLIAM
PERKINS

that was back in San José, California, where my brother Cal and I trail from." He stopped to fix and light his pipe. "My audience wasn't fussy, just the old barber-shop gang, and it was a good thing they weren't, because I was only a kid who wanted to show off. I'd been working away at a banjo for some time and I picked up a few impersonations that weren't too awful."

The kid liked to entertain people. The man's the same way today. Big, over six feet, light-haired and light-hearted, he makes you like him. Successful as he's been in everything he's laid a hand to, he's still unaffected and that's no press-agent (Continued on page 104)

1. Chief Gangster and gasser of his merry gang, Al Pearce compares notes with one of his henchmen, Pianist Walter Gross, before airing a Watch The Fun Go By program.
2. Pearce crosses his eyes and searches his brain for another good homespun gag.
3. Left to right, Betty Garde and Arlene Harris confer with Al Pearce on a script.
4. Bandleader Larry Marsh holds everything, baton poised, as Al jovially gives him an encouraging hard, plus some instructions.
5. The mike doesn't really stump Mr. Pearce, as he would have you believe. He ad libs glibly but needs hands and face to do it.
6. Not an impersonation of Jack Pearl, but Al's effort to look like a small town guy.
7. Al demonstrates his uncanny ability to say just the right thing at the right moment.
8. Popular outside his gang, too, Mr. P. converses with songstress Virginia Verrill.
9. Al has himself a hearty last laugh as he signs off till next Tuesday at 9 p.m.





Francica's frail beauty conceals a strong heart.



Happily headed for a brisk game of tennis.



Her trim figure is envied by most singers.

FRANICIA OF THE

Western sun and a wholesome life have given Francica White

WHEN Francica White went to New York to be the star of a big radio program, she couldn't find a place to sleep. To be sure, there were dozens of available hotels there and Francica tried them all, but sleep she couldn't. Each morning she would check out of the hotel she was in and move to a different one.

The managers dusted off their most secluded rooms for this slim, brown-eyed, unbelievably young star, but all to no avail.

Accustomed all her life to the quiet of the country, she found it impossible to sleep with the roar of the subway, the shrieking of taxicab brakes, the rumble of the elevated and all the strange noises of a great city which per-

meated to the recesses of even the most secluded rooms. She sang on her first important radio program without having closed her eyes for a week.

Francica told me about this and other incidents of her career when I went out to see her recently. Sitting on the floor in front of the huge fireplace in the living-room of her country home, she hugged her knees and rocked back and forth with laughter as she told of happenings that had seemed tremendously serious at the time.

Her infectious giggle bubbles at the slightest excuse, giving the impression that it is just ready to come out without provocation. Her curly, brown hair, shoulder length, seemed to reflect her mood and flew in every direction in charming disarray. At her side lay her constant companion, an amiable, beady-eyed little Scottie dog.

"You'll have to do the talking," she had told me when I arrived, "for I have nothing interesting to say. Nothing interesting ever happens to me, really.

Nothing ever happens to

me," which is obviously a rank understatement.

She sat nervously—for Francica is never quiet—poking the fire ("putting it out," according to her mother) and jumping up to answer the telephone, which rang with disturbing regularity. At long distance rates, too, for the White ranch is in the country, near the little town of Covina, twenty-five miles from Los Angeles.

The house, a combination of Spanish and Early California architecture, is completely surrounded by orange groves, and the faint odor of the blossoms hung over the rooms like incense. An atmosphere of contentment made itself felt from the moment I drove into the driveway where both Francica and her gentle, white-haired mother came out to meet me.

Here Francica has lived since she was brought to California as a baby, "and this is the third house we've built right on this spot," she told me. "We wore out two houses."

Probably there isn't a tree on the ranch that Francica hasn't tumbled from, for in

BY FRANIC

DILLON

Francia White
is as lovely
as her voice.
She sings on
Tuesdays at
9:30 p.m. EST.



Francia loves to pick oranges on her ranch.

RANCHO !

a vivid background

spite of of her faithfulness to her studies, she was an active child, the games the boys played always seeming more attractive to her than playing with dolls.

Here, in this lovely home, Francia and her mother have lived alone since the death of her father when she was twelve years old. It is not surprising that their neighbors and, in fact, the entire community of Covina, have adopted a protective attitude toward the Whites and assumed a jealously proprietary air toward Francia's career.

"She's like my own child," one neighbor will tell you. "She's been running in and out of our house since she was first able to walk."

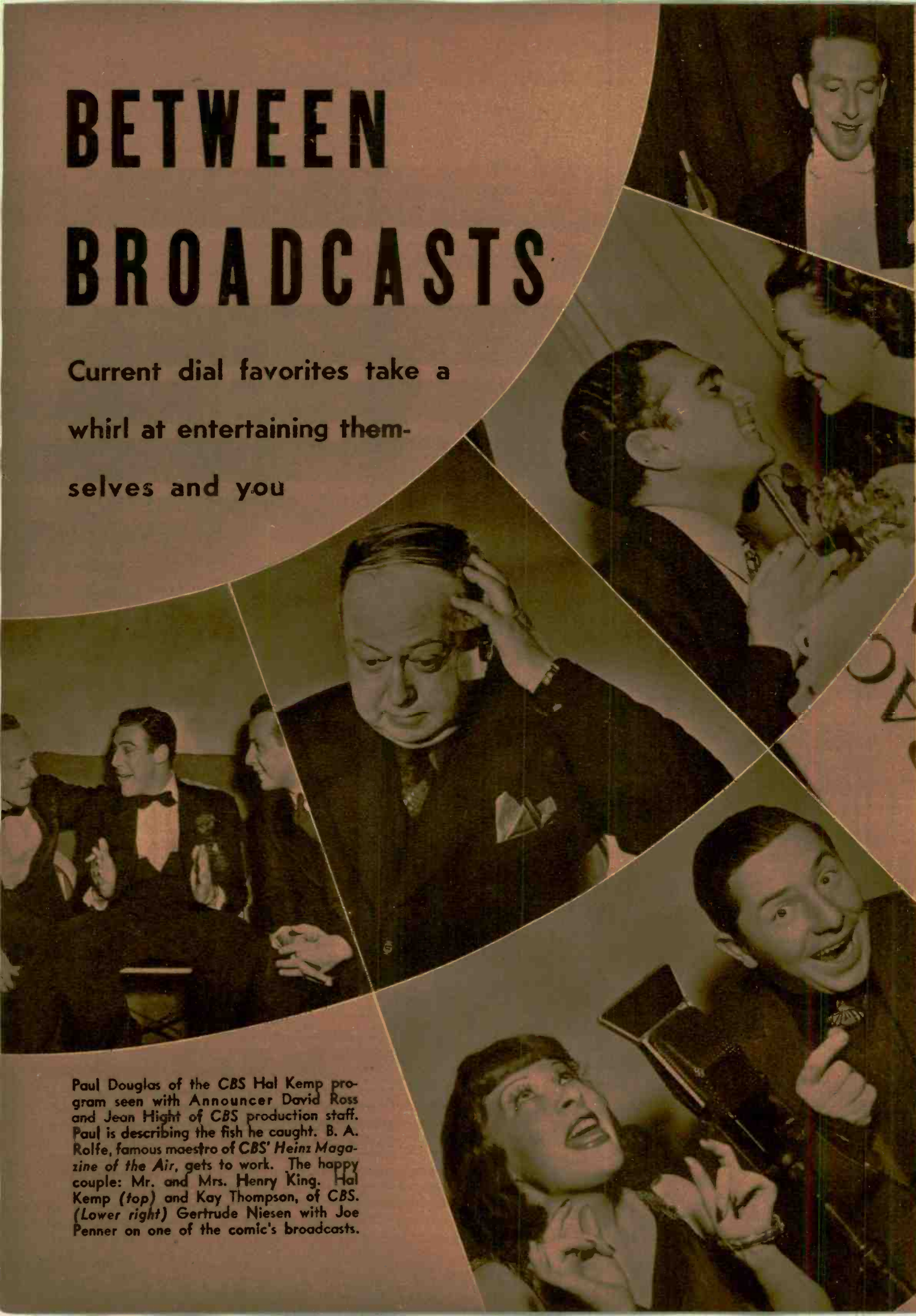
Since she first began to sing, Francia has given generously of

(Continued on
page 78)



BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Current dial favorites take a
whirl at entertaining them-
selves and you



Paul Douglas of the CBS Hal Kemp program seen with Announcer David Ross and Jean Hight of CBS production staff. Paul is describing the fish he caught. B. A. Rolfe, famous maestro of CBS' *Heinz Magazine of the Air*, gets to work. The happy couple: Mr. and Mrs. Henry King. Hal Kemp (top) and Kay Thompson, of CBS. (Lower right) Gertrude Niesen with Joe Penner on one of the comic's broadcasts.



Gladys Swarthout (left) during a recent appearance in Washington, D. C., charms (left to right) Senator Barkley of Kentucky, former Senator Watson, Senators Connally of Texas and Davis of Pennsylvania. (Center) NBC's Ed Wynn greets Irène Bordoni, Gallic star. (Below) MBS Maestro Arnold Johnson, of 1937 Radio Show, at a poultry exhibition.



FAILURE IS



Left, Maestros Lopez and Vallee harmonize on their pet instruments. Above, in the Hotel Astor, N. Y., where he plays.

"MUSIC was given me to make my way in life."

When Vincent Lopez speaks it is almost as if he is not speaking at all, so quietly, almost in a monotone, do his words come. It is more as if his thoughts have become audible. If it weren't for the things he says and the thought behind them, a first impression of him would be that he is a very bored young man.

Too much success *could* bring boredom. It wouldn't be at all surprising if he were a bit fed up with it. All these years on Broadway, his name in lights so constantly that it couldn't help but become a monotony, three telephones in his hotel suite that never stop ringing, and a success as individual now as in the days when a good orchestra meant only Lopez and Whiteman. Material success came early and stayed with Vincent Lopez.

He sits there, leaning back in his chair, and looks at his finger

tips. A telephone rings and he answers it.

A business detail, a rather annoying detail you gather, but his calm voice goes on, and suddenly you have that feeling of his putting something right that has gone wrong.

A few minutes have gone by since he began speaking, another telephone call has intervened, and yet he takes up the thread of what he was saying as casually as if it weren't something of an achievement in these days of fragmentary conversation.

"With me, it was music that was given. Everyone is given something. You take it and work at it and make everything of it that you can. That is your justification for being alive at all."

Suddenly you see Lopez differently. You sense something he has gained within himself. Something that seems almost strange because you see it so seldom in people still young, or in cities, or

Vincent Lopez, above and at extreme right, finds the piano an outlet for his moods.

Vincent Lopez has changed! What has

ONLY A WORD

BY ELIZABETH
BENNECHE PETERSEN



When Vincent favors you with a smile, you may be sure he means it. "I smile only when my heart is smiling too!" he says.

in professions that necessarily seem to be made up of turbulence and restlessness.

Relaxation. That's the thing he has. Something you might expect to find in the high Himalayas, where men give thought to their souls and things of the spirit. Something you might expect to find in the old, who have bartered excitement for the peace that has come to them, or on farms or in small villages where people necessarily have to look more to themselves for stimulus.

But you don't expect to find it on Broadway in a hotel suite in the heart of the theatrical district. You don't expect to find it in a man, still young, who has kept on the top of the wave for a decade and a half.

Nine years ago Vincent Lopez was different. His best friends will tell you that, if they hadn't seen him constantly in the intervening period, they wouldn't recognize the Lopez of today as the

man they used to know.

For it is nine years since he first read the book that was to change everything for him. That book was *Dwellers on Two Planets*, by Phylos, the Tibetan philosopher. He read it the first time and was carried away by it although, in that first reading, he couldn't begin to understand it.

He read that book many times afterwards and it was four years before he really grasped its meaning.

"Nine years ago, I didn't think." Lopez smiles.

Strange how you can hold the key to your life and try to fit it into places where it doesn't belong! That's what Lopez used to do, and always there was that sense of unfulfillment in him. The pattern he was seeking was there but he couldn't find it. He was restless, as people are who haven't found themselves. Success came but he never found it enough, (Continued on page 92)

led to his new philosophy of life?



SHE

BY ELSPETH

MacDONALD

Natalie Bodanya's girlhood was a nightmare of struggle and despair, but her tenement up-bringing gave her stamina and the will to win!

To look at her now, you'd never believe Natalie went hungry or suffered heartaches and pain.

SHE was such a little thing to know what worry was. Too little and too young to have to lie awake thinking about the rent and the gas bill, and the price of butter and milk and eggs.

But ever since she was ten, Natalie Bodanya has known all there is to know about worry.

Her father, who had been a well-known pianist and conductor, died when she was only five. And Natalie was the oldest of three children. The money that was left went all too quickly in the next few years and their mother, who had always been so loved and sheltered, suddenly faced the world alone and knew fear for the first time in her life.

So, at ten, it was Natalie who almost became the mother of her own mother as well as of the younger brother and sister. It was Natalie who would go to the door to meet the rent collector and the gas man. She would summon that gamin smile of hers to her lips, by thinking of all the funny things she had ever heard, and would do everything but stand on her head to put them in a good humor and make them give her a few days' more leeway.

And it was Natalie who would come racing home from school and fling her arms around her mother.

"Don't worry, Mamma, I've got a job," she would say. And to the ten-year-old, it really seemed she had solved the situation by the nickels and dimes and quarters she brought home so proudly.

"They were always such dinky little jobs," she says, sitting in the small, attractive apartment that is her first step up in the world. "Minding people's children and washing dishes and wheeling somebody's old go-cart down

to the docks to fill it with the coal and ice I bought for them right off the barges because it was cheaper that way. Some of them were as poor as we were, so; of course, I wouldn't take pay for them. But the lucky ones, with men in the family who were working, were all after me to get their odd jobs done."

She sits there, this little Natalie Bodanya, with a contract at the Metropolitan; featured with Frank Munn on the *Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung* hour; and with three major Hollywood studios after her to make screen tests. Her smile comes, as gamin as ever, and her soft cloud of black hair dances gaily above her wide-set gray eyes.

It will take more than success to change her or to tame her into the prima donna pattern. For the essential thing that made that girl travel so far from the East Side tenements, where she was brought up, was bred in her blood and bones. It's a grand quality, mixed with courage and tenderness and optimism and humor. Beside it, prima donnas who wrap themselves in pretense and elegances seem like paper dolls.

Natalie is real, and she has the hard courage that comes from going hungry, being cold and from lying awake nights. As long as she holds that courage she won't need much else in this world.

"Nothing will stop you from going ahead if you've got the goods," she says, and her eyes, that change as gray eyes will, are the color of steel now. "You have to be honest with yourself and know if you've really got something or if you're heading towards heartaches with empty hands. If I didn't have a voice, I'd know it and I'd stop trying to be something I never could be. I'd learn how to be a good stenographer, instead."

She was bred in a hard school. There isn't much she remembers about her life before her father died, about the big names in the musical world who were his friends, the entertaining and the easy, gracious way of living that was theirs.

When she was old enough to begin remembering, the

WON A BITTER FIGHT

foundation had slipped from under her feet. There was the pretty mother who didn't know how to cope with hardship, so bewildered that she couldn't help the tears that came even before the children. There were the crowded East Side streets and the almost grown-up boys shooting crap at the corners and the poverty driven children she played with, hard as only children brought to face reality too early can be hard.

Natalie was always in trouble then. "Skinny," they used to call her, but she could fight with the best of her size and win.

It was her kid brother who used to get her into trouble. He was such an angelic looking little boy that it wasn't hard for his mother and the other grown ups to spoil him.

to make him so sure of himself that he wouldn't think twice before stepping up to any kid and slapping him. They slapped back in Little Italy's own code, and then he would run to his "big sister" and she would go after the supposed tormentors.

"But they always had a big brother or a big sister, too." She smiles ruefully now, (Continued on page 74)

It was in this ballet costume that Natalie made her debut at the Metropolitan — her first triumph.



A career meant nothing to Conrad Thibault until he got what

WHEN anyone comes to Hollywood, the first question put to him inevitably is: "Are you going to make a movie?" And when anyone is as attractive as dark, good-looking Conrad Thibault, you would expect the answer, just as inevitably, to be in the affirmative.

But Conrad shakes his head. He doesn't know. True, he is making some tests—Warner Brothers are interested in him—but he isn't sure. After all, he is a singer, and radio, which brought him his first big success, seems still to offer the greater opportunity. So far he remains immune to Hollywood's spell—this is his first trip west of Cleveland, and New York and New England are *home*.

Conrad wants a full life, a well-rounded life, with time for work and time for play and time to make the ideals and dreams which are a part of his life come true. For he is essentially a dreamer, an idealist, a romanticist. And so far, he has been very fortunate in making his life fit

the pattern of his ideals.

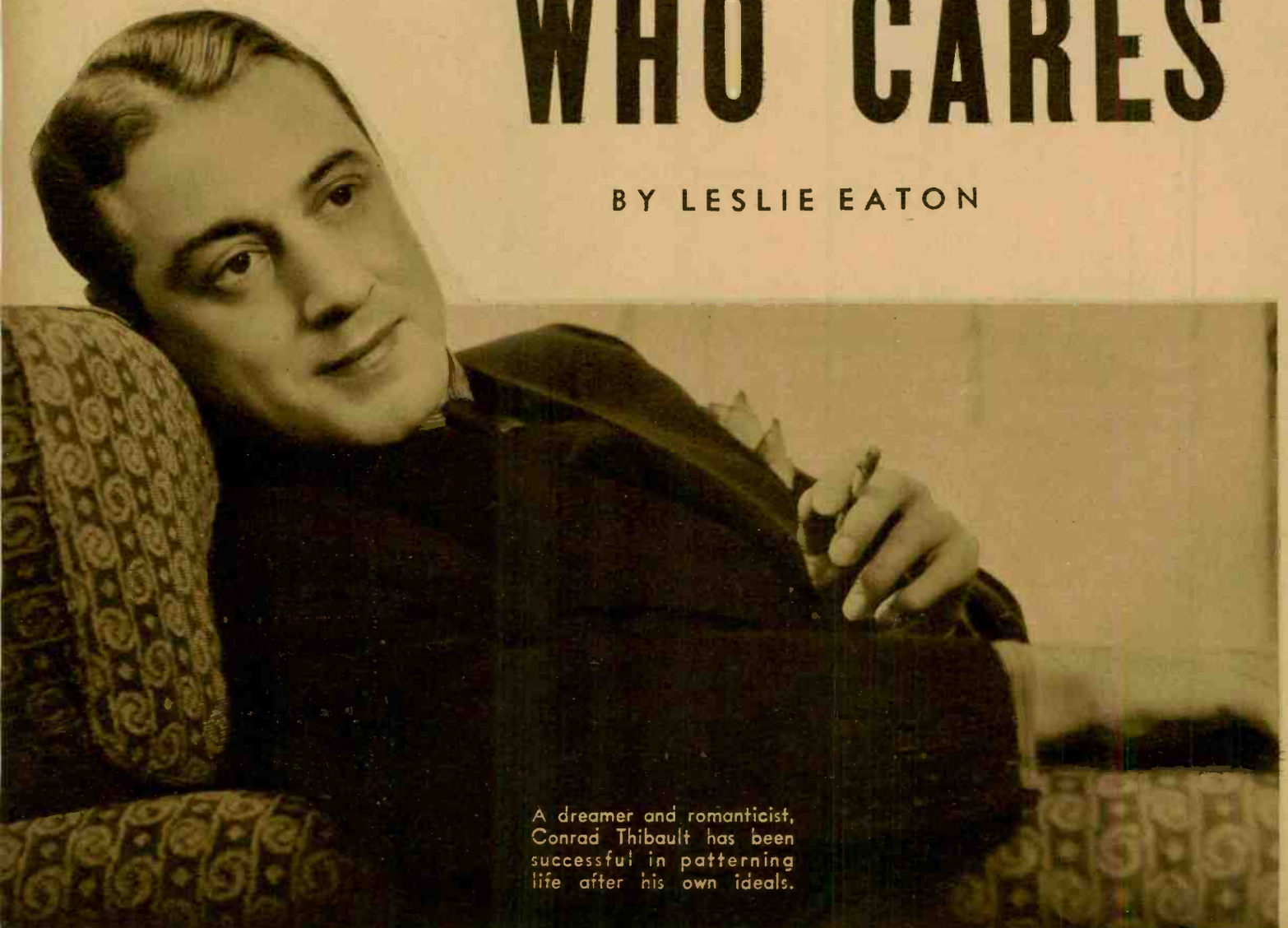
He is a man of quiet tastes, moderate in all things, and he is not going to act hastily or make up his mind without due thought and consideration. He may bear, as some have said, a close resemblance to Russ Columbo, but he sees, wisely, that it takes more than good looks, more even than a trained and rich singing voice, to spell success in the movies. It is a new career beset with difficulties, with uncertain results, and when all is said and done, all he really wants to do is sing.

"I've always known what I wanted," he said simply, "and I've always had a feeling of confidence, a certainty that things would work out as I wanted them to—"

The third in a family of six boys, Conrad was the only one with musical talent or aspirations. But he always wanted to sing, and from the time he sang in a boys' choir in an Episcopal church in Northampton, Massa-

HAVING SOMEONE WHO CARES

BY LESLIE EATON



A dreamer and romanticist, Conrad Thibault has been successful in patterning life after his own ideals.

he wanted—someone to share it

chusetts, people who heard that lovely fluid voice were stirred to admiration and praise.

But a natural gift is not enough. Music is a stern mistress and demands the utmost of its serious lovers. The young Conrad sensed this and worked hard and long. He had to work hard at other things, too, in order to get money to pay for his lessons, but he was tireless and determined. And the result of his early enthusiasm and application was a scholarship which took him to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

In those days Conrad's goal was concert or opera, and he was deeply gratified when the time came for his debut in the Philadelphia Opera House.

"I made my debut with Hope Hampton." He laughed, remembering that exciting night. "I was nervous and frightened and thrilled—it was *her* debut, of course, but I thought of it as mine!"

Four years with the opera company, with summers spent in additional study abroad, gave him a splendid foundation, a firm grounding for his success on the air.

"I still thought opera was what I wanted," he explained, "but radio offered so much, there were so many opportunities at that time, I couldn't afford to turn them down. I accepted all I could manage and soon had a very crowded schedule. *Show Boat* was, of course, my first big opportunity and, following that, the *Philip Morris* program. For a while I had four commercials a week, and never less than two a week during the next three years. It was too much, of course. I had no time to play, to relax, and I began to get run down. But a badly needed six months' vacation, at the conclusion of my *Show Boat* contract, put everything right again . . ."

But in spite of his devotion to his career, Conrad has always had very definite ideas about what constitutes a well-rounded life, and single-minded attention to a career is, to his way of thinking, merely selfish.

"The normal goal for any man is marriage and a family," he said earnestly. "A career doesn't mean anything unless you can share it with someone. You have to do something for someone else in order to get anything out of life. It isn't any fun just doing it for yourself."

A part of his French heritage is his ideal of a family and family life and, to his mind, (Continued on page 68)



Above, Conrad proudly escorts his lovely young wife, the former Elinor Kendall, to the opera. As handsome a couple as they are happily wed.

Below left, the joyous smiles decorating both these faces are ample proof that their marriage of less than two years will run a smooth course.

Below, Conrad's fierce expression is only part of his lusty song. His rich baritone is heard Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m. EST, with Fred Astaire.



THERE'S NO GETTING

BY JACK
HANLEY



Ed (jolly good fellow) Fitzgerald vocalizes with Dee Collins, blues singer; Leo Freuberg, his orchestra director, and stooge Harry Mack.

Beautiful ladies hold no terrors for Ed. He's doing a right good job of amusing Misses Barbara Lamarr, Jane Murray and Grace Perry.

THERE are two types of stories about radio personalities, and two types of personalities. If you'd like to meet a radio star who thinks everything in radio is just too ducky; who speaks with unctuous ooze to his air audience; and who never says anything that can't be found in a publicity puff sheet—then you don't want to meet Eddie Fitzgerald. But if you'd like to know a fellow who tells his audience they can tune out if they don't like him; who says pretty much what he thinks, pun- gently and amusingly; who has gone on record as saying that sponsors, on the whole, are the most inhibited humans alive, are a race apart and are stuffed shirts—then allow me to present Eddie Fitzgerald, a regular guy!

Heaven forbid that we should stir up a controversy! But some of the things Eddie says bear out Bob Montgomery's remarks in a recent interview, in which he took a swat at some pet radio stupidities. Eddie has a score of experiences to tell about and no reluctance about telling them. What's more, he's the kind of a fellow who, if you ask whether or not you can print something, says: "Why not? I don't give a damn."

Someone is bound to rise up and snicker that Fitzgerald is sore at sponsors because he hasn't one. But that's wrong on both counts. Because, first of all, Eddie isn't sore about anything—if you think so, listen to his friendly,

gay, impromptu show—*Ed Fitzgerald & Co.*—on the Mutual coast-to-coast network any day but Sunday. He merely says what he thinks—blithely, plainly and with an amazing disregard for the usual radio star reticences. And as for not having a sponsor—Eddie Fitzgerald has perhaps one of the highest paid sustaining acts in radio, with a contract that stretches a couple of years ahead, without options, so he needn't worry about bread and butter.

"Just to give you an idea," he grins, "there was the time I auditioned for a patent medicine hour. (We'll call it *Pepo*.) The agency was hot about the show and I worked hard, writing a script and rehearsing. The day came to give an audition to 'Major Blank' for the sponsor. The Major turned out to be veddy, veddy English, and I went into the audition room while the agency men and the sponsor sat in the next room. We had a swell show worked up and I gave my all. Right through the performance I could hear chortles and laughs through the partition. Then, when we finished, the Major stalked in, frozen-faced. 'Ah—let's see that script,' he said. 'Take this out . . . and this . . . oh, this line must come out. . . . ' and so on, right through the script, leaving me only lines like: 'And now our next number by the orchestra—'

"A date was set for another audition, and I sweated over that script trying to to make it (Continued on page 96)



RITZY WITH ED

For this Fitzgerald man is regular,
says what he thinks, always is him-
self and has a grand sense of humor

Ed appears to be getting much enjoyment from what some of the fans have to say about his *MBS* programs, *Ed Fitzgerald & Co.*, and the *Melody Treasure Hunt*.



EVE IN STOOPTOPIA

From Rye, N. Y., comes blonde Joan

Banks to frolic with Stoop and Budd

STOOPTOPIA, as you may know, dear reader, is a sort of super-Utopia where everything is *peachy*. It is the effortlessly-invented brain-child of a couple of sons of Adam—by name, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd. Eve, in case you're interested, is Miss Joan Banks and she is the leading lassie in Stooptopia.

I buzzed over to Stooptopia (in this instance, studio 8A, Radio City, and firmly planted in prosaic New York City) to have a look at Eve, who was something of a novelty—the first woman ever to appear with the stout Colonel and the cherubic Budd.

There had been considerable talk in radio circles about the manner of a woman who could work with those two zanies, but the woman I saw, nay the *girl* I saw, was definitely lovely. She even appeared to be sane.

"Hello, Bill," said the Colonel, who had been talking into a mike connected with the control room. "Sit down, feller, and we'll be over in a jiffy. What, Pat?" He spoke into the mike to Pat Weaver, the agency man in the control room, then went on reading from his script. He assumed a fog-horn tone. "'I'm the guy who never says anything about moustaches on people who are growin' 'em. Yeeah, I never say 'Mister, you could have a baseball game under your nose, nine on a side—heh, heh.' Sure, that's what I never say.'"

Budd, back to me, turned around and waved and I sat down prepared for the worst. You see, I've known the boys for about four years and I'm not surprised at *anything* they do. At least, I think I'm not . . .

My roving eye caught sight of a girl sitting on a desk to the right of the broad control room window. A blonde. Not the desk, but the girl, and a right pretty girl at that. She was the only female in the room, ergo she was Joan



Banks, the Eve I had come to see.

Harry Von Zell, the announcer and straight man, crooked a finger in her direction and she joined him at the mike.

Now I could see her better. Height: about five feet four. Weight: I'd say about 97, but I couldn't be sure of getting a cigar on the guess, just that she wasn't skinny or fat, just nice. Hair: blonde and tied in a knot at the back à la Ann Harding (she also looks a bit like Miss Harding). Clothes: dark blue something made of crêpe de something, but definitely chic. Total effect: slick stuff

—I wish I had a program . . .

Her voice was a kindness to the ear, but you know that. She handled her lines competently and then stepped back from the mike. As she did so, she inadvertently glanced at the Colonel, who twisted up a grimace for her. She shook with laughter.

The Colonel pointed at me and she came over.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," I answered, "I'm here to do a piece about you, and my name's Vallee."


"Oh," she said.

(Continued on page 65)

BY WILLIAM
LYNCH VALLEE



Two sons of Adam, Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and his pal Budd, have finally admitted an Eve to their land of lunacy. "We think we've got something there," they say. "She's good stuff." And Joan considers her new job peachy!



RADIO ROW WAS SHOCKED

This amazing young maestro never uses a score while broadcasting. He gets his smooth results by abetting the message of his hands with his face and eyes.

When unknown Rex Chandler was picked to succeed Fred Waring

"WHO'S Rex Chandler?"

For weeks around radio row it was a chant. Nobody talked about anything else. Apparently nobody thought about anything else. If you'd inquired your way to studio 9 C, or butted in on a strictly closed rehearsal, or fainted cold in the middle of a Radio City lobby, the chances are the person next to you would have turned around with a glassy look in his eye and said: "Who's Rex Chandler?" It's almost a wonder they didn't set it to music in eight parts and broadcast it! Heaven knows, it would have saved considerable energy for all concerned!

For it seemed that somebody named Rex Chandler had suddenly done a very incredible and unprecedented thing, to wit:

Following the tiff between Henry Ford and Fred Waring over salary, it was generally announced that Mr. Ford was in the market for a new band to play on his radio program. Now a Ford sponsorship is one of the juiciest plums in the radio pie. So, in great excitement, the very biggest orchestra leaders in the business dusted off their batons, hauled out their danciest tunes, their choicest ideas and arrangers, and concocted a batch of super-auditions that were expected to knock the auto king right off his props. For several weeks radio row was a maelstrom of bustle and rehearsals and secrets, with untold gallons of midnight oil being exhausted nightly behind closed doors.

At last the maestros sat back in torturous suspense to wait for the results.

BY MARY

WATKINS REEVES

And what happens? Some one nobody ever heard of gets the job! A man named Rex Chandler, with a program called *Universal Rhythm*. As easy as lifting a rabbit out of a hat, he assembles forty-three musicians and pulls a nifty, right under the noses of the best and most experienced bandleaders in radio. No politics about it, either. All the auditions were recorded, with blank labels on the discs, and shipped to Mr. Ford in Detroit. In the seclusion of his home he listened to them impartially and made his choice.

And, overnight, an unknown maestro—a fellow who'd been an obscure church organist for years—was vaulted to the top ranks of radio stardom and success. You could have knocked over a million dollars' worth of maestros with a soft chord in G. No wonder everybody was asking: "Who's Rex Chandler?"

So this was Rex Chandler. A young man who sat opposite me in his tiny office forty stories above the wet pavements of midtown Manhattan. A striking young man, with nervous blue eyes, spats, a quiet voice and thick, straight hair the identical color of a whiskbroom. Tall, much too thin, obviously nonplused by his very first interview. Refusing cigarettes, chewing on little twists of paper. Drawing an elaborate map of France to show me how far Bordeaux is from Nantes. Altogether as little like a radio star as the bond salesman who hang their hats on the floor below, or the architects who hang their hats on the floor below that.

Saying, seriously and with no (Continued on page 94)

**YOUNG
MRS.
ROCKEFELLER
PILOTS
A LOW-WING
MONOPLANE**



MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allentown, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, wind-breaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"

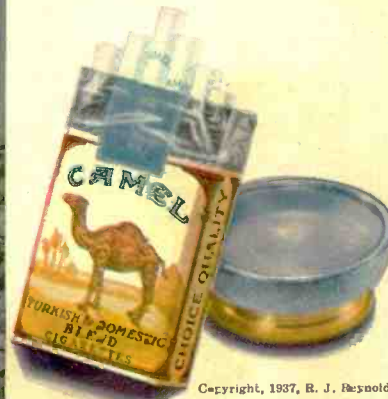


THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

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

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Mrs. Nicholas Biddle Philadelphia | Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Easton | Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston | Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia |
| | Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia |
| Mrs. Jasper Mergan, New York | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore |
| Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago | Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena |
| | Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York |

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



*Costlier
Tobaccos*

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

“Worth stopping for!”



Now on
Radio!

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel... 3 rings of performers
clowns animals acrobats elephants
... music 'n' everything! Now touring the
country. See it when it visits your city.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum
that aids mouth health and
helps fight mouth acidity.
“Chew with a purpose.”

Most popular gum in America
is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try
out Spearmint, too,
if you enjoy a dis-
tinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp cardy coating
... doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Peppin.



Try Beech-
Nut Candies
in your fa-
vorite flavor.
Fruit Drops,
Luster Mints, Spice or
Assorted.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Doris Gustafson, No. Grosvenordale, Conn. (Mill Worker.) "Guy Lombardo, in my opinion, has the sweetest band on the networks, and plays the sweetest music this side of heaven."

Clifford Brier, Naperville, Ill. "There is only one program which nothing on earth can make me miss, and that is *Ry-Krisp Presents Marion Talley*. Miss Talley is, without a single doubt, the most enchanting singer on the air. No matter what she sings, she sings it so divinely and sympathetically that all who listen can't help but adore her."

Mrs. Walter W. Stauffacher, Monroe, Wis. (Housewife.) "I'm a young wife and mother, and maybe that is the reason I like the program, *Vic and Sade*, as I do. Such a homey, loveable, laughable family! They're on the air twice daily, and I listen in both times."

Johnny Wilbur, Auburn, Wash. "The best singer, who also has the most alluring voice, is Frances Langford. She's the tops in radio, and I never miss her songs on *Hollywood Hotel*."

Elisabeth Montgomery, Memphis, Tenn. (Artist.) "I'd like to come through with a word of praise for my favorite. There never has been, and never will be, anyone to compare with Nelson Eddy. He has everything—a perfect voice, swell personality and grand looks. He has brought us music we all love and has taught us to love it, and him, the more."

M. V. Haas, Detroit, Mich. (Librarian.) "Here's a word for one of the finest singers on the networks—Tito Guizar! His programs over CBS are a rare combination of classical, popular and Latin melodies, all beautifully rendered."

June Oldham, Geistown, Pa. (Student.) "Just give me Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall* and that's all I ask from radio. This show is *Variety* with a capital V. Bing's informal manner and the absence of a studio audience make his program tops. He has a grand voice and certainly is a master at the art of elocution."

Agnes Gearhart, Toledo, Ohio. "I think Rudy Vallee's programs are the best to be had. His guest artists are sure to please, and Rudy's singing is second to none. As he so ably and deftly directs his programs, he seems to stand right before us in our homes. I'm sure that television can never bring him closer to us than he now seems to be. There are many great orchestras and leaders on the air, but Rudy beats them all a mile."

Gerald Waltz, York, Pa. (Vocal Student.) "I have but one favorite radio program—Eddie Cantor's—because of the clean humor and entertainment. I want to congratulate Eddie on finding Deanna Durbin, most sensational singer of her age."

WHAT
THEY
LISTEN
TO-AND
WHY

Lenore De Wyre, Delta, Ohio. (At Home.) "My preference in dance bands is Benny Goodman's, whose rollicking clarinet has no equal. *Mary Martin* is my favorite among daytime serials, and Jack Benny furnishes the best comedy hour on the radio."

Phily Vernot, West Philadelphia, Pa. (Baker.) "My hat is off to Fats Waller and his rhythm. He is the best of those who make a piano give out rhythm. Let's have more of him!"

