

Radio Stars

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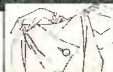
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Radio Stars

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RADIO STARS

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(Above, left to right) Fred Waring, his brother, Tom, and Poley McClintock, all of the new CBS Ford program.

LOVE STORY . . . RADIO STYLE

As kids, Fred Waring and Poley McClintock both loved the same girl. Neither would admit it until...but you must read it to believe it

THERE never were two such tried and true cronies as Fred Waring and Poley McClintock. They grew up next door to each other in Tyrone, Pa.—Damon and Pythias in corduroy knickerbockers.

Both were sworn young he-men who liked vigorous sports and had nothing whatsoever to do with girls. They shared their secrets, had identical plans, and invariably confided in each other. That is, until Micky Evans came between them.

When Micky moved to Tyrone, and attended school that September, the local belles regretted their freckles. Micky had long golden curls that were lornished in the sunlight when she skipped rope during recess.

She wasn't screwy like most other girls her age, and she possessed blue eyes that caused a tremor in the hearts of the Tyrone boys when she swept into their midst.

Poley and Fred heard about her, and they deliberately took a stroll to the playground together to see what it was about the feminine invader that caused so much excitement. And when they saw, they took a deep breath, but, being cocks-of-the-walk, hated to seem impressed by Micky Evans.

"Aw," said Fred, "she looks stuck up."

"Yeah," Poley growled and thrust both hands nonchalantly into his knicker pockets.

Nevertheless, it was love at first sight. But neither one of the boys could bring themselves to admit that Micky had inflamed the pangs of First Love within them. Because Poley might think it was silly of Fred. And Fred might think it was silly of Poley. It was the first time either one of them had faced such a calamity and been unable to discuss it with the other.

Instead of making further comment upon Micky, Poley said, "I wish all the long division in the world could be dumped in the river."

"Yeah," Fred agreed in a strained voice, "What are the wheat states of this country?"

"Vienna," said Poley, absent-mindedly.

FROM that moment on, Poley and Fred were secret rivals. The friendship suddenly became non-committal. Hitherto invariable landies, they both wrote moonstruck notes to Micky in study hall, but never confided it to each other.

Came the day when Fred asked Poley to do him a favor in regard to Micky. He leaned out of the window of the Waring house and yelled to Poley who was oiling his bicycle in the next yard.

"Hey! Poley!"

Poley responded in the frog-like voice he used for such communications, "Yoo-hoo, Freddie!"

"Poley—er—I wanna go out to see Micky this afternoon. Would you mind riding me out on your handle bars?"

"Okay." Poley knew that Micky lived on the other side of town. 100
(Continued on page 11)



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

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blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off" . . . and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good "horse-sense" to reflect and reason that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood . . . and no one can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

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S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you build naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S.S.S. Co.



builds sturdy health



George Malcolm assists one of radio's most loved performers, Jessica Dragonette, as she alights from a cab. Malcolm can spot the stars blocks away from the vehicle in which each arrives.

HE KNOWS THEM ALL

His judgment often rules in the world
of kings and queens and nobodys

THERE is one man up at the National Broadcasting Company studios who knows them all—stars, executives, page boys and even regular visitors. That's why he's there. He is George Malcolm.

When NBC was in its old studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, George was the doorman. Now that the broadcasters are in the swanky Radio City, George has been fitted in dress clothes, put behind a walnut desk and made the generalissimo of the grand entrance through which all-comers must pass.

In his time, George has seen people walk in as unknowns and walk out as stars of broadcasting. He has seen big names enter, and exit as flops. Happy faces, sad faces, anxious faces—all must pass by George who looks on them with more than

a passing interest. He has learned by observing.

For instance, he has seen announcers drive up in sixteen cylinder autos, and Mary Pickford arriving in the worst looking cab on Fifth Avenue. He has observed that Robert L. ("Believe It or Not") Ripley uses the most impressive car, an Isotta, while a very famous band ride up in a hand-painted collegiate Ford.

He has noted that Madame Frances Alda always wants her car parked in front of the door or very near it, while President Aylesworth or Owen D. Young don't care where their cars are parked.

What are some of the other characteristics of the stars which George has noted? Jack Pearl usually walks to the studios. James Willington

drives his own car which has the license number "7-11." Eddie Cantor comes in a cab. Paul Whiteman uses his own car with a chauffeur. Jessica Dragonette uses a cab. Captain Henry (Charles Winninger) uses his own car or a cab. Lowell Thomas has several cars so George doesn't know just what to expect when Thomas drives up. Leo Reisman uses his own car which is "of a drab color." Irene Borloni uses a Cadillac "with lots of red." Mr. Aylesworth uses a sixteen cylinder Cadillac. So does Frank Black. Walter Damrosch either uses a cab or has his daughter drive him. The Whiteman and Olsen bands usually come in special buses.

He knows who gives him tips and who gives a dollar. (The average is from ten cents to a quarter.)

GEORGE also has had his troubles. At one time he accidentally closed the door of a taxi on the finger of a visitor who was slow in climbing in. The visitor was looting with rage. George, always polite and knowing what to do under all circumstances, rushed the man to a doctor. The visitor threatened to report George to the executives and to sue him. But NBC understood the situation, paid the doctor's bill, and George went about his duties at the door as usual.

Being a sort of guard over the entrance, George has been offered bribes. Sometimes strangers offer him money to allow them to pass through into the studios without passes. Sometimes they tell him they



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A PAIR

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Arthur Allen (left) and Parker Fennelly of "Soconyland Sketches," NBC, are caught by our camera.



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WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES
IN **10 DAYS** OR
... it won't cost you one penny!



▲ This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic-ventilator Service.

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are performers. Sometimes they say they have lost their tickets. And sometimes they get sore at George because he won't cater to their wishes. One man even threatened him. But in each and every case, George has turned down their offers. He's never let a person in who didn't hold a pass or who didn't have business to transact in the studios. Even the Baron Munchausen had a hard time convincing Malcolm that he had a legitimate right to enter the sacred precincts of the broadcasting studios the first time he appeared on the air.

They've got to be good to get past him, for he is six feet and four inches tall and weighs 225 pounds. On top of that, he has the training of the King's Guard in England.

You see George was born in Dalkeith, Scotland, and in his early manhood went into the service of life guard to King Edward and later King George V of Great Britain. He was in this service for fourteen years. His work in Europe has meant escorting practically all of the

crown heads of Europe, including the present King and Queen of England, the Kaiser and others.

He came to the United States in 1923 to be chief butler to the Egyptian minister, who was an old friend of Malcolm's, both having hunted together in Egypt many times. Upon the return of the minister, George announced for a while at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Then he catered to Queen Marie of Roumania when she and her son and daughter were entertained in New York by the late Judge Gary. It was nearly five years ago that he began work for NBC.

Now George has made himself so valuable that they can't get along without him. Once he was laid off without notice. But when President Aylesworth found it out, George was immediately summoned back in service. When the president of the company takes such a personal interest, it is likely that George will be a familiar man around the studios for many years to come.



The marriage of Bob and Kay of "Today's Children," NBC, brought loads of gifts. Bob (Walter Wicker) and Kay (Irna Phillips) unpacking a cake some listeners sent. The wedding was make believe.

Love Story . . . Radio Style

(Continued from page 7)

far for even an indent swain to walk, and as Fred didn't have a bike himself, Poley had an unfair advantage—but he didn't want to be selfish about it. Not with "good ole Fred." Pals were pals after all, so he took him.

Then one day Poley had a hunch that Fred would ask Micky to go with him to the senior play, and decided to beat him to it. So while Fred was out of the way in history class, Poley searched for Micky in the school corridor and persuaded her to go with him. By this time Fred had a chance to get a note to Micky in study hall, she scribbled back, giggling, that she had already accepted Poley's invitation.

The friendship of the two pals became a trifle strained, and the rift grew wider until they went away to college. Micky came down to the train the day they left for the University of Pennsylvania, her golden curls put in a knot, her blue eyes filled with tears—for both of them. Or just for Poley? Or just for Fred? Both boys were perfectly convinced that Micky's tears were for the other.

One day at college, both Fred and Poley unexpectedly broke down.

"Say Poley," Fred said, in a voice that tried to be casual. "Do you ever hear from Micky any more?"

"No, do you?"

"No."

"I guess she's just forgotten about us."

Then they both had a long talk, and confessed they were in love with her. They both later decided that since Micky could forget about them so easily, neither one would ever write to her again. So they slowly recovered together from the pangs of first love, and then friendship slipped back to its old status. They worked feverishly together to organize the Pennsylvanians. They threw all their energy into making it a success and trying to forget Mickey. They did together.

Years later, when the success of the band had made the school days in Tyone seem far away, Fred Campbell, another Tyonean who they remembered as being a member of the Boy Scout life and drum corps, joined the Pennsylvanians orchestra.

He subsequently asked Poley and Fred to visit his apartment and meet Mrs. Campbell. Fred and Poley stared incredulously at her. She had long golden hair. It was Micky.

"LURELESS LETTY" Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!

1 I'M SO DISCOURAGED—I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS—LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE

HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!

2 WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY \$2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!

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3 IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT—THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMbing THE HAIR!

WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!

4 AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER

LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!

ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?

THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

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NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary ever to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens you can have the same wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves—each of which might cost you \$2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a full week. And fingerwaving your hair with JO-CUR is about as quick and easy as combing it!

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PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

RADIO STARS



BOARD OF REVIEW



Curtis Mitchell
Editor,
RADIO STARS



S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon

Again no 5-star programs. Yet Rudy Vallee and the Metropolitan Opera nearly reached the high mark. But the really interesting thing this month is the increase in the 2-star class. Maybe some of the newer programs make those formerly considered "fair" seem now to be "poorer." Again this month we present three more Board of Review faces.

R. B. Westergaard
Des Moines Register
& Tribune

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Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIVE-STAR ROLL-CALL Symbols

- ***** Excellent
- **** Good
- *** Fair
- ** Poor
- * Not Recommended

- ***** FIESSCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
Shi in tow with a 10.
- ***** LATELY STRIKE PROGRAM WITH METROPOLITAN OPERA (NBC).
- **** A. & P. GYISHES WITH HARRY HORTLICK (NBC).
- **** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** COLUMBIA SYMPHONY WITH HOWARD HARLOW (CBS).
- **** WHITE OW PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN AND CUY LOMBARDO (CBS).
- **** CHIPS SI RVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONELLE (NBC).
- **** LIFT PROGRAM WITH WILL ROGERS (NBC).
- **** RAFFI-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN AND DEEMS TAYLOR (NBC).
- **** NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- **** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- **** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
Lanny and Annette hold this show up to get old gold program with FRED WAREING AND DAVID ROSS (CBS).
It has the new setup.
- **** HUDSON-ESSEX PROGRAM WITH B. A. ROLES (NBC).
- **** NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER TRUFFE (NBC).
- **** LATE HOUR WITH ERNO RAPEL, NINO MARINIS, JANE FROGMAN, JULIUS TANNEN AND TED HUSING (CBS).
- **** WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY AND JIM ARNHEIM (CBS).
- **** CHEWROLET PROGRAM WITH JACK BINY (NBC).
- **** NBC SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH LEON BETH AND FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** MCCOYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).