Helen Paz Derka, Farmington, Mich. (High School Student.) "I like the new program, *Do You Want To Be an Actor?* It has helped me in my school dramatics. I also study voice, and listen to such musical programs as the *Chesterfield Hour*, *Show Boat* and the *Cities Service* concerts."

Marie E. Wittmeyer, Eden, N. Y. (At Home.) "My favorite program is *Show Boat*, and I can't think of a better reason than Lanny Ross. He's great! In fact, the best there is, or could be."

Elva Gould, Kenmore, N. Y. "Nothing on the air is more soothing to the ears than Frances Langford's sweet contralto voice. I haven't missed a *Hollywood Hotel* broadcast since she joined it."

Margaret Trebiana, Sharon Hill, Pa. "I like any program that has Conrad Tibbault on it. He is, in my opinion, the best male singer on the air. It is a shame he doesn't have a program of his own."

Mrs. G. Armstrong, Flint, Mich. (At Home.) "That grand showman of the air, Rudy Vallee, is my favorite. He handles his variety show with great finesse. It is

smartly conceived, intelligently directed and graciously presented. And no one can put over a song quite like Rudy."

Helen B. Goedeke, Racine, Wis. "I am an ardent listener to the *Lum and Abner* program. When I receive so much enjoyment day after day, I think the least I can do is to express my thanks—and perhaps draw the attention of a few others to the happy moments in store for them if they, too, will listen in."

Marie Anne Pfarr, New York, N. Y. (Stenographer.) "The shortest half hour in radio is the program of Fred Waring and his *Pennsylvanians*. He always manages to make this thirty minutes an outstanding musical presentation."

Adelina Priest, Dallas, Tex. "The *Chesterfield* program, starring Nino Martini, is my special favorite because of the superb singing of Mr. Martini, who, in my opinion, is the world's greatest tenor. My second choice is the Metropolitan Opera broadcast. It is a rare privilege to hear these fine singers direct from the stage of the Met."

Mary Galumbus, Gary, Ind. (Social Worker.) "Jessica Dragonette is a guiding light for our youth of today, with her charming personality and lovely voice. This sentiment is expressed by the Jessica Dragonette National Fan Club, composed of over 5,000 members."

V. Jane Luciano, Jamaica Plain, Mass. (Typist.) "*Hollywood Hotel* is my idea of the perfect hour, and the reason is that little bundle of torch, my favorite, Frances Langford. I wouldn't trade one of her songs for all other programs put together, because she's simply 'swell.'"

Roberta Kuchta, Chicago, Ill. "I thrill at his cheery welcome of 'Good evening,' then I am found in moods of gaiety, sadness and romance; and I am a little sad at his farewell: 'From all of us to all of you, good night and good luck.' Who? Why, Nelson Eddy, of course."

Josephine Reilly, Grantwood, N. J. "Rudy Vallee's *Variety Hour* is my favorite. The things I like about Mr. Vallee are: His diction, personality, singing, showmanship and the music of his *Connecticut Yankees*."

Rose Deim, Detroit, Mich. (High School Student.) "I never fail to listen to any program that Frank Parker is on, because he has a voice that can never be equaled. Secondly, I'll choose Jack Benny for comedy, and Helen Hayes for drama."

William Cohen, Clayton, N. J. (Music Student.) "My choice is Eddie Cantor, with his 'adopted son,' Bobby Breen, and Deanna Durbin of the thrillingly lovely voice. They, along with James Wallington and Jacques Renard's orchestra, bring a half hour's fun and enjoyment into the homes of thousands."

Victoria Hunt, Los Angeles, Cal. "My favorite radio star? Well, that's easy. It was the glorious voice and warm personality of Richard Crooks that first drew me to the radio at all, and now, after several years, this young tenor still tops my list."

(Continued on page 114)

COME TO HOLLYWOOD

BY JACK SMALLEY

**"CALIFORNIAN"
HERE I COME!**



She knows, as thousands of others know, that Southern Pacific's new *Californian* is the smart way to go to Los Angeles. It's a fast, economy train designed especially for coach and tourist passengers.

The *Californian* speeds over our romantic Golden State Route between Chicago and Los Angeles and here's what it offers you:

ECONOMY MEALS IN THE DINER

- BREAKFAST - - 25c
- LUNCHEON - - 30c
- DINNER - - - 35c

**STEWARDESS
REGISTERED NURSE**

FREE PILLOWS

LUXURIOUS CHAIR CARS

**IMPROVED
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS**

**COMPLETELY
AIR-CONDITIONED**

**SPECIAL CHAIR CAR FOR
WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

FARES AS LOW AS

\$34⁵⁰

TO CALIFORNIA

(from Chicago) in chair cars; \$57.35 round trip. Slightly higher in tourist sleeping cars.

FOR FOLDER describing the *Californian*, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. MM-5, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**Southern
Pacific**

Four Scenic Routes to California



Do you want to meet the stars of radio and cinema and see them at work? Then come to Hollywood! Three stars of the Universal musical, *Top of the Town*, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff and George Murphy (left to right) relax between takes. They just can't tear themselves away from the camera.

DID you know that Bob Burns is the best dressed hill-billy on the air? That Bing Crosby always wears a hat while broadcasting? That *Lum and Abner* aren't old rubes at all, but clever young men?

Maybe you know all these things, but now's your chance to see these folks with your own eyes, and lots of other famous *NBC* stars as well. For *Radio Stars Magazine* is sponsoring a series of thrilling vacation trips to Hollywood to meet not only the screen stars, but the celebrities of radioland as well.

Every one, at some time or another, has tuned in on a zippy Hollywood program, and thought: "Wouldn't it be fun to go to California!" Our plans make your daydream so easy to come true that this time you might as well make up your mind to take that trip! So let's get right down to cases and mark the date on the calendar for this summer's vacation. Here is the plot:

Choose the best time for your vacation and the state of your pocketbook. The first 2-weeks' tour leaves Chicago on July 11th, the second 2-weeks' tour leaves Chicago on August 1st, and the third, requiring only eleven days, leaves Chicago on August 15th. Costs of the two-weeks' tours are as low as \$167, and for the briefer trip, \$137.

To begin with, it is our object to make every minute of the trip something to remember with pleasure. To break the long journey out, the first tours stop at Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, and

include on the way back a visit to Yosemite National Park.

Long before you leave the prairies and strike into the great Rockies, you'll all be acquainted, for the tour conductor comes along to see that you have a good time. He looks after everything, from hotel rooms to luggage, so that after you pay your money you can leave worries behind.

Once in Hollywood, of course, you'll find every minute crowded.

First of all, there's the tour to the Universal Studios, to see movies in the making. And here's a tip—be sure to look up the Universal pictures now showing, so that when you get on the lot you'll know where the big sets were used and in what films. You'll recognize at a glance the Universal stars who played in them, and your enjoyment will be increased. *Top of the Town*, big musical of the year, studded with stars, is one of the pictures you must see before you come, so that we can answer your questions on how it was made.

Luncheon will be served you at Universal, and then we'll be off to radioland—the modernistic new *NBC* studios between the RKO and Paramount lots in the heart of Hollywood. We want to make this trip Thursday, as Bing Crosby and Bob Burns will be rehearsing for the *Kraft Music Hall*. Many other *NBC* stars are going to be on hand to welcome you—*Lum and Abner*, Don Ameche, Marion Talley, (Continued on page 95)

She thought it was "Another Woman"



... till her Doctor told her
the Truth about
Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"MY HUSBAND is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he *did* love her, and *couldn't* be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that *she* was the only "other woman" in the case . . . that *she* had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes,

or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 5-R, S.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Name _____
Street _____

City _____ State _____
Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

*Don't "Toots" me!
that's the 6th one today*



KLEENEX HABIT

*reduces handkerchief
washing during colds*

• Every woman knows washing dozens of handkerchiefs during colds is no joking matter. All the more reason to adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start. It saves noses, for Kleenex Tissues are soft and soothing. It saves money; costs less than laundering. And of course it reduces handkerchief washing.

Here's *one* habit that's good for the whole family! For Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

**Keep Kleenex in Every Room
And in Your Car, too**

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)*

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

How do air artists answer these queries?



Frances Langford, lovely singing star of the *Hollywood Hotel* program, pictured in a tranquil mood in the living-room of her Hollywood home.

In your opinion, which is the most original program on the air, and why?

Milton Berle: "Easy Aces. Their material is always fresh and funny, and they have no important imitators."

Tom Howard: "I think the Ripley Program is the most original because it brings into our prosaic homes the un-prosaic, in people and world events."

Lucy Monroe: "Fred Allen's program, because he writes all his own show; because he and Portland each have a distinctive style of delivery; and because he's the most brilliant and unusual humorist in the business."

Sid Silvers: "March of Time, because it doesn't have any jokes."

Frank Parker: "Jack Benny's, because

no one ever knows when Jack will put in an ad lib gag and break up the company."

Horace Heidt: "In my opinion the most original program on the air is any one by Franklin Roosevelt. He brought to radio new ideas that swayed a nation. He also brought to radio the finest and most convincing speaking voice and has the largest listening audience. His program is not a fad—it will last forever."

Joan Blaine: "One Man's Family—it dares to picture family life exactly as it is lived, without sublimation or frills, and therefore brings the listeners something as vital as it is refreshing."

Abe Lyman: "Phillips Lord's We, The People, because of the unusual personalities it presents in an individual manner."

Lennie Hayton: "Because of the originality, pace and style of his programs, those of Andre Kostelanetz are the most

RADIO STARS

original."

Ted Malone: "Strange, I can't think of a single one with even a semblance of originality."

Loretta Lee: "Uncle Jim's Question Bee—because it makes use of an educational theme, which might very well be dull stuff, and turns it into a completely interesting and entertaining radio program. It is a popular version of the Book of Knowledge, transplanted to the entertainment field."

Eddy Duchin: "The Court of Human Relations—human interest."

Mario Braggiotti: "That of Andre Kostelantz, because he's unsurpassed."

Art Van Harvey: "Lum and Abner. They are so true to life. Their material, characters and acting are so natural one forgets he is listening to a broadcast from a studio."

Phillips Lord: "I believe *We, The People* is a most original program because it is of, by and for the people. The folks appearing on the program are ordinary listeners, they are chosen by listeners just like themselves, and if the audience doesn't like its choice of selections, it has only itself to blame."

Del Casino: "Do You Want to Be an Actor?"

Willie Morris: "The Packard Hour with Fred Astaire, because it is a complete show and includes all phases of entertainment."

Jack Fulton: "My choice for the most original program on the air would be *Personal Column of the Air*, written by Octavus Roy Cohen."

Ozzie Nelson: "I get a kick out of *Kraft Music Hall*. I think its informality is refreshing."

Meredith Willson: "Meet the Orchestra—because it is prepared entirely by the members of the orchestra. The bass player writes hilarious continuity. The trumpet player announces and the musicians take turns stomping off. It is fresh, youthful, exhilarating entertainment!"

Virginia Verrill: "In my opinion the most original program on the air is *The March of Time*. It conveys to the world by air, the daily happenings in such an original way that listeners can not only hear, but also visualize the events."

Jack Pearl: "I can't think, offhand, of any original program with sufficient universal appeal to be seriously considered among important air shows."

Clyde Barrie: "Columbia Work Shop, because of its general explanation of the mysteries of radio."

Richard Himber: "Rudy Vallee's program. He inaugurated the variety idea and is always one step ahead of the next guy."

Anne Seymour: "Vic and Sade. Because it only has three characters and has been on for years. The performances are simple and the program never fails to entertain."



• "Look! See what she's got in her pocket... her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"



• "Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."



• "There!... Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?... And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"



• "Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

DEAD SKIN Makes Women Look Older



**Make This New 3-Day
Guaranteed "DEAD-SKIN"
Test To Combat Dry Skin
—Shiny Nose — Blackheads
—Premature Wrinkles**

Smart women no longer just submit to the tragedy of old looking "Dead-Skin" so often hastened by our modern, exciting life and mode of living, which frequently makes a skin look 40 at 25 and loses that smooth, youthful allure that men admire. If you suffer from a dead skin that is dry, rough, wrinkly, shiny nose, or scaly skin that powder won't stay on, blackheads, enlarged pores, muddy complexion you are certain to look years older than you are.

No matter what you have tried you owe it to yourself to make this 3 day "DEAD-SKIN" guaranteed test. . . . The minute you start cleansing with a new beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, it releases precious ingredients, which sink deep into the mouths of the pores and which, like nature's own oils, helps keep the skin soft, supple, clean and more youthful looking. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and absorbs and thus removes the dry, dead cells of your skin so that it is left clean and smooth. By stimulating the underskin, rousing the oil glands, cleansing and freeing clogged pores, the cause of blackheads and prematurely aging skin is combated in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

Make This Guaranteed Test

Use TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for 3 days. It must make your skin look years younger, satisfy completely, and prove to be the beautifier you have been looking for, or you merely return the empty jar and the full purchase price is refunded.

Ask for TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and \$1.00 sizes at drug, department and Dollar stores. If your dealer can not supply you with TAYTON beauty preparations do not accept an imitation, but insist that he order for you from his wholesaler.

Other Tayton Beautifiers

| | | |
|--------------------|-----|-------|
| SILK-SIFTED POWDER | 10c | — 25c |
| ROUGE | 10c | — 25c |
| LIPSTICK | 25c | |
| ASTRINGENT | 10c | |
| HAND LOTION | 10c | |



Don Wilson: "The Jell-O Program—because its star, Jack Benny, is the originator of the suave style of comedy and 'kidding' of the product."

If you and radio should no longer be compatible, what would you choose as a substitute career, and why?

Marion Talley: "After all, I have a 1600-acre wheat farm in Kansas, if it hasn't blown away."

Harry Von Zell: "Advertising and writing, since my radio experience has more or less adequately prepared me for such work."

Richard Himber: "I'm a back seat driver in the field of movies. I like to pick out flaws in motion pictures and make mental suggestions as to how they could be remedied. Frankly, I must admit that some day I should like to leave radio and have a stab at movie direction (Milestone, Capra and Me)."

Meredith Willson: "Writing music, I guess. Once a musician, always a musician."

Kathryn Cravens: "Writing. Experience and hundreds of interviews with outstanding personalities should give me the material for newspapers and magazines—perhaps a book."

Ozzie Nelson: "Law. On account of I spent seven years of earnest endeavor preparing for it."

Jack Fulton: "The tailoring business."

Mario Braggiotti: "I would choose to be an explorer for health, nature and adventure."

Meri Bell: "Designing. First, because it would not hamper or disturb my very happy married life—and because I have designed my own clothes successfully for several years."

Eddy Duchin: "Pharmacy—prepared for it in college."

Ted Malone: "The sales game, I think, to earn my bread, but the writing game to earn my happiness."

Irene Wicker: "I should like to try the stage, because of the opportunity it affords to create and sustain characterization. And I should like to make a few movies because, strangely enough, I should think they would make you both see and hear all your faults, and thus help you to improve."

Lennie Hayton: "Night clubs and theatres."

Leo Reisman: "I would choose any other medium through which the projection of sound is possible."

Abe Lyman: "My incompatibility with radio would have but little effect upon my career, but I wouldn't mind being a fight promoter."

Helen Jepson: "Opera or raising rabbits."

Horace Heidt: "Golf—Because the same

hard work put into golf that is put into radio would make a person a Class A golfer, would give him enjoyment, resourcefulness and income."

Sid Silvers: "Baseball. Because I love it and can't play it."

Tom Howard: "I think I'd like to own and manage a small hotel in a small town, because I enjoy meeting people and studying human nature, and I enjoy playing host."

Loretta Lee: "After the hectic years of radio, I would probably welcome the opportunity to settle down to a more normal existence of bridge, backgammon and babies."

Milton Berle: "Would become a songwriter. Have collaborated on several songs and enjoy this occupation thoroughly."

Jack Pearl: "I would go back to the stage. I have long yearned for an opportunity to re-enter the theatre. But, if I go back, I would like to fulfill a lifelong ambition of mine and do a legitimate rôle. I have had countless musical comedy offers. However, that no longer appeals to me."

Willie Morris: "Musical comedy. I prefer a visible audience, enjoy good musical shows and I like to be able to get an audience's reaction."

Clyde Barrie: "Concert and opera—for which I originally prepared."

Virginia Verrill: "As a substitute career, I would choose motion pictures because I could hold my audience through the picture medium."

Del Casino: "Wall Street. I worked seven years in a brokerage house."

Lucy Monroe: "Continuing with singing. I should like grand opera and if not that, interior decorating has always appealed to me."

Frank Parker: "The films, principally because the mediums are so closely identified."

Joan Blaine: "I would write, because it has always been my second love, and because it is something that can be done without ostentation and while one lives a normal and delightful home life."

Phillips Lord: "I believe I would go into either stage or motion picture production because I feel that, like the radio, it would be a means of self-expression. And I would enjoy bringing pages of type-written matter to life in this way."

Anne Seymour: "I should try to be a writer. I try now, but not to much avail. But perhaps if I had to earn cakes and ale I might settle down to work."

Art Van Harvey: "Advertising. I was a publisher's representative for years before entering radio."

Don Wilson: "I shudder to think of being in anything but radio."

What is your worst habit?

Lennie Hayton: "Eating while working

on arrangements. I am particularly fond of scrambled eggs, and my musicians often complain about egg spots on their music."

Frank Parker: "Some say it's singing."

Lucy Monroe: "Biting my fingers; not the nails, the fingers! Yes, dreadful, isn't it?"

Abe Lyman: "Romancing the lovely ladies."

Ozzie Nelson: "Arguing—particularly when I don't know what I'm talking about."

Irene Wicker: "Impatience is the very worst—but there are lots of others, too."

Richard Himber: "Ice cream sodas. The curse of this awful habit is worrying my best friends. I think I'll run away and join the foreign legion to forget ice cream parlors."

Phillips Lord: "Doing eighteen things at one time. As a result I never get caught up with my work and it always keeps me on the go."

Marion Talley: "My worst habit is losing handkerchiefs and gloves."

Del Casino: "Impatience."

Clyde Barrie: "Smoking."

Anne Seymour: "Of the many—saying much too often: 'Did I tell you?'"

Milton Berle: "Over-eating at Lindy's."

Joan Blaine: "I have a sort of demon within me that fights to keep me from being exactly on the dot for appointments. I conquer it always, for I was brought up that way—but still that demon wages war!"

Horace Heidt: "Golf."

Harry Von Zell: "A tendency to argue on any and all subjects."

Virginia Verrill: "My worst habit is, in endeavoring to please my audience, unconsciously 'crowding the mike.'"

Eddy Duchin: "Not walking enough (work and practice confining)."

Willie Morris: "Chewing gum at rehearsals."

Mario Braggiotti: "Taking write-ups too seriously."

Loretta Lee: "Sleeping late. It brings breakfast and lunch too close to each other for comfort."

Sid Silvers: "I eat too fast. In fact, I could win the Olympic Games for fast eating."

Helen Jepson: "Talking too much, to the detriment of my singing voice."

Tom Howard: "Worrying."

Meri Bell: "Smoking. I'm trying to stop this as, being a singer—while it may not noticeably hurt my voice—it certainly doesn't help!"

Jack Fulton: "Procrastination."

Meredith Willson: "Talking about myself."

Don Wilson: "My golf—it's terrible!"

Now Her Date Book
TELLS
THE STORY!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE
SINCE SHE KNOWS
THIS LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!



MEN JUST CAN'T STAND a girl who's careless about perspiration odor! So why take chances? Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes it so easy to be sure. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather keeps you so sweet and clean, removes every trace of body odor; frees you from any fear of offending!



ITS LOVELY PERFUME LINGERS, TOO... clings lightly to your skin, long after your bath! For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap. Its exquisite, flower-like fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes. That is why it lingers on, just as fine imported perfumes do!



HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING men find the girl who bathes with Cashmere Bouquet... who is always fragrantly dainty! But remember, only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet, scented with the costliest perfumes, can bring you this lovelier protection. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps!

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing... yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department,
and ten-cent stores

CASHMERE BOUQUET THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS




Don't be a hollyhock!

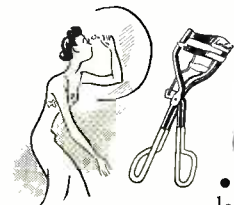
SAYS

Jane Heath



• HOLLYHOCKS are always standing around by walls. Any girl would rather be a daisy . . . with lots of

bachelor-buttons clustering round. Men love glamorous eyes, with mysterious, appealing lashes; and whatever you were born with, you can have them. Strong spring sunlight demands long dark lashes. Darken your lashtips with LASHTINT LIQUID. They will look twice as long and alluring, but completely soft and natural. Water-proof; dries instantly. Try it today. Brown, black, green or blue. \$1. 




never omit this

• EVERY day curl your lashes like daisy-petals!

More light enters . . . and what flattering shadows the lashes cast on your face! Use KURLASH, the little implement that curls them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1 at all better stores.



then this

• THE girl with brittle, bleached-looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use KURLENE, a scientific formula for promoting growth and luxuriance in lashes. Rub a little on your lashes each night and see how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar \$1. 

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, Dept. D-5
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eyes _____ Hair _____ Complexion _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print plainly)



Meri Bell, popular songstress of CBS' *Five Star Revue*, likes this tailored hat of natural straw. Green and brown bands of felt and grosgrain trim it.

BY ELIZABETH ELLIS

ALL HER OWN IDEAS

IT'S a great treat to meet someone like Meri Bell. She has original ideas and likes to tell you about them—especially when it concerns her clothes. You see, she has two hobbies—designing and marriage (not named in the order of their importance!). Oh yes, she likes to sing, but that she looks upon as a business, not a hobby.

You hear Meri Bell three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—on the *Five Star Revue* program. There's personality in her alluring, contralto voice, but there's even more personality in the star, herself, when you meet her. It's partly her vivacity and partly her looks, for there's real individuality in the way she wears her clothes.

She told me: "I've never bought a dress that I left the way it originally was made. I change clothes around, just as I switch the furniture in my house. Why, do you know, I once bought a very expensive original model, made of a beautiful imported satin-back crêpe, in a deep chartreuse green, and when I got it home, I ripped the entire dress up! After I had changed it the way I wanted it, I bought seven flowers, all in differ-

ent colors, and sewed them around the neck. I paid seven dollars apiece for them—but they were worth it! I suppose the different colors sound queer, but really, they were just the right shades and the effect was stunning!"

Meri Bell doesn't make her own clothes, even though she designs nearly all of them. She told me that she never wore a ready-made dress until after she was fourteen. Her mother made all her clothes, she being a very expert dressmaker, and she still has an important hand in the final results of Meri's wardrobe.

When Meri Bell was singing in Chicago, several years ago, she discovered Ernest Newman, a young and talented designer. After working out a few ideas with him, she found that she could sketch her ideas for him and he would produce the costume. It's turned into a perfect combination and he still makes clothes for her, even though she lives in New York and he still is in Chicago.

In ready-made things, she told me that her mother can send clothes home for her without having any alterations (*Continued on page 100*)

Let originality be your keynote for dressing smartly—but don't be bizarre



Meri Bell has her own ideas about clothes. She designed this suit of beige gabardine. With it she wears a smart scarf fastened with a pin.



In the evening the light blue of this dress looks almost oyster white. The girle and the bow, royal blue velvet. The bow worn only with the jacket.



With a gray, coarsely ribbed sweater she wears a royal blue and white polka-dotted scarf in jabot effect, caught with a silver Scottie pin.

IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!

BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!

THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTH PASTE ADS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!

SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!

YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!

... AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also 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!

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LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

PRESENTING

Windsor

Rose



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Maggy Rouff designs some of the loveliest clothes that come out of Paris. And now she has created for Woodbury's an alluring new "costume" shade of face powder . . . Windsor Rose. • Windsor Rose bursts into bloom just in time for Spring. A perfect balance of the creamy-pink and ivory-peach tones of the average skin...gloriously flattering to nearly every woman. • Wear Windsor Rose and see how enchantingly it becomes your skin! All seven smart Woodbury shades now come in the handsome new blue boudoir box. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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Generous packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one each of the seven smart style-approved shades, including the new Windsor Rose, will be sent you without cost. Address: John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9176 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

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WEST COAST CHATTER

Up to the minute news notes on cinema-air stars as gleaned from the Hollywood front



Lovely Jeanette MacDonald, with Nelson Eddy in an operatic scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Maytime*, in which these stars shine anew.

"HMM, Honeymoon Cottage," hummed Hollywood, when Buddy Rogers started building that \$15,000 house in Beverly Hills. But both Mary and Buddy insist it's no such thing. Just a little investment on the side for Buddy, and when Mary and he become Mr. and Mrs. R. in the spring, they'll build in the San Fernando Valley. The reason for the valley home instead of Pickfair is that, though there's room for Buddy at Mary's famous home, there isn't room for his polo ponies.

Seems there was considerable upset around the radio studio when Buddy threw over that job and headed for England. And Buddy was as much surprised as anyone, when it developed that the English motion picture company had prior rights to his services whenever they so desired them. Leaving the radio program so abruptly was as nothing, of course, compared to the fact that Buddy had to leave Mary Pickford in the hospital, where she had just

undergone an operation. But she'll convalesce on a boat to England—and there'll be wedding bells in London for America's Sweetheart and the boy friend.

With bated breath the studio watched Deanna Durbin gain inches almost daily. But when she showed no signs of stunting her growth for the Universal cause, they went into a huddle to see what could be done about it all. Romance was the solution—and in her next picture you'll see Universal's child star being capitalized with the aid of three handsome leading men, all clamoring for her fourteen-year-old hand. You'll be glad to know that just three of them want to marry the gal, since the title of the picture is *150 Men and a Girl*.

We mention the studio capitalizing, but regret to say that Deanna won't. She's still getting \$150 a week, the original sum of her contract. And Leopold Stokowski, who will be one of her supporting players, gets a cold \$80,000 for the job!

Ruby Keeler may get in the last word but she's going to have to take a lot of talk from Al Jolson when her next picture, Broadway Musketeers, gets under way. For Al will be the power behind the megaphone. It's his first directorial job and Al admits he'd feel more at ease directing Garbo.

Shortly after Mary Livingstone fainted dead away, following that program the other day, she announced that she was leaving for a New York trip. "To recuperate?" our spy asked Jack Benny. "I wish that was her purpose," said Jack with a deep sigh, "but I'm afraid it's a shopping trip."

The Bennys haven't renewed their lease on the Countess Di Frasso's mansion for this next year. "But not because I didn't like the place," Jack assured everyone. "I really haven't seen enough of it yet to know. Between going to Paramount every morning at 7 and staying at NBC every night until 12, we have just decided to build a home on the Paramount lot."

Norris Goff was telling about his luxurious new estate in Encino. "Say, it's really something," he said. "You know—big house, lots of grounds and a swimming pool and all that. Though I'll tell you," he added, "we'd certainly enjoy the swimming pool more if we could afford to put water in it."

Marion Talley has finally broken down and gone the way of all radio stars. She's moved her piano and reducing bicycle into a Spanish hacienda, which she bought on the q.t. Marion's reticence was due to the fact that she has insisted, since coming here, that she was going to be the one moneyed person in town smart enough not to pay taxes on property.

Recently, in the box-section of the clubhouse at Santa Anita, the occupant of the box next to that occupied by Pat O'Brien was doing a tall case of singing the blues over having just lost \$15 on the previous race. O'Brien watched the play of emotion with interest. Finally he leaned over and in a conciliatory tone confided: "I just won five hundred dollars, old man, and I'm going to turn it all over to the Red Cross for flood relief." The wailer stopped wailing, looked at his informant, mused, then said: "Swell idea—think I'll write out a check for twice the amount I've lost, for the flood sufferers." The check was for \$3,000.

When Hollywood wants to know what Bing Crosby's horses are up to at Santa Anita, they start reading from the bottom of the list of horses to save time. But Bing swears he believes in them all. That is, he could swear that like a gentleman until the other day. Fight On, one of the Crosby nags, that day got a sudden spurt of ambition and came pounding up the track leading the line. Unless it was Top Flight, no one was more surprised than his owner. It paid \$168 cold—and Bing wasn't on it!

Gracie Allen's prize fan letter of the week follows verbatim: "Dear Gracie, I think you're crazy and I'd like to prove it to some of my friends who don't think the same. Please send me \$5,000."

Incidentally, Gracie puts her initials on

Swinging high!

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints
are party colors



*Flattering shades of Fashion
in Glazo's non-thickening nail
polish that wears and wears!*

WHEN it's Swingtime and dance time ...when hearts beat higher than a cover charge...when you're looking glamorous enough to dazzle even a head waiter...of course, you'll be wearing Glazo nail polish in one of the exciting new "Misty" colors.

For your most Witching Hours, Glazo offers this enchanting array of polishes, styled for young so-

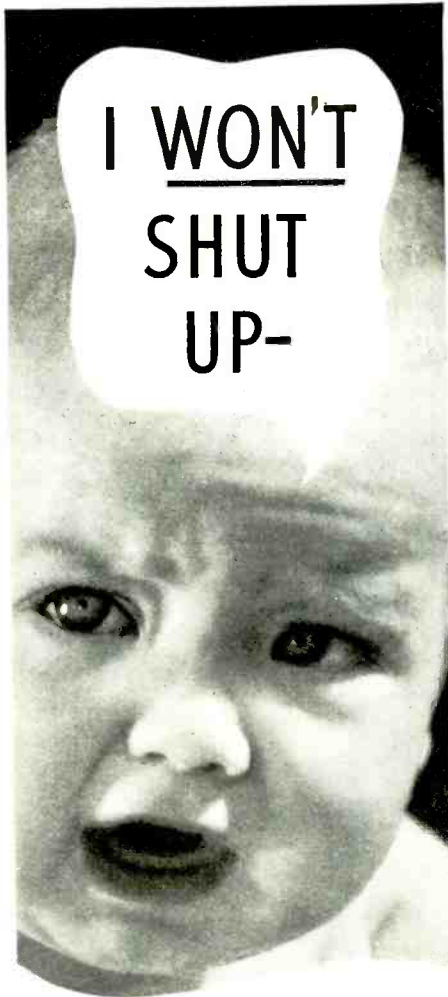
phisticates, blended for new nail beauty. Cherry Red and Russet, Suntan, Bisque and Misty Rose—here are shades to complement every costume, to glorify every hand. Glazo's attentions are always flattering... that's why sought-after girls, girls who know the secrets of good grooming, sparkle up with Glazo's misty, smoky shades, or with one of the fashion-approved "clear" colors.

Good company on any party is Glazo...smooth as satin on the nail...with conscientious objections to peeling, fading, or thickening in the bottle. And, at 20¢—or 25¢ for the new large size—so kind to the budget!



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure



I WON'T
SHUT
UP-

"I gotta have my
MENNEN OIL RUB
to keep me
safe from germs"

"Listen here, Nurse! You know my Mummy says you're to rub me *every day*, after my bath, with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. Looks to me as though you're forgettin' it today. And believe me, I'm going to keep on hollerin' till you remember. You know my skin can't fight nasty germs all alone . . . and you know this Mennen Oil leaves a film of protection all over me that helps kill off those germs. Why do you suppose practically all hospitals use this oil on their babies every day? Why do you suppose all the doctors I've ever met recommend it? Don't bother to answer. But come on—give me my safety rub with Mennen Antiseptic Oil—right NOW!"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in 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



Attired in stately garb, Prexy Jack Oakie of Jack Oakie's College finds it possible to mix work and pleasure. He would have you believe that he is dictating a learned treatise to his favorite secretary, Miss Penny. It seems to be an engrossing business! Jack's program, which features Benny Goodman's band, is heard on CBS every Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EST.

every available object she can find—handbags, gloves, hankies, hats and luggage. And the initials, we take the liberty of reminding you, are G.A.B.

And all those comic ditties you hear on the Joe Penner program are turned out by no less a personage than a preacher. He's the Right Reverend Hal Raynor of Glendora, California. He's been writing gags and funny songs for various programs for several years. And admits that some of the ideas come upon him in the pulpit.

At the recent cocktail party given for the Gillette Bros., who have just moved bag, baggage and razor to Hollywood, there was a record turn-out. And most of the guests were Hollywood's prize entertainers. But the so-called entertainment was furnished by a couple of pretty indifferent Spanish dancer-singers. And the applause practically brought down the roof.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff (*Lum and Abner*) who only recently moved bag and baggage to California, gave one of the nicest parties ever thrown in Holly-

wood. The outstanding thing about this party was the hospitality of the hosts and their wives. The party, held in the newly-purchased home of the Chester Laucks, was refreshing in its spirit of old Southern hospitality, instead of the typical parties expected of celebrities, with the attendant bending of the elbow and the bored chatter of the usual number of sophisticates, who do nothing but talk shop and pan the other person's show. Plenty of people all over the country like their program, but if they had had the opportunity of knowing these gentlemen in person, their popularity would be even greater.

Bob Burns was there. You know, he lives in Arkansas—could anyone ever forget it? The Lums and Abners are from Mena, Arkansas, by cracky!

But neither Bob nor his razorback hog came in for any spotlighting during the evening. For Don Ameche was the life of the party. It developed that he's not only a movie actor and a singer but can tell crack stories and dance a mean tap.

—LOIS SVENSRUD

EVE IN STOOPTOPIA

(Continued from page 49)

"Don't get scared," I admonished, "it's painless. Have you got a minute and a quiet corner?"

"Why yes, I've got both. What can I tell you?"

"Just the story of your life in a couple of crisp sentences. Born?"

She was, it turned out, one of those rare creatures, a person born in New York City. When she was two years old her folks moved out to Rye, New York, where she got a crack at air and sun and built up a sturdy constitution, which (although she didn't know it at the time) she would one day need very much.

I asked her what she had ever done that prompted Fate to toss her in with the madcap Rover Boys.

"It's really quite simple," she said, twisting a handkerchief to death in her well-shaped hands. "I finished high school and while I was trying to decide whether Hunter College was what I wanted, I auditioned for and got on the Walter O'Keefe show, *The Saturday Night Party*. I was with them two weeks and it got me."

"Got you?"

"Yes, I was bitten by the radio bug. As a result, I spent my days in agency waiting-rooms, waiting for a chance to get back on the air."

"Of course," I broke in, "your people objected to their daughter going on the air. Of course, your father threatened to lock the door if you didn't obey and, of course, you had to recoup the family fortune and stave off the villain who held the mortgage, eh?" I held my pencil poised for a juicy bit.

She laughed. "I wish I could give you something dramatic like that to write, but the truth is, my folks were all in favor of my radio work. Mother, you see, was a dancer when she was a girl and she even worked with Eddie Leonard, the minstrel king. Father hasn't any mortgages, because he's doing nicely in business, and the only time he threatened me with that locked-door business was when I hadn't heard whether I could get tickets for the *Minute Tapioca Show*. 'Out in the cold, daughter mine, and never darken . . .'"

"And," I cut her off, worried about her, "are you out in the cold?"

"Not a bit of it." Was that a dimple or not? "I got tickets!"

"But that isn't telling me how you came to get this job. Don't forget, yours is something of a success story and there are lots of boys and girls your age, which is?" She said it was eighteen—"There are lots of boys and girls your age who want to get on the air, and, if they can learn your secret, it might help them. Please tell me."

"It's really not a secret. I was persistent. I just didn't give up. I grabbed at every audition there was to grab at, and, well, there you are!"

I asked if she had studied dramatics, thinking that she might have had a diploma

Above
Reproach
(AND YOU CAN BE, TOO!)



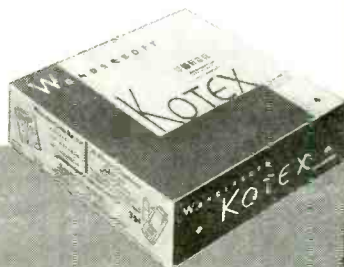
Prove for Yourself that QUEST NEVER FAILS ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective. Even on sanitary napkins it makes personal daintiness a reality. It prevents perspiration offense; assures the all-day-long body freshness you want, yet it does not irritate the skin or clog the pores.