- **** JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAWRENCE THURTELL (NBC).
- **** BUICK PROGRAM WITH ANDRE KOSBELANETZ (NBC).
- **** CAMEL PROGRAM WITH CASA IOMA (CBS).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY (CBS).
- **** ALBERT SPALDIN, CONRAD THE BAILEY & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH ETHEL WATERS AND JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** THE SPANIA TROUBADORS WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NALSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** Fresh humor
EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- **** CHAS. & SANDOR (COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF & CANIOR (NBC)).
- **** LADY FETTER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC) (CBS).
- **** REAL SILK WITH TED WEFENS (NBC).
- **** MANHATTAN MELODIES (NBC).
- **** THE SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT DOBBS (NBC).
- **** HARLEM SERENADE (CBS).
- **** ACCORDIANA WITH ANE LYMAN (CBS).
- **** LIVES AT STARK (NBC).
- **** GOWN COE PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- **** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- **** MYRT & MABLE (CBS).
- **** EXCITING WITH GERTRUDE NIESEN AND ISHAM JONES (CBS).
- **** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAHLE (CBS).
- **** ELDRE MICHAUN & HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
- **** Fascinating, of least
- **** WALTER WINDLI (NBC).
- **** GEORGE JESSEL (CBS).
- **** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HAY (NBC).
- **** ROYAL GLAMINE WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
- **** TEXACO PROGRAM WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
- **** VANITY FAIR, FONDS' PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG AND MAUDE ADAMS (NBC).
- **** Made the original song was better.
- **** LITTLE GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

- **** IDWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- **** MAJOR BOWLS CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
- **** WARDEN LAWES IN 2600 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
- **** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN & FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
- **** SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW WITH CLIFF SQUIBBS, MORIN SISTERS & HAROLD STOKES (NBC).
- **** VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
- **** Seems so original
THE COLLETTORS (NBC).
- **** THE MINGLING LADY (NBC).
- **** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- **** ARMOUR HOUR WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
- **** PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN HERNIE (NBC).
- **** ROND BRAD & WITH SANDFRSON & CRUICK (CBS).
- **** PHILTO NEWS COMMENTATOR-BOAKE (CBS) (CBS).
- **** EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
- **** CUE PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- **** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH HELM MORGAN (CBS).
- **** HALL OF FAME, HINES HONEY & ALMOND PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** Names evidently don't make stars.
- **** WELCH GRAPE JUICE PROGRAM WITH IRVING RICH (NBC).
- **** JOHN MCCORMACK WITH WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** HAPPY WONDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DEIFY, FRANK LUTHER & JACK PARKER (CBS).
- **** YFAT FORMERS WITH JAN CARBER (NBC).
- **** ENO CHIRM! CLOS (NBC).
- **** THE SMIT BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
- **** WM. BARN DANCE (NBC).
- **** AMBUSH NEWS SERVICE (CBS).
- **** SWIFT REVUE WITH OLSEN AND PARKER (CBS).
- **** Too much giggling, O. J.
- **** POTASH & PERLUTTER (NBC).
- **** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- **** MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
- **** PHIL LORD'S FRIGIDAIRE PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** Getting better though

Announcing Contest Winners

LAST month, we printed on page 9 the list of winners in the December boner contest. You may remember that Mr. J. R. Ross of 5 West Rock Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut, won first place with his letter to Janie.

Now, here are the winners in the January contest. Ready? Here goes! Miss Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Massachusetts, gets first honors and the free trip to New York City. She was the one who wrote Janie the best letter and the best paragraph naming her favorite who, incidentally, happens to be Wayne King.

NEAT and handsome checks for \$5 went to the following ten ladies and gents as second prizes:

Miss Irene Fike, Lewistown, Ill.; Mrs. Ruth E. Keast, 3506 W. 64th St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Augusta Phenn, P. O. Box 1317, San Francisco, Calif.; Mr. Joseph J. Guenther, 1170 Anchor St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Alias Louise Kaye, 980 Main Ave., Passaic, N. J.; Mr. Joe Carpenter, 315 N. West St., Angola, Ind.; Miss Nella Burns, 315½ E. 4th St., Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Mary Shelton, 1701 Cerritas Ave., Long Beach, Calif.; Miss Sally Flock, 1063 E. 98th St., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. A. L. Peterson, 2384 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

THE following third prize winners have each been sent checks for \$1: Miss Jewel P. Estes, 1000 9th St., Monett, Mo.; Miss Beulah Matthews, Sperry, Okla.; Miss Frances Schaefer, 203 W. Madison St., Danville, Ill.; Miss Evelyn Knauer, 184 St. Joseph St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Hazel McFall, Box 14, Hobart, Okla.; Mrs. Kasper H. Blumberg, 6433 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Gayle Giblin, 1016 3rd Ave. S.E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Miss Olivia Fischer, 106 W. 3rd St., Pana, Ill.; Miss Ruth Wieber, 6540 16th Ave. N.W., Seattle, Wash.; Miss Mary I. Kerigan, Ware Road, Palmer, Mass.; Mrs. Loyd Conpton, Alexandria, Tenn.; Miss Eloise Randolph, 212 N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.; Miss Rosalene Crimm, 181 11th St., Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Martha Schindler, 5 Wilson Ave., Rutherford, N. J.; Mrs. J. E. Sullivan, 2704 Ave. F, Ensley, Ala.; Miss Jean Cressley, U. S. Veterans Hospital, Fort Lyon, Colo.; Mr. Leo
(Continued on page 67)

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

You can pay \$1 or more for your beauty aids, if you wish. But you can't buy finer quality than Faoen offers you for 10¢. We know that statement is hard to believe. So we asked a famous research laboratory to analyze Faoen Beauty Aids. And here's their report:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Is it any wonder that the smartest women are now using Faoen? Join them—today!



No. 44
A New FAOEN
Perfume Triumph!

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

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
● FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

WARDEN LAWES, MAN SAVER!



Meet the amazing Master of Sing Sing Prison and read of the shattered

At nine o'clock in the east there comes to many a loudspeaker Warden Lawes with his "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" broadcasts. Up the Hudson from New York City, this famous warden is known as much more than a mere prison official. Those who know him best call him "the man-saver." Let's listen in with him, as this week's story of a real life behind prison bars is unfolded.

There is nothing heroic about prisoner No. 12545. This is his third conviction: Caught cracking open a safe. Ten years of his life have already been lived in Sing Sing. "What a stormy ten those have been!" From the beginning, No. 12545 has been impossible to handle. He refused to do any jobs assigned him. Denial to the pick-and-shovel brigade had no effect. Taking away the privileges of writing letters and of receiving visitors did no good. His attitude was plain: "You insist on keeping me

BY PEGGY
WELLS

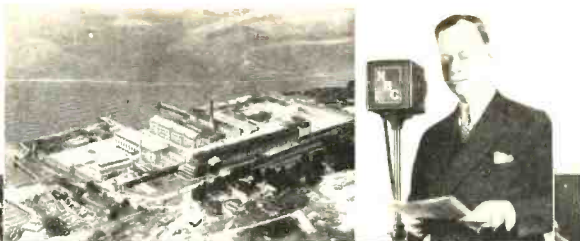
here? Well, I'll make it just as hard for you as possible."

He was despised by prison officials and prisoners alike. He went his way, a lone wolf. Biter and rebellious against society. But there was one vulnerable spot in his make-up. His love for his wife, Nora. She was a sickly woman; the rare occasions when she came to see him were all he lived for.

Then No. 12545 heard she was dying. Usually snarling, he suddenly became still. For days he sat brooding in his cell. What could he do? If he asked the Warden to permit him to visit Nora, the request would most probably be granted. The Warden was a square guy that way. But why place himself under obligation to anyone? Instead, he planned a get-away. The fates were with him; he made it.

He got home to his dying wife. She died in his arms. But before she passed away, she begged him to go back

(Below) Convict lineup in the prison yard. (Right) An aerial view of Sing Sing, New York's "Big House." (Extreme right) Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing.



lives he has rebuilt and broken hearts he has healed with radio's help

and serve out his sentence. Then he could go straight voluntarily, he returned to Sing Sing, and told his story to the Warden. Then No. 12545 proceeded to do as his dead wife had asked. He was no longer a stormy petrel; he was a model prisoner. When he got out of prison, he would go straight.

To you, and you and you, and the millions listening in these weekly programs mean a half-hour's entertainment, together with the chance to understand society's outcasts behind the bars. To the thousands of prisoners who listen weekly, they bring solace and courage; they are reassured that other men, just as unfortunate, have gone into the world again and made good.

This particular sketch had an interesting aftermath. Two days after the broadcast, a stranger visited the Warden. He was a man in his middle forties. "Five years to surrender," he said. "Your radio play did it. Eight

years ago I escaped from Ohio State Penitentiary. I thought I had a perfect right to get out. I've managed to get along since then. After your broadcast, I see things a little differently. I'm sure my dead wife would have felt just the same way Nora did. I guess I'll go back and do my time and then begin clean."

Ever since Lewis Lawes became the Warden of Sing Sing fourteen years ago, things have been changing in that silent walled city of some 2,500 people whom society has thrust out of its way to forget. Warden Lawes does not approve of cleaning house by sweeping the rubbish under the bed or in the corners; of riding society of misfits by hiding them from public view, regardless of the moral filth barking in the dark recesses where they are thrown. Each prisoner is housed in a comparatively large cell, light and airy. And wonder of wonders, each cell has a pair of earphones. To him, the best way to conduct a prison is to approximate as near (Continued on page 87)



HE'LL BE *faithful*

Why is Lanny Ross faithful? Will fate ever favor this star, or must he be doomed forever to love one that he would rather forget? But why must he forget her?

LANNY ROSS never will marry! He knows other men have said this, then changed their minds.

He's sure he never will. Once Lanny felt very differently. Once he would have married gladly. That's just it. The girl he would have married, the girl he still would marry, is married to someone else. Some- one's parents' choosing. Because of her parents' insistence.

They met in Stockholm, Sweden, this girl and Lanny, when he was on a European tour with the Yale Glee Club. Every day and every night during his too brief stay they were together. Because of her, Stockholm to Lanny always will be the most beautiful, the most glamorous, the most magical city in the whole world.

It was not a mad, hectic crush, as the passing years have proved. This love struck deeper. This love, gentle and young as it was, was sharper.

"She was everything a man could love," Lanny will tell you, provided you can get him to talk about her at all. "Which isn't likely. "And having known her, feeling as I do about her I never could bring as much as I should to a marriage with anyone else. Which would be unfair all around."

"My caution in this instance has cost me dearly. . . ."

TO understand Lanny's caution and so, in turn, to understand his losing this gay little Swedish girl he loves so faithfully, you must know something of his life, you must approach his love affair in its proper place.

It was Lanny's boyhood, as the child of an improvident actor and the nephew and grandson of conservative Weilmann and Englishmen who constantly lectured him against following in his father's footsteps, that first implanted hesitancy and caution within him.

As he explained to me, while we sat in the star dressing-room of the big theatre where he was singing before crowded and enthusiastic houses, he always has been tried by the fact that he's partly like his father and partly like

his mother's conservative family—what the psychologists call a split personality.

"Summers, I used to spend with my uncle in Seattle, Washington," he told me. "On an evening the two of us would sit on the porch step-talking. And always he would tell me of the stage and warn me about it.

"'Wouldn't it be all right to go on the stage,' I remember asking him one evening in particular 'if I could make oh, seven hundred dollars a week?'"

"'Don't be ridiculous,' my uncle told me, 'you never could hope to make anything approaching that. Study, Lanny, my boy. Get an education. You don't want an insecure, haphazard life like your father has had, now do you?'"

Lanny admits he never knew what to answer. There were times when the colorful life of a roving actor appealed to him more than any other life. And there were times when he felt he wouldn't like it at all. However, he always heeded all his uncle said to him and weighed his advice carefully. He rather acquired the habit of curbing his impulses, or proceeding cautiously, of considering consequences.

After all Lanny certainly knew insecurity and uncertainty at first hand. It was not that he'd ever lived poorly. His father was something of a Mr. Macawber. He had the grand manner. To Lanny and his mother and his younger brother he gave things he had no right to give, things he charged with a lordly air and didn't always pay for.