Try Quest today, for the per-

sonal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, thus it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. And, Quest costs only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.



QUEST

FOR PERSONAL DAININESS

Use it with Kotex



RADIO STARS

from one of the schools to wave in producers' faces.

"No, I didn't," she said. "I had the usual fling at high school dramatics: *The Charm School*, *Nothing But The Truth* and plays of that sort. I don't sing a note and I don't really go in for time-steps. No, it's keeping everlastingly after them that counts . . ."

We were interrupted by a chorus of yells, and Von Zell tore around the studio, Budd hot after him, the Colonel making more grimaces from where he stood atop the desk.

Suddenly Von Zell plopped down at the piano and began grinding out the Toreador thing from *Carmen*. Quick as a flash, Budd grabbed drum sticks, keeping time on a kettle drum. The sound-effects man banged on a gong and the Colonel, now off the desk, tapped with checkers. Even Pat Weaver, who was directing the show, burst out of the control room to run a siren he found amongst the weird sound-effects paraphernalia. You'd hardly believe that this was a rehearsal of a show costing thousands of dollars and featuring two of radio's better-paid artists. But then, you'd hardly believe half of the things that F. Chase Taylor (the Colonel) and Wilbur Budd Hulick (Budd) actually do. And yet, in spite of all the kidding, they turn out some of the funniest shows on the air, and one of the most profitable to their sponsor.

Joan smiled at all of the excitement, but she didn't seem excited.

"They're pretty quiet today," she said, calmly examining her nails.

The "music" stopped and Budd picked

up an argument where it, presumably, had been left off.

"I repeat, Colonel," he said, "you're gullible."

"Naw," denied the Colonel, "Gullible's Travels."

They joined us.

"Hiyah, feller, where have you been since the last time, meet Harry Von Zell," said the Colonel, still wearing a fatuous grin left over from his *Gulliver* gag.

I told him, said "how do" to Harry and asked them, point blank, why they'd added Joan to the show.

"Wal, it's this way, Bill," began Stoopnagle, "we were afraid Budd's voice (he usually plays the women's parts) was going to change because he's such a little boy. Besides, you've got to keep your show up to date in the amusement world. We needed a girl in the act to do that."

Von Zell, who had gone back to the piano, began to strum *Ah, Sweet Mystery Of Life*, not too well, but it served as a musical background for the interview, and I could see the Colonel perceptibly melting under its influence.

Budd said: "We were sick of our own voices all of the time, if you ask me." No one asked him so he tilted his chair back, his hat over his eyes and went off to sleep.

I asked Stoopnagle how they happened to select Joan.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I drew a sketch of the girl we wanted and when I spotted Joan she looked just like the picture. She showed us she could handle lines and gags, so Budd and I selected her."

"Joan, actually, is very much like us. Do you know what I mean? I mean she

isn't the Broadway type. She's natural and spontaneous and definitely not *hammy*."

Budd mumbled, without stirring from under his hat:

"She's *en rapport* with our ideas." Stoopnagle looked up under the hat to see if Budd had really said that. "She's good stuff—that's what you are, see, Tootsie Pie?"

"Thank-ee, sir," and she curtsied as she said it.

In a flash, Stoopnagle was on his feet and deep in a return curtsy. Von Zell bowed from the piano and Budd said: "Ditto here." The Colonel picked up his tale as though nothing had happened.

"Our stuff isn't easy to handle. Now, take it when we began, seven years ago, selling *Tasty Yeast*. We didn't even use a script. I'm afraid they didn't appreciate the fact that we were working until we did use one, and I know Columbia didn't until we first burlesqued *The March of Time*. There's quite a story in the fact that the gang up in Buffalo could have signed us up on a long contract, but didn't. But that's beside the point. What I wanted to say is that everyone couldn't handle our lines.

"We could hire a professional gag-writer to dig up old jokes and work them in, and they'd probably draw a certain number of belly laughs, but that isn't what we want. We are to the radio, I think, what Thorne Smith is to literature. His stuff delights you with a nice quiet laugh *inside*, which is exactly what we try to do.

"It's an actual fact that stuff like that stays in your mind better. We've found people who remember lines we pulled as

THEY WEREN'T FOOLING WHEN THEY SAID "DON'T BRING LULU"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, MAY? NO ONE EVER WANTS TO TAKE ME PLACES

YOU'RE SWELL, LULU... YOU JUST NEED A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE HERE GOES... SWITCH TO LIFEBOUY

I COULDN'T HAVE "B.O." I BATHE PLENTY AND WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRAND OF TOILET SOAP

BUT IT DOESN'T CONTAIN THE SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT'S IN LIFEBOUY

AND LIFEBOUY IS MORE THAN 20% Milder THAN MANY SO-CALLED "BEAUTY SOAPS." "PATCH" TESTS PROVE IT

I'LL GIVE IT A TRY

TWO WEEKS LATER —

YOU WERE RIGHT, MAY! MY SKIN IS LOADS FRESHER AND I FEEL MUCH BETTER SINCE I'VE BEEN USING LIFEBOUY!

YES, LIFEBOUY'S A REAL HEALTH PROTECTION, TOO! I ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HANDS — IT REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT

AT THE CLUB

A GRAND OLD TUNE — BUT I'D CHANGE THE WORDS! I'LL BRING LULU EVERY TIME! SHE'S THE SWEETEST GIRL IN TOWN AND SHE'S MINE

DON'T BRING LULU

Don't gamble with happiness!

BATHE regularly with Lifebuoy and know you're protected! Its glorious lather contains a special purifying ingredient — not in any other well-known toilet soap. It stops "B.O."... And makes your body feel refreshed, extra-clean... Lifebuoy is a super-mild complexion soap, too... Helps bring fresh, natural beauty to the skin. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

far back as two years ago."

Budd came to, to say:
"Funny thing about the call we sent out. We selected Joan, rehearsed her and put her on the air with us. But still letters poured in, saying: 'You must hire me for the job. Boy, am I hot stuff!' Merciful heavens above! Don't they listen to our program? Don't they know the spot is filled?"

"One radio editor here in New York even ran an item in his column saying that we wanted a girl, ran it two weeks after Joan started with us! Whew!"

And so, boys and girls, if you want to get on the air, be smart and listen to the show you're aiming at—that is if you want to get on it. Take it from Stoopnagle and Budd.

"How do you like the job, Joan?" She said I could call her Joan.

"It's peachy," she answered. "These gentlemen have been simply dandy to me. They've helped me so much. I think," she leaned closer to whisper, and the boys cupped their ears, "I think I'll adopt them."

I looked at her in amazement as the boys roared and shouted with high glee.

Could it be possible that association with this over-pixilated pair meant sure dementia praecox? Was she cracking?

"Sure," said Budd calmly, "she's going balmy, but balmy. Why she'll be sitting quietly and all of a sudden she'll start to holler. That's proof, ain't it?"

"It only means, Dagwood my boy," the Colonel interposed, "that she has been admitted to Stooptopia, spelled: s, t, dash, p, space, t, paragraph, p, i, a. Stooptopia, where everything is peachy."



Colonel Roscoe Turner of *Flying Time* and *Dream Singer* Ralph Kirbery try out Kirbery's new plane.

Budd said the above was because the Colonel "can't spell pretty good."

"The job is so peachy," it was Joan again, "that I've almost decided to keep the boys on the show. I hadn't meant to tell you so soon, men, but that's . . ."

What do you think?
"By the way, Joan," Stoopnagle leaned over confidentially, "don't scald your *Minute Tapioca*, just boil it."

And the Colonel is right, don't scald it, boil it. He knows because he and Budd (invited by an unsuspecting sponsor) went down to the plant to look it over and learn how to cook it and now it's (the plant) way behind on production. That's the effect they have.

I ventured the assumption, based on fact, that the Colonel and Budd were going backward in evolution, getting more like little boys every day. The Colonel was flattered and said so.

There's no particular reason for recording it, but at this point the Colonel sang a song (at the top of his lungs) about a Mrs. Murphy.

The interview was, of a necessity, over—we got ready to go.

"They're really swell." Joan's voice said quietly in my ear. "There are very few as nice as they are in this game. I've dropped cues and worse, and do you think they've gotten mad about it? Not a bit! I know now I'll adopt them."

I got away from her as quickly as I could and joined Budd. It was safer.

"I think we've got something there," he said, pointing to Joan up ahead with the Colonel, who was leading the parade out of the studio, "don't you?"

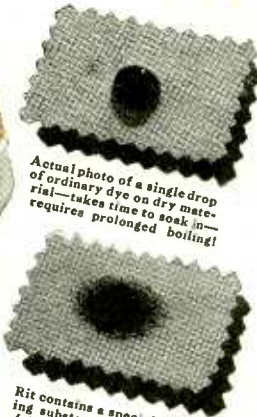
I told him I did.

"Here's something about her that might interest you. She got a letter from a lady in Connecticut, who said that she always listened to the show but especially now that Joan Banks was on it. You see, her name is Banks, too (no relation) and she had had a little three-year-old daughter named Joan. But this little girl died of pneumonia last November and now she found herself taking great interest in a Joan Banks who was what her daughter might have been, had she lived.

"She asked Joan if she'd mind if she thought of her as her adopted daughter. They've gotten to be good friends."

Maybe this gang isn't so crazy at that!

NEVER SAY 'DYE' SAY 'DYE' SAY RIT!



Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the only household dye with this feature.



Break off as much as you need! Rit is in wafer form for your convenience. Dissolves instantly!

THERE'S a new discovery in Rit that makes ordinary dyes surest way! Rit penetrates every thread and fibre without harsh boiling—gives you glowing "professional" results every time. Endorsed by millions of women. Sold everywhere.

Use WHITE RIT Color Remover first—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Really whitens white goods.

TANGEE

the Years Away



WATCH TANGEE'S Color Change Principle bring your lips glowing freshness of youth. Tangee isn't paint, can't give a "painted look". From orange in the stick it changes on your lips to soft blush-rose. Paris says, "Paint is out of harmony with today's fashions". Also use Tangee Rouge for cheeks and achieve perfect color symphony.



SEE HOW Tangee Lipstick's special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep... Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime... it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangee doesn't rub off, and never smears bed linens. Try Tangee: 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ MM57

HAVING SOMEONE WHO CARES

(Continued from page 41)



Jeanette MacDonald recently was guest star on the Sunday night *Vick's Open House* program, of which Nelson Eddy is host. Here are Nelson and Jeanette with Josef Pasternack, orchestra leader of the popular program.

it is not at all incompatible with success in his chosen field.

"How could it be?" he asked simply. "Marriage surely means more enjoyment in your work and in living—you needn't be a slave to your work. The more you enjoy it, the more you have to give to it. A happy marriage means that you have just that much more to give. And there is more to it than that, of course. If you are alone, and things go badly, you are nervous and tired; you brood over these things and magnify them till they grow worse. But if you have someone to talk to, someone who understands, the troubles are soon smoothed out and forgotten. You sleep better at night for having talked out the problems of the day with someone who cares."

It is less than two years now since he met the girl who became his wife. Three months and five days after they met, they were married. And as an old married man of a year and a half, Conrad already has learned that the priceless ingredient of a happy marriage is complete understanding.

"If you have that, you have everything." And his contented and tender smile indicated that he had that and gave thanks for it devoutly. "We have so many things in common," he continued, "and the funny thing is that we are always discovering more. Of course, during the courtship days, we found we shared many likes and dislikes, but it was fun, after we were married, to find so many more—even to such minor things as the same likes and dislikes of food."

It was, in fact, a shared liking for dogs that brought them together in the first place. For four or five years, Elinor Kendall, who is that rarity, a native New Yorker, had been living in a certain apartment on Park Avenue, and for two of those years, Conrad had been living there, too. But, as is usual in New York, they never had met—one's next door neighbor might as well be in France for all the contact one has with him. But Elinor

owned a cocker spaniel, and Conrad, who had often seen the slim and pretty girl walking her dog in the court, went out one day and bought himself a Scottie—whom he named *Miniver Cheevy*, after E. A. Robinson's familiar poem. And it was this stolid, unemotional Scotch terrier who, as Conrad had hoped, arranged an introduction. A phlegmatic, unimaginative Cupid, but eminently satisfactory!

It is typical of Conrad that he does not think of dogs—or children—as a burden. The two dogs travel with Mr. and Mrs. Thibault and are considered no hindrance, no unnecessary worry. "It is easy enough nowadays," he says lightly. And when the little family is augmented, as he hopes and expects it to be, life will be no more difficult but lots more fun.

Meanwhile, Conrad and his pretty wife lead a full and happy life together. They recently decorated and furnished a charming apartment in New York, but had only two weeks in which to enjoy it before the call came which brought them to Hollywood. There, by way of contrast, they rented a house in Beverly Hills, with a yard and garden which so delight Miniver Cheevy that not even the California rain—or 'heavy dew'—discourages him. Never has the dour Scot been so frisky. It will be a sad Miniver if Conrad decides that New York, and not Hollywood, is where he wants to be!

The Thibaults golf and play tennis and ride, loving the out-of-doors and all open-air sports. At present they are enjoying the California sun to the full, although in the East they love the snappy cold weather and winter sports. Back home, they make frequent trips to Westchester and the Connecticut shore, often driving out to Gus Haenschen's lovely place in Westport. Hollywood is as different from what they are used to in New York and its environs as can be imagined, and it is no wonder that at first they found the adjustment difficult.

But they find it so much fun just to do things together that the strangeness will

RADIO STARS

soon wear off. Of all his interests, baseball seems to be the only one his wife does not share, so in season he goes without her. All other pleasures and hobbies are shared and made more delightful by that sharing. Mrs. Thibault is a non-professional, with no connection of her own in any of the arts, but with a warm interest and a generous understanding of Conrad's gift and all it entails.

"If she is ever jealous," he said smilingly, "she certainly conceals it to perfection."

And so Conrad, certain of her sympathy and cooperation, is free to spend his mornings vocalizing, his afternoons practicing with an accompanist, and Elinor disposes of her household duties so that nothing interferes with his program and so that she is ready whenever he is for a game of tennis or a horseback ride.

His present place on the *Packard Program*, with Fred Astaire, takes up Sunday afternoon and Monday and Tuesday, but for the rest of the week he is free to study and do pretty much as he pleases. When he flew out to appear as guest star on the program, he was not sure he wanted to stay, but he was an immediate success, his lyric baritone charming all listeners, and he signed a thirteen weeks' contract. Now, with a renewal offered, he is not sure whether to re-sign, or to give in to homesickness and return to New York. Perhaps, in the intervening weeks, the pangs of nostalgia will yield to the charms of southern California and he will decide to stay!

In any case, Conrad, who was born on November 13th, and who this year celebrated it on Friday, just four days before his flight to the Coast, believes that three and the other odd numbers mean luck for him; that 1937 is, therefore, sure to be kind to him. It has certainly begun auspiciously and promises well, whatever his decision about Hollywood or the movies may be.

Conrad gets a lot of fan mail and has been corresponding with several of these fans for years. It is a pleasant relationship and he likes their friendly criticism and advice. As to his programs and choice of songs, he likes to think of himself as a lyric baritone and much prefers the more sentimental, romantic type of song to the dramatic offerings, made popular by Lawrence Tibbett, which some of his fans demand.

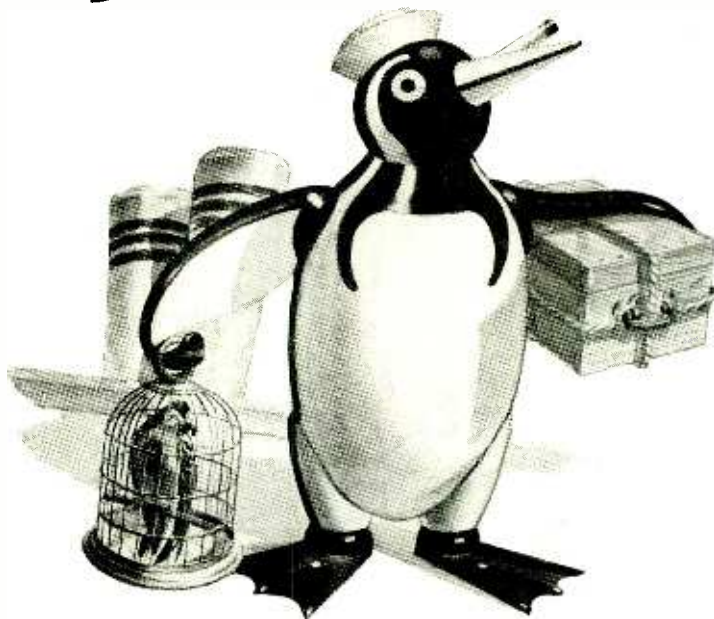
"I don't know why a man should have to be a 'heavy' because he is a baritone," he laughed. "How do tenors get that way—that they are more romantic?"

Certainly, in looks as well as in voice and choice of songs, Conrad merits the term "romantic!"

He and his wife rarely go to night clubs, though they enjoy them when they do "step out." They lead a simple life and find a great deal of pleasure in it. Simple pleasures and lasting—a delightful and sure way to build up the enduring happiness that Conrad, the idealist, recognizes as the greatest good in life. Enjoying life through giving pleasure to others is his idea of success.

As at sixteen, so today he knows what he wants. And with his delightful voice and personal charm, plus an unfailing application to the job in hand, he seems well set to get it.

AHOY THERE... LEAD ME TO KOOLS!

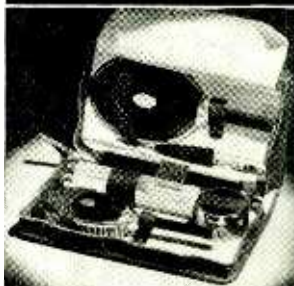


Tired of hot smokes, mate? Throat all fogged up? Keep your throat shipshape—switch to KOOLS. Their touch of mild menthol adds refreshing flavor—like mint in chewing gum, it makes 'em cool as ocean spray. Yet you enjoy *all* the full-bodied Turkish-Domestic blend. Try 'em. And stow away the coupons for handsome, useful premiums. Carton buyers find *extra* coupons. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

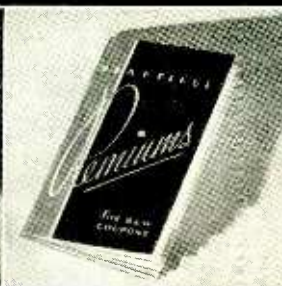
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KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)

velop some of the respect for old Father Time that we radio people soon learn to have. You'll find that it will be appreciated by your friends and your family, I'm sure. So be prompt in keeping your engagements. (I know you'll find it hard to believe, but I'm practically never late, no matter how busy I may be!) Learn, also, to finish your *Cooking Program* by the clock, so that when the usual meal hour arrives you can still announce that dinner is on the table—even though you've only had a few minutes in which to prepare it.

But in order to do this on all occasions, you must have a well planned *Emergency Shelf*. So that, whatever may turn up—whether it's hubby bringing home the boss, or a friend walking in unannounced, or just a later-than-usual bridge game or shopping expedition—you can provide, at a moment's notice, all that is needed for an attractive, well-balanced meal.

You should also have some good *Quick Meal* recipes to fall back on. The ones I'm offering you (and which I'm describing for you more completely further on) fill the bill nicely. Don't just stop with getting copies of those, however, but continue collecting, being sure that you file them in such a way that they are available in emergencies without organizing a searching party!

And that brings us back to our *Emergency Shelf* foods—those important items which, ready and at hand, make quick-meal preparation possible. These foods should be grouped, I think, under three general headings. At least, that's the way I've always thought of them, since the days when my grandmother first showed me, with evident pride, her well-stocked pantry closets. The variety, nowadays, is even greater, of course—and goes on increasing as new ready-cooked or almost cooked products are put on the market.

So let's group them in the way I've already suggested. *No. 1*, then, would be canned and bottled foods. *No. 2*, packaged foods. And *No. 3*, general and refrigerator supplies. Please remember, when you read my lists, that most of the things I'm putting down here belong in your kitchen the year around, anyway, so don't think that, because of my sponsors, I'm trying to get you to buy out an entire grocery store! Naturally you'll have to add to and delete from my list, because tastes vary and you must be governed by the preferences and possible food fads of your own family. But this should provide a good "jumping off place," from which you can strike out in your own direction. At least, that's what I hope, in writing it all down here for you.

In the canned goods line, then, I think you should have a wide variety of canned fruits such as pineapple (sliced, crushed, juice, spears, wedges, etc!), peaches, both sliced and halved; pears, cherries, apricots, grapefruit sections, fruit juices, berries and others perhaps not so generally known but as well liked by many.

Then you'll want to have all the vegetables that you like in canned form. Here personal preferences are very marked, both

as to the kind and the packer. But just about everyone likes canned corn (both of the creamed and whole kernel variety), canned tomatoes and tomato juice, canned asparagus, baby beets and—well, you'd better add on to this list yourself! Only don't forget tiny canned white potatoes and golden, canned sweet potatoes. Are they emergency aces!

Canned soups are so generally popular these days, that it seems almost unnecessary to mention them, except to say that you should have a special corner of the shelf which permits you to lay in a goodly variety. And don't forget that "soups make sauces" these days, too. One of the recipes I'm giving you, for instance, *Quick Chicken Chop Suey*, calls for canned chicken soup as well as canned chicken and Chinese vegetables and noodles. Takes less than fifteen minutes to prepare, by this method, instead of hours of boiling. Another of my recipes, this month, *Sure-fire Tomato Rarebit*, uses that most popular soup of all, Cream of Tomato. Of course, you'll find both of these recipes in the leaflet.

Canned fish is a type of food growing in popularity by leaps and bounds. Many of you, I'm sure, live in the Middle West states, where fresh sea food is practically unknown. But who worries about that, when there are salmon, tuna, shrimp, lobster, codfish and oysters in clean, sanitary cans, on the grocer's shelves?

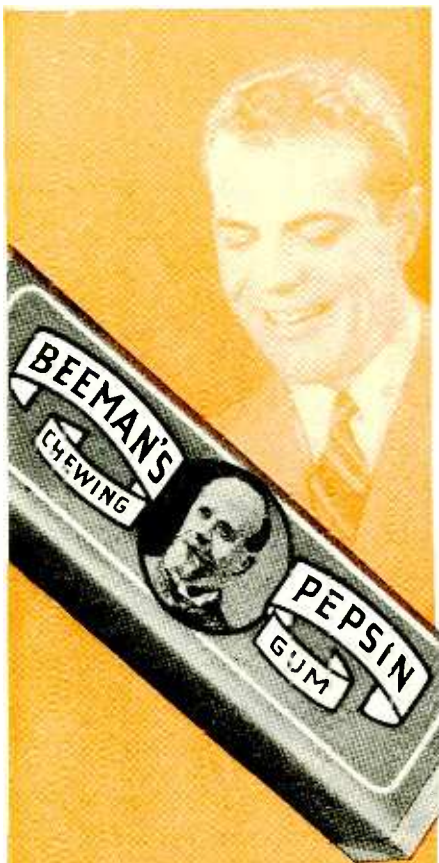
Canned meats, other than the chicken I've already mentioned, also are well liked. These include, of course, the many tasty meat spreads that are used for canapes and sandwiches.

Evaporated and condensed milk also deserve a place on your *Emergency Shelf*—and a mighty important one. For they have many uses to recommend them, aside from their very real economy.

I'm also particularly fond of those grand (and economical, too) canned foods, spaghetti and baked beans, aren't you? With baked beans—which I serve in a real old-fashioned bean-pot—I always have Boston Brown Bread. And that comes in cans, too, you know! With both spaghetti and beans, I always serve a fresh, raw vegetable salad. The combination is grand! Just cut up every salad green and vegetable you have in your vegetable freshener in the refrigerator—that might include watercress, as well as lettuce, radishes, fresh tomatoes, little raw onions, raw carrots, celery and green pepper. The more the merrier! Serve it with a simple French dressing, together with the steaming-hot spaghetti or beans, and what a *Quick Meal* that will be!

I use spaghetti, also, as a base for other dishes—with little brown sausages, meat balls, etc. One of my favorite combinations, though, is spaghetti with eggs, in a dish I call *Eggs Milan*. (*Editor's Note*: You'll see it pictured—made according to Miss Smith's description—at the beginning of this article. Her recipe is on one of the cards in the leaflet.)

And now, even after mentioning all those things, I'll just bet you could tell me a whole flock I've forgotten! Well, I'm will-



"IRRESISTIBLE"

"It is that. And did you ever stop to consider how much real pleasure there is in a package of Beeman's? Five sticks of chewing gum—pure and wholesome, and loaded with delicious flavor that lasts—and lasts. That airtight wrapping, they tell me, keeps it fresh and preserves its delicate flavor. And don't forget, each meal will be kinder to you for Beeman's provides a pleasant aid to digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...



Rubinoff celebrates his seventh anniversary in radio by learning to handle chopsticks. Café operator Charley Yermah instructs him and some of the boys.

ing to be reminded. But let me remind you that it's smart economy to buy canned goods by the case, if you have room, when they are on sale.

Now let's go on to the many packaged goods you will profit by having on hand. Here again I'm just about staggered by the number we have to choose from, so you'll just have to name your own varieties, as all I can hope to do is to list them in the most general way. *Sooo-o!* Be sure to have biscuit mix, cake mixes and pastry flour; packaged bread crumbs and cracker meal; raisins, dates, marshmallows; quick setting gelatin desserts and quickly fixed puddings. And, of course, you always must have plenty of such things as cornstarch, flour, tea, coffee and sugars of all kinds.

Cereals and crackers provide marvelous emergency aids, so don't forget them. Dry cereals, of course, are the late-risers' delight—and if you have a job or appointment, that's an emergency, indeed! But nowadays cereals also have many other uses. For instance, you can roll out puffed wheat or cornflakes to make the quickest, most delicious pie crust you ever tasted. Guess I'll give you that recipe, too, in the leaflet. Fill these shells with whipped cream and bananas, or some other quickly prepared filling, and no one will believe it didn't take you hours to make! Scatter puffed rice or puffed wheat over the whipped cream topping of a cream soup and it will seem like the beginning of a party meal. These only begin to suggest the many things you can do with just the shake of a cereal box.

Crackers provide a subject I'd love to devote an article to (and maybe I will, at that!) for you can go on indefinitely telling about their uses. I've too little space, though, except for the fewest of quickly-expressed ideas. There are rusks, for instance, to substitute for toast, ry-krisp to have on hand when the bread supply runs low, filled cookies for teas and desserts, chocolate cookies to make one of those ice-box cakes that everyone loves. (I think they give you the recipe right on the tins they come in.)

Speaking of crackers and ice-box cakes, by the way, I almost forgot to tell you about the *Graham Pineapple Cake* recipe that I'm giving you. Although, after it's made, it must be left in the refrigerator for several hours and therefore, properly speaking, does not belong in the *Quick Meal* or *Emergency* category, I still think you should have it. Because, after all, something

tucked away in advance, for an emergency that you suspect *may* arise, gives you a grand and glorious feeling. For that reason I've included it, and also because it's made in a jiffy from the very type of supplies we've been talking about.

Well, that leaves just our third group, refrigerator and general supplies. By these I mean such things as eggs, butter, fats for frying and cooking, oil for salads and cooking, too; fruits for desserts, for salads, or for fruit cups. The picture shows me making this last named quick and pleasant starter for a meal. Of course, I combine both canned and fresh fruits in most of such mixtures.

To continue: I think every household always should have on hand such things as lemons, onions and celery. (The celery leaves for seasoning, the stalks for cooking, the hearts for table service.) Nor could I imagine keeping house without cheese, but I didn't mention cheeses among the packaged foods because they come, rather, under the heading of refrigerator items. But include them you should, for I know of no better "filler inners."

In my house you would always find a generous selection of cheeses, both imported and domestic—to be served as dessert, or as an extra course, if the dinner is light; to go with salads, to nibble on between meals, to use in sauces, to make up into sandwiches, to garnish canapes, to grate over various dishes which they improve no end. One grand sauce, for instance, is made in 1-2-3 fashion, simply by melting a package of processed cheese, combined with 1/2 cup of evaporated milk, in the top of a double boiler. Try that on eggs or vegetables or on pieces of toast, and see if you don't agree with me. Then, of course, there are Rarebits—one of which, as I told you, is in my recipe leaflet.

Well, folks, that about covers the subject to the best of *my* ability. If you think of anything I should have included, let me know. While, if my list is more complete than any you may have thought of, be sure to copy it down for future reference. And don't forget the recipes! Because I know you'll enjoy making the *Quick Meal* dishes that they tell you, clearly and carefully, how to make.

This is Kate Smith about to sign off and go shopping—for writing this article certainly reminded *me* that my own *Emergency Shelf* supplies are running pretty low. So goodbye, friends, until next week's broadcast and next month's article.

"IT'S POSITIVELY AMAZING THE FUSS A MAN CAN KICK UP IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY MORNING!"



You'll win big smiles from *any* man with those big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits. Try it!

"I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU BOYS HAD ANY SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES HANDY."



Set full sail for your grocer's right now. Shredded Wheat with strawberries is the flavor sensation of the season!

"OH YES, MADAM, SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY DAY WILL HELP MAKE HER BIG AND STRONG!"



Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. And scientists say, "Wheat contains an excellent balance of the vital food essentials which help keep you active and alert!"



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More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

DO YOU REALLY KNOW VICTOR?

(Continued from page 29)



**FEMININE
HYGIENE**
made easy



THE MODERN METHOD

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and *easy*. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use...much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parabydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of *Unguentine*.

NORFORMS



The hill-billy Canovas, Judy, Anne and Zeke, of Sunday's *Rippling Rhythm Revue* (9:15 p.m., EST) visit a hospital and cheer up the small patients.

years to pay for them! With any other man, they would have been a chunk of swampland; in his case, they happened to be in the center of what today is Jackson Heights, a populous center of Long Island, twenty minutes from Times Square—and worth a minimum of \$250,000. A few years later, he bought a piece of woods. It became his home, one of the show estates on Long Island, one that paid for itself by the operation of a remarkably successful poultry farm.

Knowing all these things, you'd expect a conceited man, full of brag and self-praise. Actually, he is a fat little man, scared and shrinking, his clothes wrinkled, his manner so naïve, you're sure there must be hayseeds in his hair. He has been an actor all his life, yet he hates to talk about himself. He also hates to talk about others, except to give them extravagant praise.

Born in Hammonton, New Jersey, he made up his mind the moment he was able to think, he was going to be an actor. He acted in the school plays and confesses that he made a fool of himself trying to get laughs out of his classmates. His father was a ten-thumb business man, who was good only at fishing. He would raise a dollar, give his wife—Victor's mother—a quarter to run the household, and go off with the rod and bait can. He always came back with fish enough to feed the family for a week or two.

"I am just like my father," said Mr. Moore. "Fishing is what I do best."

The family moved to Boston, where the father opened a restaurant and Victor diddle about finding out that he was good for nothing but the stage. At seventeen, he made his debut in *Babes in Toyland*, hold-

ing a spear. Was he frightened? In response to this question, he says:

"Some, but being only a super with a spear, there was not much to frighten me but the *spear!*"

He went on as super through a succession of plays, and finally he got a line to say. Something like: "*Dinner is served.*" For this he received \$3.50 a week, and overnight he blossomed out in a cane and a black hat. At last, he was an actor!

Then to a traveling stock company, for which he raised a black moustache and played villains. The Ideal Repertory Company never made any money and one night, after closing the performance of *Convict 999*, the company skipped its hotel bill and went on to the next town. There the sheriff was waiting for them, but they escaped him and for two weeks holed in at a farmhouse, living on flour and beans.

His next job paid him \$10 a week for playing a juvenile part. It is memorable, for in this rôle, he sang his first and last song. A critic at the time wrote:

"Mr. Moore sang one song. He mistook the noise in the rear of the house for applause and inflicted a second verse."

With a play called *The Romance of Coon Hollow* he traveled to the Pacific Coast. In Stockton, California, they discovered the advance agent had quit without warning, so that no one had heard of the play. Victor was given the job of distributing handbills on the street.

From play to play, from stock company to stock company, bumped the young actor, gaining experience. He acted Jewish

comedians, Negro parts, and German rôles. In one play, he was Nero. In Newark, New Jersey, he and a friend started a company which managed to finish the season. When the partners split, Victor Moore had \$13.50 as his share.

After that, life was smooth sailing, for he met Emma Littlefield and, as *Moore and Littlefield*, they put over their skit, *Change Your Act* or *Back to the Woods*. Some of you old-timers may remember it. The curtain rose, showing the stage bare to the back wall, with Moore, in the part of an actor, being told by a stagehand that he was through.

"We used to play this act sixty weeks a year," he said. "Sure, sixty weeks. Pay no attention to the calendar, because in New York we played the Palace and the Riverside at the same time, traveling from one theatre to the other in taxicabs."

George M. Cohan rescued Victor from vaudeville. He spotted him as surefire and wrote the part of *Kid Burns* for him in his play, *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*. The moment Cohan was through with him, he was snatched by Owen Davis, who wrote, expressly for Victor Moore, the plays, *Shorty McCabe* and *The Happiest Night of My Life*. Both of them successes. The legend of Moore's luck began to grow.

While on tour, he was stricken with appendicitis—and that, too, was luck, because Jesse Lasky met him in California and put him to work in the movies. They were still silent but the comedian clicked, and *Chimmie Fadden*, *The Race* and *The Clown* made money for their producer. He returned East to appear in some forty one-reel comedies, filling in between whites in vaudeville.

By now, the luck and great talents of Victor Moore were Broadway facts and no revue producer in his right mind attempted to put one on without first dicker-ing with the comedian. He appeared in such hits as *Oh Kay*, *Allez Oop*, *Hold Everything*, *Funny Face*, *Heads Up* and *Princess Charming*.

But the success which smashed its way to the public heart was his performance as *Alexander P. Throttlebottom* in *Of Thee I Sing*. Playing what was to have been a secondary rôle, he stole the show, boots, breeches and scenery!

As a movie star, his performance in *Swing Time* and *We, the Jury* have established him so firmly that the other day he traded his Long Island home for one in California. That's where he wants to remain from now on, unless some one comes along with the kind of a play he always has been seeking.

"Something like *Lightnin'*," he explains. "A play that combines laughter and tears. A rôle by which I will be remembered."

If you look back over his career, this fact emerges: Victor Moore always has played secondary rôles. He has been the funny man, second or third in billing. Yet, invariably he has carried off the honors, been responsible more than the others for the success of the play.

Some say his success as a comedian is due to his perfect timing, the way he speaks his lines. That is true, but, over and beyond that, is the fact that Victor Moore is a gentle spirit, a man without guile, with nothing but love for his fellow men, who, as in the days when he was a boy, still is willing to make a fool of himself in order to make his comrades happy.

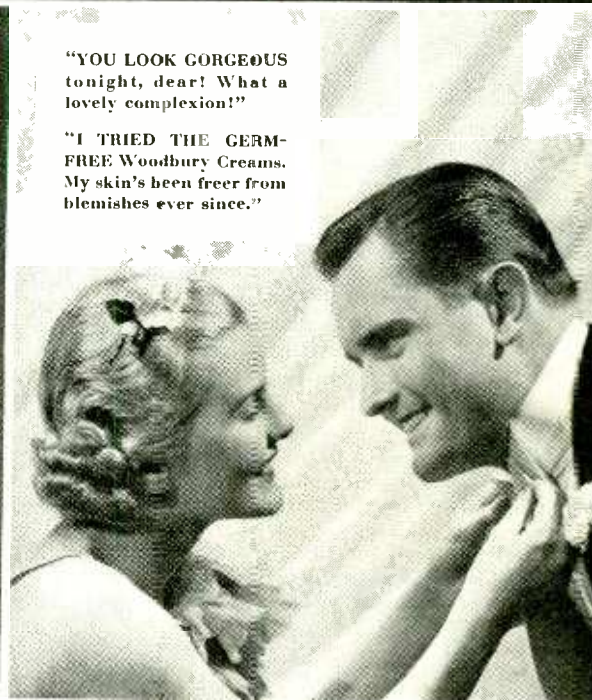
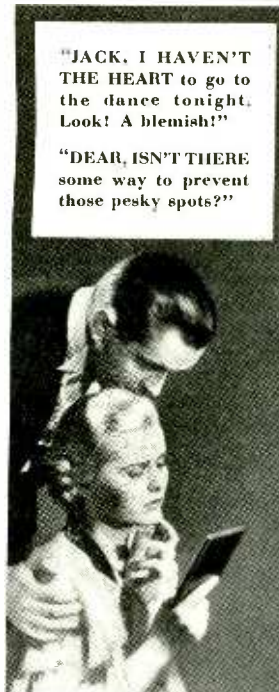
Have Clearer, Lovelier Skin with these *Germ-Free* Beauty Creams

"JACK, I HAVEN'T THE HEART to go to the dance tonight. Look! A blemish!"