THE turning points in different lives I find fascinating. The turning point for Lanny occurred that summer when he was visiting in Seattle as usual while his father and mother and younger brother toured Australia and his grandfather remained in New York City. The two letters arrived in the same post. One, from his father, enclosed passage money to Australia and urged Lanny to sail on the first boat. The other, from his grandfather, enclosed railroad fare to New York and urged Lanny to leave immediately.

It was a difficult choice to ask a boy thirteen to make. Lanny made the choice aware of the far-reaching effect it was to have upon his future. But to save his life he





can't tell you how he happened to turn East instead of joining his family in Australia.

"Had I gone to Australia," he says, "I'd now be in England with my family, an actor touring the provinces."

"In New York I was entered in the Cathedral School as a boy soprano, to become self-supporting and remain so."

Living with his grandfather, influenced by his conservative environment, the practical, conventional side of Lanny began to gain an upper hand. He determined to have an education. Upon his graduation from the Unit Preparatory School he went to Yale. Waiting on tables, doing odd jobs, he worked his way. Then finally, through a scholarship, he had things easier.

He shone in athletics, winning the U. S. championship for the 300-yard dash he made in Madison Square Garden in 1927.

He made the Yale Glee Club. This, of course, was a great honor. So many try for it. Rudy Vallee, among others, I understand. So few of the many are chosen.

It was the summer following his graduation from Yale that Lanny went touring Europe. And you know how it is when the Yale Glee Club goes on tour. They go through cities the way Sherman went through Georgia, leaving broken hearts behind them.

Which brings us to Lanny's love affair again.

"She was so lovely," Lanny says gently, a man loathe to part with a dream. "All the fellows thought so. Partly educated in American private schools, she spoke English perfectly. A strain of Swiss blood in her family gave her a dark beauty and a bright gaiety.

"I remember our last night in Stockholm. Three of us took her to dinner. We ordered champagne. We were very grand. And the next day we were very broke."

"When our train pulled out and she stood on the platform, waving, I thought I was seeing her for the last time. I was, after all, on my way back to America. But even then, having known her only a few days, I felt lost and very sad."

Lanny avoids mentioning the love of his by name.

He is a reserved young man. He doesn't go in for dramatics except professionally. He isn't flamboyant. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve for the color it might afford him. He's never talked of this episode for publication before. I think it unlikely that he will again.

It seems reasonable to believe that this girl felt equally lonely saying good-bye to Lanny. As any girl might. Subsequent events point that way, surely, for before Lanny had been back home in America more than a month or two, she telephoned him. The Swedish liner on which she had taken a position as hostess had just docked in the North River.

Lanny was at Columbia now, studying for the bar. Lawyers have some opportunity for historians, especially famous trial lawyers. This may have influenced him. Nevertheless lawyers are dignified professional men. They have offices to which they go every day. Their income is certain. They can have a regular home life. They are deemed worthwhile citizens.

The conservative, practical half of Lanny now had been uppermost for a long time. He was working very hard, looking forward to secure, successful years.

"Did the fact that the ship would touch New York and that I was here influence you a little bit?" he challenged that lovely girl.

"Don't be foolish," she answered, tossing her head. "Of course not. Why should it?"

Once she had been to New York, Lanny waited for her ship to return. In anticipation of their next few days together, he somehow saved a few dollars. For cozy little suppers. For long seats at the movies. For one luxurious, romantic, staid, transatlantic ride through Central Park.

Young men in love always have been known to manage somehow. In fact the following summer Lanny sailed to Stockholm for a visit.

"I'll never forget those weeks we had together," he told me that afternoon, dismissing his valet so we might talk confidentially.

"We walked miles, hardly realizing we'd covered any distance at all.

"We dined in little restaurants on smorgsbord and wine.

"We heard all the beautiful music Stockholm had to offer.

"We were as happy as any two people in the world, unhappy, too. Because every day brought my visit nearer an end. Because my cousin wouldn't allow me to marry her. I don't know how we would have managed. But at least I know now that we would have married. For shortly after I got home things improved. However, I'm getting ahead of my story."

THROUGH a half open door we could hear the strains of the orchestra. They were playing "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking." And when they came to the part that goes "Well, I did . . ." I thought to myself, "Well, Lanny did . . ." Sentimental as a fool? Perhaps. I believe, however, that anyone else in my place would have thought the same thing.

The time came for Lanny to sail for home, to leave his love.

"I consoled myself that it wouldn't be for long, this separation," Lanny says. "I determined to find work—to study at night."

When you feel as Lanny felt about this girl it is so easy to do anything for her. And it is so difficult to do anything without her.

He went to an eminent law firm and asked for work, any kind of work. Work with this particular firm, so well known, so well rated, he felt not only would yield him an income but would benefit him tremendously later on. He was, you see, determined to be a success, determined to get ahead. For (Continued on page 75)

RADIO STARS



Ray Lee Jackson

It is little wonder that their colored mammy calls them the walking phonographs. These gals have a twenty piece band with only their own three little selves and no instruments. But how they get it! If you could ever for one minute watch them perform. They tweak their little noses till you wonder just how long they will remain compliments to their faces. They slap their lips and pull them in all directions. And they promise to keep right on pinching their noses and going through every other kind of facial contortion just as long as the public demands their music. They were "bawn and bred in Geau-gia" and have a repertoire of truly southern darky songs. Introducing Latti, Helen and Jane Pickens.

WALKING PHONOGRAPHS





BAND BOYS' FAVORITE

Irene Taylor's life has just been one band after another. At the age of nine she heard a dance band while passing a hotel in Dallas, Texas. She walked into the hotel, found the band leader and told him that her parents had given her permission to travel with his troupe. The band leader suddenly got the brilliant idea of featuring her as child soloist. She got the job at thirty-five dollars a week. But she didn't have time to collect even that first week's salary for her grandparents, nearly worried to death at their granddaughter's disappearance, finally caught up with the traveling band and dragged their wandering child home.

Since then she has sung with a number of famous orchestras, including those of Paul Whiteman, Abe Lyman and Vincent Lopez. You have heard her singing recently on the "Camel Caravan" program, CBS.





Ray Lee Jackson



THAT BIG DEEP VOICE

"SO this is Harris." Yes, and one of the most successful young men whose business is to entertain other people. The Ladies Luck, Fate and Fortune got together and endowed this boy from Linton, Indiana with a sense of rhythm so unique that babies cry for him, women sigh for him, and husbands thank him for entertaining their wives.

He has entertained at the College Inn at Chicago, at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Los Angeles and at that famous Coconut Grove he made his band a favorite with the movie stars of Hollywood.

Then RKO movie magnates got hold of Phil and we got "So This Is Harris." It attracted such comment that they then made "Melody Cruise." On the heels of this success Phil signed the contract for his present commercial program, "Let's Listen to Harris," on NBC, Fridays.



Photos by Jackson

SHE COLLECTS BUTTONS

HE PAINTS PICTURES

THIS slim little miss with the magic voice is Elsie Hitz.

She started acting at the age of 14 and by 16 she graduated from Broadway leads to radio. She went on the air in 1925 and has been a success since that first broadcast. Her pet hobbies are sculpturing, interior decorating and collecting buttons. No, we don't know why she collects buttons, she just does. She is considered, by many in the broadcasting field, to have one of the most attractive speaking voices on the air today. You can hear her every night with Nick Dawson in "Dangerous Paradise," NBC.

Nick has no difficulty portraying glamorous Dan Gentry, for his own life has been just as exciting. He has sailed the seven seas, been in revolutions and wars, was shanghaied on a Chinese steamer, has been an actor, circus performer, cowpuncher and advertising man. He paints portraits in his spare hours. As a matter of fact, Nick was originally trained for this profession in art.



YOU read all kinds of reports about Gertrude Niesen being an exotic, temperamental sophisticate, but we assure you that Gertrude is a regular person in her off-the-microphone hours. If anyone asks her how she got her start she says from Lyda Roberti. She saw Lyda in "You Said It," and admiring her so much Gertrude imitated her on every occasion. Her family didn't seem to mind their daughter's new rôle, so she kept right on with the imitation. One night at a supper party Gertrude was called upon to entertain. She got a real break that night, for at the supper were officials from the Columbia Artists' Bureau. They heard that Niesen voice, and her talents have been rewarded ever since. You can hear her with Isham Jones and his orchestra in the "Big Show," CBS. Isham tells us that the other day when he was late to a rehearsal, Gertrude took up the baton until the maestro himself arrived.

**PERSONALITY
SONGSTRESS**

Photos by McElliot



FLOPPING WAS A HABIT WITH HIM

By MARY JACOBS

JOHN MARVIN was at his wife's end. Thinking things out did no good. There was no solution. "You're a flop. You've always been a flop. Here you are, twenty-nine, jobless, penniless, alone. Why, you can't even raise enough money to get to New York to see your sick wife. You can't get any kind of a job. A fine sort of a man you are." Hour after hour these words beat an endless tattoo in his brain. There was no way of escaping them. They were the truth. He was one grand flop.

With slight hope he organized a band and invested every nickel he and his wife could scrape together to buy a tent, a bus and a car to transport the members of his strolling band from town to town. The western states needed just that—a jazz band to play one-night stands at theatres, parties and dances. So he and Mrs. Marvin had thought. The public at large, it seemed, had an entirely different idea. Bands were a drug on the market.

Things had gone from bad to worse. The troupe was stranded in Colorado. A flood had wiped the town out; food and shelter were what the inhabitants needed, not jazz. To cap the climax, the bus was damaged so badly in a cholla-bush that it was a total loss. Marvin sold the other car to get enough money to send Mrs. Marvin east by train. She wanted to have their baby at home.

"She had their baby. It was born dead. Edna May herself was so desperately ill the doctors despaired of saving her life. They operated on her, and slowly she began to get better. But she was so tired of being a patient, that empty nurse."

Marvin just had to get to New York to console her. A sick woman needed love, tenderness, special food, a nurse. He just had to get a job. But where? How? His sole possessions were the clothes he wore and his guitar.

There was one way to get back east. To go his way. So Johnny Marvin took his guitar and started back. Sometimes a kind motorist gave the weary hiker a lift; sometimes John stood on street corners, playing his guitar and singing lonely songs for all he was worth. It was only for the passers-by to drop nickels, dimes, quarters, anything into his hat. Then he could eat, and perhaps have enough left to hop on a train and ride thirty or forty miles nearer to New York and his wife, Edna May. Then the street-corner playing and singing would begin again.

There was plenty of opportunity for him to perfect his technique as the "lonesome singer of the air." Heartbreak and loneliness and poverty were his boon companions.

HALF-WAY across the country he got one lucky break. He was offered a job as a valet to a carload of mules en route to France. Once in New York, he forgot the mules and hurried to Edna May. "Actually arriving in New York that cold winter morning and seeing my wife was the greatest thrill of my life. She was still weak. I



(Above) The charming Missus of that flopping lonesome cowboy on the air. She's Johnny's little lifesaver. (Right) The star flopper himself, trying to make us believe he's cooking. We are sure that you are only pretending, Johnny.



just had to earn some money," he said. "Things became worse, if anything."

For months he searched in vain for work. Any kind of work. In a band he could play the violin and guitar. He could be a vaudeville or nightclub entertainer. He could sing lonesome melodies and yodel cowboy songs he had picked up as a boy in Oklahoma. Or he could work as a waiter. New York didn't care; didn't give a darn what happened to him and his wife.

It was the old story all over again. Johnny Marvin was flopping. Flopping was a habit with him. Always had been. When Lady Luck did smile on him it was only for an instant. He could be sure that worse luck lay ahead.

It had been so since his birth. John Marvin was ushered unwanted into the world in 1897. To this day he does not know in what state he was born—for the poverty-stricken Marvins were en route from Missouri to Oklahoma in a covered wagon at the time. Their worldly possessions consisted of an old blind mare, a mule and the wagon with a top. There were three other little Marvins, too. They all needed food to live.