"DEAR, ISN'T THERE some way to prevent those pesky spots?"

"YOU LOOK GORGEOUS tonight, dear! What a lovely complexion!"

"I TRIED THE GERM-FREE Woodbury Creams. My skin's been freer from blemishes ever since."



Your skin can better resist blemishes and dryness with Woodbury's . . . and now Vitamin D in this famous Cold Cream helps keep skin youthful!

It's far easier today to have a satin-smooth complexion. You have Woodbury's Germ-free Creams, the products of skin scientists, to help you.

Fine emollients in Woodbury's Cold Cream help restore dry skin to moist freshness. And when this germ-free cream is on your face, it arrests germ-growth . . . stands guard over tiny cracks and fissures in your skin that have opened the door to the germs which cause so many blemishes.

Besides, this famous cold cream now contains Sunshine Vitamin D. In order to maintain its health and youthful vigor, your skin must take up oxygen at a rapid rate, breathe quickly. That is why Vitamin D has been added to Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . to coax new life and loveliness into "tired" complexions.

Woodbury's Facial Cream forms a flattering base for your make-up. Protects your skin, too, from wind and dust. With all their benefits to clear skin beauty, these exquisite germ-free creams are each only \$1.00. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢, in tubes.

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SEND for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT
It contains: trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 11 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Address _____

SHE WON A BITTER FIGHT

(Continued from page 39)



*"You are
good company now"*

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork...worry...undue strain...colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength...firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

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.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. 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.



remembering. "And they were always bigger than I was, so of course I'd get the worst of it."

There were three boys in the neighborhood who lorded it over all the others. They were older and had a confident swagger that couldn't help but impress the rest. They appointed themselves Natalie's protectors because she was so little and such a fighter. After that there wasn't anyone who would get into an argument with her.

It was when she was studying at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia that she read those three boys were going to die together, as they had lived together. That night, a little past eleven, the three of them were being electrocuted at Sing Sing.

Her mother and the neighbors had kept the news from her, but there she sat, reading it in the newspaper and knowing that now those boys were as alive as she was. were feeling the horror and terror that she was feeling, and that in a few hours they would be dead.

Those boys bred in the same hard school she had been bred in, those boys who had fought for her and who had laughed with her and had pulled her hair just to show her that even if they did protect her, they weren't too soft as far as she was concerned. It was the longest night she had ever lived through.

"They were so swell when I knew them," she says, and tears come into her voice. "They all had a genuine love for music and used to lift me up on the stoop sometimes and ask me to sing. It was almost like a command performance, for they were literally the kings of the neighborhood.

"It's so awful to think the same qualities that made them fall, that same energy and enthusiasm and love of adventure, could have made them go so far if they had been re-directed in the right channels.

"That's the thing about being brought up in the slums. It can hurt you so much or help you so much. It gives you stamina and an ability to take life on the chin, but those things can make you or work against you, depending upon your goal."

Natalie was sixteen when she got the scholarship to the Curtis Institute. For the first time she knew what it was not to worry, for not only was she being taken care of, but her family were taken care of, too.

That first day she arrived she was given fifty dollars which was to be used for her expenses for the next two weeks. It was a terrific sum to hand a kid who had never before had a dime that she could call her own, or that she felt she could spend on herself.

She walked along Chestnut Street, feeling like the richest girl in the world, stopping to look in at store windows and feeling there wasn't anything she couldn't buy for herself. The first thing she got was a pair of long, dangling earrings set with little bits of green glass she was sure were emeralds. Then a necklace followed that and a few bracelets—the kind that

jangled and made her feel something of a siren.

Then she bought an evening bag set with rhinestones, and clocked stockings and a batch of silk underwear.

She carried them all home with her, laid them on the bed and gloated. Then she looked in her bag and discovered she had exactly three dollars and eighty-five cents left to live on for the next two weeks!

"Even beans and eggs are all right to live on when you're sixteen and have a bureau drawer of junk to come home to at nights," Natalie laughed. "I never wore any of the jewelry, though, for I showed it to some of the other girls and they laughed at it. But, oh, how beautiful it seemed to me then! Far more beautiful than the steaks and chops and good nourishing food I should have bought instead of them."

But in spite of that experience she never was able to budget her money properly. There was always the feast of those first days when she got her expense money and the famine that came at the end of the two weeks.

Before she left New York, a friend had given her a letter to a young man studying at the University of Pennsylvania, so one of the first things Natalie did was to call him and tell him about it.

"He sounded awfully bored," she laughs, "but finally asked me to meet him and told me he'd buy me a soda. Well, there were five boys waiting for me when I got there, and they all looked me over very suspiciously and I could see they resented me. They were friends and always did things together and they weren't going to have any girl come along and maybe break up their little club.

"Evidently I didn't look very dangerous, because they unbent almost immediately, and before they brought me back to my boarding house I could see they had more or less adopted me. They used to take me to the college dances, but, it wasn't much fun for they watched over me like five stern parents and if they saw any of my dancing partners making as much as the tiniest pass at me they advanced on him in a body.

"But I could call them up when I had spent my allowance and say: 'I'm hungry and I haven't any money!' and always be sure of the reassuring response: 'All right, Brat, we'll be down to get you.'

"Four of those boys are in New York now and they've never stopped helping me. One is a newspaperman and two have important jobs on Broadway. Another is in radio. And the fifth one is happily married in Philadelphia and says all he can do is be my claque.

"They say I've done things for them, too, because I made myself such a responsibility to them that they just had to settle down and get to work to take care of me.

"I was the school problem child as well, for Mother had all she could do to make me honest and good without making a lady

of me as well. My diction made my teachers throw up their hands in horror and one of them labored with me incessantly.

"Chocolate," he would say, mincing each syllable and making the second *O* sound like a delicate lady who had just seen a mouse, and I would glare at him and say, 'Chawklut' with all the full flavor of my East Side bringing-up. It would go on for hours, 'chocolate,' 'chawklut,' 'chocolate,' 'chawklut' until he finally gave up in despair.

"For four years I was at the school and when it was over I was on my own again. It was hard, after the security I had known, to have to make the family's and my own living again. In the beginning I thought it would be easy. After all, I had a voice and I had had training, but after those first few weeks of sitting in every office on Broadway for hours at a time I began to wonder.

"There were the *almost* engagements that never came, and most of the time I didn't even get into the inside office, for the girl at the desk would take one look at my inexpensive clothes and wave some glamorously-dressed girl in, instead. There was the time one of the boys from Philadelphia told me they were casting for a second lead for *Jubilee*, to get over there right away and be sure to use his name. A man put me on the stage and asked me to sing.

"You've got a nice voice," he told me. "But you don't make a good enough appearance on the stage."

"I couldn't help feeling a little bitter then. After all, how could any girl make a good stage appearance in a printed silk dress that had cost two dollars and ninety-eight cents?"

"But afterwards, when I was at the Metropolitan, singing *Esmeralda* in *The Bartered Bride*, prancing around in the little ballet dress I wore for the rôle, that same man turned to the boy who had sent me to him two years before:

"Now why don't I ever find a girl like that when I'm casting a show?" he asked, and the boy couldn't answer him for laughing."

It was during these two years when she was trying to get a professional footing that Natalie was to meet another boy. Different, this time, from all the other boys she had met, because this tall young Irishman with the laughing blue eyes and sandy hair did something to her heart that none of the others had ever done.

She didn't want to go to the party she was invited to that night. She was so very tired! They insisted, so she went, tired as she was from that weary tramping up and down Broadway.

Then she saw him and somehow she wasn't tired any more. They sat and talked together, almost as though there wasn't anyone else in the room. When it was time to go home he didn't even ask if he could, he just took his hat and went with her.

After that, Bill was the beginning and end of everything she thought or did or dreamed. It didn't seem so bad, coming home at night without a job, with Bill there to laugh her fears away and tell her, with that Celtic optimism of his, that some day the breaks would come. And he'd get up and do a little imitation of her, the airs

WAKE UP
Mary!

It's a grand
old world
and you're
missing it



YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and *that was that*.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm — and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If

you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum — you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration — the unpleasant odor — and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have! The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**USE MUM ON
SANITARY NAPKINS**

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



DO YOU THROW MONEY AWAY? —every third woman does!

Enquiries among hundreds of women brought out the *astounding* fact that under-arm moisture had spoiled garments for 1 out of every 3!

For lack of a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields or a Bra-form every one of them threw away the price of her dress! *Nothing* you can do to the *armpit* is so *safe*, so *sure to protect your dress* as Kleinert's Dress Shields in the dress itself!

***BRA-FORMS, THE IDEAL WAY** for busy women to wear dress shields, are smart uplift bras made to "do things" for every type of figure. They are equipped with Kleinert's shields guaranteed to protect your dress not only from moisture but friction and too-strong under-arm cosmetics as well. They wash easily and may be worn with *any* dress.

Your favorite Notion Counter is showing Bra-forms in many styles from a dollar up—the Bra-form, illustrated above, is of fine batiste, \$1.25.



Ask for Kleinert's *Laund erite Shields*—25¢ a pair at Notion Counters everywhere.

Kleinert's

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA...LONDON, ENG.

and graces that would be hers when she became a full-fledged prima donna.

Everybody was happy when Bill was around. Even her mother, with her native Russian way of making a tragedy of every little thing, would have to laugh at Bill, saying so dramatically after her: "Oh, the tragedy of it!" and laughing in that easy, Irish way of his.

On Saturday afternoons they used to go down to the markets and wander around buying provisions and looking at all the expensive things they couldn't buy. But, somehow, it wasn't hard being poor any more, with Bill there talking as if they could get anything they darn well wanted, and pretending the meat and vegetables for the Bodanya Sunday dinner were for the young Gormans, who had just moved into their own imaginary small apartment.

On Sunday afternoons they took the ferry over to Staten Island, and the two youngsters in love would turn that ferry into the *Normandie* and make that twenty-minute crossing a European honeymoon. Natalie's changing gray eyes resembled violets when they looked down into the waters of the bay, pretending they were in mid-Atlantic.

They went to automobile shows, too, and looked at all the most expensive cars, but that didn't make Bill's old second-hand car seem any the less grand to them. Then came the time when he got the appointment to teach philosophy at the University of Chicago.

It was hard saying goodbye to Bill, saying goodbye to his laugh and his hope and his arms holding her, but Natalie had been bred in a hard school, so she was able to flip her hand in a gay salute and somehow keep her eyes smiling as well as her lips. When she felt more lonesome than she thought she could stand, she'd walk another few blocks looking for a job and come home so dog-tired that she couldn't even feel that sweetly fierce pang of loneliness any more.

Then suddenly all the breaks began

coming. When she went to the Metropolitan that morning for an audition, she didn't bank too much on it for she already had had many auditions there. But this time it was different. This time they gave her a job.

The Metropolitan was sold out for the night of her debut. All the cheap seats as well as the expensive ones, for all the old neighbors from Little Italy came down to see Natalie make her debut. Her heart was filled to overflowing as she stood on the stage at last, listening to the applause and knowing that some of it came from old friends, whose errands she had run and whose coal she had toted in an old go-cart and whose babies she once had minded.

It was a terrific triumph for that little girl who had fought for her place so long and so valiantly. Her dressing-room was so crowded after the performance that even Lawrence Tibbett, stepping around to congratulate her, couldn't get into it. It was a funny turn-about for the little girl who had hung wistfully around the star's dressing-room after other performances, never dreaming of following the congratulating crowds into her idol's dressing-room.

But the most marvelous thing of all was seeing Bill there with all the others, Bill joshing her just a little, so that she wouldn't see how much she had moved him, and knowing he had driven a thousand miles to be with her that night in the hour of her triumph.

"Can you imagine an opera singer being engaged to a professor of philosophy?" asks Natalie. The catch in her voice and the words coming so eagerly, you can imagine anything of this girl who has come such a long, long way on the difficult road to success.

And seeing her eyes changing, growing darker and deeper as she talks of him, you know she will bring as much strength to that marriage as she has to her career—and make as big a success of it.

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 15)

water. Eight to ten glasses a day is the rule, but Shirley is human and admits some days she just gets the minimum six—but never less than that!

Fourth is the diet. Shirley says stick to your diet and you'll be getting two birds with one stone! Complexion and figure problems fade when fruits and vegetables replace the pastries, candies and greasy foods.

The inveterate between-meal nibbler can continue nibbling with an easy conscience and a clear complexion, if the carrot habit is formed. The carrot is rich in vitamins as well as other healthful and tonic qualities. Eat it raw without removing the outer yellow skin. One of the nicest ways to eat carrots is to cut them into strips, eating them with the fingers, plain or dipped in mayonnaise. Then there is the raw carrot sandwich. A crisp, raw carrot, with mayonnaise, between thin slices of bread.

An advocate of cleanliness, Shirley ad-

heres to her soap, water and cleansing cream routine every day. She says she likes the soap and water cleansing in the morning, because it's such a good eye-opener. . . . It makes her feel so freshly scrubbed and shining to greet the day!

Fresh make-up on a fresh skin is required by law. Dingy powder, splotched rouge and peeling lipstick just won't spell glamour!

Here's a boost to your fresh face resolution. This month's sample offer is a dainty little cleansing kit—free to all who live in the United States (duty charges prevent extending the offer). This pale pink kit contains a delightful rose-colored liquid cleanser and the tissues for applying. If you ever use it once, you'll use it twice! It is a whole facial routine in one—cleanser, astringent, tonic and powder base. Don't forget to send for it.

Twinkle, twinkle! Those are Shirley's pretty little hands. We are conscious of graciousness and control in their suppleness and lack of flourishes. The palm turned up,

or partly so, makes us feel Shirley is interested in us and our problems. In the language of the hands, the upturned palm indicates acceptance and receptiveness. The palm is down in gestures of negation and leadership and strength.

How do we achieve easy, free-flowing hand movement? From the wrist. The wrist always leads! A splendid exercise to keep the wrists supple, so that they can be more responsive, is to extend the hands in front of the body and shake them up and down and sideways. Now, hold the hands up in the air for a moment, and any redness or vein prominence from the sudden exercise will leave. Incidentally, holding the hands in the air whenever possible is a grand way to encourage and keep that fragile lily-whiteness!

The next step in training our hands to express more loveliness is the elimination of all meaningless movement. Finger fiddlers, twirlers and pluckers—see yourselves as others see you! Flourishes, curled little fingers, thumb and forefinger grasping, give place to economy of movement. Restrained directness of movement indicates poise and culture. The little finger lends grace and performs its own useful function when it lies close to the next finger, drawn up so that its tip is about at the first joint of the fourth finger. When the hands are relaxed, the little finger and forefinger are slightly separated from the middle fingers, which are close together. The middle finger is too often overlooked! See how the use of the thumb and middle finger in grasping and holding leaves the forefinger free to elongate and slenderize the hand. When each finger performs its own function, the hands are both capable and graceful.

Shirley cares for her hands as faithfully as her face. Overnight gloves and creams. A protective lotion after having the hands in water, and before exposure to the weather. These measures are simple, but they'll make dryness and roughness fold their tents like the Arabs. One of our favorites for conserving the youthfulness of the hands, this spring, is a generous bottle of a quick-drying lotion, to restore moisture inside the skin cells, and a small trial size bottle of this same lotion tucked away at its side. You use the small bottle first and, if you aren't completely satisfied, you may return the large bottle and have your money refunded. A novel guarantee and a tempting offer! Let's not resist this beauty aid.

Our notebooks are crammed with glamour pointers. It's time for Shirley's next song. We'll thank Shirley nicely and hie ourselves home to begin our new beauty program. Grab your powder-puff and bonnet, for we're off!

Mary Biddle,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your gift offer of the Cleansing Kit. I am enclosing a 3¢ stamp to cover mailing costs.
P.S. This offer is only for the United States.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

"She's a POWDER PANIC IF EVER I SAW ONE!"

POLITENESS PREVENTS ANYONE FROM TELLING YOU WHAT EVERYONE MAY SEE—WRONG SHADE FACE POWDER IS SOCIALLY EMBARRASSING!

Test All Five New Face Powder Shades At My Expense...

See If Yours Makes You Look Older—

Dear Madam:

Isn't it a shame? You spend hours, days, searching for a becoming dress or hat for each season of the year. And yet you may take for granted that your face powder shade is *always* right. Did you know that your skin changes color as often as the sun rays change with the seasons?

Important "Don'ts"

Don't ever think that the *name* of a powder shade means that shade is necessarily for *you*. Some blondes have a skin darker than that of brunettes. Some "Brunette" shades of powder are lighter than "Beige" shades. It's enough to confuse even the cosmetic sales girl you consult when you buy. Don't be too sure they don't call you a "powder-panic" when your back is turned. Don't be too certain that this season you yourself aren't wearing a "false-face" that is ridiculously artificial.

What Can You Do?

The only way you can avoid this deadly risk is to *test* powder shades. Sit down before your mirror—where there is no one to influence you—where you can see for yourself which shade adds to your youth, which shade adds to your age, which shade makes you a "powder-panic".

You *must* see yourself through eyes of others. The easiest way to do this is through the frank and fearless eyes of your mirror. For your own interests do this—try all five new shades which cosmeticians and stylists recently developed to cover every complexion color need. My LOVELY LADY Face Powder is made in all five of these thrilling new shades.

Send me the coupon below and I'll send you all five shades by return mail—five generous vanity size samplers—free to you. Then make the comparison I suggest—discover *truly* which face powder shade you ought to be wearing. I warn you—there will be a surprise in store for you. But it will be the most encouraging surprise you have had in months. You'll find a new and more enchanting YOU, a YOU whose skin really *did* have a beauty of its own but which had been so long hidden by a wrong shade of "false-face" powder that you had given up hope of ever being completely lovely any longer.

Why My Face Powder Ends Your Problems

LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends "powder-panic"—harmonizes more beautifully with your subtle natural skin tones, because it contains "BALMITE," my exquisite new soft-blend base. Just send this coupon to me, now, and I will send you generous vanity size samplers of all 5 shades of my new Face Powder FREE, by return mail.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

FREE

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

FRANCIA OF THE RANCHO

(Continued from page 33)



IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY IMPROPER CLEANERS CAN RUIN A PAIR OF WHITE SHOES!

SHU-MILK

is absolutely safe for all white shoes

Comparative tests on white shoes, worn and cleaned daily for only 3 weeks, revealed startling differences in white shoe cleaners. Even the naked eye could see what these unretouched photomicrographs show.



Above Left: Leather of shoe cleaned for only 3 weeks with "cover-over"—a common type of cleaner that covers dirt like "paint", forms dingy crust that quickly cracks, ruins leather, spoils appearance and shortens the life of the shoe.

Above Right: Shu-Milk cleaned mate to the shoe on the left. Note the soft, smooth leather, still like new and good for many more months of wear. Shu-Milk actually cleans—removes the dirt and then adds soft, dazzling white that cannot cake or crack.



SHU-MILK
cleans as it whitens

For years, millions have preferred Shu-Milk. Now the microscope tells why. Shu-Milk gives a whiter finish, protects leather, keeps shoes new longer. Costs no more. Will not rub off!

SAFE!

REMOVES DIRT AND GREASE WILL NOT RUB OFF

BOTTLE OR TUBE

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

ZIP

ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZIP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

her talents to all sorts of programs and it is no wonder that the inhabitants of the little town regard her as their own. The man on the street will tell you proudly: "She's a little protégée of mine."

Like many women of frail appearance, Francia and her mother have displayed amazing strength and courage and an ability to "run" their ranch and take care of themselves.

"Sometimes we've even been without a housekeeper," Francia boasted. "We're not afraid and housekeepers always try to 'mother' us. We've never been disturbed by the slightest hint of prowlers or burglars. There's really nothing for a thief to take, for our valuables consist mostly of Mother's heirlooms—like the spinning wheel," she added, indicating with her long, slim hand a lovely old piece in a corner, "and that ladder-backed chair you're sitting on."

The living-room, which also is the music room, is about thirty feet long with a high ceiling—not a beamed ceiling, because the beams would interfere with Francia's singing. The walls are cream-colored and the room is gay with cream-colored chintzes splashed with blue and red at the windows. The sun shines in on the warm, dark colors of the Oriental rugs on the floor and the rich crimson velvet-upholstered divans. It is a room that reflects the contentment, dignity and gentle breeding of its owners, yet carries out the Spanish feeling and the informality of a country home. Accustomed to such surroundings, it is no wonder that Francia couldn't sleep in the city.

As though reading my thoughts, she said: "I love to sleep mornings. Why, sometimes I sleep as late as nine o'clock, out here in the country."

Well, of course a girl can't expect to get any place by lying abed all morning! And that is no doubt the reason Francia isn't able to hold more than three jobs at one time. Probably that accounts for the fact that whenever a sponsor is looking for a radio artist who will sell his soap or his soup, his cigarettes or his canned milk, his face powder or his automobiles, the first name that occurs to him is Francia White.

It's on account of that "selling" voice, the sponsors say, and they should know, for they are the ones who pay the huge salaries. The result is that there is a continual argument over whether Francia shall sing for a cigarette or a cold-cure.

Just now she is singing on the Fred Astaire program in behalf of a high-priced car (just as if you didn't know!) and other offers are being waved about waiting for her signature. Recently she appeared as guest soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and her appearances on charity programs are so frequent that I just don't know what charity would do without her.

When she received twenty-one curtain calls after her singing of the title rôle in *Naughty Marietta*, she remarked: "Oh, anyone would make a hit singing that gorgeous music."

Voicing a decidedly different opinion of

the matter, I looked to Francia's mother for corroboration. "Yes," Mrs. White said, "I thought Francia sang very well that night."

Francia may have an enthusiastic public ready to spoil her, but at home there's not the slightest suggestion of her being a prima donna. And Francia's own estimate of herself is always critical. She never flatters herself and is never satisfied with herself. If she did two hundred things and one hundred and ninety-nine of them were perfect, it would be the one which was not perfect that Francia would remember. It is this self-criticism, probably, that has made her the artist she is. She can't bear to do anything in a slipshod manner. Nothing will do but her best, and even then she usually is dissatisfied.

It all sounds easy, doesn't it? But Francia is no exception to the rule that success must be earned. Just how important a part obstacles play in the game of building a career is difficult to determine, but no one ever has risen to greatness without being forced to hurdle some obstacles or to overcome some handicap.

Francia had none of the ordinary handicaps. She never starved in a garret. She didn't have to leave school and go to work to support her family. She had no physical drawbacks. Pictorially, she is lovely to look at. Her trim, graceful figure is the envy of most singers, who seem destined, as a class, to be a little over-weight. She has regular, clear-cut features, fine eyes and a smile revealing two rows of perfect white teeth. Francia wasn't overlooked when Venus, the goddess in charge of good looks—among other things—was handing out gifts.

No one can be perfect, however, and Francia's most outstanding deficiency is a complete lack of clothes sense. She cares nothing about clothes; thinks it is a nuisance to have to bother choosing them and having them fitted. If a clever salesgirl hadn't learned that Francia takes a size fourteen and decided to take her in hand, Francia might not be as smartly dressed as she is when she makes a public appearance.

There were other obstacles which Francia considered much more important and which she became very adept at hurdling. She hit plenty of bumps on the way up, but they all seem funny to her now and her lilting laughter punctuated our conversation continually.

There was the time when she was still in high school and someone told her that the play, *Good News*, was to be produced at a Los Angeles theatre with a local cast, except for the star. Immediately Francia applied for the second leading rôle.

"But you're a brunette," the manager told her, "and our star is also a brunette. That wouldn't do."

Francia was dismissed, but not daunted. Half an hour later she stood before the gentleman again, this time wearing a blonde wig. He liked her looks; he liked her singing. Everything seemed dandy.

RADIO STARS

"There's one thing more," he added casually. "You dance, of course. Show me a time step."

The look of blank amazement on her face told the story. She had never heard of a time step and there was no time for her to learn a dance routine.

Right then she made up her mind that she would never be caught again. And that very afternoon she took her first dancing lesson. She studied ballet. She studied tap dancing. An accomplished pianist, she learned everything else that could possibly help her the next time she applied for a job in a musical show.

She had need of these tools later when she found herself in New York without a job, and the only thing that offered itself was a few weeks with a vaudeville act. A girl was required who could sing, play the piano and dance. When she was asked if she could dance, the memory of that other occasion came to mind and, without stopping to remove her galoshes, she tapped out a little routine. She got the job.

"And what do you think?" she laughed, waving the poker about in dangerous fashion. "I had to play the piano accompaniment for the other two people in the act when they sang, and also play for them to dance. And we all did a song and dance number for the finale!"

That was funny to her, even then, but she was getting valuable experience and also earning money, which she needed, so she stuck it out.

Her first big radio contract took her to New York, where she was to star in one of the important weekly national broadcasts. She left home with a fanfare of

publicity and the good wishes of all Covina, and was met in New York by representatives of her sponsors.

"Hello, Barbara!" they greeted her.

"Barbara?" she echoed. "My name is Francia."

"But your name is going to be changed. You're going to be Barbara Hayden on the air," they told her.

For ten weeks she sang on the program with no introduction as Francia White. She argued to no avail. Francia will fight to a certain point and then she freezes. Before she went on her eleventh program she gritted her teeth and delivered her ultimatum—to the effect that unless she were introduced under her own name, she would not sing. She was introduced.

Francia keeps her word and she expects the other fellow to do the same. She gets along well with everyone but will take nothing from anyone.

Among others who call Francia their protégée is a near neighbor and life-long friend, Ellen Beach Yaw. Miss Yaw was Mrs. White's best friend before her marriage to Francia's father. The two made concert tours together and traveled to Europe together to study.

"Aunt Ellen," Francia calls her, and says: "She seems just like an aunt."

But it is Francia's mother who has had the greatest influence on her career. This is no "mother and daughter" story in the usual sense, but one couldn't write about Francia's career without mention of her mother, Phoebe Ara White, for Francia's career is the fulfillment of Mrs. White's ambitions for herself. When she was a young girl she had the same voice that Francia has today. She spent her girlhood

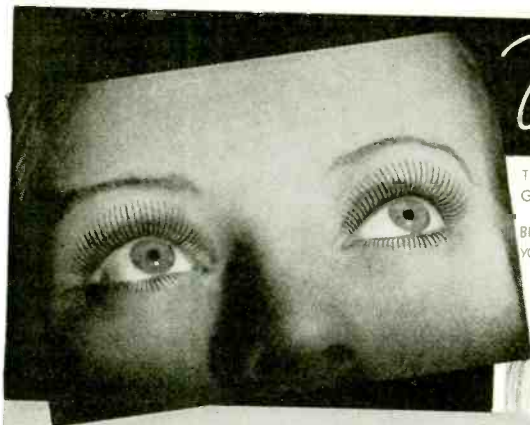
preparing for a career in opera, but, en route to Europe to pursue her studies, she met the man who later became her husband. He wooed her with such enthusiasm that their marriage followed soon after, and she agreed to give up all thought of work.

Mr. White was a wealthy Louisiana cotton planter of Italian descent. When Francia was born, she was given her unusual name, which is Italian for "France," because that was the destination of her parents when they met on shipboard. When Mr. White died he left his wife and little girl accustomed to luxury but with no great financial resources. Mrs. White resumed her work as a voice teacher and, with Francia as *Exhibit A*, further recommendation is not necessary.

Mrs. White's studio in Los Angeles has been the school for many well-known singers and she has been Francia's *only* teacher. On different occasions, since she became a star, Francia has been coached by other teachers and now is studying with Count Andre de Seguro, but her own mother taught her to sing.

Her lessons began long before her mother was aware of it. When Mrs. White had pupils in the parlor, Francia failed to heed her instructions to "run out and play." Instead, she could have been found bent over, her starched gingham dress standing out like a halo, with her eyes and ears at a crack in the door, listening to her mother teach.

Her eager, curious mind drank in everything she heard and she was able to absorb and apply the lessons to herself. Mrs. White was astonished one day to discover that her five-year-old daughter could sing



With youthful **EYES** you're never Old!

THANKS DEAR, BUT I'LL NEVER GET MARRIED... I'M TOO OLD!

BRIDE NONSENSE, BETTS. IT'S YOUR EYES! NOW LISTEN TO ME

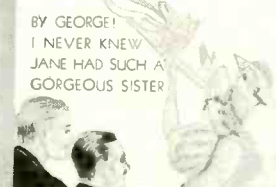


BETTS, I TOLD YOU WINX WOULD HELP YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

WINX DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE SIS!



BRIDE: HERE'S LUCK TO THE GIRL WITH LOVELY EYES



BY GEORGE! I NEVER KNEW JANE HAD SUCH A GORGEOUS SISTER

JACK YOUNG WOMAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE...

BETTS: SILLY! (TO HERSELF) SIS WAS RIGHT



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BETTS: OH JANE, I OWE IT ALL TO YOU... AND WINX



It's never too late for romance, but remember this . . . it's the girl with sparkling, youthful eyes who's always in demand. So look to your eyes for the secret of youth. If you want to know how much younger you can really appear, just try WINX, the modern mascara that subtracts years from your age! One application and lashes appear long, silky, sweeping—and shadowy as dusk. Eyes appear brighter, deeper with a glance that conveys youthful glamour—and allure. WINX mascara is on sale at department, drug and all 5 and 10 cent stores. It's available in three shades (Blue • Black • Brown) and in three forms (Cake • Creamy • Liquid).

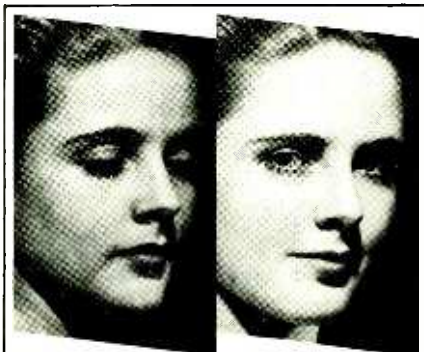
WINX 3-Way Blend

Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness—particularly around the eyes, WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up for your particular type.

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Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:

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Contains Rachel and Rachel and Rachel and
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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 cannot do without it—try it and see!



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SATINMESH



Art Thorsen, singing comedian with Horace Heidt's *Alemite Brigadiers*, has a Popeye voice and likes to impersonate the famous spinach-eating sailor.

intelligently. Delighted at this evidence of the child's talents, Mrs. White began her instruction without delay.

Francia was just seventeen when she was guest soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra the first time, and amazed a large and critical audience. She's been amazing audiences ever since.

She gave up college in her second year because she couldn't keep up both her school work and her music, but she feels she has more than made up for the loss of a diploma, with her knowledge of languages, the opportunities she has had to meet interesting people and to visit interesting places.

"I can do but one thing at a time," she said, when she left school, "and music is more important to me."

Francia's friends are continually complaining because she doesn't fall in love. And a matter that should be slightly personal has everyone worried but Francia.

"I want romance, of course," she told me earnestly, "and when the right man comes along, I suppose I'll fall in love. But, certainly, I'm not going to run around looking for him."

Francia had her quota of school-girl romances and she is having a good time now. She is very popular and she never lacks an escort for parties or other evening affairs. She may be a little glad that her real romance is put off for a while because, as she says: "I don't believe anyone can do two things at one time and do them well."

"My mother gave up her career to marry my father and, of course, she's not sorry, but she was in love. I'm not in love with anyone. I like to have a lot of beaux and I want to have more fun before I fall seriously in love."

Of course, it would be a shame for anything to interrupt her career at this point; to throw overboard the years of hard study that have gone into her career. She was remembering, no doubt, the Sundays with-

out number that she sang in the park for the usual Sunday afternoon crowds of mothers with crying babies, quarreling young couples—the peanut-eating crowds. There is more than a modicum of truth in her words when she says, half in jest; "I haven't time for romance now," for her days are filled with work, work, work.

There are music lessons, French lessons, Italian lessons, massages, appointments at the hair dresser's, rehearsals for her weekly broadcasts and other singing engagements and, being a woman, she must have clothes. It all takes time.

When she returns home, after a day in the city, tired enough to drop, there is practicing to do, and often she sings until nearly midnight. There is studying to do, too, and scores to learn.

"There will be time for romance later," she continued. "Look at Rosa Ponselle. She is older than I am and she just got married. She worked and slaved and when her career was all set, she got married. She has time now, to devote to a husband, that she wouldn't have had a few years ago. I think that is grand."

She worships Rosa Ponselle, and I recalled a little incident that occurred one night when Miss Ponselle was singing and Francia sat just in front of me. She sat listening eagerly, a rapt expression on her face and tears streaming down her cheeks to drop unnoticed in her lap. When the concert was over Francia was dejected.

"Why do I try to sing?" she cried passionately. "Why do I think anyone would ever want to listen to me? She sings! I squeak! Why couldn't I have had a voice like that?"

She couldn't have been more in earnest, but there are a lot of people who differ with her in her estimate of her own voice. And what does she know but that Miss Ponselle would give a great deal to have a face and figure like Francia's?

Often she has doubled for famous motion picture stars, when their rôles required a beautiful singing voice. She is very well paid for that, of course, but receives no recognition, which is a little heartbreaking.

"My screen tests were awful," she said frankly, when it was suggested that she try the films. And, characteristically, she failed to mention that her last screen test brought her an offer to play the feminine lead in an important M-G-M picture. She refused because she didn't think it was suited to her.

One of the most dramatic experiences of her career occurred two years ago when she was invited to sing with Richard Bonelli in the Hollywood Bowl. It meant a lot to her to sing with Bonelli, the symphony orchestra and under a distinguished conductor. It seemed a step upward toward the culmination of her hopes. And then, five weeks before the concert date, Francia was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. She was rebellious. Why did that have to happen to her? And then she made up her mind that she would sing, sick or well. She did, before an enthusiastic audience of 20,000 people, without a single rehearsal.

An old friend, not knowing of her illness, said to her after the concert: "You sang beautifully, Francia, but what's the matter? You look like you had lost your last love."

"It wasn't my love I lost," Francia replied. "It was my appendix!"

WHY BUDDY WILL WED MARY

(Continued from page 21)

as a child, as a boy in high school and college. He had never, she said, paid a great deal of attention to girls. He never seemed to care much about parties or dances or going out. He never had any prejudices against parties or girls, goodness knows. He just seemed more interested in his work, in his family. I also remembered her telling me how he once said that he always preferred playing with his band to dancing. That was when he was in college.

I said to Buddy, then: "Was it your work—was it because you were so interested in your work that you didn't care much for girls, didn't fall in love at least half a dozen times?"

"I think," said Buddy, reasonably, "that it was because I never met the right girl, that's all. If I had, I would have married. I certainly had no prejudice against marriage. On the contrary. Because when I did meet the right girl and when I could—well, I *am* marrying her!"

And theirs will be a marriage, I think, stemmed from the common root of shared things; likes and tastes and the homely brew called things-in-common. They have, Buddy and Mary say, *so much* in common. "We have *everything* in common," were Buddy's exact words. And deepest-grown of these common roots is their deep, devoted love of their own families. "Family people,"

Buddy explained, "belong together." Mary's abiding love of her mother, her devotion to Lottie and Jack, are well known. Buddy's mother told me that, at the time of Lottie's passing, Mary said to her: "Part of you goes when your own people go . . ."

Buddy's devotion to his mother, his father, his married sister and his brother, is equally loyal and profound. Scarcely a fortnight passes that he doesn't phone his mother at home in Olathe, Kansas, and say: "Why don't you hop a train and come out and stay with me, Mom?" "I have become," Mrs. Rogers told me, "a commuter between Olathe and Hollywood."

Both Mary and Buddy are sound, capable business people, as well as artists. Mary's affiliation with the United Artists Corporation, her successful productions as coproducer with Jesse Lasky, her books, her radio work, her management of her own affairs, are a part of Hollywood history. Buddy manages his own band, makes all final commitments and arrangements, has the final say on all financial dealings, final selection of members of his band. He knows his medium, as Mary knows hers. Both have earned large monies and, what is more remarkable and indicative of character in this business, where vast incomes may be said to be a matter of rubbing Aladdin's Lamp, have conserved it, invested it wisely, saved it.

Buddy was born on a farm. Mary was born in a small house up Canada-way. And it is on a ranch that they will live after they are married. Buddy's father was a newspaper editor back home in Olathe. He still is a newspaperman at heart, if not in practice, as he proved so conclusively when he rose at five in the morning to break the news of his son's engagement to his newspaper pals. When Buddy asked him, astounded at the premature announcement in the press, what he had thought their projected engagement party was for, the good judge answered simply: "I know, but I had to tell the boys, son."

Buddy's childhood differed from Mary's, in that his father was living, the silver spoon with which he was born still was in his mouth, and he did not have to work. But there was certainly nothing in the typical, average American boyhood of newspaperman Bert Rogers' handsome son to indicate that he would one day marry Mary Pickford or, in fact, be in Hollywood at all. Just so, there was nothing in the very small-girl days of Charlotte and Purser John Smith's daughter, Gladys, to foreshadow the fact that she would one day be *America's Sweetheart*, the world's sweetheart, one of the most famous women of her generation.

Buddy "jest went" to grammar school there in Olathe. High school. College.



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RADIO STARS



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After a shampoo simply dissolve Colorinse in warm water and pour over your hair. Dry hair, brush it, and the sheen and sparkle will amaze you. Try this inexpensive hair beauty treatment in your home today.

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New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

Nothing much ever happened to him. He was quiet and a so-called "good boy." He never gave any trouble. He never dreamed of the stage or screen for himself. He was what might be termed undramatic, in that he never then, as he never now, dramatized himself. He intensely disliked being called "handsome." To this day—Mary told me this and we both marveled—he quite earnestly and whole-heartedly dislikes his own face!

He was always keen about music. He always wanted to have his own band. He used to stay awake whole nights through, when he was a lad in school, keeping his long-suffering family (they always suffered amiably and uncomplainingly) awake while he practiced the slide trombone and the trap drums. The neighbors, Buddy told me, did not suffer quite so uncomplainingly! Their wails were even more brassy than his. He didn't go in for harmony or for symphony. Jazz was what he wanted. And he knew what he wanted!

If there is any one *leit motif* to the life and character of Charles (Buddy) Rogers, it is that he has always known, and knows now what he wants. And, inversely, what he does not want. His work, his friendships, his emotional life have been singularly uncomplicated and uninvolved, because he never gets tangled up in his own plans and ambitions. "Perhaps," he once said, "life on a ranch teaches a fellow to steer a pretty straight course. Nature steers straight. Animals are not given to 'complexes' and frustrations and inhibitions. Music is much the same. You ask for certain notes and if you don't fumble you get them. You use the woods for one result, the brasses for others, and so on."

Buddy doesn't fumble. He knows what he wants. He knows what he doesn't want. And he gets what he wants. That's all.

Anyway, back there in Olathe, he wanted a jazz band. His own. When he went to college he wanted, also, to defray his own expenses. Two and two seemed to make an honest four. And so he organized a professional orchestra of his own. And the band earned goodly sums, playing dance engagements, at private parties and such. He had his jazz band. He helped pay his way through college. His desire served a practical purpose.

He had other interests, too. He joined the *Phi Kappa Psi* fraternity. He took part in such extra-curricular activities as boxing, basketball, football, journalism and so on.

And here again, Mary and Buddy have something, or many things, in common. Mary is the greatest star, the greatest personality the screen has ever known, or ever will know, in all probability. Such fame as hers might well be sufficient unto itself for most mortals. But Mary is an authoress, producer, radio star, woman, hostess, world traveler as well. She is interested in all things, both great and small. Buddy's band is one of the top-ranking bands in the country, perhaps in the world. He, too, has touched stardom on the screen. And he also plays polo expertly, bridge, speaks French and Spanish fluently, boxes, is an authority on trout streams and how to broil mountain trout most perfectly. They both love books and animals and gardens and people. Their roots are many-branched, as well as deep in the good earth they love.

When Buddy left college he went in for journalism. He thought that he wanted to be a writer, a newspaperman, like his dad. Which was the one time, perhaps, when he may be said to have deviated slightly from his course. Not far. Any experience in an allied field helps. It was during his spell of journalism that a Paramount talent scout came to Kansas. Buddy's dad knew a local Kansas theatre man. Mr. Rogers mentioned his son to the theatre man. The theatre man mentioned Buddy to the talent scout. Photographs were made. And Buddy was among the elect. He went East to join the Paramount school. And the first picture he ever made was *Fascinating Youth*. He played in some fifteen pictures in all, including *Abie's Irish Rose* with Nancy Carroll, *Wings*, *My Best Girl* and others.

"When Mary and I are married," Buddy said, over our coffee and cigarettes, "we will live simply, which is the way we both wish to live. We both want the same things in our home. We want it to be a home, not a show place. I want to buy about twenty to thirty acres. We have blue-prints now; we're conferring with architects. I shall put this place of mine up for sale. Pickfair may be sold, too. There's nothing definite about that as yet. It has been suggested to Mary that Pickfair be kept as a museum. It also has been suggested that it be made a part of the park system of Beverly Hills. Mary may close it for the time being. I don't know. *She* doesn't know right now. The only thing definite about it is that we will not live there. I couldn't, of course," said Buddy.

Buddy was, he told me, a little apprehensive at first that Mary might dislike the relinquishing of Pickfair. But Mary, he told me gratefully, reacted just as he had hoped she would, as he might have known she would. She, too, wants to start in all over again. She, too, knows that you must not carry the past forever around with you.

"We want our home to be a place in which to live," Buddy was saying. "We want chairs that are made to sit in, not to look at. We want books that are there to be read, not for show. We want horses. I don't know that we'll actually raise polo ponies but we'll have some ponies, of course. We'll have all kinds of animals. I never knew a girl to love animals—especially small ones—as Mary does. We'll have vegetable gardens and flower gardens. It will be the kind of a home in which, we hope, our good friends will feel as much at home as we do.

"It always comes back to the same thing, to our having so much in common. We think alike about things. We seem to feel alike about things. That, it seems to me, is marriage.

"We have the screen in common. Music. Mary knows music and loves it, as I do. She takes a keen and creative interest in my broadcasts. Not," smiled Buddy, "that she comes down to *NBC* very often. She doesn't. She prefers to listen in at home. She says she gets a better reaction that way. And she has a recording machine. She makes recordings of every one of my broadcasts. Later, we play them back and talk them over and Mary makes invaluable suggestions.

"One time Mary made one of her few visits to the broadcasting station to watch

RADIO STARS

us rehearse. My mother, who was visiting me, came with her. And Mary brought thermoses of coffee and stacks of sandwiches for everybody. That's like Mary. She never forgets the little things, which can be so big. She had known that we wouldn't be able to take time out for luncheon or tea. Funny," said Buddy, "but it really takes a week of pretty intensive work to prepare for one little half hour on the air. Mary understands that, too. A worker herself, she knows what work means, and is ever sympathetic, ready to help.

"After we are married I want Mary to keep on doing things. I want her to, because I know that she will want to. I'm not old-fashioned in that respect, at least. I know that the modern woman cannot live the life my mother, for instance, lived so successfully and so satisfyingly to herself and everyone else. They are geared, modern women, to a different tempo. I think, I feel, that Mary must work in order to be complete, in order to be happy. She has far too creative a mind, too active an imagination, too artistic a concept of things, to be satisfied with the merely domestic. She has done too tremendously much ever to be satisfied with doing less. I know it. And I like it."

They plan to take a few trips together, Mary and Buddy, after their marriage. No extended tours. Mary has done more than considerable traveling in her life. And Buddy has had all he wants of it, in recent years, with his band. He has seen the night life, the gay life, the sophisticated life of the capitals of the world. He has met and

entertained and been entertained by all kinds of people in all walks of life. Even to meeting ex-King Edward the VIII, when he was in London a year or so ago.

"I'm especially pleased about the *Twin Stars* broadcast," he told me, "because it is broadcast from Hollywood. Which means that our home life, Mary's and mine, can be pretty much uninterrupted and undisturbed. Neither of us believes in vacation marriages, even when the vacations are jobs. I'm under contract to Columbia Pictures, too, and shall make films here. I have one commitment to make a picture in England. I may go over and make it before our marriage. I may be able to make it later. I'm not sure at the moment.

"But I really believe, to go back," Buddy said, "that Mary should be on the screen. That is where she belongs. That is what she is, the screen. I believe that in acting lies the only real and true artistic satisfaction and happiness for her. I have kind of an idea," smiled Buddy, "that after we are married and have our house built, our home lives adjusted—well, I shouldn't be awfully surprised but what just that will happen. I don't know, mind you. I'm simply letting you in on what I think, and hope, may happen."

Buddy Rogers has changed. When I told him so, he admitted it. He doesn't, by the way, want to be called Buddy any longer. He prefers the use of his own name, Charles. And the name of Charles fits him better, now, than the more boyish Buddy. Mary, almost always, calls him Charles.

The change, then, is not only external.

Though he even looks different. Not less handsome. Nothing, certainly not the passing of a few years, could detract from those dark brown eyes, that bronzed skin, the white teeth, breadth of shoulder, the peculiar sweetness of his smile in the habitual gravity of his face. But his face is leaner, the planes more clearly defined. To his quietness is added, now, the composure of the man who not only knows where he is going but realizes that he is there.

He has grown up. More, he realizes that he has been grown up for quite some time. He said: "It's a bit difficult now, adjusting me to a picture or a picture to me. I'm under contract to Columbia, as I told you. A short time ago they had a story ready for me. *College Hero* was the title. I read the script. I would have been the college hero. But I couldn't be! I realized then, that I could never play a college boy again. I have cast off the mortar-board and gown, along with other make-ups. You've got to feel what you are doing. I couldn't feel collegiate any more. Then another story was suggested. In that one the 'hero' would have been something of a meanie, a smoothie, a villain. I couldn't do that, either. I must play straight dramatic leads, or I'd like to do a good musical on the screen. Something, at any rate, in which I feel at home, something which suits me, as I am now, not as I was five years ago."

No, Buddy doesn't fumble. He doesn't fumble at music. He doesn't fumble at love. He won't fumble at marriage. His mind is as clean-cut as his body. He knows what he wants. He gets it. He isn't afraid to wait or work. That's all.

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Overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

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—BUT NOW LIFE'S ONE SWEET SONG

(Continued from page 23)



DULL... LISTLESS...

● Constipation certainly had me down! I was out-of-sorts—mean to everyone. Yet the laxatives I was used to were so repulsive I just hated to take them. In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different," he said. "Give it a trial."



AND SHE'S SO HAPPY NOW!

● Thanks to delicious FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. I felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Write for free sample. Dept. Q-4, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.



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CORNS



Zino-pad relieves pain—
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Protect sensitive toes with these thin, cushioning pads and you'll stop corns before they can develop and have no more discomfort from new or tight shoes.

Apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, and your corns or callouses lift off. No other method does all these things for you.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Easy to apply. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

hired to give an added touch of realism to the play, and Fred was saxophonist-crooner with the stage band, and understudy to the leading man.

The attraction was mutual and they fell into a pleasant companionship that was as far from the usual Hollywood courtship as could be imagined. Like any boy and girl, they took long walks together, went to the movies, cooked dinner together in Lillian's small apartment. They did not care whether they ate chicken or sardines, so long as they ate it together. When funds were low, they had their dreams to sustain them. Fred was moody sometimes—success meant so much more to him, now that he loved Lillian. He *had* to succeed, had to establish himself, for her sake. But she smiled serenely, confidently. There was no element of surprise for her in that seven-year contract. But there was all of joy, of dreams come true . . .

Fred had been working hard, tirelessly, without a break. Now he managed a brief vacation—just long enough to fly with Lillian to Las Vegas, Nevada, for the marriage ceremony and to take a honeymoon trip to Honolulu—five days over and back, five days on the island. It was brief but glorious. Like two youngsters let out from school, Fred and Lillian enjoyed every golden moment.

Since their return, Fred's success has continued, his fame increased with every picture. And they have been happy, thrillingly happy, together. But they have had their worries, too, have had to adjust themselves to the one contingency they had not allowed for in their careful planning. For Lillian has not been well. A recurrent illness has repeatedly clouded their Eden. But being young people, for whom love was based on something more substantial than fleeting fancy, they are weathering their disappointment with intelligence and a brave, intrepid gaiety.

Instead of trying to ignore it, to fight it out on her feet as she did at first, Lillian has yielded to the doctor's advice and, with a nurse installed, stays quietly in bed. It is, after all, the quickest, surest way to the permanent cure so vital to their happiness. With a less understanding, less unselfish husband, this might well have meant shipwreck for their dreams, but Fred finds no fault with their quiet life and is too obviously content just to be able to take care of his bride, to cause her any unnecessary worry or distress.

Some of Fred's intuitive understanding of a woman's needs undoubtedly comes from his long and intimate association with his mother. He was born in Kankakee, Illinois, where his violinist father happened to be giving a concert at the time. The first few years of his life were spent in gypsyish fashion touring the Middle West, but his mother felt the need of establishing a home for the growing boy. When Fred was still very small, his parents were divorced and his mother took him to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where he went to school.

While still a baby, Fred had been taught to play the violin but he had no particular

talent or interest in it. As he grew older, he was no different from any other growing boy in grammar and high school, his talents as unrecognized, his dreams as unformulated. He played football, baseball, basketball, was fleet on the track, and finally rounded out his extra-curricular activities with the saxophone.

Gradually he realized that music meant something to him, that it might, in fact, lead to some sort of profession or career. His ideas were still vague. He thought of radio as a possibility, but if he entertained any dreams about the movies, it was not with any notion that they might be realized.

Mainly, he was anxious to get into something that would bring in enough money so that his mother might give up her job. To repay her, in some measure, for the years of sacrifice . . .

He had a year of college in Waukesha, Wisconsin, but finances were low and he was impatient to be earning more than he could in spare-time jobs. His first steady job was with a stove company, but finally he decided that Chicago offered more in the way of opportunity, and to that city he went, with little money but a lot of confidence—and his saxophone.

Fred was young and he had inherited from Irish forebears a gay, indomitable spirit. He finally found a position with a band and, still not sure what his place in the scheme of things was to be, spent part of his scanty earnings studying art. Vaguely he thought he might be a commercial artist. Nowadays, put a pad and pencil at his fingertips, and lightly sketched faces appear in quick succession, but except for that and a vaguely expressed desire to paint some day when he has time, that talent is submerged.

When Fred first came to Hollywood, it was with no particular designs on the movies. He looked first for musical opportunities and finally landed a job with the stage band at Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theatre. At this time he also joined a group of young musicians in organizing a band known as the *California Collegians*. He made some dance and vocal records, broadcast with his band over a local station five hours a day and soon was playing his saxophone over *NBC*. But that was as far as he got toward realizing his radio ambitions.

In the meantime, he had registered for extra work and picked up a little now and then. But nobody discovered him, nobody guessed that here was star material, and when his band got a chance to go to New York to appear in *Three's A Crowd*, a musical show, Fred was glad to go.

His years in New York were busy ones. He played in stage shows and in night clubs, combining both so that the only sleep he got was a few hours snatched in the morning. His best opportunity came in *Roberta*—where, you will remember, he met Lillian—for as understudy, he had some good theatrical training in addition to his singing and saxophone playing. And it was during the run of this play that Fred was at last "discovered." A Para-

mount talent scout was impressed. Fred was asked to make tests—once more proving that the shortest way to Hollywood is via Broadway.

Now that his chance had come, Fred was a little frightened. Acting in front of a camera was very different from what he had imagined. Being a shy and serious-minded person, he saw all his faults and felt they probably were insuperable. But he worked hard, attending daily sessions of the Paramount talent school, appearing in various small parts and gradually becoming less aware of his hands and feet and feeling more at home in these strange surroundings. Always he had Lillian to encourage him, to bolster his faltering ego. He had to prove that her confidence was not misplaced, that he had what it takes . . .

It was Claudette Colbert, in search of a leading man, who was to give that final impetus to coquettish Fame. She and her director, Wesley Ruggles, watched Fred work and were impressed with this tall, dark young man. Certainly he had something, for Claudette nodded her agreement to Ruggles' whispered suggestion that she take a chance on this attractive unknown.

Since his appearance in *The Gilded Lily* with Claudette, Fred has been busier than any two other young men, making fourteen pictures in less than two years. The sweet plum of a seven-year contract, which he proudly took to Lillian, included no fabulous stipend, but he is doing very well at that and being very smart about his handling of the finances.

"Of course, I don't know how long it will last," he explained. "Five years used to be the limit for a leading man, a star—nowadays, it seems to be longer. But I want to be prepared, whatever happens . . ."

A sensible idea, although this handsome and talented young man would seem to have little cause for worry.

"There seems plenty of room in the movies now for the older man," I commented, "and there is always radio—"

He nodded. "It offers more all the time, and will continue to, I should think."

Fred enjoyed the appearances he made on the *Lux Radio Theatre* and *Campbell* programs. He played with Claudette in *The Gilded Lily* this winter, and in *Main Street* with Barbara Stanwyck. He has made four or five guest appearances on *Hollywood Hotel* and was guest star on the Astaire program, before his "surprise" acceptance of his present rôle. (Greatly touted as a surprise, all the columns carried the news before the opening broadcast.)

But being master of ceremonies on *Hollywood Hotel* presents a very different problem from any he has faced before, and although he enjoys it, he has been very nervous. It is his first m.c. job and of course he has to be on the air a large part of the hour. The knowledge that what he said could not be changed or said differently—no retakes on radio!—was rather appalling at first. Also, he found he talked much, too fast—a habit hard to overcome. Left to himself, he would be through in half the time allotted to him. He was over-conscious of these shortcomings and of the difficulty of a newcomer to radio following in the footsteps of the long-time favorite, Dick Powell. But he quickly adjusted himself and, from the first, had his audience with him.

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"It is darn good experience," he said enthusiastically, "and educational, too—commenting on the music, narrating, and all that. And then, of course, I like the singing. People had forgotten I sang at all—I suppose a lot of people who heard me in the movies thought it was someone else doing my singing for me. I enjoy it—I like to sing ballads and I like the fast music, too. It is varied experience and all good training."

Incidentally, Fred appeared for the opening night with a temperature of 100°, but he carried on like a trouper and no one suspected he was ill.

Like most Hollywoodites the Mac-Murrays are building a house. It is in Brentwood Heights, next to Gary Cooper's estate.

"It is American Colonial—at least, I guess that's what they call it," Fred laughed. "It is built according to our own ideas and, in spite of her illness, Lillian has done all the decorating, selecting materials, ordering draperies from her bed . . .

"It's hard on her," he added softly, "she's so crazy to see it, to watch it grow—I think I'll have to get a movie camera and take some pictures for her."

They expect to move into it in another month or so. They already have their furniture, some bought when they rented an apartment, other pieces acquired more recently. Fred has, of course, furnished a place for his mother, too. She and an aunt and a grandmother all live in Hollywood—have, in fact, lived there longer than Fred has.

Even when Lillian is well, the Mac-Murrays lead a very quiet life. Their friends are movie people, but nowadays the quiet life in Hollywood seems to be the rule rather than the exception. Like other young people, they look ahead and hope for a future that includes children.

"It isn't very pleasant to think about bodyguards and all that, though," Fred mused. "It is too bad people in the movies can't live like other people . . ."

But in spite of certain restrictions and in spite of the snoopers and gossipers, always hoping and expecting trouble, the MacMurrays do manage to live normally

and happily. Fred hasn't had time to develop any particular hobbies, but he thinks he will enjoy the little gardens Lillian has planned on their new place—vegetables and flowers—and he means to have a dog. He had his first taste of horseback riding during the making of *Texas Rangers* and got quite a kick out of that.

They both like snow sports and had planned a trip to Yosemite this winter, but that, like other things, will have to wait. Fred had a brief vacation, after *Champagne Waltz* and *Maid of Salem*, his most recent pictures, were finished, but Lillian's illness kept them at home and he found he enjoyed himself, although, when put to the question, he could not quite say what he had been doing.

"Nothing, really," he laughed. "I've been so in the habit of getting up early that I couldn't even sleep late, but I've been having a good time."

Fred's association with glamorous stars continues on the radio, for Louella Parsons features one or more weekly and Fred is paired with Frances Langford, lovely little starlet of radio and screen.

"They are no different from other people," he said shyly. "Even Katharine Hepburn, who is supposed to be so temperamental—she was awfully nice to me."

But who wouldn't be nice to this tall, unassuming young man with the dark eyes and bright Irish smile—given a chance?

"He is always late," a girl at Paramount said to me explanatorily, "but he makes up for it when he comes."

I found it so, having caught up with him after some difficulty and annoying postponements, that were no fault of his, but which put me in a critical frame of mind. He was disarmingly frank, unexpectedly modest: "I am not 'good copy'—I don't know anything to say!"

But he was generous with his time and himself, talked easily, engagingly, and I venture to disagree with him. This particular bright star of the screen, and now of radio, has much to brag about, much to be proud of. But it is just because he does not see it that way that he is so likable, on the screen, on the air—and in person!

THE MAN WHO WAS LEFT BEHIND

(Continued from page 47)

since—and it was his management of this music that sold it to you and me, to the opera companies. When the American Academy of Arts and Letters established a prize for "diction in radio," the first to win it was Milton J. Cross. He introduced Lindbergh over the air. He was Mrs. Roosevelt's first radio host. With Madge Tucker he put over the first children's program—radio's first amateur hour, now close to thirteen years old. This was the program that inspired Major Bowes and earned him and other conductors of amateur programs millions of dollars.

In spite of this remarkable record of achievement, his fifteen years of flawless performance, Milt Cross is in the small money. I doubt if he ever has made

\$10,000 a year. Which, my friends, is excessively small potatoes for an announcer of this man's power. Why? The question is asked by a great many, even those who are supposed to know. It is one of the mysteries of radio.

The answer can be found, first, in the fact that this announcer is painfully, agonizingly modest. All the rest are brash, audacious, pushing young men. He, too, is a young man—under forty—but with an extremely mild disposition. The successful ones have employed press agents, but none ever worked for Milt Cross. Even when he won the diction prize and publicity rained on him, he made no special effort to capitalize on it in a way to make him a big money-earner. If you are the

RADIO STARS

modest kind yourself, you will understand. He simply could not do it.

A second explanation lies in the fact that Cross is devoted, every bone and tendon and corpuscle, to serious music. He started out as a singer. As a tenor, he made his debut in radio. His first job as an announcer was a part-time job, the rest of his time being spent at the Damrosch Institute of the Musical Arts. He was studying to be a musical supervisor in the New York City schools. In the end, he took his diploma, was equipped to enter teaching, but by that time radio had entered his blood, and he never taught a note—in school.

Had he been devoted to sports, he would certainly be where McNamee or Ted Husing are today. If he had liked jazz or had a flair for comedy—he would also be higher. But he tied himself to radio's least profitable programs. Why? Because he loved it. Why again? Because they brought him into contact with children. Added up, these give you the two passions that govern the life of Milt Cross—music and youngsters. Take them away from him and it would be like taking sun and water from a plant. I know him well, and I can say truthfully that away from the mike, he would shrivel and die.

"I don't know of any other field that could bring me as much pleasure as announcing does," he said. "The friendly associations which radio creates between the announcer and those listening is a great satisfaction and one that couldn't be found anywhere else. It is my life and I think my job has the greatest future. I intend to remain an announcer."

Ask any other announcer—and you'll find they all regard the job as a stepping stone to something else.

He remembers, particularly, the *Slumber Hour* program he conducted four years ago—a program now about to be revived. He sang the theme song, a soft and lovely melody entitled, *Slumber On*. He remembers the letters he received. One was from a woman who was about to commit suicide, when in came the voice of the announcer in the theme song. She had been desperate but the voice soothed her, pierced her hopelessness with a ray of courage.

Another was from a nurse watching a child who had been hit by an automobile. The program came on the air at 10 o'clock and the child, unable to sleep, was awake at the time. She wrote that the boy loved it. It acted like a sleeping potion, saved his life. There was the wife of a Rochester doctor who suffered from shingles. His song comforted her, relaxed her, made her sleep. When she recovered she sent him, in gratitude, two tickets for passage on the maiden voyage of the steamer, *R.e.r.*

Cross remembers Lindbergh. "I liked his Western way of talking. He was just a big kid. His trousers were unpressed. Just easy, natural, unbulldozed by the microphone, he told me of his disappointment in Paris when the American ambassador, Myron Herrick, told him he would have to go right back. 'I wanted to stay over and see a few things,' he told me."

While Lindbergh was at the mike, Cross left the studio and went downstairs. The aviator refused to go until he had

thanked the announcer. He followed him down two floors, found him, thanked him.

He remembers Amy Lowell, the poet, waiting for her turn at the mike, a large cigar stuck in her mouth. He remembers Mona Morgan, the studio hell-cat, using Rabelaisian lingo—then going on the air to recite Shakespeare in an angelic voice. He remembers the *Revelers*, scores of actors and musicians of great talent, who dropped out, disappeared when radio went national.

Fondest of his memories is his twelve-years' association with the children's program.

"My association with the program began back at Station *WJZ* when it was still located on West 42nd Street, before it became part of the National Broadcasting Company. I was assigned to announce a Sunday morning children's program. Somehow the thing got started, stayed on every week, and when *NBC* was organized it became a national feature. I went along with the microphones, the pianos and the other studio fixtures.

"Although my job has been announcer, I find that in turn I have been father confessor, scene-shifter, referee, nursemaid and soloist for these young actors and actresses of the kilocycles. They have been so spontaneous, irrepressible, eager and enthusiastic, that the job has proved to be anything but difficult. Despite the early hour at which I must dash into New York on Sunday morning and despite the noise, the infrequent youthful fights, it has been great fun."

Uncle Milt recalls receiving compliments from Major Bowes on the program, also



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from Bessie Mack, the Major's secretary, and declares to a "sneaking idea that the program may have inspired the amateur programs for adults."

Out of these programs have come many mature performers. Sylvia Altman, Jimmy McCallion, Florence Baker, Mae Rich, Amy Donnelly, Alfred Corn, are among a few of his radio nephews who have gone on to success on other programs. The kids chipped in one year and bought him a bicycle—and last year, on the twelfth anniversary of the program, he bought and distributed among them twelve bicycles, one for each year. He also makes a weekly distribution of lollypops to those who are well behaved.

In 1923, Cross was sent down to the old Manhattan Opera House to broadcast the performances of the Wagnerian Opera Company—the first time opera went out on the air in this country. Conditions were bad. The mike was under the stage. As the actors thundered across it overhead, dust poured down on the announcer's head. He had to stand with coat collar up, to keep it from sifting down his neck. He followed the performance by the score which he held in his hand; he could not see the stage.

The following year, he went twice weekly to Chicago to officiate at the broadcasting of the Civic Opera Company there. He got so he hated those long trips, at the end of which he always found himself again quartered beneath the stage, out of sight of the performance.

When NBC finally persuaded the Metropolitan to go on the air—again as a sustaining program—it was Milt Cross who did the job. This time he saw the stage, but from a completely airless booth. If you have ever spent two hours in a tightly closed telephone booth, you will understand the conditions under which he worked.

But in spite of all these difficulties, Milt Cross was happy. He loved opera. He would rather do what he was then doing than anything else under the sun. However, the following year, *Lucky Strike* became sponsor for the opera. And the company, instead of permitting him to do the job he did so well, which no one could do better, hired John B. Kennedy as a special announcer at \$500 a broadcast, a man who admitted frankly he disliked grand opera. The year after, Milt Cross was again passed by. Geraldine Farrar was hired to do the commenting at \$1200 a performance. And this year, with the engagement of Marcia Davenport, it has happened once more—for the third time. Milt Cross has been associated with these big money-takers, but in a subordinate position. Much the same has been true with the *General Motors* program.

"Eventually, I'll be recognized," he confided. "I know I'm appreciated, but human nature being what it is, material recognition is slow. But serious music is increasing each year in popularity. It seems to me only a question of time before the proper reward arrives." And he smiled.

The life of Milton Cross, off the air, is an idyll of a man and woman, brought together by music and sustained through their love and one great sorrow by its consoling influence. When Milton was

younger, he did a great deal of church singing. In fact, he has sung for virtually all the denominations—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish. This day he happened to be doing a job in the choir of a Fifth Avenue church. The noted Harry Emerson Fosdick was delivering a sermon, but neither Milton nor the beautiful girl at the organ heard a word. They were tangled in each other's glances.

And so they were married, got themselves a home and, after a time, a baby daughter. This little girl was the announcer's life, his soul. It gave color to his voice, buoyancy to his talk, twinkling to his eye. She died, this only child. And I believe if it had not been his contact on the Sunday programs with other children, Milton Cross would have died, too. One of the most difficult experiences of his career was the job given him of accompanying the President's wife through Long Island College Hospital, the place in which his own beloved child had breathed her last.

His most precious memory, he talks little of it. But he cannot withhold pride in the fact that he thrust no ambitions upon the girl. He had it in his power to toss her into the limelight, capture her charming child words for the microphone, but he preferred that she grow up a natural, unspoiled kid.

Children have been kind to him. His most prized possession is a clock carved out of a lump of coal, given to him by a Pennsylvania mining town Bible class. In his garden, in the summer, you will find a gorgeous yellow dahlia. It is a flower created by a young admirer of his, a prize winner at flower shows, and named the *Milton J. Cross Dahlia*. Another living thing also bears his name; it is a mule, famous for its bray, that hauls trucks in a coal mine.

Born in New York, educated in the city, Cross was cajoled on to the air in 1921 by an electrician friend. He sang several times, was a hit. And that was the last he expected to know of radio, when one day in a swimming pool he met a friend who told him of an announcer's opening. As they swam they discussed the job. At last Milt consented to go after it. He did, and the rest is history.

One of his worst moments was his recent appearance with tongue twister Roy Atwell, who has tangled up more than one announcer. Cross got by, but only by the skin of his teeth.

Another time, speaking of bonus requirements, he said instead of: "it depends upon a man's disability," . . . "it depends upon a man's desirability."

A worse break was when introducing the *Armchair Quartet*. He said "first tennis" instead of "first tenor." Basso Marley Sherris butted in to say: "First tennis, then golf," whereupon he ducked behind the drapery to stifle his laughter. Cross tried to continue, but couldn't choke down his guffaws and had to shut down for a minute. Hundreds of letters revealed that the audience had enjoyed the slip.

"This business of announcing is no snap," he said. "It's getting so that when I go to church and kneel down and start to pray, I say: 'Dear Lord, this is WJZ, New York, Milton J. Cross announcing . . .'"

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)

Parker went back on the air and very little attention was paid. He wrote some G-Man dramas, and salesmen for the network could find no prospects.

Phil put the script in his pocket, went out to Detroit himself and sold the series to one of the very prospects who had turned the salesmen down. The series was not altogether successful and again Phil found himself without a sponsor. Doggedly persistent, he tried it again, *Gang Busters*, this time. That brought the turn in fortune. *Gang Busters* is in its second year and this season Phil conceived a second, even more successful program, *We, the People*.

That long, uphill fight was not easy, however. Phil is a very sturdy specimen, but in March his doctor ordered him off the air for a good rest to avert a complete breakdown.

Lanny Ross is living another chapter of the story of radio gallantry. As the star of *Show Boat*, Lanny has become one of radio's highest salaried singers. Those laurels would be enough for almost any other radio tenor you could name. Not for Lanny, though.

Instead of settling down in a comfortable, luxurious life, he has worked as hard as any struggling young music student, preparing himself for the concert stage. Other popular radio singers confine their concert appearances to the less critical audiences in smaller cities, but again Lanny takes the harder course.

This season he has given concerts in Manhattan's two principal music auditoriums, Carnegie Hall and Town Hall, exposing his voice to the judgment of New York music critics, probably the most severe group in the musical world. Grudging in their praise of new singers, they were not altogether kind to Lanny. Some praised him moderately, others were very discouraging.

Lanny accepted their judgments, weighed the good against the bad, and started right back to work on his vocal development again. Perhaps the critics were right this season, but sooner or later Lanny has resolved to wring from them the admission that radio finally has produced a great singer. He will give another New York concert or two next season.

Ramona's recent court battle with Paul Whiteman contains the story of secret trouble fretting many a radio star. Before Ramona had achieved great prominence, Paul made a shrewd guess, signed her for \$125 a week. Besides singing, she played the piano and celeste in the orchestra. After a year or so, Paul had one of radio's biggest bargains. She was making occasional guest star appearances, at several times the Whiteman salary. But under the terms of the contract, Paul got the lion's share of those fees. Now she demands release.

It makes Paul seem a greedy stiffer of
(Continued on page 108)



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(Continued from page 43)

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made a home for them in Detroit, but they had come to Chicago to have Christmas with her grandparents.

One of Elinor's friends in Chicago was a youngster named Freddie Whitmer, just about her age and size, which was diminutive—approximately four feet eight. The two youngsters had played and sung together since they were big enough to climb on a piano bench.

"Freddie," says Elinor reverentially, "played the hottest piano you ever hope to hear."

One noon-time, after an ice-cream-soda luncheon, the two walked into the big Chicago theatre where Paul Whiteman was playing a Christmas week engagement. Milton Charles was the organist there, and Freddie had been taking lessons from him.

While the two children were with Charles, and Freddie was nonchalantly pointing out the backstage marvels of the theatre, Paul Whiteman walked in.

"Paul," said Charles, "do you want to hear a couple of kids that are plenty hot?"

"Sure," Whiteman said goodnaturedly, and lounged against a chair while the children came back to do their stuff.

"I guess we must have looked pretty funny and small," Elinor remembers, "especially alongside a grand piano!"

In those days, as now, Paul Whiteman was asked to listen to plenty of talented young people, but it wasn't long before his foot was tapping irresistibly and he was gazing in amazement at the two infants who were going to town in a way that threatened to char the piano and set the surrounding draperies ablaze. In a minute he was on the house phone, getting the manager back to listen, and that afternoon Elinor Charier and Freddie Whitmer had a spot on the Whiteman program and stopped the show.

They were on the program the rest of the week, and when Whiteman moved to a North Side theatre for another week's engagement, he took them along. He was a little bothered that he already had a blues singer and a hot piano player, named Crosby and Barris.

"Look, Bing," Whiteman said to his singer, "it's silly to have two teams doing the same thing . . ."

"Okay, Paul, okay," Bing said airily. "We need a week's vacation. And they've all heard us before, anyway."

Among the several thousand Chicagoans whose blood pressure was raised by Elinor and Freddie, those two weeks, were theatrical agents. One of them signed the two youngsters to a contract with a local radio station, and for a year they were on the air as *Jack and Jill*, the two youngest performers in radio.

Elinor's mother moved their home back to Chicago then, for she had long ago decided that the youngster's career was to be her own. Then, as now, she was Elinor's only teacher of voice.