Money? They had none. Marvin, Sr., would stop every few days and work for some Oklahoma pioneer to get enough provisions to take care of his brood. Then they'd push on again—in much the same way John did about thirty years later. It took two whole years for the Marvin family to cross the Indian trail from Missouri to

Butler, Oklahoma! There they received a tract of land from the Government and settled.

Things weren't much better even then. Little John hated herding cattle; hated picking cotton in the blazing sun; hated school. He was terrible in all these.

What hurt more than anything else was Marvin, Sr.'s attitude. Cheap, cast-off clothes were good enough for a boy. Who ever heard of buying a nine-year-old pair of store shoes? Give an allowance in John? Why, it was ridiculous! John and his father played for neighborhood dances week-ends; the father would pocket the \$2.50 they received for each night's work. He refused to give the boy any part of it.

Johnny had been in the fourth grade so long he was ashamed of himself. Finally he decided to run away. No one would miss him. He saddled his horse and rode to a neighbor-town where a traveling circus was stationed. Then he let his horse loose and presented himself to the circus folk. They couldn't let him starve, so they fed him. It was heaven. Till his father came for him and he landed home. Definitely, that was not heaven.

"I ran away from home five times before I was fifteen," he told me. "Somehow, I could never make it, I was always caught and brought back."

THE fifth time he ran away his father decided something must be done. He and the town sheriff went to bring him back—not home, but to the reform school at Ataphoe,

Heartbreak, loneliness, poverty were his boon companions. Dark tragedy stalked his path, and then—

Oklahoma. They were going to take him there by train. John became desperate when they found him. "My father was a stern, God-fearing man, and nothing I said could dissuade him. If I had flopped in everything else," Marvin told me, "I determined they wouldn't bring me to that school alive. At one of the stops I stepped into the lavatory. When the train slowed down I jumped through the window to freedom. Dad never tried to get me back after that."

Years of hardship followed. At one time he took the place of an Hawaiian, who had died, and travelled around the country with a Hawaiian troupe. He dyed his brown hair black, stained his face with walnut beach and learned pigeon-Hawaiian to make himself sound like a native. Then came the war. For a year he was a barber in the naval station at San Diego. After that came several months as a barber in a San Francisco shop where he was to gather material that later made him a grand flop in his initial radio efforts. Then came vaudeville with Charley Sargent.

Now Lady Luck smiled, not a teeny-weeny, stingy smile, but a broad-pood-matured, toothy one. A few years later her smile was to turn into a malicious laugh. But temporarily, she seemed to beam upon Johnny.

At a party he met Edna May. She was the loveliest little he had ever seen—slim, dark and vivacious. How little he dreamed then of the dark threatening years that were ahead of them; of the pain and torture that would wrack her lovely body while he stood by powerless to help. All he saw now was her very striking, brumette beauty. They got married shortly after he met her.

His vaudeville work was going along nicely. A married man, he felt, needed something more steady than vaudeville engagements. So he left his stage and decided to travel west with a band of musicians.

They toured the west for a year. Business was terrible. It was at this time that what should have been the supreme experience of Mrs. Marvin's life—motherhood—loomed ahead.

What should have brought the greatest joy to the two of them ended in tragedy and turned them bitter with despair. Even though her life was saved, they could never forget that the life of someone equally precious to both of them had been lost. Nothing that happened to them after that could weigh beside the agony of those days. It would take years to erase those scars.

A FEW years later Johnny achieved a tremendous success making phonograph records. But misfortune was still clinging his frostfeet. In 1930 radio sounded the death knell to records. Johnny tried to gain a foothold on the air. Every day seemed about as long as him. The people who had subsidized him in *Continued on page 73*.



Have you ever dreamed and sighed for that world of romance and riches and then shaken yourself? Day dreaming is futile! But is it?

HAVE you the courage to believe that day dreaming is a key which might release any one of those thousands of people imprisoned in their obscure cells of life? Storybook stuff, the song ones say. And those unimaginative wisecracks are just the ones who should be jolted out of their precious smartness with the tale of Irene Beasley, once just a plain country school teacher, now an NBC contralto whose song enraptures just such dreamers as she herself! Once was. It was the realization of her reveries which swept her from insignificant, cladded her in beauty, and poured gold into her slender hands.

Listen!
Irene wanted to cry. She wanted to tear to bits the childishly scrawled test papers on the desk before her. "Stop it, Schoolmarm Beasley," she addressed herself. "There's no use even wanting to cry about it."

How could Irene, trapped in a tiny Mississippi town, teaching seven grades of eleven pupils, hold the slightest hope for escape into the world of romance and reward of which she dreamed? How could she possibly foresee that someday she'd have a handsome gallant to whom radio would carry her songs of love?

That's why she was trying not to dream futilely. But soon furtive tears blurred the words on the papers, and she looked beyond the glow of the night lamp into the outer darkness of the room. "If I could only stop dreaming," she murmured mournfully. Suddenly she straightened in her chair and began to write a song of sadness. Fame lurked in the shadows beyond the lonely desk lamp that night, but Irene had no consciousness of its presence. She had felt inferior so long that real expression in verse or music had become strange to her.

UP until the age of seven, Irene had been naively happy on the Tennessee plantation where she was born in 1904. There she used to play the piano with her eighty-five-year-old grandmother, to pipe tunelessly from the watermelon patches, and then, all worn out, to rest her

head on the capacious bosom of her Negro mammy and listen to the crooning of old southern songs.

The staggering blow which deprived her of further outward musical expression came after she had moved to Texas. Anyone with a sensitive nature knows how powerful childhood heart-wrenches are in forming the temperament of the mature individual. Some such horrible memory must still have a better resting place in your own mind.

You are walking on the stage to courtesy to the school recital audience of mothers and fathers.

With the confidence

of a seven-year-old

you tinkle the piano

deftly and trill notes

with sweet accuracy.

As you courtesy once

more in recognition

of the applause, you

see some of the

parents starting an

you, whispering and

shaking their heads.

You look about in

wonderment at the

other children.

Then the frightful

realization of the

significance of those

head-wagging grips

you. You are bigger

than they are—all

and faster. You are

different. You try

to speak, but your

tongue goes. Hot

tears blinding you,

you stumble off the



Right, Irene Beasley, the "long, tall gal from Dixie," whose dreams suddenly swept her from the little insignificant school house to the heights of romance and success.

stage. Humiliation is branded on your brain and heart. Now you know why Irene Beasley went through Sweetbriar College, reserved and apart. She was sweet-natured, a good sport, but so shy, so self-conscious. She grasped the opportunity to play for the girls the times they hummed so gaily on their return from visits to the cities. As they gathered around her she felt more a part of things.

Yet when she was alone she was unhappy. In desperation she determined to work out a life of her own. But where she expected glorious freedom she found only remorseless drudgery. Superintendent, principal, and teacher of that tiny school was hardly an inspiring vocation. Occupied as she was with admonishing the Johnnies and Marvys, she couldn't stop the dreams of escape which swept constantly through her mind.

It was with a shy sort of pride that she showed her father the song born of those restless fancies. "If I could Only Stop Dreaming." And proud papa, who did he do but go to the trouble of having it printed.

Now if you had been Miss Beasley, amateur schoolmarm-superscriber, would you have had the daring to stalk into a Memphis store to seek advice on commercializing the song? Well, seeing her creation in print gave her just enough courage to approach the manager.

"But do you think she counted on meeting a big St. Louis music publisher there?" You can bet she didn't. He snatched the song from her.

"Sing it," he commanded.

Irene was agast. She fervently wished she were back in her little room in Mississippi. But she didn't dare refuse. As she sang, her heart beat a fierce rhythm to the tune. Then distant notes clutched at her whirling brain. The publisher was accepting. Exultantly she realized the door to her cell had opened a tiny crack.

After that, inferiority complex or no, she couldn't spend another year in that little Mississippi school. And it's a very fortunate thing that she secured a teaching position



in Memphis, for it was there she met Art Gilliam, The Whispering Pianist.

"Now, listen," said Art, "you can put that song across if you just go up the air."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," Irene protested. But Art was deaf to her pleas of artistic incompetence.

Her dream turned into a temporary nightmare the first time she sang into the microphone. The first few times she had just played the piano. The moment the production man suggested she try a bit of warbling, her old complex gripped her more cruelly than ever. But she was more afraid to refuse than to sing. She swallowed her choking fear and plunged.

The next day her fan mail arrived. You couldn't exactly say that it poured in since there was but one letter, yet it did something miraculous to her. It restored the confidence she'd lost so many years ago. Though her self-possession was once more (Continued on page 94)

EDDIE CANTOR

There are always two sides to an argument, your side and the wrong side.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Has a radio comedian the right to make a studio audience laugh without immediately explaining that laugh to his air audience? I think not. Last month, I wrote somewhat roughly of two offenders, Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn. Both gentlemen take issue with me. So that you may view both sides of the controversy, I'm reprinting my own statement—and Eddie Cantor's straight-from-the-heart answer.

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

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

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

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

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



ANSWERS BACK!

But both sides can be right and both sides very wrong. You be the judge

EDDIE'S ANSWER: If you've heard the Chase & Sanborn hours during the last few weeks, you've also heard a part of Eddie's answer, a part that is just as significant as the words printed over his signature. He—and Wynn, too—have begun scrupulously to explain every item of laughter that roars through the loud speaker. For which everyone is grateful. But now, read in Cantor's own ringing words, his reply to the opposite editorial.

My Dear Mr. Mitchell:

The J. Walter Thompson Company sent me a proof of your editorial, and to say that I'm seeing red is to put it mildly.

When you wrote me recently that you had written an editorial about audiences in the studio, I felt that as an editor of a radio publication you were going to have some constructive thoughts on the subject. But after digesting your comments, I cannot help but feel that you have turned out a destructive piece of writing. You are positively hysterical on a subject that requires considerable knowledge of the theatre and a thorough analysis of the program itself. You say "Nobody ever bothers to explain."

Did you know that the moment I approach the microphone in the studio the audience there begins to laugh? Why? Well, because I appear in a funny or grotesque costume in keeping with the routine I am going to deliver over the air. And—the first two lines of my script explain to the listening audience just what the studio audience is laughing at—o costume that a seven-year-old child can visualize from the description given by Jimmy Wallington.

I have been actively engaged in the theatre for the past twenty-five years, and I know of no person in the world who is capable of knowing in advance what an audience is going to laugh at. How do you expect me to control an audience that my sponsor provides for these broadcasts? And why should I, when I let the air audience in on what they are laughing at? For your information, Cantor HAS the decency to realize that the place for him to be funny is in the nation's parlors—and also in Studio 8H in Radio City, so long as my sponsors insist on having an invited audience.

How much of my programs would you say caters with laughs for the studio audience to the exclusion of the listening-in-audience? Suppose I admit to three laughs—say even four—which the studio audience enjoys to the bewilderment of my audience in the

parlors of the nation. Is that offence serious enough to warrant your advocating my being kicked out of the nation's parlors? Don't you honestly think that the destructive things I attempt in my programs—such as my plea for safety in driving, for Mother's Day remembrance—more than outweigh with my audience a laugh they might miss? In my plea for careful driving, I used a slogan "DRIVE SLOWLY—WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN," which has been adopted throughout the country by safety organizations and insurance companies. Don't you think that more than offsets a studio laugh?

My fan mail should be a fairly good barometer as to the reaction of the radio audience to what goes on in the studio, and you can believe it or not, that in the thousands of letters I have received since I returned to the air this season, I have yet to find one complaint on that score. The only answer I have for this is the fact that the radio audience appears to be following my routines without being puzzled. Otherwise, you can wager they would let me hear from them in no unimpeachable terms.

I'm sincerely sorry that in attacking a problem such as this, you did not familiarize yourself along the lines of "From Linker to Evers to Chance." By that I mean you might have weighed carefully the opinions of the sponsor, the advertising agency, and last, but not least, the performer, before having me tossed out bodily from the nation's parlors—a task which, by the way, the radio owners of the nation always perform without aid of agitators, when a program is not entertaining.

I hold what I believe to be constructive reasons why studio audiences should be abandoned by sponsors and advertising agencies. They are based upon a background of the theatre, which is the basis of radio. And some day at your leisure, I should be delighted to discuss them with you.

Very truly yours,

Eddie Cantor

THE UNTOLD STORY OF RADIO'S NEWEST

Romance

If it is a fact that the course of true love does not run smoothly, then the romance of Ozzie Nelson, the collegiate looking orchestra leader of the Bakers' Program, and Harriet Hilliard, his pretty singer, should stand out as a shining example of two people who found love and friendship by leaping the hurdles together. For these two young people have been through heartbreaks together, and their story has an undercurrent of the blues running through it.

There have been many rumors of a romance between the two. And these rumors are not without foundation. Ozzie and Harriet are friends, in the true sense of the word. You've heard that before? Well, let me tell you just what Ozzie has meant to Harriet, and what Harriet has meant to Ozzie, and you'll understand. These two young folks met at a most troubled time—when each needed a friend and a shoulder to cry on. Just when life seemed darkest to both they met, joined hands and pulled each other out of their difficulties.

At that time Ozzie's career, which had been going along so smoothly, had hit a snag. It seemed to him that he had made a needless sacrifice when he gave up a law career for that of music. And Ozzie had worked hard in order to see his way through Rutgers College, and later through the New Jersey Law School. At college he was a four-letter sports man, and when he attended law school he played every night in an orchestra at a carnival ground nearby.

But Ozzie soon found that his love for music was overshadowing his love for law, and so rather than burn the candle at both ends, he decided to stick to luteon-waving. He organized his own orchestra and played at private parties. It wasn't hard for this likeable, clean-cut chap to get bookings. He was a great hit at college proms and deb dances. His popularity grew and he soon was playing at the swankier New York hotels.

Then that big obstacle smugly rose to impede his smoothly going career. This was about two years ago. It was at the height of Rindy Vallee's popularity, and any



What's this we hear about Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson? With Harriet's unhappy marriage and Ozzie's schoolboy love out of the way, well—who can tell?

By MARTIA
McCLELLAND

(Extreme left) A loving pose of a couple of ah, er... shall we say lovers? Ozzie and Harriet after working hours. (Left) Harriet herself.

young orchestra leader who played the saxophone and had blond, wavy hair was immediately accused of being a Vallee imitator. Ozzie was twenty-five, played the sax and had blond wavy hair. He was pointed out as one of the chief offenders on the list of the Vallee wagon-climbers. And he was the most innocent.

He spent sleepless nights thinking of ways to change the makeup of his orchestra, and plans to establish his own identity. But up to the time he met Harriet, he had gotten nowhere.

And now about Harriet. Harriet was married to Roy Sedley, a stage comedian, and her life with him was very unhappy and at the breaking point. All the sorrows and troubles of her married life had made her melancholy. She felt her whole world crumbling about her, and at the time was too uninterested to know how to go about putting the pieces back together again.

It was when both were in the frame of mind where they were ready to chuck it all, that they met. At a party. It was pretty late in the evening, and everyone was in a hectic, gay mood. That is, everyone but a tall young chap and a dazzling blond girl. They both looked on at the merry proceedings with a disinterested air, and soon they were drawn together by some common bond of sympathy.

"Why so glum?" asked the boy.
"You don't look so happy yourself," the girl answered. Then and there the two, figuratively speaking, wept on each other's shoulder. Ozzie was telling Harriet of the discouraging turn his career had taken. Harriet was pouring out her marital woes to Ozzie.

"I must find something to do—something to keep me from thinking about myself," she cried. "Or I'll go crazy."

SUDDENLY Ozzie had an idea.
"You sing, don't you?" he asked.
"Why, yes. I sing at the Hollywood Restaurant."
"I've got it then! You sing with my orchestra, and we'll do a boy and girl singing act.



"Ain't we got fun!" This is what Ozzie and Harriet do in the good old summertime.

"But," added Ozzie shrewdly, "you get the job only on one condition. You must promise me that you'll stick to your husband a few months longer. I want you to give your marriage another chance. If you find that it still won't go, tell me about it before you do anything."

Harriet was very much touched by his sympathy and understanding. She promised.

Their teaming up together proved to be an ideal arrangement. It gave the band that delightfully buoyant and youthful zip it now has. The Ozzie Nelson outfit was something to be reckoned with now. This past summer when they played at the Glen Island Casino in Westchester County, they were more popular than ever before. Hotel offers poured in and now we see Ozzie and Harriet and the whole troupe playing nightly at the swanky Coconut Grove in the Park Central Hotel. And the real test of their popularity lies in their new big commercial, the Baker's program, heard every Sunday night over the NBC blue network.

Oh, things were going along beautifully. But one day Harriet came over to Ozzie in the midst of rehearsal. There was a worried frown on her face.

"I must take a vacation," she said simply. "I'm going to Reno. I've tried awfully hard to make a go of marriage, but it just can't be done."

OZZIE, her friend and adviser, sat down that afternoon and went over the case. His law training came in very handy. I can tell you, because he uncovered one fact which saved Harriet all the anguish and trouble of going through a long-winded divorce alone in a far-away state.

Roy Sedley had been married before, and Ozzie discovered that in his divorce decree he had been forbidden to marry again in New York. He and Harriet had been married in New York!

"You won't have to divorce him," Ozzie told her triumphantly. "You can get an annulment."

And now Harriet is free again. And nobody can ever know how much she has appreciated that clean severance of the marital bonds.

But so far romance had not struck Harriet and Ozzie. The reason was simple. Ozzie was in love. Or rather, he thought he was. It was with a girl upon whom he had had a serious schoolboy crush when they had both gone to Lincoln High School in Newark, N. J. And that lasting infatuation for her had prevented him from seeing Harriet, or any other girl, in a romantic light.

It seems that Ozzie and this girl, Muriel, were the typical boy and girl sweethearts that often spring up in high schools. But Ozzie, being a sensitive and impressionable youth had placed Muriel on a pedestal. She was his ideal. And so when they quarreled on the day he graduated, he was terribly broken up about it. He left for Rutgers College soon after that and tried to forget that such a thing as the female race existed by plunging into college activities. The thought of Muriel, however, bothered him too much. He was determined to find her again. In all the years that he had been making a name for himself, the thought of Muriel was always in back of his mind. But find her he could not.

THEN just recently he received a telephone call at his hotel. The voice at the other end belonged to a woman. The voice was low and soft and had a familiar ring. "Are you the Ozzie Nelson who went to Lincoln High?" it asked.

"Yes," answered Ozzie, puzzled.

"This," said the woman, "is Muriel—"

"Muriel!" he almost shouted. "Say, this is grand. Where are you? When can I see you? Will you have dinner with me to-night?"

He heard a laugh at the other end of the wire. "And I was half afraid you wouldn't remember me. I'm in New York for a few days, and I made up my mind that I'd find out if you were the Ozzie Nelson that I knew."

"Tell me," Ozzie asked, "what has happened to you?"

"Oh, I live in California now, and I've got the darlingest children and the grandest husband in the world!"

"That's swell," Ozzie remembered to say.

It took a while for Ozzie to recover. But when he did, he was a different man. As he said, "It's a good thing that I did meet her after all. She was always on my mind. I could never take any girl seriously because I kept hoping and hoping that some day I'd meet her again. But now, well—she's happy and I've reconciled myself to forgetting her. I've been jolted out of love; now maybe I can really fall in love."

And since then, make what you will of it, Ozzie has been dating Harriet more than ever. They work together every night at the Coconut Grove until the early hours of the morning, and they manage to see a lot of each other during the day. They've both buffed a lot of hard knocks and overcome the barriers in their path to happiness, but they've done it together. And perhaps that's why they feel such deep devotion for each other.

Marriage? They both laugh at it.

"I've burnt my fingers once and that's enough," says Harriet.

"I'm too busy," says Ozzie.

But I can't help thinking that with the two great obstacles, Ozzie's schoolboy love and Harriet's unhappy marriage, now out of the way, well—who can tell?

Someone had to take the maestro in hand and reform his ways of living; son Jason assumed the job. Has he made good?

(Right) The famous Bernie family. That's a good-looking son you have there, Ben! Is he big enough to handle you? And what a charming and lovely wife! Really, you're a lucky guy.



BEN BERNIE UNMASKED— BY HIS SON!

By MARGE WILSON

It has been kept quiet all this time, but now it can be told. In fact, it must be told. For Jason Bernie, son of Ben Bernie, says so. And when Jason says so, he means so. The maestro found that out, and what an experience! Suddenly, something just sort of hit the maestro, and when he came to, he found himself pinned to the middle of that area popularly known as "the spot." And who should be sitting on his chest but little Jason.

But, no. It wasn't little Jason the maestro saw. This was a big Jason amazingly grown

up since his recent fifteenth birthday. And with a new look in his eyes that warned: "From now on, you're taking orders from me, see?"

Now, six months later, Jason talks about it for the first time. Someone in the family, he says, had to take his father in hand. And because it was a man's job, Chubby couldn't. (Chubby is Mrs. Bernie, and the nickname is no reflection at all upon her attractive figure.) So this left only Jason to carry on, and Jason did, and the rest is headline stuff. Or should be. Because when a son takes a father across his knees, that, readers, is news.

Not, of course, that Jason ever really raised a hand against his dad. We're only speaking figuratively. Although I confess that before meeting this handsome, young terror, rumor certainly had me prepared for the worst. I'd heard he was the toughest kid on Central Park South which, as you know, is no small stretch of New York City territory. Likes using his muscles, too, I heard. That ice-skating, golf, football and basketball were a few of his favorite sports. And that he was a crack rifleman, due to his training at Culver Military Academy.

But happily, it developed that in his home, at least, Jason is never violent. Not even with his father, whom he has come to control by means of a crisp word uttered in a certain tone-pitch of which you shall hear more later.

JASON found that this was the best method to use on the maestro after having tried for years to get his father to mend his ways by the process of gentle pleading. But the maestro would only laugh and slip merrily along from bad to worse. So after a while Jason stopped talking and just watched. And as he watched, indictments against his father for future settlement began to pile up.

"The first on the list," itemized Jason, "was that seraphook business." It seems that the maestro had a terrible habit of not keeping a scrapbook of press notices. (Continued on page 66)

A PENNER



WANNA
BUY A
DUCK

THE private life of Joe Penner, the world's most jovial duck salesman, has been challenged. I mean to say that somebody has voiced dark suspicions as to his off-the-microphone hours. And if this news comes as a shock to Joe's trusting fans who believe that only the most praiseworthy fellow must exist beyond that mad thick laughter of his, how do you suppose Mrs. Joe Penner feels about it all?

Well, you shall know, because you are about to have the answer from the lady herself. For she insists that you know. Not that she's a gossip. One look at her sweet pretty young face tells you she isn't. But, as she argues, there are Joe's trusting fans to be considered, and Joe's career. And Joe's wife, herself, to whom the charges against Joe have been addressed.

Addressed is exactly the word. For the doubts about Joe reached Mrs. Penner in the form of a fan letter. Except that this particular fan letter happens not to be one of those nice letters which comprise most of Joe's mail and keep three secretaries busy assorting, filing, and taking Joe's faithful dictation in answer-to.

Unfortunately, no. For this one reads:

"Dear Mrs. Penner: Being a woman myself, I always see the woman's side of it and my heart goes out to you as the unhappy wife of that comedian, Joe Penner. Because in spite of his sid-splitting goings-on over WJZ every Sunday evening, I just know that your life with him at home—if he's got a home—must be something terrible, for I know that comedians make the worst husbands in the world. I mean, they're just born brooders, and all that sort of thing. And so I remain, sympathetically yours, Mrs. Ina Heckler, U. S. A."