"My mother, you know, sang operatic music," Elinor confides proudly. "I don't imagine she ever thought her daughter would turn out to be a blues singer!"

When Whiteman came back to Chicago, the next Christmas, the two youngsters again were spotted on his program, and this time the engagement resulted in a Publix vaudeville contract.

By now, Elinor was almost fifteen and had finished junior high in the University of Chicago High School. Regular school was an impossibility while she was on the road, so for the next three years she studied with a tutor.

"I'm sort of the black sheep of my family, educationally speaking," she confesses. "Everybody else went to college. My mother is a college graduate, and the cousin who was raised with me is a college instructor of mathematics. But I had to choose between going to college and losing all I'd gained professionally, or keeping on with the stage. And I was crazy about singing . . ."

In a way, her life during those years was more regular than that of any ordinary high school girl. Two, three or four shows a day, practice with her mother, lessons with the tutor. After the last show, a bite to eat, a walk, and then bed.

The next few years were the ones in which disastrous things happened to vaudeville. But not to Elinor Sherry. If vaudeville was declining, the spot for the girl singer with the "name" bands was getting brighter, and she stepped blithely into it, casting a shadow hardly big enough to see, but singing the blues in a way that melted the customers right down to their patent leather pumps.

Mixed in with the band engagements throughout the Middle West, there still were theatre engagements, contracts for one or two weeks that lengthened out to four or six. A few night clubs, too.

"Frankly, I didn't like night club work," Elinor says. "And when I got it, I only stayed the contract out—never any longer."

In 1934, she auditioned for Columbia in Chicago, and went on a sustaining program at *WBBM*. In that spot, and on a variety show, she stayed for six months. Then *CBS* sent her off on a personal appearance tour.

"I think they did it too soon," she says frankly. "I hadn't got well enough established. Just about the time I began to get a lot of mail (and it was Columbia who insisted that she change her name to Sherry because the fans couldn't spell her real name—Charier) I wasn't there any more!"

On the tour she was as successful as she always has been on the stage. And she had the advantage over a lot of youngsters that radio sends out to make personal appearances—kids who never faced an audience before. Elinor loved it—the high-spirited kidding with the M. C., the feel of an attentive, enthusiastic audience, the applause . . . But when she got back to Chicago, she found that she had her job all to do over again, so far as radio was concerned.

Her father, who is a theatrical booker on the West Coast, wanted her to come out there, where he could help her with his contacts.

RADIO STARS

"But," says Elinor, "it's no fun if somebody helps you. I wanted to do it myself. And I figured that, if I had to begin again, I might as well begin where the heart of radio really is—in New York. So I packed up my mother and me, and we came to New York."

While she was waiting for the radio break, Elinor's theatrical agents sent her on the road again. One of the engagements she played was a somewhat phenomenal sixteen weeks in a Boston theatre, where Ranny Weeks had settled down for a long stay.

Then, in October, 1935, she signed on at *WOR* and went to work in the *Nat Brusiloff's Notebook* program. That is no longer on the air, but Elinor sings every morning on the *Ed Fitzgerald and Company* program, which went national at almost the same moment that *WOR* itself went national.

Sixty-four weeks on the *Vin* program with Jack Arthur just about makes her a fixture there, especially in view of the fact that their mail now is about six thousand letters a week. And it's Elinor Sherry who sings the songs you write for the *Melody Treasure Hunt*.

The *Vin* program has given her a new ambition. She wants to be a comedienne. Not long ago Jack Bergman substituted for Jack Arthur on the hour, and Elinor had the time of her life, because she could talk more over the air. Now she's dickering for a speaking part in a big new program that's to go out nationally, and if past performance is any indication, Elinor will get the part.

Not so long ago, Maxine Gray got laryngitis while she was playing a personal

appearance at the New York Paramount. Elinor Sherry's theatrical agent was in the office when the Paramount found itself without a singer, and he sold them the little girl from *WOR*, sight unseen. After everybody had recovered from the first gasp of surprise when she walked out on to the stage and took the audience in her small hands like the trouser she is, they had a grand time for the rest of the week. And after it was over, they asked her to come back on a contract all her own.

There, of course, is the answer to the inevitable: "Do you like radio better than the stage?" She likes them both, for different things; The stage, for the stimulation of audiences; radio, for its greater opportunities, both artistic and financial.

She works hard, this small one, but she plays with gusto, too. She has breakfast about ten o'clock, and, on the mornings she doesn't have a program, practices with her mother. If there are luncheon appointments, she fills them, then rehearses for whatever shows are coming up. All of her clothes have to be made for her—nothing ready-made is small enough to fit her. So fittings take time. If there is an evening program, she ordinarily goes dancing afterward; if not, a show or a concert occupies her. Her taste in concerts reflects her mother's influence through the years rather than her own work; she likes opera, and of its singers Lily Pons and Grace Moore are her favorites.

She doesn't diet . . . she doesn't need to. She likes to walk, and sometimes she rides in Central Park with Barbara Lamarr, another young hopeful of radio who is her particular pal. Mostly, however, she relies on dancing.

Elinor wears a platinum and diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand—but it's a gift from her mother. She just wears it on that finger to match her diamond wrist watch. However, the wrist watch is a Christmas gift from the most currently current boy-friend.

In answer to a question about whether she'd ever been really, miserably in love, Elinor said, thoughtfully, as if the matter had never before been brought to her attention: "Well, no, I guess I haven't, because if I had been, I'd certainly have known about it and . . . I don't. Every once in a while, on the road, I'd meet somebody and I'd think: '*This is it!*' But three weeks later, five hundred miles away, I couldn't even remember his name! So I guess I've never been in love."

At this she laughed a little sheepishly. (She has a most engaging smile, and teeth that have round corners.) "I guess I like a lot of attention," she confessed. "That's probably why I like several men around, instead of one. And I like audiences even better. I have the time of my life when I play a theatre in Detroit, and all the people I used to know in school come flocking around to see me. I'm trying now to get a week off from the *Vin* program to play an engagement in Detroit." The little smile that curled the corners of her mouth, and the look in her eyes as she murmured: "I certainly hope I get to go!" were a pretty good promise that she would.

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FAILURE IS ONLY A WORD

(Continued from page 37)

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in itself.

Yet all the time, ever since he was a small boy, everything that he had done and everything that had happened to him was the key carrying him towards the understanding he found in that book.

That small boy in Brooklyn, that lonely little boy who had to spend long hours practicing when other children played, was destined to read that book some day. He didn't want to practice but his father demanded that he should. So he sat at the piano as laughter floated in through the windows, and he heard the bell that meant the ice cream man was coming with his cart and listened to the hurdy gurdy man playing on the corner.

Eight hours a day! A long time for a little boy to sit at a piano. His mother realized that, but there wasn't much she could do except to be a little gentler with him than most mothers are with their little boys, and to understand him much better than most mothers understand.

A gentle lady and a great lady, this woman who had been born the Baroness Virginia Gonsalves. In her native Spain her family stood for the highest in birth and tradition. Hers was the simplicity of the true aristocrat.

Vincent learned things from her that most people have to find out for themselves. He learned the things she thought and the things she said and the things she did. He learned the songs she sang and she strengthened that same simplicity she had instilled in his heart when she had borne him, by her every word and thought and deed.

"It was difficult being denied the things that are every child's birthright. Games and laughter and fun. But now, looking back, I can see it was an advantage. For, now that I am a man, I still retain a liking for childish things. For simple things. And there's nothing in the world that will keep you young longer than having a childlike capacity for fun."

Nine years ago Lopez didn't feel that way. Nine years ago there was still that resentment for the things he had missed. When he saw the electric trains his friends gave their children for Christmas, Lopez spent hours showing them how to run them and laughing as much as they did, but all the time bitterly resenting the thought of the little boy he used to be, who had never owned a toy in his life. But that was nine years ago.

Then came the time he spent in the monastery in New Jersey, when his father decided he was to become a priest. He was only twelve, and it was to one of the most sternly disciplined orders that he had been sent. Speech was forbidden among the students, except by special permission. His father, dominant as usual, had used influence to have him admitted far below the usual entrance age.

At twelve, a little boy should be playing baseball and leapfrog and seeing blood and thunder movies and pretending he is a soldier or a cowboy. He should be eager and full of the things he is doing and able to talk about them.

Even today, many years later, Lopez shows the effect of that discipline. It is much harder for him to make friends than it is for most people.

"One of the most difficult things for me to do is to smile." He says seriously: "Many times I've wished that I was more like other people, that I could smile easily, even if it were only my lips that smiled. Now I'm glad that I smile only when my heart is smiling, too."

For a time that early training made things difficult for Lopez. When he left the monastery after a wise and understanding priest had convinced his father that the priesthood was not for this youngster whose talents all pointed towards a different rôle in the world, the restraint that had been put upon him made it difficult for him to enter into the free and easy spirit of the entertainment world. He had only his tremendous talent to make the way easy for him. His wasn't the gift of the casual friendship of the hail-fellow-well-met, who finds his path smoothed for him by a ready spirit and fluent tongue.

In those days Lopez envied the easy camaraderie that was denied him. Today he knows he is the better off because of the genius for real friendship that is his. For, now that he has learned to know himself from the inside rather than the outside, it is no longer difficult for him to make a real and lasting friend.

Those boyhood days spent in contemplation are yielding him a rich harvest now. Strange, how soon the spoken word leaves the mind, how seldom the unspoken one does! Those years of silence forced Lopez to think at an age when most boys are far too busy having a good time to bother.

For a long time Lopez could only remember the things he missed by that austere experience he went through at such an impressionable age. But again he found it the key that had been given to him ultimately to open the door of supreme happiness.

It was in those days that music came to mean the most to him. He walked in the monastery gardens with the other students and, because he couldn't talk or play, he was lost within himself. The music of the monks as they sat at the organ became more than music to him, and the Gregorian Chant, heard at twilight in a still garden, became an important part of his being.

"Rhythm in life is everything," he explains, and his confidence accents every word as he speaks. "And to know music truly is to know the rhythm of music. Of course, a person can feel rhythm in music without gaining it for himself, just as a person who knows nothing of music has his own rhythm in life. But the one helps the other. After all, the vibration of music is the most powerful of vibrations. Scientists claim that a certain note on the violin, held long enough, has the power to knock over a building. Certainly, vibrations in music can knock a person down or build him up, however he happens to react to them.

"When a human being has struck his

own rhythm in life he holds his destiny in his own hands. Complete harmony within himself is the greatest armor a man or a woman can buckle about himself. Then, and only then, need they fear no circumstance or man.

"Complete harmony in life includes perfection in pacing. Any stage director will tell you how important pacing is to a play. It is even more important in life. To enter at the right time, to exit at the important moment, to say the perfect word or to keep silent, is the answer to success in anything you do, if it be a business appointment, a social call or a love affair.

"Haven't you sometimes felt that a word too quickly spoken has ruined something you valued highly, or felt at another time that a certain word has made things suddenly become right? Everybody must have experienced this at one time or another, for, unfortunately, none of us are born with a sense of perfect harmony or rhythm. That is the thing you have to build for yourself."

Lopez was only a kid—hardly past twenty—when he married. In a year it was finished. All the love and tenderness, all the heartaches and disappointments had run their course. It was so brief it could not really be termed a marriage. Lopez called it a failure, then, but now he knows differently.

For, out of the hurt and disillusion came something greater. Something that has made it possible for him to make women his friends and to hold that friendship forever. Some men love easily and give nothing to that love. Lopez gives deeply in friendship but knows that love demands more.

"I want to marry," he says. "But only when I find the woman who will always hold me. For when I marry I will be constant.

"The woman I would want to marry must function equally on the three planes, spiritual, physical and mental.

"Some women are all mental. Their thoughts and conversation come brilliantly and crystal-clear. But they also come brittle and without tenderness. A woman like this is hard and difficult and heaven help the man she marries, for she will talk him to death.

"The most beautiful word in a lover's vocabulary is 'tenderness.' Yet, even too much tenderness is wrong. That is the fault of the woman who is all spiritual. She is too weak, too vulnerable. She lacks the hardness of the mental type, and everybody in the world needs some hardness.

"Too much sweetness becomes cloying. Also, entirely devoid of the physical, she does not give enough attention to her appearance. She feels superior to clothes and to grooming. Ragged finger nails or a shiny nose are never inspiring, even on a saint. The mental and the spiritual types both are wrong when they disregard appearance.

"But the woman who is all physical has gone the farthest from most men's ideals. Women who concern themselves with nothing but their looks and their clothes and their good times. How quickly even the most beautiful of them pall! For no love can exist without spiritual beauty or intelligence.

"If anyone were to ask me what type of woman I would want to marry, I couldn't



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RADIO STARS



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answer because I don't know. There are so many types that I admire. I like a forceful woman, if she is right in her convictions, and I am always anxious to listen to a woman with ideas of her own. But I wouldn't like a woman so forceful that domination is her prime instinct.

"I like gentle women, but only if there is strength in them, too. And I like women who talk fluently and well. I like quiet women, whose silence comes from thinking and whose eyes show interest in what others are saying. The greatest art of all lies in knowing when to be quiet, and it should be cultivated by people who pride themselves on being good conversationalists. To me, keeping quiet at the right time seems to be the first requisite of conversation.

"Women are much more clever along certain lines than men. Their instincts are clearer, as a rule, and they do not try to reason things out so much that they lose the quick flash we call intuition. Usually women will advise a man to do the right thing. But some men refuse to listen and call their advice 'nagging.' It's all very silly, for only stupid women nag. I'd rather ask advice from an intelligent woman than I would from an equally intelligent man, because of that instinctive talent a woman has for going straight into the core of a problem."

It is rather amazing to listen to Vincent Lopez talk about women in this wise, intelligent way and to realize that most people would call his own marriage a failure. Lopez used to once but he doesn't any more. For that is where he is different from most people. That is the thing he learned for himself.

There is no such thing as failure.

For it's out of failure that success is built. Without the one, the other could not have come. When you read of the lives of great men and women, it is often something of a shock to discover the most successful thing that ever happened to them was a failure.

"Sorrows and trouble make you," Lopez said tersely. "But only if you make yourself their master. If they dominate you, then you are lost. Adversity is the great test of a human being. Until a man has been through turmoil he should never be judged as a big or a small man. Only when you come to the front in sorrow or poverty can you be termed really great. Only then will you dominate yourself."

That is the knowledge that lies behind the utter relaxation of Vincent Lopez, that waits just beyond his calm and his poise.

Failure is only a word.

That is the knowledge he has discovered for himself.

His lonely childhood, his unhappy marriage, the reserve that had come to him from his complete subjugation by his father, were all so many stones holding him to the earth. The failures, because he thought of them so, that held him back.

It was only when he discovered for himself that each one of them, in its own way, had given him something far greater than the thing it had taken away, that he was able to soar. Only then did he find the true meaning of the words, "happiness," and "harmony."

Only then, when he dismissed the word *failure* from his vocabulary of living, did he gain the true essence of the word *success*.

RADIO ROW WAS SHOCKED

(Continued from page 50)

little embarrassment: "Honestly, I had no idea I'd get the program. It was a hundred-to-one shot and I knew it, so I didn't hope too much." Grinning boyishly, "What's worrying me now, is keeping the program once I've got it!"

This was Rex Chandler and I liked him. The fact that a total newcomer has landed in one of radio's top spots is not the incredible feat it may seem to those who don't know him. Mr. Ford was looking for a *new idea in dance music*. And the truth of the matter is that, for the past twenty-eight of his thirty-eight years, Rex Chandler has been looking for—and has found—the very same thing.

Despite the fact that, as a violinist, he was a child prodigy at ten, that he is an artist on both piano and organ and his brother is a professor of music at the University of Missouri, he insists that a gift for music wasn't something the stork presented to him along with blue eyes and a vigorous constitution. The old family player-piano in the parlor at Melrose, Massachusetts, gets the credit. And the fact that his parents provided the piano with a steady stream of music rolls, all in the best taste. By the time he was eight years old, "Chan"—that's his nickname—could hum the melodies of all the selections from all the operas and identify any symphony right off the bat.

One day in 1909, his father, who was a branch manager for Armour and Company, took him to Boston to see the first airplane meet in the United States. The boy was fascinated by the frail contraptions, made of rattan and beaver board, that sailed into the sky and did tricks—while the pilots' coat tails flapped perilously in the open breeze a few inches behind the propeller—and actually came down again all in one piece.

"Then and there," he told me, "I decided there were two things I'd love till the day I died—airplanes and music. And it's been that way ever since. I've spent my whole life working at one or the other."

At the age of eleven he made his first appearance in concert as a violinist. At twelve, he built some ingenious airplane models that attracted the interest of Glenn Curtis, thus founding a close friendship that still exists today. At thirteen he was playing the organ in a Boston church; a trifle young for the job, perhaps, but then the back of his head was all the congregation could see. And since he was tall for his age, the back of his head passed easily for a man's. At fourteen he had won some prizes for his airplane models, debuted very successfully as a concert pianist. But, lest you think Rex Chandler was all brains and no just-ordinary boy, it's essential to

(Continued on page 102)

COME TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 54)

Dorothy Page, Irvin S. Cobb, *Amos 'n' Andy* and others. We'll invite them all, and they'll want to be on hand to meet their fans.

On the first tour, Leo Carrillo is our host, and he has planned a grand fiesta in your honor at his Santa Monica ranch home. Leo is the ideal host. He'll whisk you back to the days of the dons, when hospitality was a fine art, for Leo is a descendant of one of the first Spanish families of California. Be sure you see him, with Charles Boyer, in *History Is Made at Night*.

On the second trip, Glenda Farrell will be hostess, entertaining you at her home in San Fernando. See her in *Golddiggers of 1937* and in the *Torchy Blane* series. She's such a grand girl, we know you'll enjoy her party to the utmost.

The last tour takes us to the estate of Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, at Toluca Lake. Dick's latest is *Secret Valley*, for 20th Century-Fox.

Ever since *Wings*, Dick has climbed steadily in the affection of the fans, and is not only a shining Western star but plays in a great variety of films as well. Dick lives in the little settlement of stars that includes Dick Powell, Bing Crosby and others, and they play golf together at Lakeside, which is practically at their back doors. He's invited all his pals to come to the party.

Originally it was planned to have a banquet, but many requests to discard this plan, as too expensive, have been heeded, and instead we're going to devote our energies to the extra attraction, the trip through radioland at *NBC*.

The tour managers make no guarantee on the personalities who will be present for you to meet, as naturally the plans of Hollywood celebrities are subject to change on short notice. But we do guarantee that you will be thoroughly satisfied. We'll do our best to show you a vacation that you'll never forget! And we have many surprises for you, too—stars you're dying to meet will be on hand at various functions and parties.

Now all you need do is make up your mind you are not going to miss all this fun—a chance to see sights no tourist could possibly buy—all for a cost well within reach.

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"I can spare just two weeks for a vacation this next summer, that is a good full two weeks from a Saturday pm, through a 15-day fortnight to a Sunday night, but I'm going to have a real rest and a complete change in that short time. I am going to one of those Montana-Wyoming ranches I have heard so much about. I can afford about \$150.00 for a vacation—yes, it's really more than I can afford, but I've saved a little here and there and travel is what I want to buy. I know travel's a good investment, safe, sure and with a lot of personal profit and satisfaction coming from it.



"Where can I buy the most travel and fun for my \$150? I know just where and exactly what I'm going to do. With a pal or two, I'm going to a "Dude Ranch," where it is as different from city life as any place can possibly be. I know nothing about horseback riding, but they say it's easy and fun on those western horses—and loafing and playing is what I want to do.

"Now this Dude Ranch vacation trip I'm buying takes me from my home town, Chicago, to St. Paul and Minneapolis, across the Northwest and the Rockies. I'll certainly be glad to see and live in the mountains for a while. I'll ride on the air-conditioned "North Coast Limited," eating and living like a king—riding on that grand train. My ranch host meets my train—the Northern Pacific has fixed all that. Then away we go to the ranch, remote in the mountains. My pal and I have a cozy cabin all to ourselves. We pile into our sport clothes, put on some stout shoes or boots and old felt hats and we're set to go. Ten solid days of play, with other attractive people—young men and women who have come for a good time, like ourselves. We ride together, picnic, camp out—or loaf, read, fish, relax or walk alone, in pairs or with a crowd of congenial souls. We have complete freedom and change—never a thought of money, or alarm clocks, nor do we smell gasoline or hear any city noises. We sleep like logs, eat a lot, sing, dance and really enjoy living.

"Then, when vacation time is about gone, we ride once more in style aboard train, with everything furnished. Sounds like \$300, my friends say? No, I'll do it all for \$150.00 or less. Here's how: I pay the Northern Pacific Railway Company \$136.50 for which they give me a round trip ticket good in deluxe air-conditioned Pullmans of the North Coast Limited. The Northern Pacific also delivers to me a round trip first class railroad ticket from Chicago to the ranch country, a lower berth to myself all the way and a "Ranch Vacation" letter of credit, which covers all traveling expenses, Chicago west and return to Chicago. This means all train meals, all ranch expenses—everything. Out of my \$150.00 budget, I still have \$13.50 for postcards, souvenirs, tips for waiters and porters and for gifts for home folks. If I was only married I would surely take my wife, because two adults can go together for less than \$254.00 for two. I'm looking forward to a wonderful vacation trip. Montana, here I come!"

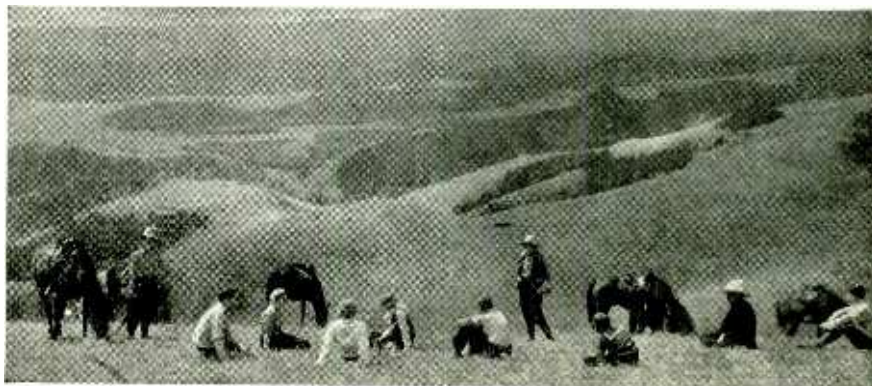
You are invited to send for free folder describing "Ranch Vacations." Address:

E. E. NELSON
Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry.
305 Northern Pacific Building
St. Paul, Minnesota



\$136.50 Buys a Complete Ranch Vacation

Resting on the Skyline Trail



THERE'S NO GETTING RITZY WITH ED!

(Continued from page 44)



FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL

With Big Bottle Nail Polish Only 10c for Both!

Lady LILLIAN

CREME NAIL POLISH

Don't mar beautiful hands with a nail polish that streaks on your nails when it goes on and chips off after a couple of days. Don't wear out-of-date shades. Try the new LADY LILLIAN Creme Polish in Rose, Rust and "Smoky" red colors. LADY LILLIAN is approved by Good Housekeeping.

Special 3c Trial Offer

For generous trial bottle send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-1, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

Conveniently On Sale At 5 and 10 Cent Stores

FIREMAN— SAVE MY HOSE!

"SAVE it yourself, little lady—use Run-R-Stop," says fire-eater Kelly of the Ladder Squad. "Sure, for an emergency always use Run-R-Stop. There's nothing like it to stop a snag from breaking into a run or to hold a run permanently. Just a tiny drop does the trick and it won't wash out."

Buy Run-R-Stop in the GAY RED AND BLACK PURSE VANITY at all chain, department and shoe stores, only 10c.

CAMILLE, Inc., 49 E. 21 St., New York

RUN - R - STOP DON'T CUT CUTICLES

ROUGH RAGGED

Smart New Cosmetic Beautifies Nails While It Softens Cuticle

This clever new preparation removes tough, dead cuticle without scissors, and at the same time keeps nails flexible and easy to shape. It brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle remover, a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

You may not have time for long, expensive manicures, but with Manicare you simply brush your fingertips a minute a day, to keep nails nice. No hangnails or brittleness. 35¢ at druggists.



sound like something with all the cuts. But it was bad, and I knew it. After our second audition I started to sneak out one door while the producer slunk out another. We didn't dare look at one another—when in walked the Major, beaming! 'My dear fellow,' he chortles, 'you're really terribly amusing, you know. My wife loved the show!'

"The producer and I both stopped at the door, shook hands and received congratulations; everything was very gay. I still couldn't believe it, but the Major was definitely enthusiastic. It was a few days later that I turned up at the agency and found averted eyes and a suspiciously sympathetic attitude towards me. 'Too bad, Eddie,' they mumbled. 'We sent a record of the show to Detroit—and they didn't like it.' And there went another commercial show that might have been good without tampering."

But, with or without sponsors, Eddie gets along. He has a morning program from 8:45 to 9:00 a.m. EST, five times a week; the *Ed Fitzgerald & Company* show, six afternoons a week; works in the *Melody Treasure Hunt* once a week, and has been appearing in the Benay Venuta show as well. Which—along with writing all his own scripts and dashing to pointless auditions—would keep anyone busy.

His career, before he entered radio a couple of years ago, was colorful. In fact, a story could be written about any one era of his career. There are plenty of stories he tells about his childhood and early days as an actor. For instance, when he appeared with Bert Lytell in *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* at Albany, New York—an engagement that lasted until Eddie made an entrance during a tense scene to be greeted with laughter where no laughs belonged. He lost that job because Bert Lytell couldn't sympathize with an actor playing a scene with his shirt tail looped over his trouser top. But he continued in show business, and one engagement took him to London, England. There, he played a youthful part in Doris Keane's famous play, *Romance*. Just as he was beginning to get somewhere, the War broke out and he enlisted in the British Army in August, 1914. Finding a rifle heavy and infantry drill exhausting, he talked himself into the Royal Flying Corps.

"I proposed to learn to fly," he says, "with the idea of being a cadet and later an officer with pips on my shoulders and wings on my chest. But I learned differently. I peeled potatoes and scrubbed vegetables. That was understandable. But I never could figure out what digging ditches had to do with flying!"

However, he finally did get a commission, and a load of shrapnel in him that kept him hospitalized for longer than he likes to think about. He still has to go and have odd bits of metal dug out of him occasionally.

The army offered vocational instruction after the Armistice, and Eddie picked journalism. In those days jobs were not hard to get, and he walked into a newspaper office in Camden, N. J., sold himself and went right to work. Payrolls of news-

papers in Manitoba, Seattle, Calgary, Portland, Philadelphia, Boston and a dozen other towns carried the Fitzgerald name as a wandering reporter. He worked on the old *San Francisco Journal* as drama editor and held the same job on Cornelius Vanderbilt's tabloid *Herald*, which was upsetting the town at that time. He did press-agency, traveling up and down the Pacific Coast, and toured as advance man for Doris Keane's revival of *Romance* in America. Oh, Ed's been around!

And then he settled down for awhile, as manager of Warners' Embassy Theatre in San Francisco. There radio got him.

"I had never had the slightest interest in radio," Eddie tells it. "While I was managing the theatre my wife had received a small radio for Christmas, and it stayed in the closet, wrapped in cellophane and with a big red bow on it, like a puppy dog. But came the day Peggy was ill, and I came home one evening to find the radio hooked up as she listened to a newscast on the Lindbergh crime, which was the current sensation. I got the habit of listening to sports broadcasts and news items. And shortly after that it occurred to me that beer was coming back soon and it might be a good idea to assemble a beer program." He chuckled. "I didn't know the first thing about radio, had never been in a studio. But I talked to several brewers about my idea. Eventually, after pestering every station and beer company around, the idea soaked through. 'Listen,' one beer official told me. 'There is no doubt beer's coming back. Why do you think all the vats are cleaned out and all the spigots polished? But beer takes time to make—and it must age. When beer comes back, my friend, it won't be a question of how we will sell it—it will be how can we get enough to meet the demand?' And that was that."

But his contacts with radio people had borne fruit, and he talked so well, so long and so persuasively to Harrison Holloway, veteran manager of *KFRC* on the Don Lee network, that they gave him a chance to do a master of ceremonies job on an old, established program, *Feminine Fancies*. Then things began to happen. Eddie got before the mike and dubbed the show the *Fancie Fancies Hour*. He kidded the sponsors, ribbed the performers and listeners and brought an entirely new sparkle to the show. At first, the mail he got was vicious. People tuned in to hate him—and ended up coming back for more. The show hit new records for popularity, and Eddie Fitzgerald, who was 99 per cent himself, and who ignored all the taboos and unbreakable rules of radio, built himself an audience that eclipsed all previous reactions to the program. A little later he became, also, a news commentator on *KFRC*, and injected the same tart humor and occasionally vitriolic comment into the news as he had into the *Feminine Fancies* show. His news broadcast at ten each night was the talk of the town and once, during the longshoremen's strike, he was transported to and from the studio in a police patrol car under heavy guard. But he still said what he thought.

A success on the West Coast, on the Don Lee network (which was then part of the CBS chain), Ed says the apple then came to his Eden. He came to New York and went to CBS about working there. Brashly, he had refused letters of introduction, and when he asked for appointments to see executives, they were never in to him. After a bit of reflection Eddie sent West for the letters, and gained an audience with Jules Seebach, then with Columbia.

"You'll have to have an audition," they told him.

"But I've been working on the Don Lee network—some of my programs have been piped East," he pleaded. "Oh, yes—we know your stuff," was the answer, "but just the same you'll have to have an audition."

So Eddie was given a band, a stooge and an audition. Officials pondered awhile, and the answer was "No soap." They didn't like it. He gave an audition for WOR and they didn't like that, either.

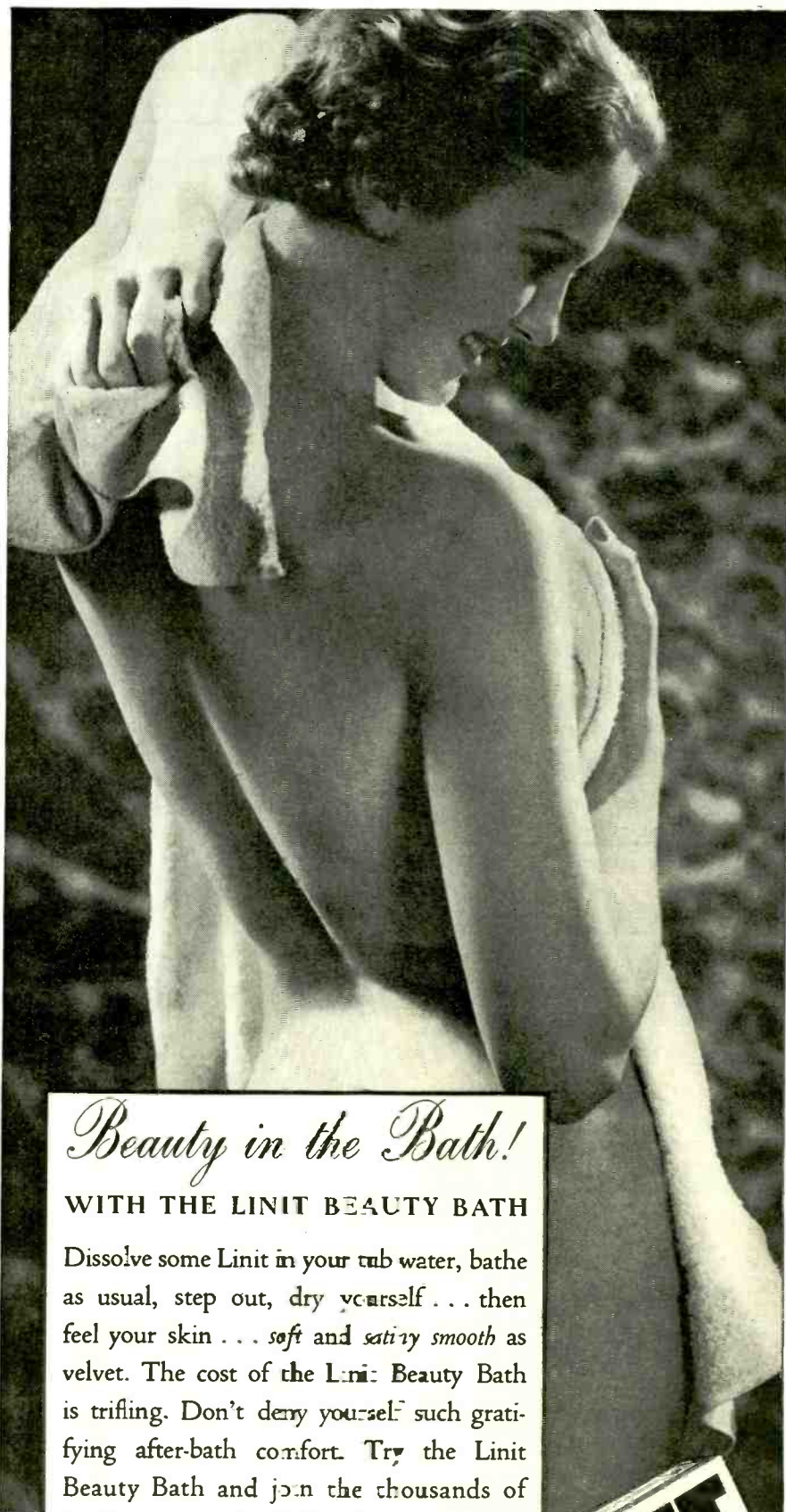
Later, he received a call from Seebach, who had gone with Mutual in the interim, and who believed in him. He put Fitzgerald to work—and the rest you know, or can find out by tuning in his shows.

He was born forty-three years ago in Troy, N. Y., and played with the Polish kids on the other side of the tracks. There he picked up a vocabulary that is occasionally unorthodox but never uncolorful. He says the only time he ever spent in a classroom was the time he went to see a prosperous cousin graduate, but you'd never guess that. And he's been a sucker for begging-letters, of which he gets an amazing number. They write in asking for jobs, money, sweethearts, autos, food, liquor, introductions to mayors and for advice, and most of the applicants are women. Plenty of them are not requests, but demands. Raised in the generous tradition of the theatre, Ed used to fall for them. But dozens of outrageous experiences and a file of cancelled checks that would make a year's income, have finally cured him. Also, there was the time on KFRC when he devoted ten minutes of his show to an appeal for funds for a charitable organization. The money poured in as a result—but the organization's president squawked to Eddie's boss because he had "spoken flippantly about their cause," disregarding the fact that the flippancy had brought in thousands of dollars.

He's been married for eight years to a bright young woman who is famous in her own right—Pegeen Fitzgerald, Director of Publicity for the McCreery Company, department store in New York. And his wife is not only bright but very attractive, blonde and winsome.

In spite of his experience, Eddie still gives commercial auditions. "The funniest kick-back after an audition," he says, "was the time I was auditioning for *Blanko*. The show was swell, if I do say so myself. And when, beaming, I met the sponsor, I discovered he had brought his wife, his mother and two children with him, plus all the agency executives. Here were the reactions to a serious business conference: The wife wanted to see Stuart Gracey because his voice was heavenly; the kids wanted to see Harry Mack, who does that 'Me too!'; the mother wanted to meet me to see what such an obnoxious person looked like!"

P.S. He didn't get the job.



Beauty in the Bath!

WITH THE LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Dissolve some Linit in your tub water, bathe as usual, step out, dry yourself . . . then feel your skin . . . soft and satiny smooth as velvet. The cost of the Linit Beauty Bath is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO
A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

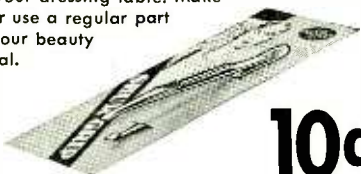


1001 RADIO NIGHTS

(Continued from page 25)



CHERISH and enhance the beauty of your eyes...a priceless possession! Lovely eyes are loveliest when eyebrows are carefully groomed...Henco Tweezers are specially designed for plucking, thinning and training... They have platform points, corrugated inside, to assure positive grip without cutting the hair, and finger-rest grip on handles. Each one individually tested. Keep a pair of Henco Tweezers on your dressing table. Make their use a regular part of your beauty ritual.