At first, says Mrs. Penner, she didn't know whether the above was sent to her as a joke or not. But, gag or no gag, there's a definite challenge in it and she means to answer it: Right out in the open, too. Or, to be exact, right out in her living-room, unthelated to the public, so that everybody who's interested can troop right in and get a rare-close-up of a comedian at home.

For the Penners, contrary to Mrs. Heckler's firm conviction that a comedian's home is anywhere he parks his grounch, have as nice and bright and cheerful a home as anybody on the top floor of a New York skyscraper. Mr. Penner it seems insists upon being 'way up there

By IRIS
ANN CARROLL

YOU
NA-H-STY
MAN!

FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!

Would you like to have a
duck salesman hanging
around your house?

so that in the mornings, when lark-like he merrily sings under his shower, the sky is his limit. Now come that one out of your snarl of doubts, Mrs. H.

As to brooding, continues Mrs. Penner, the only time she ever saw Joe in that state since their marriage was the morning there wasn't any hot water to shave with and he was due at the photographers' in twenty minutes. Even then his language didn't sound much like a brooder's.

But then, she admits startlingly, if he had turned out to be a brooder, she wouldn't have been a bit surprised. No, she doesn't mean because there was no clause in their marriage ceremony requiring Joe to amuse as well as honor and cherish her for the rest of her life, but for another reason and regardless of any amusement clause she considers it a pretty good average if after six years a wife can say as proudly as she can that her husband still willfully adheres to those two major altar vows.

Mrs. Penner only means that in that year before their marriage Joe's outlook on life was so airless she never had any cause to believe that a Mrs. Joe Penner's career would be just one long giggle.

As a matter of fact, she says they spent the greater part of that year just plain disliking each other. This began when they met as members of the 1926 Greenwich Village Follies road company. And he, leading comedian of the show, thought that she, Eleanor Mae, was just a fresh kid who laughed too much. And she, a dancer, thought he was (Mrs. Heckler will be delighted to hear) the most impressively solemn boy she'd ever known. But

why he was this way she didn't learn until several months later when she was told that the smartest head at Joe's early struggle to make something of his life. At the age of ten he arrived here from Hungary—he's twenty-nine now—and managed an occasional meal from the meagre profits of selling anything from newspapers to cheap toys. Later, things picked up a little when he'd work eighteen hours a day at anything from bell-hopping to auto-mending. Still, he never had quite enough to eat, not enough leisure to sleep more than five hours a night, and no fun at all. When he was about sixteen Joe Penner decided that he wanted to be a comedian. Perhaps, he thought, this would prove to be the best way for him to discover and keep in touch with the brighter side of life.

'Z'YH-T
SO?



SO he joined a tent-show and became one of the Desmond Family Troupe. There were six authentic Desmond and he made the seventh. He did black-faced comedy with this outfit, but circus life did not prove to be so much of a joke to an undersized, under-

fed boy, and he didn't learn much about laughter in the circus. So he turned to burlesque. This proved to be at least a shade happier for he felt himself beginning to make people really laugh, now, which was some compensation for not being able to laugh much himself. Also, he felt he was getting some place by building up a certain gag which he instinctively felt would one day be one of his biggest laugh-getters. It began with his asking of an audience if anybody wanted to buy an

antelope or a rhinoceros or almost anything, while the audience would merely chuckle a response. But the day Joe, on an inspiration, asked his audience if anybody wanted to buy a duck, he got 'em.

An offer came to entertain in an exclusive night-club, and he took it. After that he joined the Follies, where he met Eleanor. And so it happened that one day he told her his story, it wasn't that he meant to complain for he had never dramatized his struggle in any way, as his many friends know. And friends, incidentally, that he's held from his boyhood until now. For Joe Penner's great success in recent years in movies, musical comedy and, finally, radio, happily has not impaired his memory.

But this latter part of his success didn't happen until after his marriage. And before that Eleanor Mae only knew him as a boy with the saddest eyes that she had ever seen when he wasn't behind the footlights asking people to buy ducks.

But the minute she heard of his pathetic boyhood, Eleanor Mae at once understood all, fell madly in love with him, and asked him to marry her. Just like that. Well, it took Joe's loath away for a minute. But when he recovered it there was a big grin on his face, and he didn't answer yes or no. But he asked her a question. "Can a duck swim?"

He married the girl and at once something came over the wistful young lover with the sad eyes, and he turned into a—but let Mrs. Penner. (Continued on page 96)

INTIMATE SHOTS OF YOUR FAVORITES

(Top) Ben Bernie heard her sing over the air from a little mid-western station. The maestro sent for her, and Joan Olsen got a contract immediately. (Below) It looks as if the Motor Bureau is kidding Ed Wynn.

(Top) Myrt and Marge with Don Dean (center) the Rudy Vallees of South America, and Marge's new hubby, Gene Kretzinger (left), and Ray Hedge (right). (Below) You need no introduction to this favorite.

Looks like a party? It is! CBS Trans-America Repeat Program. Norman Barry (left) and Truman Bradley (right) at the mikes. (Below) Show Boat Four: Randolph Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Leonard Stokes, Robert Moody.

(Top) Ethel Shutta looks awfully serious about something, but Don Bestor seems to take it all lightly enough. (Below) The Easy Aces. Mr. and his Missus with Paul Douglas, CBS announcer (standing).



WITHIN three months of the time this is being written, Father Charles Edward Coughlin, Radio's Fighting Priest, will quit his parish, the Shrine of the Little Flower, in Royal Oak Park, Michigan.

Immediately thereafter, he'll go to Washington, D. C. to become a high government executive and an official advisor of President Roosevelt. Do these predictions surprise you? When I heard them (fresh from the lips of a man whose business it is to know the things which transpire behind the scenes of government and industry, I was startled, too. As this is being set down only half a dozen people in all America, most of them in great Washington circles, know of the movement that will take Father Coughlin to the very door at the White House.

The highlights of Father Coughlin's life are an old story. But because it is forecast that he will have the power to effect the economic and social changes for which he has been fighting, it is important for every citizen to study him once in the light of his potential authority.

In such a position, this battling father is going to have to cross swords with some of the world's most powerful interests. But he proved that he can parry and slash with the best of them at the time he was refused further use of the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System. How did this man, hampered by an unfriendly Hoover administration and moneyed powers, meet the thrusts of his adversaries?

THIS is the real but little known background of the situation. Back in 1926 he was very surprised and tickled young priest when he learned he had received five letters after his first broadcast over WJR, Detroit. His greatest worry at that time was obtaining the \$55 to pay for the wire line charges for each broadcast. His superior, Bishop Gallagher, agreed to furnish the money.

Tiny though the station was then, the husky radio cleric slapped inventives against the trembling face of that carbon-disk microphone so hard that he just had to be heard. Those first five letters were nothing compared to the avalanche of mail which began to descend on his pulpit each Monday morning. Then, having heard, the listeners in great numbers came to see what manner of man was this who dared risk the dignity of his cloth; this man who in a few short months was provoking the anger of men at his own calling.

His fame rapidly spread far beyond the listening radius of WJR. Here was a man who was taking Catholic sermons and with them was whipping enemies of society straight to Hell. A great clamor for more stations arose all over the country. He added WMAQ of Chicago and WLW of Cincinnati.

A few crowded months later, the Fighting Priest embarked on a secret mission to New York. None but his closest associates knew his motive. He himself, as he sped Eastward, hardly suspected that he was entering a time in which he had to fight the first bitter battle of his career.

On Sunday, October 5, 1930, as a result of his New

York trip, the fiery words of the priest went on the air not over the little hook-up of independent stations, but over a nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. If the powerful interests at which he had hurled lance after lance had been apprehensive before, now they were decidedly uneasy. Probably they felt foolish for permitting the utterances of a mere priest to frighten them, but they could not fail to note the deep significance of those hundreds of thousands of letters that he inspired, or the talk heard on every side over this remarkable man.

Soon, pressure was brought to bear on officials in Washington who in turn bore down on the Columbia chain. The priest was warned to temper his remarks. But Father Coughlin kept steadily at his pyrotechnics. Then came the blow which temporarily set him back in his whirlwind career. The Columbia chain ruled against "commercial religious broadcasting." Father Charles E. Coughlin was off the air.

It was a terrific disappointment, but this man Coughlin couldn't be beaten as easily as that.

Besides, there were millions who listened to him because they adored his every syllable, to say nothing of the thousands who listened just so they could pick his arguments to pieces. For those who needed a network. And for those people he got one. Organizing it with the co-operation of the station manager of WJR, he arranged to pay for it from the voluntary contributions which jammed the Detroit postoffice every week. When the contributions ceased to come, he asserted, he would go off the air. What's behind this spirited personality? What sort of mental, physical or emotional equipment does an outstanding character such as the Fighting Priest need? It can best be brought home to you by showing you him in action.

Mentally, he's quiet-witted and absolutely fearless. An amazing array of his cleverness was told to me by a newspaperman, one of the very few who has known how Coughlin was able to make his reply in the New York Hippodrome to a speech made in Carnegie Hall but a few minutes before.

At eight o'clock on the evening of November 27th, 1933, a "sound money" meeting was being held in Carnegie Hall. At nine o'clock, Father Coughlin was to talk in the Hippodrome. The priest knew that at that eight o'clock meeting at Carnegie Hall statements would be made which he must shatter with his sledge-hammer oratory.

He knew, too, that transcripts of the Carnegie Hall speech would be distributed only to members of the press. Of course, Father Coughlin could not afford to be seen in that "sound money" meeting. Still worse, there were but a few minutes between the time this speech, delivered by Matthew Labor, a vice president of the American Federation of Labor, and the hour of nine, when Coughlin had to face thousands who awaited him.

Yet when the priest strode dramatically to the center of the Hippodrome's stage, he held in his hand a copy of Wall's speech. Then he went into action. Not only did he read from the copy of Wall's talk, but he imitated every gesture, every movement. The federation vice president had been employing but a few minutes before. How did he do it?

MY informant remembers that there was an unobserved man standing in the wings of Carnegie Hall that night watching Wall. He remembers, that when Wall's speech was handed out to newspapermen, that this same person stepped up and received one.

Who was this mysterious man? Well, the inconceivable fact is that no matter how or when the Wall speech was obtained, Edward Coughlin had it. Your guess is as good as mine, and mine is that that unobserved man at Carnegie Hall was Charles Coughlin in disguise.

Such daring actions should stamp him as a lone wolf, fighting his battles on his own, flanking his enemies quietly, then slashing unexpectantly at their ranks. True, he has the backing of his millions of loyal supporters, but they are scattered over the country, powerless to aid him in his search for evidence with which to bludgeon the money interests.

True again, he has his own organization to gather information for him. He employs over eighty secretaries to handle the vast amount of mail which swarms his offices each week. An advertising agency took over his affairs when he was barred from the Columbia network, but these are purely business organizations. What power have they against the millions of dollars of capital which are fighting him so listerily?

He isn't a lone wolf. Had he been, he would have been silenced long since. Charles E. Coughlin would have gone down fighting, but he's sure, but he would have been done for had he not had the moral, if not the openly official, support of the Roosevelt administration.

His closeness to this administration cannot be denied. Acute observers are fond of pointing out the similarity of phrase employed in speeches both by the President and Father Coughlin. Perhaps the most well known expressions used by both are "money hangers" and "money trusts."

Something with significance was the plea made by radio's fighting priest some Sundays ago, to re-value and remonetize gold and restore silver, giving us enough precious metal on which to base 35,000,000,000 currency dollars. Incisively he urged his following to write their congressmen.