10c

HENCO
Fremont,
Ohio



FINE
Cutlery for
50 Years

Ask for HENCO Tweezers and Nail Files (10c)...
Manicure Scissors (20c)...at drug and 5 & 10c stores.

OUCH! JUST RUB ON MOSCO

Mosco—the stainless corn salve—is easy and pleasant to use. No knife, plasters, cloths or soaking necessary. **Removes** corns—relieves bunions, and ingrowing toenails. At druggists. Jar 30c.

Write for Free Sample
THE MOSS CO., Dept. M5-7, Rochester, N. Y.

CORNS VANISH!

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles."

50c



free BOOKLET SEND COUPON OR POST CARD

THE STILLMAN COMPANY
Box 10, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
Name.....
Address.....

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Jessica has reached an ever widening audience and ranked high in the radio ratings.

But for the pioneer there must be always new vistas, fresh fields, widening opportunities. And, eager to present new forms of dramatic and musical entertainment, Jessica made an end to this long and successful association.

Early this year she began her *Palmolive* love-story broadcasts, which have proved an immediate and highly gratifying success.

When the time came for shaping her new radio series, Miss Dragonette was ill. Lying in bed, suffering an attack of the grippe, she found the memory of Scheherazade and her thousand and one nights' entertainment recurring to her memory, stirring her imagination.

"Can you imagine," says Jessica thoughtfully, "with what trepidation Scheherazade must have prepared and told her first story? With what concern she must have scrutinized the Sultan's face, watching his changes of expression to learn whether or not her story pleased. What thrust of relief and joy must have been hers when the tale was applauded—and she was granted another night of life, so that on the morrow she might again entertain the Sultan... And how great must have been her anxiety when she searched for new material. How she must have questioned everyone, hunting for another and yet another tale, to win her renewal of life. With what infinite skill and care she must have worked over an old, time-worn, familiar plot, to present it so that it seemed a new and thrilling story.

"Scheherazade was the greatest teller of love stories the world has ever known," Jessica mused.

And so, musing on that fabled storyteller, Jessica saw a parallel between her and the radio star of today—with the public as Sultan and the twist of the dial the fateful sword. And thus Scheherazade became the inspiration for the *Palmolive* love-story broadcasts.

"We, too," says Miss Dragonette, "are searching for the world's most cherished love stories. We are trying to fashion them into the most compelling form for precious moments on the air. Now, each Wednesday, we present the better-known operettas. Later we will continue with love-songs, shaped into stirring, achingly beautiful tales. Or some of the world's greatest romances, set to appropriate music."

A great deal of work, a great deal of devotion, goes into the preparation of these programs. Al Goodman, the orchestra leader, and Kenneth MacGregor, the stage production manager, among others, contribute to the careful precision of these Wednesday night half hours of musical love drama.

The half hour program, Jessica thinks, is perfect for this sort of musical drama. "In the half hour," she says, "there are fewer of the interruptions that are inevitable to the hour program. The commercial

announcements are reduced to the minimum. Every word, every note, counts in setting the scene, telling the story, painting the picture for the listening audience. It keeps the mood unbroken."

It seems like a full-time job, and it is. But Jessica is satisfied. "I am doing just what I want most of all to do," she says sincerely.

So, if there is little time for social diversions, if vacations simply do not exist, Jessica feels no lack. Occasionally there is a country week-end, which she loves. "Anywhere where there is the sun and the sea!" she says. She loves the theatre. Concerts and opera she attends whenever possible. For exercise, she finds dancing the most satisfying form.

"It seems most practical," she explains, "for the limited time I have. Classical, Spanish, modern dancing—I practice them all. Of course I love walking. I always walk to rehearsals. But dancing is especially valuable for a singer. The rhythm, the poise, the movement and flow of every muscle, all contribute to the expression of the song."

It's really unusual, the extent to which everything in Jessica Dragonette's life is made contributory to her one supreme passion, music. She is not just another young singer, with many more or less allied interests, with ever varying dreams and aspirations. Singing, for Jessica, is not merely working, it is living. Music, that is her gift and her career, actually is her whole life. And she is completely happy in it.

"Music," she says thoughtfully, "is a part of every experience in life. In every form of civilization, from the lowest to the highest, every function is expressed in music—joy and tragedy, birth and love and death, the wedding march and the funeral dirge, wars and defeats and victories... The greatest stories of all times live forever in music."

Forward looking always, Jessica will be prepared for television, when it comes. As a matter of record, one of the pictures flashed on the first experimental television screen was a picture of Jessica Dragonette. And as she studies and plans for future programs, she will evolve those best adapted to the newest medium.

She studies constantly, coaching with Estelle Liebling, with Frank LaForge. Sometimes once a week, sometimes four or five times a week, as time and engagements permit. Too, she studies languages—French, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, among others, believing that to speak them fluently enables her to sing more expertly the songs of other lands in their native tongues.

A charming person to meet, Jessica Dragonette. Lovely and slim and young, with softly curling blonde hair and soft hazel eyes which seem to change their color according to what she may be wearing. Pictures, somehow, do not do justice to the delicate planes of her expressive face. Word pictures do not always do her justice, either. It's difficult to describe her absorption in her music without making her seem

**A DIFFERENT
KIND OF LOVE!**



GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

England, recently torn with dissension over the affair of the then King Edward and Mrs. Simpson, is united again and happy over a different kind of love . . . that strong, quiet, undemonstrative love that characterizes the new ruling Royal Family of Great Britain.

You can now read the complete inside story, revealing never-before-known facts about the ruling Windsors in the Coronation Year Book, **THE ROYAL FAMILY**.

Among the outstanding chapters in this timely book are:

The Businessman King • Sweet-heart of an Empire • The Little Duchess • The Crowning of a King • The Woman I Love • They Also Serve • and a complete gallery of portraits of the Royal Family.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE **10¢**

**The Royal
Family**



Myrt and Marge—Myrtle Vail, George Damerel, Jr., and Donna Damerel.

somehow non-human, unreal. But she is a very real person. A trifle shy, reserved, perhaps. Those who think deeply do not talk easily of what is closest to their hearts. But she is poised and gracious—and overwhelmingly sincere. Realizing that sincerity, remembering her childhood, spent in colorful, romantic lands, her impressionable early girlhood years in a convent school, whose beauty and dignity fed her longing for beauty and faith in the unknowable—and knowing her absolute passion for music, make it easier to understand the real Jessica Dragonette.

In her lovely, homelike apartment one sees many books. Shelves of old and rare editions look down upon tables and benches on which are scattered other books—books of music, of poetry, drama, history, biography—showing a wide range of interest and taste. *Bohemia in the Eighteenth Century* rubs shoulders with Dorothy Parker's latest volume. *Isabella of Spain* and *Izaak Walton* hobnob with a fat book on astronomy. Another plump book—*The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*—catches the eye.

"This," said Jessica eagerly, picking it up, "is Scheherazade. . . ." And she read a descriptive paragraph:

"She had perused the books, the annals and the legends of preceding kings. Stories, examples and instances of bygone men and things. Indeed, it is said, she had collected a thousand and one books relating to antique races and departed rulers. She had perused the works of poets, knew them by heart. She had studied philosophy and the sciences, arts and accomplishments . . . She was pleasant and polite, wise and witty, well-read and well-bred."

It was, it occurred to us, listening, an apt description of Jessica herself. More apt than she realizes, despite her analogy between herself and the fabled queen of long ago who made so deep an impression on her childish heart. She sees herself presenting a thousand and one radio nights for our entertainment, even as Scheherazade presented to her Sultan a thousand and one Arabian nights' entertainment.

It is not recorded, however, that Scheherazade sang, and in that respect we must give her modern prototype a distinct advantage.

There is another distinction. For Scheherazade, to entertain was to live . . . For Jessica Dragonette, to live is to entertain.



ASK ANY YEAR-OLD BABY!

If you want baby's candid opinion on Heinz Strained Foods, just include them in his diet today. Watch him register approval! Most infants seem to prefer the fresh "garden" flavor and wholesome goodness Heinz cooks in—never cooks out! Heinz uses only the finest fruits and vegetables. Strains them to smooth consistency. Valuable vitamins and minerals are preserved to a high degree. Heinz Strained Foods are priced with ordinary brands. All varieties bear the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods. Ask your dealer for a full assortment. Eleven kinds.



Child problems. homemaking on *Heinz Magazine of the Air*, half-hour radio program—Mon., Wed. and Fri., 11 a.m. E. S. T., C. B. S. Network.



**HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS**



Quite the smoothy is dance maestro Phil Harris, who waves the baton on Jack Benny's Sunday night programs. Phil doubles as actor and stooge, too, but he still wants "a good line."

ALL HER OWN IDEAS

(Continued from page 60)



Instant Relief...
CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS
 AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES

Why suffer, when relief costs only a dime. A tested and approved Cro-Pax Foot Aid for every foot ailment... Corns, Bunions, Callouses and Weak Arches. You will be amazed at Cro-Pax value and delighted with Cro-Pax quality. Over 35 million Cro-Pax foot aids sold every year.

CRO-PAX Corn Pads
 SIX WATERPROOF PADS WITH FOUR MEDICATED DISCS **10c**
 *Slightly higher in Canada

CRO-PAX PRODUCTS · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Sticky? NO!
Just isn't sticky
 New Secret Ingredient does away with sticky gums found in old-type lotions. Penetrates quickly, leaving your skin satin-smooth. Next time ask for Chatterbox.

Chatterbox LOTION
 AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

WHAT BECAME OF YOUR HEADACHES?

OH THE ALL-VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT!

SHE was "notorious" for her sick headaches. Finally a friend said, "Why don't you give NRs a trial?" With Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) she noted a thorough cleansing of poisonous wastes—a complete natural action that she hadn't experienced for ages. Yet so gentle and refreshing. Try NRs yourself. They are so fine for constipation, so useful in warding off colds, so-called "bilious spells" and other conditions caused by faulty elimination. Only 25c for box of 25 at any drugstore.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Turns. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 79E-20, St. Louis, Mo.

made, so well does she know what Meri likes and so skillful is she at adapting them to the lines and details which her daughter demands. Since Meri delights so in giving everything she wears an original twist, her clothes are bought or made with an eye to the simplest lines, thus enabling her to add tricky innovations in the Bell manner.

"In general," Meri said, "I like full sleeves, and tight-waisted effects with a simple bodice. Then I can have a fling with scarfs, pins, flowers and so forth. I prefer heavy, but soft crêpes, pussy willow taffetas and sheer woolens. I wear a perfect size sixteen.

"I can remember," she continued, "that even as a child, I would spend hours before a mirror, fussing with my clothes, trying to get them to look just the way I fancied them. You'll think it absurd, but I used to be decked out in uniforms for school and I insisted upon having them fitted so that mine wouldn't look like those of the other girls!"

She considers originality the key to dressing smartly. Fit your clothes to *you*—not only in the physical sense but from a personality standpoint, too—that is her fashion creed.

"For instance," she said, "short girls couldn't wear the sort of thing I like. I never dress consciously in the prevailing fashion but I always look as if I did. That's because I stick to one type of simple, wearable thing, year in and year out. Any fads of the moment I introduce only in small doses, as in accessories. All my clothes are conservative and I go in for fantastic touches only if I've tried them out before a mirror and know that I can wear them. To my mind, no smart woman ever looks bizarre.

"What do I like particularly?" she repeated my question. "Well, I love suits—the man-tailored ones in single-breasted style. I am crazy about sweaters and skirts—especially ribbed sweaters in lovely colors, but very plain, so that I can wear scarfs in various ways. I like scarfs—loads of them, in all different materials and colors."

She went on to describe what diverse ways she has for tying or arranging her scarfs. One of her pets is illustrated. First of all, the sweater is the classic favorite she mentioned. This day it happened to be a gray, coarsely ribbed one, with long sleeves and a high neck which was really hardly more than a slot wide enough for her head to go through. She wore this over a royal blue tweed skirt. And about her neck, she had draped a royal blue and white polka-dotted silk scarf. This happens to be one of her special scarf arrangements—she wraps the scarf once around her neck so that the ends are at the back, she crosses these over and brings them to the front where she spreads them out, jabot effect, and fastens the scarf with a silver Scottie pin. She said this is a grand way to fix a scarf to be worn under a tailored suit jacket when you don't intend to remove your coat—it's both a vestee and a scarf.

Still another scarf trick is the one she

wears with her beige gabardine spring suit, pictured. This suit is one of her own designs, made for her by a tailor. It's just a regular men's wear gabardine suiting—she said she never had seen one for women just like it before—and the jacket is made with four unusual pockets as its only trimming. These pockets are cut to a point on the underneath side. The lapels are small and the jacket closing is quite deep. When she doesn't wear a blouse with this, she wears a scarf like the white one. This is fastened with a pin, also, and is arranged somewhat like an old-fashioned stock.

With this suit she wears a tailored, natural straw hat with a narrow band of felt and a wide band of grosgrain ribbon as trim, these in contrasting shades of brown and green.

She likes to design some of her hats, but this particular one was from a collection of well-known tailored and sports hats. She often likes to wear slightly giddy hats, but her husband, like many men, doesn't care for that type.

Incidentally, Meri Bell is married to Dell Sharbutt, whose announcing you know very well. She was wearing a new black caracul coat which he had given her for Christmas, but which had been delayed in reaching her because it was made to her specifications. "Every skin is marked with my name," she said. "And, although it is really too warm to wear it now, I simply have to because I have waited so long to own it."

She never wears prints—likes solid colors best and says it would be a waste of time for her to buy anything else. Her favorite colors are: Black, white in the summer, dark red, green occasionally, lots of blue in the navy, powder and royal tones.

Meri Bell has very interesting coloring and I think her make-up is worth passing on to all you blondes who may be similar. Meri's skin is a golden-tinted tone rather than the very pink-and-white of most blondes. Her eyes are hazel and her hair a rich yellow. The powder she uses is what she calls a "radiant rachel"—it's on the pinkish cast. To this she adds just a little brown so that, winter or summer, she looks as if she had a light golden suntan. It's very effective.

Her love of light blue is evident in the evening gown which she chose for this story. She wanted me—and you—to see the wide, blue velvet bow, caught with a jeweled pin, which she wears on the dress when it is topped by the brief jacket. Without the jacket, the dress has a deep velvet girdle in the shade of royal blue, and so she only uses the bow with the jacket. But, back to color of the dress, it is a very light blue which looks almost oyster white under electric lights. It's very effective when contrasted with the deeper blue.

As I talked to Meri Bell, I thought that there isn't a single girl, reading what she had to say, who won't be inspired to make the most of her own clothes. I know I felt inspired to start experimenting with scarfs I have had kicking around my bureau drawers for months. Somehow, I always



Rubinoff receives a wood carving from Daniel Roller, president of a fan club.

put them on the same way and not a very unusual way, either. Certainly, Meri convinces you that it isn't the huge amount of money you need to spend to look smart, but rather the discerning eye to make the most of every accessory, no matter how small. Variety is the spice of her clothes—constant changing in the manner of wearing what she has, so that it always looks fresh and unusual.

She told me that she had made some movie shorts when she was on the Coast, several years ago. But more interesting even than that, was the fact that she had acted as stand-in for several of the big stars. I asked her if she wanted to go back to Hollywood, and she said not unless she was offered so much money that she couldn't refuse! You'll never guess, though, why she hasn't her eye on Hollywood—she's afraid of earthquakes! And well she might be, for she was in the one that hit Los Angeles several years ago. She was thrown across a room and broke her arm. However, she felt very lucky when she heard, later, that the theatre, at which she and Gus Arnheim's band were to have played that night, was demolished at an hour when they might have been on the stage! It so happened that their engagement had been postponed and the troupe had remained in Los Angeles instead of moving on to Long Beach! She's never forgotten the incident.

Before signing off for this month, I want to say that, spurred on by Meri Bell, I've gathered together a bunch of very new fashion tricks, which you can employ to dress up your spring and summer clothes, whether they are new or old. Just write in for the MAY SHOPPING BULLETIN and I will send you, also, *Smart Shortcuts to Chic*—both for the same stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Kindly send me, free of charge, your MAY SHOPPING BULLETIN and SMART SHORTCUTS TO CHIC.

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**Rachel Made
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By *Lady Esther*

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As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

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The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

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RADIO ROW WAS SHOCKED

(Continued from page 94)

add that he tried for four years and never did divide all Gaul into three parts to the satisfaction of his Latin teachers; nor can he see to this day why the square of the hypotenuse necessarily has to equal the squares of the rest of a triangle.

It isn't brilliance that's gotten him places, Rex will insist, it's fever. He has a fever for music and planes that nothing has ever been able to cool, not even slim pickings and crack-ups.

After high school, his parents dug into their savings and sent him abroad to study piano. Halfway through his course he discovered that what he really wanted was not to study music in Paris alone, but music everywhere—Iceland, Vienna, Cape Horn, the Sandwich Islands. The war was going on, he was filled with wanderlust and ambition and unrest.

Gradually the idea was born in him of the one great thing he wanted to accomplish: *To learn the music of all lands, to combine those musics in a universal rhythm, and some day play that rhythm with an orchestra of his own.*

That was his dream. And he never stopped dreaming it.

He started off by bumming his way to Tasmania, Ceylon, the Philippines, Madagascar. He sat with a scratch-pad and pencil in huts and palaces and cabarets and opera houses and dives the whole world over, writing down queer snatches of music in three-four and four-four and strange tempos he'd never heard before. He studied the cultivated music of cities and the natural music of isolated places, too.

He collected musical instruments from more than twenty countries and learned the rudiments of playing them. He collected several trunkfuls of recordings. When he couldn't buy a recording of some native music he wanted, he'd often pawn his last possession to have it recorded especially for his own use. There weren't many places whose music remained a mystery to Rex Chandler.

Whenever he wearied of living out of a suitcase, he'd put his dream about universal rhythm in storage for a while and go back to flying. He worked for plane manufacturers and airlines in this country and abroad, designing, piloting, even being a mechanic. He has owned four "ships," two of which he built himself. Clarence Chamberlain and Ruth Nichols are among his closest friends.

"I kept my dream, but I didn't hurry it. I felt that some day I'd have my own orchestra, my kind of orchestra, but whether that day came when I was thirty-eight or fifty-eight wasn't an urgent matter with me. I never make plans. I've always waited for the next thing to happen and, when it happened, I took it for what it was worth and went ahead."

It was during one of his brief trips home to Boston that he met the girl who was ultimately to become his wife. She was a French girl, dark and slender and vivacious, and since Rex is half French



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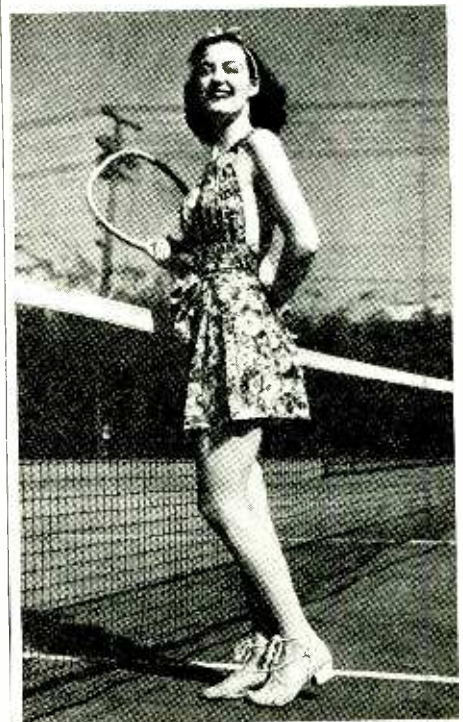
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Joy Hodges, as gay on the tennis court as she is in song, pauses between sets to flash a smile for the photographer. She sings with Jimmie Grier's orchestra on Joe Penner's program, CBS Sunday, 6:00 p.m. EST.

himself, their attraction for each other was immediate. Leone Lorfray had distinguished herself working among blind French and Arabian soldiers following the World War, had been invited to America to lecture on the specialized methods she had developed for teaching those who cannot see.

At the home of mutual friends the two met, parted a few weeks later, Leone went back to Nantes, Rex took off for Egypt.

He knew that he'd found the one girl, but true to form, he hadn't made any definite plans about a ring and a preacher. And what should happen, shortly afterward, but that the six-months' tour he was scheduled to make over Australia was postponed. Suddenly, he found himself with an unexpected holiday. So he hopped a freighter on his twenty-third birthday, journeyed across the Mediterranean.

And the first thing he knew he was almost as much in love with his bride's home town as he was with his bride. So the Chandlers settled down to live in Nantes.

After thirteen years in Nantes, Rex brought his family—which was now doubled by the arrivals of Anne-Scott and Patricia—back to New York. Summertime he played the organ in some of Manhattan's greatest churches and theatres; winters, the past two winters, he spent studying in Mexico.

It was very simple, the way his sudden band success happened. Radio got in his blood. When he heard about the Ford auditions that were demanding something new in dance music, he was prepared. He had the idea, all he needed was the orchestra. After weeding out forty-three men from the innumerable musicians available, he got together six ace arrangers and got down to work. And the result is something, as you know by now, that's pretty swell. *Universal Rhythm*.

Universal rhythm, not to be too technical, is this: 1. There's dance music that sounds like ordinary dance music you dance to. 2. There's dance music that's dolled up like a symphony that you can't dance to. 3. There's universal rhythm that's dolled up considerably, rich and full of artistic improvements, *but you can still dance to it from the first note to the last!*

The music is lavish and full because the orchestra is extraordinarily large for a jazz unit; eighteen pieces in the string section alone, three harps, and several unusual instruments not ordinarily employed in the playing of popular music.

The preparation for each *Universal Rhythm* show takes a *full week*. The staff of arrangers work under their maestro's guidance, each man turning out one number for the program.

No wonder Rex knows every single note in every arrangement by Friday! He never uses a score while he's broadcasting. He believes that a conductor can get far smoother results by looking at his men constantly, abetting the message of his hands and arms with his face and eyes.

It's impossible to omit the fact any longer that his name isn't really Rex Chandler, after all. It's Chandler Goldthwaite—or at least it *was*. He changed to the new tag because the old one was hard to pronounce. Also, because he didn't want its long and famous association with classical music either to help or hinder his switch-over to dance tunes. Changing a



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Color of your hair?.....



name is much like changing from brunette to blonde—the sooner people forget you were ever a brunette the better. So Rex Chandler he remains. If radio row had known him by his right name they wouldn't have been asking so blankly who the fellow was that landed the Ford spot, for he's well-known and well-liked in all the upper musical circles of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, their two beautiful little French-speaking daughters, four dogs, two cats and a whole room full of records are established in a comfortable apartment near Central Park. Rex walks twenty blocks down Fifth Avenue to work every morning, rain, slush or shine; spends his spare time hanging around Floyd Bennett airport, flying or tinkering with engines. Once he lost a wing over a beet patch in Idaho, another time his parachute deposited him on the roof of a millionaire's mansion in Connecticut. So he figures he has a very efficient guardian angel somewhere in the offing.

Radio is hard work and fun, and the final realization of a lifetime dream. He's crazy about it. But he's perfectly frank to admit that he hasn't any definite ambitions mapped out for next season or the next. Two or three years from now he may not be in radio at all. He may be flying the mails between Miami and Atlanta, or designing China clippers, or handling a grease gun at Mitchell Field.

Rex Chandler refuses to make any plans.

SMALL TOWN GUY

(Continued from page 31)

story. He's vastly different from the usual entertainers; for one thing he's not Broadway. Al is really still a small town boy and his jokes have the small town slant that makes them so appealing to people.

He had to talk to some one on the phone, and when he finished he turned to me:

"They're ready for the rehearsal now. Want to come over to the studio and watch it? I can get my work done and talk to you at the same time and we'll probably be interrupted a lot less."

After the first dozen interruptions at the studio, I figured that that was one of his gags.

"I was on the air as far back as 1912," he confided, in one of the rare uninterrupted moments. "They put me on over an experimental transmitter. That sort of paved the way for my real air debut in 1929.

"By then I had gathered together my Gang. I'd picked up one here and another there, all good entertainers and real troupers. The West Coast audiences liked us, so we put on a full-hour radio show five days out of every week and we did that for seven years!"

Larry Marsh, his demon orchestra conductor, made his way to where we were in the back part of the studio.

"Al, we gotta work this number in right—"

"You see how it is," sighed Al. "Be right back."

"That's a right guy," a voice breathed down my neck from the seat back of me. I didn't know the speaker but it didn't seem to matter. "He's got everybody in

EXIT- THE BRIDE!

● Proud Jane Seymour, pampered, spoiled, was up for auction. The mountaineers who hated her because of the name she bore were bidding higher and higher... for her hand in marriage.

Over the heads of the heartless crowd, her eyes met the level gaze of the man with a price on his head... a price set by her own uncle! She trembled as he pushed his way forward. Was he going to buy her?

The thrilling story of this beautiful young girl, trapped by a code centuries old, is complete in the May SWEETHEART STORIES. Read this exciting novelette, "Exit—The Bride," by Joan D'Arcy in this giant issue of your favorite love story magazine.

● Maysie Greig contributes her fascinating novel, "Doctor's Wife" in the same issue... "Dashing Young Man," a complete full-length novel of a radio crooner and a rich man's daughter, trapped by tradition as old and cruel as torture in the Middle Ages.

Other exciting Love Stories in the May SWEETHEART STORIES include:

"Goodbye to Dreams" • "Dangerous Question" • "Ecstasy Deferred" • "Happiness Takes Two" • "Ask Me Again" and many other stories, many of them the work of NEW writers, many the work of old favorites. May Issue On Sale Everywhere.

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the show liking him, even Sour-Puss, the guy from the agency, and Sour-Puss don't like nobody!

"Al don't put on airs, he don't yell at everybody and he knows his business. You know what?" He paused and when he got no answer he went right on anyway! "I went to a swanky party somebody gave for Pearce and what does he do? He takes me upstairs to his room and says: 'Sit down, I wanna take off my shoes, they're killin' me.' And he's a big shot on the radio!"

Still on the stage, Al tried out an introduction for the man who was to do the imitations. Then, after the man had performed, they did it over again and this time he used different, but just as funny gags. The Pearce guy is marvelous!

He came back to where I was.

"I'm getting a big kick out of this," he said, sinking down in his seat. "The show's going good, they seem to like my imitations of the stuttering salesman, *Elmer Blurt*, and they've been nice to us. Hey, *Bilgewater!*" he yelled suddenly and loudly at his English comic, and the sound, coming up from where he was slumped down in his seat, sounded like a voice from China.

"*Bilgey*, old boy, do that line again, there's something screwy about the finish."

All through the show he worked with practiced eye and ear. A correction here, a bit of praise there—and I knew that I was sitting next to that rarity, a real showman.

At last, when the show was done, he relaxed and continued our conversation.

"Where was I? Oh yes, I was telling you that I got a big kick out of this. But my wife is getting a bigger one. She's never been to New York before and she's gone slightly daffy over Saks and Best's and those joints. You haven't met her yet, have you?"

"Audrey is a grand girl. Funny, too, how we met. I was running the air show out in California . . ."

Besides being a master of the difficult art of *ad libbing* an hour's air show every day, Al was a genial host to his Coast studio guests. This fellow, who, incidentally, looks like Alan Dinehart of the movies, appealed to all of his guests alike, young and old, and one oldish lady, a Mrs. Carter, always had a friendly bit of criticism for him.

"One night," Al said, "I went over to chat as usual with Mrs. Carter. 'Mr. Pearce,' she said, motioning to an attractive girl on her right, 'this is my daughter, Audrey. Before we left the house tonight she said: 'Mother, you know I don't want to go to that show, you know I never listen to the radio . . .'" but I think she has changed her mind, and she—"

"I think you—er—your show is wonderful," Audrey murmured."

Al Pearce drove the Carters home that night and, in a happy trance, he ate half a ham the Carters had been saving for soup. Six months later little Audrey and big Al were married, in, of all places, Reno!

"Yeah, Reno, but it hasn't done us any harm, for a man couldn't have a better wife. And," Al chuckled, "she listens to my programs *now*. She's my best friend and severest critic. Say that's a pretty good line, did I make it up?"

He stopped to yell goodbye to a fel-



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FREEZONE

low who had only a "bit" in the show—but from the cordiality of it, you'd think he was the president of CBS.

"Did you know," he resumed, "that I was a salesman for many years, way, way back?"

Al's selling experience began with a cow. It belonged jointly to him and his brother Cal. The project was a small dairy run by a three-member team, Al, Cal and Bessie. Bessie donated the milk, Cal took care of her and Al delivered what Bessie donated.

"Gosh," he said, "I got into trouble right away! I took my banjo along with me and played for the kids along the route. But the mothers put up an awful kick about not getting the milk right on time!"

That Al was persuaded to leave his banjo at home and deliver Bessie's efforts on time didn't matter very much, because Al got a berth for himself and his banjo with a dance band.

"That wasn't enough for me, though, because I'd been bitten by the selling bug. At any rate, I took up with this life insurance company and sold the stuff during the day.

"In those days, companies didn't maintain semi-universities to teach their salesmen the art of capturing the customers; they handed you a batch of policies and said: 'Get rid of 'em!'"

He started out that first day on a bicycle much too small for a big fellow of twenty. Up the street, down the street he pedaled. Somehow, he couldn't muster up enough courage to get off his bike and approach one of the houses.

"They all seemed to glare at me, as though to say: 'I dare you to come near me!' But then my front tire hit a stone and I fell off the bike in front of a small white house. This, I figured, was an omen, so I rang the bell. For a minute no one answered and I breathed a sigh of relief; there was no one home. However, just as I was turning away, the door opened a crack and a lady poked her head out. I can laugh now when I remember her too-bright red hair and her enormously-thick glasses, but at the time it scared the wits out of me.

"What do you want, young man?" she asked, flattering a mere boy. Somehow, after a fashion, I managed to explain in glib, long-studied phrases that came tumbling out with the speed of the wind. Surprisingly enough she bought a policy. Was I glad!"

He was so glad and so cocky that he went through the whole streetful of houses, now confident in his powers. But not another sale did he make on that street or any other for five whole days.

"I had to discover for myself that six sales in a hundred is a good average. I had to meet doorbells—and what doorbells!

"Sometimes, before you pressed the button, you'd hear a murmur of voices, voices that ceased abruptly when the bell rang. This was supposed to convey the impression that there wasn't a soul at home. But if you kept an eye peeled to leeward, you'd like as not see a curtain draw aside furtively and an ominous eye peer out at you!"

In spite of the bell problem, his technique improved. He learned to read character like a book. He found his banjo training useful, whenever he chanced to spy one in



Happy Relief From Painful Backache

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

The kidneys are 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.

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HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

At all druggists, or send for a free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make the hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with FREE RINSE now also in a new 40¢ size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

a house where he called.

"Madam," he'd say in his most dulcet tones, "don't you know what heat does to the king of instruments? Just listen to these strings," twanging them furiously, "I tell you what, I'll drop back later today with a set of the kind I use on my own banjo . . . Don't mention it . . . In the meantime, may I show you a policy that should be in every . . ."

He never failed, in such a case, to sell a whopping big policy and when he brought over the strings and tested them out, he'd let them discover that he was playing over at the Knights of Pythias Hall and that he'd be delighted to see them there.

Often Al would see the lady of the house out back hanging out her Monday wash. Back he'd go and before you could say "prestidigitator," he was hanging out the wash and firing a string of arguments at the good lady, now sitting comfortably in the shade, reading the policy and debating whether to offer this handsome young gentleman, bless his little heart, a glass of lemonade or a cup of tea.

"Why, I've mowed more lawns than you could shake a lawn mower at, I've dusted more bric-a-brac than a bull could break in a year and I've mended hundreds of kids' bikes—but it sold policies!" says Al, grinning.

Of course, he was making a goodish sum of money by selling insurance by day and playing the banjo at night, but when the influenza epidemic came along (it was 1918), he made a small fortune.

Wearing the necessary mask over his mouth, he'd find whole streets laid low with the disease. He'd stop at each house and tell them that his company was making a survey of the spread of the disease and ask if they were covered by insurance and if they had a doctor, an item all too scarce. He really did them a good turn by digging up a doctor, if they didn't have one, and they showed their appreciation by buying policies.

Along about this time he started his Coast show, the one that was to last seven years.

Anyway, after the seven-year contract on the Coast was up, he bought a slinky trailer, hooked it on to his car, got Audrey packed up, and started East, fishing along the way.

"Mister, there's no better way to travel in any direction! Oh sure, when I'm loafing beside a lake, I often get to thinking about the studio and my work, but then again, when I'm in the midst of a program, I'll see the lake in the early morning, with the mist just lifting from the corners, and one of those crazy fish jumping . . . they tell me that's called human nature."

In the East, NBC put him to sustaining for a few weeks, then a sponsor engaged him for six months. Followed a vaudeville tour and the present radio engagement.

He's evidently still a salesman, for this wire from a Seattle food manufacturer-friend followed close on the heels of his first show:

"Your show shows you are same convincing Al Pearce Stop On strength of it have ordered Ford for my son Stop Regards

Chef Milani."

PUT SOME FRESH ON YOUR BONES

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A HIT WITH MEN

HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS HAVE GAINED 10 TO 25 POUNDS QUICK!

MEN have always admired, and always **WILL** admire well-built, alluringly shaped girls. And, according to physicians, there's no excuse today for thousands remaining skinny, scrawny and unable to win friends.

Because, thanks to these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets, hosts of thin, rundown people have changed to entirely different persons—in 30 days or less! They've put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh—normal good-looking curves. Their skin has cleared to natural beauty. They have new pep that brings new friends, new popularity and good times.

Why it builds so quick

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

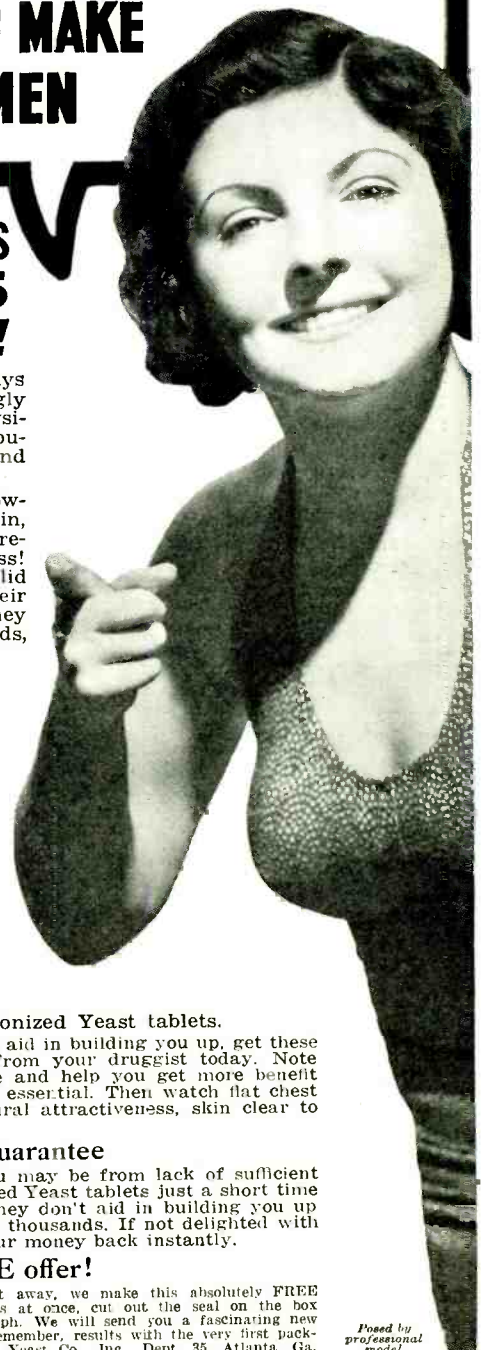
If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness, skin clear to normal beauty.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional model

HAPPY LANDING



THE modern woman no longer gives-in to functional 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.