That very same Sunday night, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, at a two-hour conference in the White House revealed that he would ask for legislation to take over the \$3,600,000,000 in gold in the Federal Reserve Bank for the purpose of revaluing the dollar.

Can't you see what a tremendous backing President Roosevelt stood to receive in his project if all the millions of supporters of the Michigan priest were to send letters

to their senators and representatives?

While Washington denies that Father Coughlin has any official connection with the United States Government, it is no great secret that he and the President are friendly. The fighting priest has often visited Mr. Roosevelt at the White House. It is apparent that the Chief Executive looks him up not unfriendly ear on such occasions, and that Father Coughlin in his turn displays a spirited interest in the administration's plans for the future of this country.

Emerging from one of these conferences at the White House recently, Father Coughlin asserted, stoutly: "I discovered that Mr. Roosevelt is about twenty years ahead of the thought that is current in the country today."

If these facts do not indicate a close working plan between the White House master of American fate and the Royal Oak defender of the poor, nothing does. Yet such moral support does not lower the measure of Charles E. Coughlin's personal courage in any sense.

Despite his larding and his intense mental serenity, Father Coughlin often falls into the most philosophical of moods, moods so gentle that even his closest associates are often startled.

His penchant for this type of thought contrasts sharply at such moments with the natural jurgancy he has displayed since childhood. If he had to preach his gospel with his fists he'd doubtless acquit himself creditably. He keeps in trim by boxing and his some 185 pounds of weight are well muscled. His body is a vast reservoir of physical energy on which he never fails to draw heavily in the course of a sermon.

His gestures are not gentle waves of the hand, they're left hooks, uppercuts, which, should they reach his enemies' bodies, would set not a few of them hard on the floor. His clothes are always wringing wet from the sweat of his exertion.

In that energy is much of the power of the man who, my informant asserts, is soon to help guide the destinies of America.

How could such a move affect our affairs or the affairs of the capitalists he attacks and the poor he champions?

Would acceptance of a governmental position mean abandonment of his rousing broadcast? Would he be going off the air like him prestige?

Finally, do you think he can do more good by delivering his stirring radio addresses, or by answering the call of his country?

You may be able to find the answer in next month's analysis of the character, life and activities of this hard-hitting priest from Detroit. (To be continued next month)

By JOHN SKINNER



Father Charles Coughlin

Millions are for him. Millions are against him. He has shaken the world of

economics, religion, politics! Now come startling predictions for this cleric

LOVE IS *not* THE SWEETEST THING!

Francis X. Bushman, expert in
the game of hearts, tells why

By ELIZABETH WALKER



WHEN he ran away with the circus, an adventurous lad in short trousers, the apple-cheeked farm lasses he met ate up the caramels he was given to sell. So he was fired. When he embarked upon a cattle boat, a few years later, to see the world, a Liverpool miss let him squander his last pound on her. Broke, he had to go home.

When he announced early in his stage career that he was going for an altar-walk with the only girl, his manager fumed and threatened to dismiss him. He sought another job, of course.

When he was acclaimed movieland's great lover, his wife became jealous of the beautiful creature playing opposite him, and revealed what was then his screen secret—marriage. Overnight his popularity waned.

When he followed up the sensational divorce that followed by marrying his leading lady, the public showed their disapproval at the box office. Then his bank balance dwindled.

Yet, throughout all these woman-visited vicissitudes, his famous smile never wavered. For across his brain kept flashing the consoling words of the current musical favorite, then unwritten: "Love is the sweetest thing."

Then, this love which had surpassed all misunderstanding, carded and, without sentimental attachments to tie to, he started to slide. But it is a long slide that has no turning. From the bottom of that toboggan has risen one of radioland's most regular entertainers—Francis X. Bushman.

His mounting popularity before the microphone, however, is a paradox.

Years ago, when Mr. Bushman was monopolizing movieland's spotlight, men, when their women-folk inquired if they didn't think he was "just too wonderful,"

invariably exploded, "He's terrible!" But many of those selfsame men are today his most vociferous admirers. And those of them whom he has met along America's ether lanes have ticketed him "one of the squarest shooters in the broadcasting business."

What has brought about this change of masculine attitude? That is the secret of Francis Bushman's second success story, an epic of disillusionment which seeks to explain why he has substituted the word "loyalty" for "love" in his working vocabulary.

BACK in 1911 when this socially-registered young man from Baltimore with impeccable Broadway credentials made his debut in a motion picture titled, ironically, "Lost Years," he discovered that the easiest way to make good on the screen was to make himself attractive to the women in his invisible audiences. Act romantic, and they would do the rest at the box office. Commercially speaking, love—screen love—was the sweetest thing.

So, he acted romantic and in less time than it takes to tell about it he required the full-time services of seven secretaries to handle his fan mail, and a special bodyguard was mustered to protect him against the outraged husbands and lovers of his more ardent admirers.

Perhaps were Bushman a more suspicious sort of man, he would have been chary of such quick success. But he isn't suspicious, and he wasn't chary. Between his then current triumphs and the almost forgotten failure of his boyhood ambition to become a lion tamer, he saw not the slightest connection. Yet, already at work were the same destroying forces.

At the age of nine, urged on by a consuming passion to become a veritable bring-em-back-alive boy, he left his parents' comfortable home in the nicest residential section of Baltimore, and ran away (Continued on page 91)

MORE INTIMATE SHOTS

[Top] Howard Cloney, NBC announcer, poses for you. (Below) The photographer got this when Wayne King wasn't looking. Like it?

Culver



[Top] John Driggs and Elizabeth Love in "Roses and Drums." (Below) Col. Stoopnagle and Budd take Gertrude Niesen and Gypsy Nina for a ride. A sleigh ride! And everybody enjoyed it.

Culver



White World

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

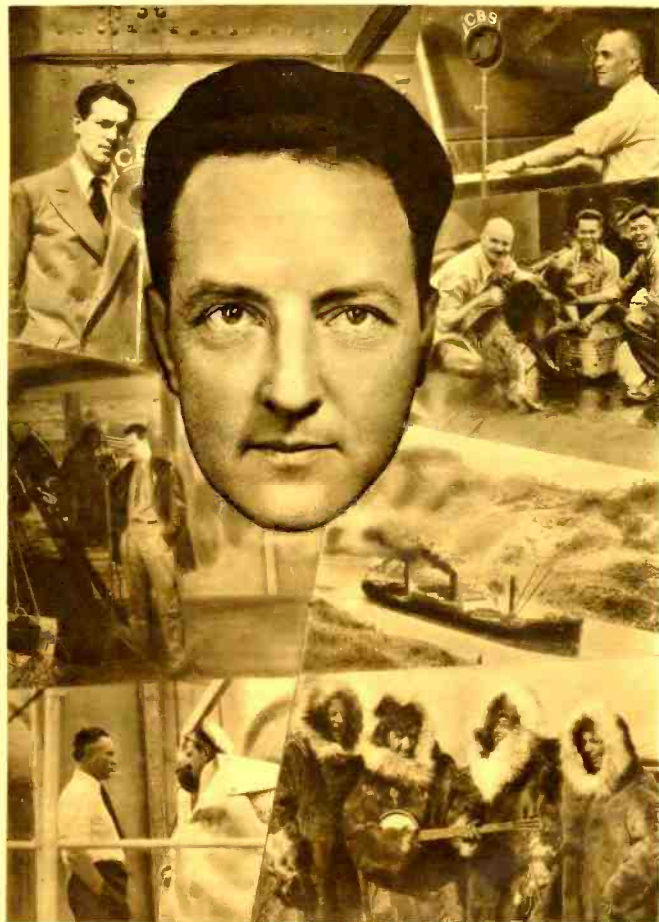


THESE wintry Saturday nights have witnessed the birth and development of a new era in mass-adventure. When Greeley sought the Pole and his expedition was lost in the white North, no word came out for months. When Admiral Peary dashed heroically to conquer the unconquerable, when Amundsen and Scott made their twin assaults on the South Pole, no news screamed from newspaper headlines until their vessels broke through the ice packs and returned to civilization.

Radio has changed that. Today millions of Americans are accompanying Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd on another Antarctic arcosy. We are permitted to hear his voice, the howl of blizzard and blasting wind, and the bark of Eskimo dogs as they sit in their snow holes at Little America.

Because of radio, we can visit the world's most desolate continent and explore with the greatest of modern explorers—all without moving from the comforting embrace of our armchair or the warmth of our own fireside. Because of these broadcasts from Little America and the pulse-prodding adventure of them, RADIO STARS Magazine tenders to its sponsors this month's award for Distinguished Service to Radio. We congratulate the General Foods Corporation, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the far-sighted executives who, courageous in the face of sometimes unsatisfactory reception, have stood by their guns and continued to present the most thrilling five minutes on the air today.

Curtis Mitchell





FAME ISN'T ENOUGH

If you had all the money and fame you wanted, could anything wreck your happiness? Jack Pearl has both, but . . .

By LESTER GOTTLIEB

(Left) The Baron ought to have high blood pressure with the exaggerated life he leads. His wife gives the fu-fu. (Right) Jack Pearl and the faithful Sharlie Hjal.



A QUARTER of a million dollars to his name and not one nickel of it could bring him the thing he most wanted. That, in cold, hard words, is the plight of Jack Pearl, radio's grandest but and eminent Baron of the House of Hilarity.

You avid ether-addicts who read this might well smile. Does it sound like another absurd story that the Baron would concoct to spill into the ear of his doudling friend, Sharlie? Well, it isn't. It's all too true, and Jack Pearl wants his radio friends to know the facts, shorn of all the customary sugar-coating. It will take a lot of convincing on our part and his. It will mean the relishing of many unpleasant and bitter memories, but it's worth it. For perhaps after you have read this you will realize that it is not the story of a Twentieth Century Baron Munchausen, the outcome of a night of desperate brain-racking on the part of that crack gag-writer, Billy Wells. Nor is it the saga of the man who enlivened this creation so effectively. But it is the story of Jack Pearl, human being and actor, who when stripped of his fake medals and affected pomp, has hopes and desires not unlike yours and mine.

Would you, just for the fun of it, care to figure out as extravagantly as you like what you would do right now if you had a large sum of money in your name? Go right ahead.

You'd probably hop down to that pesky auto salesman that you have been dodging for weeks, and order one of the snappy new eight's. You would probably rent a luxurious duplex on an exclusive street, buy a flock of furniture and move in pronto.

Does a trip to Europe suit your fancy? Before you pack your last trunk, how about throwing a rousing party for all your friends like they do in the movies? Fine, go ahead and send out the invitations. No doubt that mink

coat you gazed at so enviously a few weeks ago is already on its way to you, and the old one that hubbly said would just have to do another year, is now being sported by your cook. Don't worry, you still have plenty left and more coming in, quicker than you can say Baron Munchausen.

Well, Jack Pearl, through the fans' patronage of his sponsor's product, has actually accumulated enough for all these lights of fancy. He has rented a beautiful ten-room apartment overlooking Central Park. He has purchased a smooth-lined Pontiac and given that gala party. He's been to the coast, where in his spare time he made a few movies. And his wife has loughed all the feminine trifles that she has pinned for.

Then what? Being a practical human being, and having heard the hubbly and puffing of the big boys, well, you start taking stock. There's the children's education. You want them to have the best in life. It gives you a great deal of satisfaction to know that their lives, God willing, will be forever free from worry. You hope that some day they will have children to carry on the family name.

S NAP your fingers, and come out of the coma. Alas and alack, we cannot all be radio comedians. Junior will soon be coming home from school, dinner has yet to be cooked, and this is the cook's day off. All those day dreams that we have been putting into your heads must be forgotten for the realities of this life. And yet, you have something to be thankful for, something that the combined earnings of all the Wymms, the Cantors, and the Pearls couldn't have bought you in a million years. I mean that family of yours.