So, don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Don't let the calendar regulate your

activities! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. One tablet usually brings relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 89)

a star's ambitions, but the other side of that picture seldom comes into court. No one hears of the contracts where Paul or any of these other leaders guess wrong and pay out salaries to singers who can't be used.

Contrary to predictions, Ed Wynn has gradually been creeping up in the radio standings with this Saturday evening program of his. The success does not come up to Wynn laurels of a couple of years ago, but he has moved up to a very good rating in the radio surveys.

Ed steadfastly resists all advice to follow the recent mode in comedy programs and present little sketches, with comedy based on characters and situations. He insists he shall continue to gallop up to a microphone and fire joke after joke at Graham McNamee, just as he always has.

"I am the last of the pantaloons," he argues, "the only one of the old funny men left. The public must accept me as a clown. When they are tired of that, I shall retire."

Ed can afford that independent attitude. He constantly complains about all his financial troubles, but persons close to him estimate that he is at least a millionaire.

In their leisure from being Amos 'n' Andy, Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden are inveterate golfers but Correll is the only one who plays at all regularly. His partner is so disgusted with his own game, he goes along more often as caddy than as opponent.

Queer what scrambles a radio program can get into, even when an impressive lineup of talent seems to insure a great success! Any show with Al Jolson, Martha Raye and Sid Silvers all appearing together sounds like a lively prospect. Their program has been a chaotic one and week after week it has turned out dull.

Expert and expensive tinkering has been going on right from the start. Two of Hollywood's highest priced writers, Al Boasberg and Harry Conn, were called in. Then came Bill Bacher, one of the most expensive program directors in radio. Sid Silvers has a reputation as a wit himself and he has been writing. Al Jolson always wants quite a bit to say about the preparation of any program he is on.

With all those great minds at work, complete changes in plan have come at intervals of a week or two. One week, for instance, a serial story was begun. Next week it was not even mentioned, dropped completely without a word of explanation. At first, Jolson exchanged jests with Sid Silvers. Then that was cut out. Then it was put back. Jolson was to sing lively songs. Jolson was to sing no lively songs, just sad and dramatic ballads.

Whether you like the program or not, you may find it more amusing when you know that the show and all that monkeying has been costing the sponsor around \$15,000 a week.

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."
Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. "Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare as the back of my hand."



Many other men and women attest that hair has

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.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko? Encourage new growth of hair to live on sustenance available in your scalp. Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon. Kotalko Co., C-75, General P. O., New York
Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name
Full Address



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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 get these 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.

A complete stranger among radio people is Cheerio, whose morning program, directed at cheering up unfortunates, is almost the oldest of all radio broadcasts. He is a mysterious figure, arriving at the studio for his early morning show, departing immediately without much to say to anyone. Interviewers find him friendly but reticent. There never is much to get out of Cheerio. Even the NBC publicity department despairs of doing anything to lift the mysterious silence about Cheerio.

Unlike most radio people, who demand publicity, any sort of publicity, just so the name is spelled approximately right—unlike those, Cheerio insists on seeing every line the publicity department wants to send out about him. Usually he reads it and says: "No, let's not have that."

He thinks stories about the canaries who sing on the program would be nice.

No one loves practical jokes more than Richard Himber. He plays them on his band during rehearsal and they retaliate. Manny Klein, one of radio's star trumpet players, is in the band and he has mastered a way of shooting spit balls through the trumpet—which gives you an idea. Dick often sits and plans his pranks and then gathers a couple of friends to go out and join the laughter.

He had a sockerola, as the boys call it, one night this winter. They packed a lunch with sandwiches and Coca Colas and headed for Dave's Blue Room, one of the most Broadwayish of Broadway places. Ceremoniously, the head usher escorted them to a table. Himber was a regular guest there and they knew his preferences.

The head waiter turned away and bedlam arose from the Himber table. Sandwiches appeared and bottles of Coca Cola were flourished. "What's the matter with this place," the party roared. "No glasses and no plates? We want service."

Everyone in the restaurant seemed amused, but the wrath of no less a personage than Dave himself was aroused. He strode over to Himber's table and the boys prepared for the hearty laughter.

Instead, "Get out of here!" was ordered.

Well, they got out and Dick Himber looked very crestfallen. "Can you imagine," he asked, "making a good gag go flat?"

Radio artists with offices have had a new racket to contend with lately. It's an old one, but the operators have just hit on radio as a fertile field. Mark Warnow was a recent victim. It runs like this:

A voice comes on the telephone and gives the name of a good friend. "You'll help me out, won't you?" the friend asks. "I bought a suit on sale and I didn't have the full price with me. If you have the other twenty-five bucks, would you give it to the guy? I'll give it back to you when I pick the suit up on my way home."

No radio artist would refuse that favor to an old friend. The messenger comes up with a suit box, collects the money and departs.

If the lender is curious about the new suit, he might peck through a loose corner of the box and find a pile of waste paper! Otherwise, he will wait for a couple of days or so, call the friend to remind him about the suit and find an embarrassing as well as expensive situation has emerged.

—ARTHUR MASON.

"Darling you're so lovely it frightens me!"



Hollywood—the master authority on beauty—has its very own secret for flawless charm!—A secret you now may share.

All types go to make up Hollywood's group of glamorous screen sirens. Yet each is a picture of cameo loveliness. Whether Titian, Brunette or Blonde—each type owes her radiant beauty to the intimate secret of make-up keyed to her individual coloring!

NOW—with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up—you may achieve the same devastating results. For this velvety Powder accents the skin-tones; the soft, glowing Rouge merges with skin-shade; and the Lipstick, matching the Rouge, leaves lips ripe, tantalizing, promising . . . much! And all three, keyed to your individual coloring!

Underneath, the skin baby-fresh and revitalized with the HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial.

Follow the Hollywood method, just as a screen star. Let your mirror reflect a new, ravishing YOU.

Why delay glorification? Know poise and assurance! You can awaken your sleeping beauty with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up. Ask today for your own shades at your favorite cosmetic counter.



Avoid Blackheads—Clogged Pores

Purge tiny dirt-ridden pores. Cleanse the base of the face! Strengthen and feed under-skin tissues with HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial. Large Tube \$1.00. Purse Size 10c.



Acquire Bloom of Youth

Bestows glowing blush on cheeks. Merges with skin tones and blends with powder. Plays up to eyes and hair. Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large Size 50c. Purse Size 10c.



Alluring Companion to Rouge

Have rich, red, taunting lips!—Come-hitherish, soft—that stay soft through an evening of kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra Size 55c. Purse Size 10c.



Escape "Flour-Barrel" Look

Heavenly new powder reveals true skin-tone; clings longer. Harmonizes with cheeks and lips. Soft, subtle, natural! Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large Size 75c. Purse Size 10c.

Hollywood MASK

FOR INTIMATE BEAUTY
HOLLYWOOD

Start your beauty adventure now! If your store hasn't HOLLYWOOD MASK as yet, check your shades below, for generous introductory treatments. Be sure to include HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial—the base of new loveliness.

HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc., Dept. 150, Hollywood, Cal.
Enclose 10c for each purse-size cosmetic checked.

Name _____

Address _____

- HOLLYWOOD MASK FACIAL
- LIPSTICK** Light Medium Dark Orange
 Raspberry
- ROUGE** Orange Poppy Raspberry
 Peachbloom
- POWDER** Rachelle-Brunette Peach
 Dark Rachelle Natural Creole
 Blanche Suntan

Cleans white shoes
 . . whiter
 Won't rub off



10c
 Bottle
 or
 Tube

ALSO LARGER SIZES

GRIFFIN ALLWHITE

FOR ALL WHITE SHOES

NEED
 FACE TISSUES?
 Ask for



AT 5 AND 10c STORES

Look 10
 Years Younger

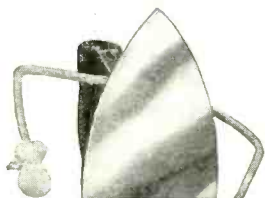
BRUSH
 AWAY

GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



END IRONING DAY DRUDGERY



We invite you *Now* to break away from hard starches, their bother and waste of time and strength. Change to this powdered complete starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, you get no spots or rings. You prepare perfect *hot starch without boiling!* Then you iron speedily, beautifully, happily. It's wonderfully different.

SEE FOR YOURSELF



Write for
FREE SAMPLE
 and . . . "That
 Wonderful Way To Hot Starch"



THE HUBINGER CO., 367, Keokuk, Ia.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 11)

2. Too far away—in which case you fail to hear us properly and must strain your ears.

3. In bad balance—in which case you hear the harmony above the melody or the rhythm drowns out both.

The network's income is upwards of eighty million dollars a year, its sponsors spend millions of dollars and its audiences number over hundreds of millions yearly and many of you are stimulated by broadcasting to purchase millions of dollars' worth of the advertised products each year. And at the root of it all—all that stands between the audience and the artist is the microphone!

Everything else has been developed to the utmost point of perfection and efficiency—tubes, receiving sets, dialing, tone, resonance, engineering facilities for skipping all over the world, short-wave broadcasts, beautiful theatres, nay, castles, from which emanate our broadcasts of today, handsomely-uniformed page boys, beautiful hostesses, stages, lighting worthy of Robert Edmond Jones or Hassard Short, lighted fountains, tours through the wonders and mysteries of Radio City—all of these developments which exclude a more sensitive ear—poor old Mr. Microphone, which is still as primitive as the man with the wooden plow.

Mind you, I'm not criticising the monitor or engineer. These, for the most part, are capable men, usually underpaid and doing their best with an antiquated and stupid system of microphone technique. To be sure, I have met some who might have been a bit more helpful, by volunteering information by signs or mouth movements during the broadcast. But some of them have seemed unduly shy and reticent—and then I'm pondering whether they may be subject to the same rigid rules as are our phone operators. You know the red tape of the Telephone Company. You call the girl to ask for number information about a house that is burning down—it's a private number and you wish to wake up your friend, who is sleeping there. And the operator replies: "Sorry, we are not allowed to give out that information." So your friend has to jump out of the window, or, maybe, becomes roast capon! Our present Thursday night monitor is Bob Moss; he reads music and is the most interested and capable one we have ever had.

Recall again, please, the automobile with no speedometer and you have the true picture of the modern microphone.

We who use it, no matter how skilled through years of trying to guess its strength and receptivity (mind you, it gives no indications or signs as to whether it is even alive or dead!), are often as surprised as individuals on the listening-end,

to find that we have ruined almost a whole program.

We are even at a loss, as I have said, to know whether or not the microphone is on. Precious time must be lost, concentration on lyrics, diction, pitch and style must be sacrificed, whilst the subject before the microphone is constantly glancing at the control room, hoping for a sign from the stoical (and sometimes phlegmatic) monitor, or, if the singer or speaker is fortunate enough to have a production man assisting him, to be pulled back by the production man, after he or she has ruined several measures of music or several paragraphs of speech—being told too late that they were too close, a circumstance wholly preventable by a new technique.

And when we have trios and quartettes—then, I give up! Here the difficulty is to find out which voice or voices are too close or too far away. The engineer's reply is quite fair. "You should know your distances and the strength of your voices," he says. He's right, but many of us don't, and often-times we feel a little stronger than at others, and sometimes the monitor himself changes the gain or strength of the current and we have no dial to indicate the receptivity of the microphone. To show just how helpless the networks are, let me tell you about a broadcast in which a girl-trio sang. To us, in the studio, they sounded fine. They sang for three minutes. These three minutes cost the sponsor, in radio time, seven hundred and fifty dollars (this on the basis of \$15,000 for sixty minutes).

Then—after the broadcast—someone happened to ask the engineer (he didn't volunteer it, mind you!) how the girls came through. Rather nonchalantly he said that the harmony was too close and that the girl who was singing the melody was overshadowed. This engineer was a very reticent man and, since most of them are paid to watch a dial and not to make suggestions, we would never have known that the girls were poorly balanced unless we had asked someone. And the poor listener—in probably dialed-out to find something more pleasing to the ear. But the unlucky sponsor, who paid the bill, was more sinned against than all of us.

I've asked the engineers for something to tell us just what was going on—even to lights over the microphones to signal: GREEN—move in closer; RED—move further away; BLUE—fine as it is.

You may ask why the trouble can't simply be regulated by the monitor increasing the amount of current. That's a fair question. In answer I would say that there are three factors: First, the distances of the voices from the microphone. Second, the amount of current running through the microphone. Third, the amount of volume the speaker or singer is using. If the distance is right, but the voice too strong in volume, and the monitor turns "the gain down to prevent 'blasting,'" then the voice will sound unnatural, and will usually have a "faraway" quality. If the voice is right in volume but too far away, any attempt on the part of the monitor to "bring it up" (by increasing the current) simply magnifies all of the imperfections in the voice and the quality becomes "tinny" or just "bad."

Skin So Bad That People Talked!



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

Service G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

YOU'VE read at the left how Yeast Foam Tablets helped one person, and you want to know how they may help you!

Well, this ad is based on a true experience. And while it is only one case, it's so typical of many others that it warrants you in giving a most thorough trial, in similar disorders of skin and complexion, to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins.

This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better too—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.



Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) *M/M 5-37*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NOTE: The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible 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 himself has been benefited by the use of the drums.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Bend at once. Free course in typing included.
231 W. Monroe St. Chicago
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 561.



New approved formula

REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently while you sleep. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 154, Paris, Tenn.



NADINOLA Freckle Cream

STEPPING HIGH-LARITY!



● Their Royal Highnesses of Swing, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, sweep into their greatest triumph in their new "Stepping High." A filmusical set against the romantic backgrounds of the theatre, the ballet Paris, and a trans-Atlantic steamer, "Stepping High" is tops in glamorous entertainment.

● From their first hilarious meeting to their rollicking marriage (yes . . . for the first time, the dancing divinities are married!) and finally to a memorable dancing conclusion, Fred and Ginger sing and play their way through the picture that is bound to become one of the year's favorites.

● You will like the thrilling gay story of "Stepping High" in the May SCREEN ROMANCES, illustrated with actual scenes from the picture. Here is a 16-page, full-length, complete novel you will want to read.

Other stories of outstanding screen plays in the May SCREEN ROMANCES include:

"Waikiki Wedding" starring Bing Crosby

"Personal Property" with Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor

"Wake Up and Live" with Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie and Alice Faye

"The King and the Chorus Girl," starring Joan Blondell

"The Prince and the Pauper," starring Errol Flynn

And many others—over 15 big features in this issue! . . . On Sale Everywhere

SCREEN ROMANCES

No—distance, strength of voice and strength of microphone current must be all adjusted at once and the speaker or singer must know instantly just what is what about his distance and vocal strength. It all boils down to this: We are indulging in unnecessary "blind flying."

◆ Here's a prediction: In less than two years you'll see gadgets on microphones that will not only tell you what *one* voice is doing to the "gain" but will have the powers of selectivity to the degree that it will pick out *each* voice of a trio or quartette. Want to bet me on it?

◆ A story in the March issue of RADIO STARS intrigued me: *Can Women Tell Men The Truth?*

◆ I was amazed by the willingness and frankness of some of these young ladies to confess a utilitarian viewpoint, which, in a nutshell, is this: "If by telling the truth you lose material joys and gifts—then don't tell it!" Wow! That's frank enough isn't it?

◆ I happen to know Miss Menken, who wrote the article, and she is a most charming and intelligent person.

◆ I would have been embarrassed to have asked anyone whether he or she tells the truth to those whom they like. However, there seems to be no subject too hot for the fan magazines.

◆ In the first place, what did they mean by "the truth?" There are white lies and there are serious lies . . .

◆ Remember the play, *Nothing But The Truth?* (Your high school dramatic club probably put it on—mine did.) In the play a chap bets \$10,000 that he can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours.

◆ Of course, he was in hot water right at the start when his hostess asked him how he liked her hair and he confessed: "It's terrible!" Again, after dinner, he shocked everyone (everyone but those in on the bet) when he told the truth about the singing of the young lady who sang after dinner.

◆ But the most serious situation arose when his sweetheart asked him what he had done with her thousand dollars. To lie to her would have meant that he would have lost the bet, and the ten thousand dollars. Fortunately, he was saved by the clock—the twenty-four hours was safely up!

◆ But here are young ladies stating that when a boy has fallen in love with one of them, it would have been better to have evaded any serious issue, to have *strung him along*, so that there would have been more lovely nights spent in dancing, more football games.

◆ Listen, please, to lovely Rosemary Lane: "There was a certain boy . . . it would have been better if I had just kidded him along. We were having a swell time together. We danced and attended football games and just went places and were happy and gay. We had fun. Then he began to get serious. I answered, truthfully: 'I don't love you,' just like that . . . everything became serious . . . there were no more laughs . . . no fun. It became im-

possible for us to see each other any more. If only I hadn't told him the truth! Next time I won't tell a man the truth. I'll just kid and laugh and everything will be better!"

◆
Boy! Has she plenty to learn about men! And if she really means what she says, she's heading for trouble! Doesn't she know that an honest, quick, deep hurt caused by telling a man the truth is better for all concerned than letting him go on believing that she cares and then, when the pay-off eventually does come (and come it must), that he is liable to do most anything from shooting himself, to shooting her?

◆
I don't think she really meant that, any more than the others did, because most women want the boy's respect and no evasive, kidding type of woman secures that respect.

◆
Most women have a vague idea of just how difficult it becomes when they lead a man on—and on—and on—until finally they marry him to save breaking his heart and because he's in too deep to end it then. Too many women have made unhappy marriages because they let themselves in for trouble by evasions and by kidding the man along.

◆
I may sound like The Voice of Experience, Jr., but my advice to these or any other young ladies, and I think I am a good common denominator in this respect, is to give him the truth when he asks for it—both guns! If he's a man he'll take it—it won't kill him.

◆
And you?

◆
Perhaps there won't be any more dances or football games until you meet another one—there'll be plenty more, never fear. But why bother with a man at all unless he's the man you'd like to have love you? Aren't you wasting his time and yours? Men will become serious, you know. When a fellow takes you out and you're attractive, what can you expect? After all, he's only human and human beings will fall in love . . .

◆
Here's a case of serious stupidity, a major one that cost four lives. The plane that was flying Senator Bronson Cutting, East, was supposed to have enough gasoline (extra emergency supply) to take it back when it was impossible to land at K. C. TIME magazine reports: "It didn't."

◆
That was all—it just didn't. Cost? Four lives.

◆
Further proofs of human laziness in speech: The word is "San Antonio"—five syllables. Do you know what the heat does to the residents of San Antonio? To save two movements of the jaw, they say, "San Antone."

◆
So I'll say au revoir until next month and bonne santé!
P. S. Don't forget those letters on Jazz! Your own honest definition.

**Don't miss
Rudy Vallee's
Personal column
in June RADIO STARS**

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!



Copyright, 1937
F. W. Fitch Co.

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

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Fitch Shampoo

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Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that ordinary shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Try it today! Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

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.

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Use small pond to begin. Expand with the increase. WE BUY! Easy to ship. Other markets waiting. Men & Women are starting in every state. See what others already doing. Free frog book explains our offer. AMERICAN FROG CANNING CO. (Dept. 163-E) New Orleans, La.

We hope you are making good use of Elizabeth Ellis' Shopping Bulletins. Use the coupon at the end of her fashion department. See Page 60.

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WE defy you to tell this magnificent new ring from one costing \$300.00. To prove it we'll send it by return mail.

ON APPROVAL

You will be thrilled with the fiery, flashing, FULL CARAT facsimile diamond. Richly designed mounting of lifetime sterling in the charm and rich gleam of lifetime platinum. WE TRUST YOU. Only 2 easy monthly \$3 payments, (total \$6) nothing more to pay. No references needed—immediate shipment. Simply send 25 cents to cover postage, packing, etc.

INCLUDED FREE 1938 Hollywood extra thin and dainty WRIST WATCH. Jeweled for ACCURACY! Yours without one cent of cost when you pay for this exquisite ring. Simply send 25 cents TO-DAY! Your order shipped by RETURN MAIL! Gold Standard Watch Co. Dept. Z-5 Newton, MASS.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—most relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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From face, body or arms with maximum speed, without harm to the skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Electrolysis is endorsed by physicians. Price \$1.95. Postpaid or C. O. D.



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"NOW... I'll have Romance.."

BEFORE—"For years girls whom I thought less attractive than myself were getting married and having fun out of life. Somehow I just couldn't seem to improve my appearance no matter how I tried."



AFTER—"Now I seem to have stepped into another world. All my old friends and scores of new ones tell me I am fascinating. There is no one in my crowd as popular as I am."



wherever
I go"

"My hair," says pretty Miss Lucille W—*, "once was soft and golden and lovely. But it started to change, and despite all my care, it turned drab and dingy. Then a friend told me about Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Since using it I've re-discovered my true personality. Friends say I'm a natural blonde type."

Let Marchand's bring you fresh popularity and a new, youthful beauty to your hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny, freshness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. With Marchand's you can lighten any color hair to any flattering shade you desire. Both Blondes and Brunettes use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant stubble.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick and easy to use. Colorless. Stainless. Odorless. Effective. Gives perfect results.

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*NAME ON REQUEST

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

(complete simple directions for use with every bottle)



CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City
Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY BROCHURE. I enclose Marchand box tops and a 3-cent stamp to cover postage costs.

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MG347



"I desperately wanted friends—admiration—popularity. But night after night I sat home—alone, and discouraged."



"Then a girl friend told me about Marchand's. Skeptical at first, I discovered that many attractive girls I knew were using it."



"Today I think I'm the happiest girl in the world. I'm popular. And I'm engaged to the one man I've always loved."

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO— AND WHY

(Continued from page 53)

Adelyn B. Graves, Narberth, Pa. (Shut-in.) "Being a shut-in, my radio means much to me. I enjoy the plays most, because I can't go to the theatre, and especially enjoy the *Lux Radio Theatre* and *First Nighter* programs. *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, with its classical music and talks by Mr. Cameron, soothes me as nothing else does. I have never been to an Army-Navy football game, but Ted Husing makes them so plain I seem to be there."

Mary J. Vallee, Bronx, N. Y. (Student.) "In my opinion, Rudy Vallee's *Variety Hour* is the best on the air. Mr. Vallee has been entertaining radio audiences for years, not only with his excellent singing, but also by bringing to them every week, through a splendid cast of guest stars, the best to be had in music, drama and comedy."

Erma P. Haeckel, Cincinnati, Ohio. "Jessica Dragonette's speaking and singing voice is the loveliest I have ever heard. Her *Beauty Box* programs make me feel as though I've known her always. She will forever be my favorite radio star."

Frances Hoegel, Atlanta, Ga. (Business Woman.) "My favorite program is that of *Cities Service*, because I enjoy the tenor solos of Robert Simmons. He has, by far, the best voice on the radio, and sounds better with every song. I also enjoy the *Revellers* on the same program."

Janine A. Adam, Montreal, Canada. (Student.) "I prefer the *Chesterfield* program with Nino Martini, for he has one of the most beautiful voices heard on the radio. He's tops!"

Thomas Biddy, So. Jacksonville, Fla. "To my mind, the music of Shep Fields' *Rippling Rhythm* orchestra is the best on the air today. It is new and different, making all other orchestras sound alike to me."

Anita Bernard, No. Fairhaven, Mass. "*Kraft Music Hall* is my favorite program. No one can take me away from the radio when Bing Crosby is singing. I also like to listen to *Hollywood Hotel*, and hope that Dick Powell will be back on the air soon."

Diana Burke, Toronto, Canada. (Student.) "Comedy and musical programs are my first choice. Fred Allen's *Town Hall Tonight*, with heckling Portland Hoffa, is my ideal variety program, and next to that comes Jack Benny's. For drama, I prefer *Lux Radio Theatre* and *The First Nighter*. But of all programs, *Town Hall* supplies more fun and laughs than any other."



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Beauty

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

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

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Frontier Asthma Co., 216-B Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book, Valligny Prod., Inc., Dept. 39-A, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

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Name _____ City _____ State _____ Age _____

Elizabeth Berlin, Slatington, Pa. (*Housewife.*) "The programs I look forward to are Ted Malone's *Between The Bookends* and *Radio Guild*. To me, they are really worthwhile. As for orchestras, my preferences are Guy Lombardo and Ben Bernie."

Eudora Thomas, Colorado Springs, Colo. (*Student.*) "Listening to the radio is my most enjoyable pastime, and now I can acknowledge my favorite programs. First, I prefer *Vick's Open House* because of Nelson Eddy's rich baritone, singing music loved by all. Then comes *Hollywood Hotel* for its thorough entertainment in music, drama and fun."

M. E. McCabe, Worcester, Mass. "I think Jack Benny and Fred Allen are tiresome with their ribbing of each other. But Phil Baker can put over a program without any of that. He's tops!"

Mildred Rider, Clearfield, Pa. (*Typist.*) "I listen to the loveliest person on the air — Jessica Dragonette. She is truly an angel on earth, and may her beautiful voice and charming personality continue to come to us throughout the years."

Rosalie Nelson, Los Angeles, Cal. (*Student.*) "There are three programs I wouldn't miss for the world. They are: *Kraft Music Hall* with Bing Crosby, because it offers such a delightfully informal hour of entertainment. Al Jolson's program with Martha Raye, because her personality and singing is so individual. And last, *Jack Oakie's College* because of Benny Goodman and his swingy lads. His music would pep up anyone."

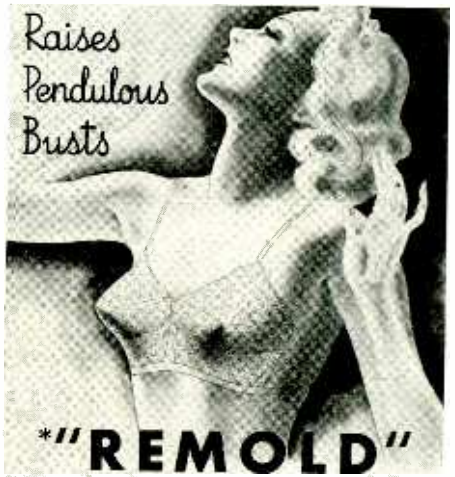
Doris Dailey, Minneapolis, Minn. (*Waitress.*) "Programs on my never-miss list are the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts and the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air*, because you hear such fine singing. Others I don't like to miss are those on which concert artists appear as guests."

John Luminello, Downingtown, Pa. (*Mill Worker.*) "I like Cab Calloway's music because it's different from other music, in my estimation. *Gang Busters* is a good program for kids because it teaches them to go straight and shows that crime does not pay. It is also good for adults."

Alice Edwards, Atlanta, Ga. "Of all the programs on the air, I like the Chesterfield hour because Nino Martini sings on it. My next best favorite is Nelson Eddy. Then comes *One Man's Family* and the *Lux Radio Theatre*."

John W. Abbott, Redlands, Cal. (*Student.*) "I enjoy many programs and personalities, among them *The March of Time* for interesting dramatic interpretations of the news. *One Man's Family* for a human story of life. The Ford and General Motors symphonies for good music, and Deanna Durbin for her wonderful singing."

Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and occupation. Address: QUERY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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Maiden Form's "Remold" brassiere was created with the special purpose of raising "pendulous," sagging busts to normal, well-uplifted lines—by means of a cleverly constructed inner "shelf" of firm elastic. Sizes 32 to 44—\$1.50 to \$3.00



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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES CIRCLES · GARTER BELTS

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GOODNESS! HOW CAN I CONCEAL THIS AWFUL BLEMISH?

"Simple, My Dear... "HIDE-IT" Will Cover It So No One Can Tell!"

IT'S almost unbelievable! You must see for yourself how completely "HIDE-IT" conceals pimples, bruises, birthmarks, freckles, vaccinations, burns, brown spots, dark circles under eyes or any skin discoloration. "HIDE-IT" won't rub off, peel or crack. Perspiration and water proof. Lasts all day until removed. Superb for all-over make-up! For skin shades. \$1 at department and drug stores.

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Apply "Hide-it" on blemish. Dust with face powder and proceed with usual make-up.

Now I see how perfectly blemish is concealed. Your skin looks so smooth, flawless.

Hide-it
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 15-E, Chicago I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." Cream Stick Check shade: Light Medium Brunette Sun Tan

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RADIO LAUGHS . . .

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

FRED: The Town Hall News shows candid camera shot taken in the House of Representatives when the lights went out.

ACTOR: Gentlemen! The lights are out. But we will continue with the business before the House.

FRED: Can the House proceed in the dark, Mr. Chairman?

ACTOR: The House of Representatives is always in the dark!
(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

PICK: Boy, am I hungry . . . I could eat a monkey!

PAT: Well, take your hand out of your mouth or you'll be doing it!
(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

CHARLIE: Now take this door with the automatic knocker. It works itself.

ACTOR: What's that for?

CHARLIE: For careless visitors who don't give a rap. Droll, isn't it?
(CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH, Packard Hour.)

GRAHAM: By the way, Ed . . . how is your aunt?

ED: Graham, here's a funny one about her. My uncle is afraid she's part Indian. . . . She walks in her sleep, you know, and my uncle says that every time she walks in her sleep she takes the blanket with her!
(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

JACK: I tell you one thing, Don, I'm through with horses. That fourth race yesterday cured me.

DON: What happened?

JACK: Well, Don, I didn't mind when my horse stopped in the middle of the race and quit cold; but when he came over to the rail and asked me if I heard Fred Allen Wednesday night, that was going a little too far. How can a horse run during the day when he's up all night listening to the radio?
(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

HENNY: . . . a beautiful Rolls Royce car pulled up in front of me, a beautifully attired woman got out and a poor beggar walked up to her. He said: "Lady, I haven't eaten in four days!" . . . She turned her head away . . . He said: "Lady, for heaven's sake, I haven't eaten in four days!"

She said: "My good man . . . you should FORCE yourself!"
(HENNY YOUNGMAN, A & P Band Wagon.)

HONEY: It's all about a fellow who delivers the mail to a dog hospital.

BOB: What an idea . . . he delivers mail to a dog hospital.

HONEY: Yeah . . . he's a litter carrier.
(BOB HOPE and HONEY CHILE.)

JUDY: Booklarinn'. Well, quit it. No daughter o' mine is agonna disgrace the name of Canova.

ANNE: But mammy, ef I git an ad-dication, I kin read you that letter yuh got fourteen years ago.

JUDY: Never you mind about that letter. I dreamt it was bad news anyway. Where's your cousin Allan, Zeke?

ZEKE: He's out agunnin' them Parkers, Judy.

JUDY: Fust thing you know he'll hurt one of 'em an' they'll call the whole durn

feud off.
(THE CANOVAS, Woodbury Program.)

ED: I just returned from a swell cruise.

HARRY: Did you sit at the Captain's table?

ED: Naw . . . who wants to eat with the help?

(ED FITZGERALD & CO.)

SENATOR FORD: New York is the only city where you can find pedestrians slowly starving to death in the middle of the street because drivers ignore red lights and the police are too bored to do anything about it.

BLANCHE VINCENT: What are you going to do about it?

FORD: I'm organizing subscriptions to have airplanes fly over and drop food for the pedestrians marooned in the middle of New York streets!

(The GRUMMITS, Mutual Network.)

GEORGE: What are you doing with my overcoat on?

TOM: Well, it was raining when I left home, and I didn't want to get your suit wet.

(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Vallee Varieties.)

BOB: So you enjoyed your vacation in Hawaii, Bing?

BING: Yes . . . you ought to grab yourself a chunk of that Hawaiian life. Bob. There's the place to rest like a gentleman.

BOB: Yeah . . . but I kind of like to be myself when I rest.

(BOB BURNS and BING CROSBY, Kraft Music Hall.)

BUDD: Guess I'll go now. Goodbye. (Door closes.)

STOOP: Hey—This is in the park. There's no doors in the park!

BUDD: How about outdoors?
(STOOPNAGLE and BUDD, Minute Tapioca Show.)

PHIL: Ah—you are the Princess Anesthesia.

MOOREHEAD: I am the Princess Anastasia—Anesthesia is a dope.

PHIL: See what I mean?

MOOREHEAD: I will have you know I am the Princess of Albania, Morania, Sustania and Insania. Ah—I have many crowns.

PHIL: You said a mouthful!
(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

PICK: Did Mandy an' that fellow Nicodemus get married?

PAT: Oh, yeah . . . dey have a beef-stew marriage.

PICK: A beefstew marriage?

PAT: Yeah . . . she's always beefin' an' he's always stewed.
(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

PORTLAND: I just read that the Government spent six thousand dollars to buy eggs.

FRED: What's that got to do with the discussion about strikes?

PORTLAND: I guess they want the hens to stop sitting down, too.

FRED: Listen—if radio comedians keep

laying eggs, the hens will go the way of the Indians.

PORTLAND: Oh—you're just self-conscious.

FRED: As the cow said when the farmer mentioned condensed milk: "You can't pull that stuff on me!"

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

FRED: Well, Charlie, now you've brought everybody up here to my hunting lodge, do you really see any signs of that nag of yours, Rasputin?

CHARLIE: What's that up there on the wall?

FRED: Why, that's a moose.

CHARLIE: My, they have members everywhere—it fooled me for a minute. I thought it might be Rasputin with his ears frozen.

(FRED ASTAIRE and CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH, Packard Hour.)

GRAHAM: Bye, bye, Ed.

ED: Bye, bye . . . where are you going?

GRAHAM: Tulsa.

ED: Tulsa, Oklahoma?

GRAHAM: No . . . Tulsa more about the play you wrote!

(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

HENNY: This girl's family had a hotel . . . what a hotel! . . . I had a room overlooking the studio—completely—when you looked out of my window you had a two-mile view—if you looked up. And was my room small! Every time I had a headache the guy next door took aspirin! But I shouldn't complain, my room had all the latest improvements. I just pushed the button on the wall and what do you think came out? The plaster!

(HENNY YOUNGMAN, A & P Band Wagon.)

CHARLIE: I'm working on an invention for tired people like you, Francia.

FRANCIA: What is it, Charlie?

CHARLIE: A revolving race track so the horses will always be in front of the grandstand.

(CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH, Packard Hour.)

PHIL: Very cute, Bottle. You remind me of the Christmas edition of Esquire.

BOTTLE: Because I'm so colorful?

PHIL: No—because you're so thick. Ha, ha, Esquire—get it, Bradley?

OSCAR: Oh yes—every month.
(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

JUDY: Hiyah, Allan—did yuh run inter any o' them Parkers?

KENT: Yeah—Ezriah Parker, but he got away, durn it.

JUDY: How's that?

KENT: Well, lucky fer him, he didn't see me.

JUDY: Fer a family we-uns is s'posed to be feudin' with thars an awful lot o' Parkers dyin' of old age!

(THE CANOVAS, Woodbury Program.)

PHIL: Oh, come, Agnes—you're not domesticated enough. You promised to mend my socks but you didn't do it.

AGNES: You promised to buy me a coat but you didn't do it.

PHIL: So what?

AGNES: If you don't give a wrap I don't give a darn!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)



DAINTY NEW VANISHING CREAM
Keeps underarms dry and odorless



gives romance a chance

Against underarm perspiration, charm now has a trustworthy protector; one that not only keeps underarms sweetly *odorless*... but also keeps them daintily *dry*. And it's just the kind of preparation you'd want it to be; a pure white, delicately scented vanishing cream... smooth and delightful as the one you use on your face. Vanishes instantly upon application... remains for days the loyal guard of your loveliness... ever sure... unflinching in its work of keeping your underarms absolutely odorless... and perfectly dry.

Remember... TABOO is not just a deodorant. It actually *stops* perspiration. Fifty cents wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

APPLY ONE NIGHT... BE SAFE FOR DAYS...

TABOO...

*After a man's
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else
will do*