Just ask Jack Pearl. Money just didn't drop into his hands. He had to work and sweat for it. He recalls all too vividly those

draughty dressing rooms in old theatres, cheap beaneries, flops, cancellations and the like.

Inelible in his mind are his boyhood days. His father had all he could do to take care of the brood of Perimans. Jack had to sell papers, shine shoes and live in the poorest section of New York's East Side, a locale, by the way, that has harbored some of Broadway's and radio's greatest stars: Cantor, Tolson, Jessel and Pearl.

Jack was one of a large family that lived in a few cramped rooms. Like any small group living in such quarters, it gave each one of them the fervent hope that some day their own children would be better off. Waruth and progaciousness thrives in such surroundings. Jack Pearl proudly retains this heritage of less comfortable days.

During the long uphill climb to fame and fortune, he met pretty little Winifred Desborough, and fell in love with her. They had one of those brief courtships that are so common among show people due to the irregularity of their lives. They married. It was the best thing he ever did. She, too, came from less-than-moderate circumstances; she too sought fame. But there was no large family of whom she had to think. Both her parents had died before she was a year old. She looked to her husband for a guiding hand, for he was all she had. With a partner like that, Jack found the going easier. With a woman he loved at his side, the beans tasted like a Waldorf dinner, and a drab hotel room seemed like a suite at the Ritz.

So busy was the aggressive Pearl in reaching the top ring in his field, and so reassuring was his wife's hand, that they had little time for the usual domesticities of married life. Children at that time were well nigh impossible. But don't think Jack didn't want them. It was continually on his mind. Between hops from town to town, as they toured the vaude- (Continued on page 30)

"... and there in front of me vuz a green elephant."



Pictures by Hutchinson

[Left] The Golden Horseshoe as seen from the stage on the opening night. The arrow indicates the broadcast box. [Top] Edwin Dunham, production man, and James Gray, engineer, at the controls with Milton J. Cross in the background. [Below] Announcer Cross and the control engineer in the ante room of the box.

BACKSTAGE AT THE "MET"

By OGDEN MAYER

SIX months ago, the wisest man on Radio Row would have said this story could never be written. A year ago, it was unthinkable. Today, many a stalwart soul must be rolling in his grave at the thought that the precious music from New York's historic Metropolitan Opera House is being broadcast as advertising.

It's a queer team, isn't it? "La Boheme" and "Lucky Strikes." I mean. Or "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Luckies are always mild, smooth."

Queer show or not, it is one of the great broadcasts of the year. One that is pumping the glories of grand opera across plains and into villages that never before heard it. Eighty-two stations, the combined red and blue networks

of the National Broadcasting Company, have been subsidized by these cigarette makers. They're making history on Saturday afternoons when Milton Cross leans toward his mike and says:

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We greet you again from Box 44 in the grand tier of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City."

Box 44! There's a magic chamber, if ever you saw one. Wires, instruments, mikes—but first, let's look at this ancient building that has housed America's finest opera for half a century. Outside, it is dull and drab. Smoke and grime from a million chimneys have settled on its stone skin. Once, in the days of its youth, it towered above the neighborhood like a cathedral built to some grim, unlaughing god. But those days have passed and now it cowers a bit in the shadow of taller, staterier piles. Not

far away is the Empire State building. Not so far is Times Square.

If ever you visit New York, you can find this place by riding up or down Broadway to Thirty-ninth Street. When you're there, you have come to the world's musical Mecca. This brownish, bustling pile is the "Met."

All around the world there is power in those two words. Musicians in every land have dreamed of the day when their stars would lift them to success on its famous stage. Say of a man or woman, "She sang at the 'Met,'" and you have said the utmost.

So here we are, looking into its broad doors and hearing the racket of taxis and street cars and newsboys and a nearby elevated, and feeling the shiver of the very earth as this hub of a musical world trembles with life.

All these things you who have not visited the "Met" feel

A year ago it was unthinkable—this business of broadcasting opera as

advertising. But now . . . well, step inside the Metropolitan and see



Photos by Wise World

well, one thinks that this is not really a glamorous temple of art. Deep red is the predominant color note, a deep red that is more than a little dingy at the seams. But this auditorium! It's the floor at the bottom of a deep well; a well, shaped, if you can imagine it, like a horseshoe. The open end butts flush against the wide-mouthed stage. The borders of the horseshoe are boxes. Above, rising like a sheer bewildering cliff, are five other horseshoe shaped floors. The first two of these contain more boxes. The upper three are balconies.

It is Box 44 from which the National Broadcasting Company gives you its nicks-eye-view of the opera. Right here, the man whose voice you know is that of Milton J. Cross.

I wish you who have listened to Milton Cross these last few years could know him. His voice transmits but a part of his personality. Here is kindness and understanding and that precious warmth of interest in you and you that makes him a fellow man. Much of the charm of these programs, I'm sure, is due to his facile introductions and the unobtrusive way he makes the Lucky Strike commercial announcements blend with the artistic purpose of the broadcast. A big bear of a man, Milton Cross is a man to listen to, and a man to admire.

And now, with the broadcast about to begin, he is talking into his mike. An engineer is behind him, a man who watches dials and turns knobs and steps carefully over the wires that write along the floor. Cross sits on a high stool and looks through a window at the stage. That window is sound-proof so his voice may not get out to disturb others who have come to hear the opera instead of Milton's talk. Outside, in the very prow of the box, sit two other men. They wear earphones, and their job is to translate the sounds, that come from that distant stage, into a satisfactory broadcast.

One of them is known affectionately as Eddie Danham. He has been associated with these opera broadcasts almost since their beginning. The man who works with him at a low bench, across which they both peer at the unfolding opera below, is an engineer. His duty is to supervise the knobs that control the microphones about the stage.

Where are these mikes located? Many people have

(Above) for the first time in thirteen years opera goers are able to enjoy a drink between acts at the "Met's" own bar. (Right, above) John McCormack and Mrs. McCormack arriving. (Below) Society turns out at opening night. Here is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (left) and Lady Honor Channon.



wondered. Well, two pairs are in the footlights. Three swing high above the actors' heads in the proscenium arch. These five give you all of the opera. But sometimes, it isn't so easy.

Wagner, for instance, is difficult to broadcast. Wagner, you know, was one of the first to employ brasses for his orchestral effects. Often he has a tempest of sound from bass drums and tympani. Many times he uses them with such vigor that the singer's voice is drowned. It is the engineer's duty to keep the balance right, to keep the singer's voice on top.

One of the hardest jobs these broadcasters have to do comes whenever "Hansel and Gretzel" is put on the air. As you know, in this opera a stove explodes. That explosion constitutes a major problem each time it is scheduled.

Loud violent noises have a way of rupturing some of the delicate mechanism of broadcasting and throwing an entire network off the air. These (Continued on page 71)



GEORGE D. HAY

This solemn old judge of WSM, Texas, is one of America's pioneer character announcers. George won the first Gold Cup ever offered in a nationwide popularity contest. He has held his own ever since! Has been director of WSM since its opening in 1925. At not less than seventy-five stations throughout the land has he served as guest announcer in his spare time.



PETE MONROE

Pete is a true Kentuckian. Born, lives and announces in Louisville. WHAS is his station. Did that amazing broadcast of the First Pursuit group of the U. S. Army Air Corps last spring when they gave an air circus over Louisville. He used forty-one nikes to do it! Back in 1929 he was in the brokerage business. Now he wouldn't trade his job for any in Stock Exchange.



QUIN A. RYAN

Reporter, actor, sports editor, advertising man, syndicate humorist, columnist, feature announcer and station manager, give you some idea of the experience of this oldest inhabitant in radio at the age of 34. Station WGN, Chicago, has been holding on to him since the famous Grange vs Michigan game of 1924 made Red Grange an all-American and Ryan, a famous announcer.



JOE RIES

That WLS, Cincinnati, Ohio, authority in correct English and pronunciation, chatters French, German and Spanish almost as fluently as his native tongue. Tells us he's crossed the Atlantic five times to check up on his idioms. Announces the inter-continental programs for WLS. While he has a fondness for German and French literature, his secret delight is mysteries.

YOUR ANNOUNCER IS—

THOMAS F. SMITH

Hails from Scotland, educated in England, announces in Hollywood, KNX. Comes of a musical family and was himself a piper in the London Scottish. Has traveled a lot, been a jurist on a steamer, tried the London stock exchange and the shipping business. But radio finally got him, when he dropped into a broadcasting station in Portland, Oregon.

PHIL BRONSON

Phil was a newspaper sports correspondent for years. Minneapolis, St. Paul, New Orleans and New York are just a few of the towns that knew him. And so when KSTP, Minneapolis, went on the air in 1928 and needed a baseball announcer, Phil got the job. Now, he devotes all his time to broadcasting every kind of sports event for KSTP. Says his first love was football.

DUTCH REAGAN

Another sports announcer. On WOC-WHO, Des Moines, Ia. From the time he was in knee pants he has played football, basketball and baseball. Was a letter man in college. In the summers life-guarding was his hobby. Made seventy-seven rescues in seven seasons. Wanted to be an actor but ended up an announcer. But he still acts even now behind the mike.

LOWELL MacMILLAN

Goes to baseball and football games and never cheers! Got to save that bass baritone for the air. Besides announcing the Kendall Sportcast, WHAM, Rochester, N.Y., MacMillan handles some of WHAM's choicest announcing assignments. To him went the honor of broadcasting the first intercollegiate box lacrosse game. Participants were Cornell and Syracuse.



IF YOU WANT A RADIO HUSBAND

they're eligible



LEON BELASCO

AGE	Twenty-seven
HEIGHT	Five feet ten
WEIGHT	157 pounds
BIRTHPLACE	Odesa, Russia
HAIR	Black
EYES	Hazel blue
FAVORITE SPORT	Boxing
FAVORITE FOOD	Shtask



ENRIC MADRIGUERA

AGE	Twenty-eight
HEIGHT	Five feet seven and one half
WEIGHT	130 pounds
BIRTHPLACE	Madriguera, Spain
HAIR	Black
EYES	Dark brown
FAVORITE SPORT	Fencing
FAVORITE FOOD	Aroz con pollo



I ALL, dark and handsome, with pronounced Latin features, unmarried and pleasantly harried by fair damsels who just can't help wanting to run their fingers through his curly hair. This sounds like a good recommendation to all you gals looking for an eligible bachelor, but this is the least part of the recommendation for this accomplished man-of-the-world.

Leon Belasco has had an exciting life ever since he was born in that lonely district on the Black Sea in Russia. When he was hardly old enough to toddle, his physician-professor father and mother took him to China where he spent most of his growing-up years.

Leon's mother was an accomplished musician and it was she who taught him his first notes on the violin. In 1921 when he came to America the most natural thing in the world was for him to take a job with an orchestra. But it wasn't in America that he played his fiddle, but aboard a ship bound for Hawaii. After three glamorous trips he hopped off the ship and settled for a while in the land of the hula dancers.

To get back to America he got a job aboard a ship. But this time not as a fiddling fiddler. Instead he waited on the stewards who served the steerage. He was that anxious to get back to America.

Landing on Hollywood he soon had a job in the movies, doing what they called in the days of the silent movies, "inspirational" music. He made numerous pictures with many of the great stars. With Colleen Moore alone he made thirteen.

If you are going to keep up with this temperamental young bachelor you will have to make up your mind right now to be ready to act on an instant's notice, for he goes places and does things the instant the idea enters his head. One day for instance he suddenly decided to go to China. Within twenty-four hours he was at sea on the way to visit his father in the Orient. While there he got a yen to see his mother, so he hopped on another ship and surprised her early one morning when he walked into her Paris apartment.

The very day that Leon got (Continued on page 60)



W If you don't know how he does it, but this handsome bachelor from that romantic land of kings and princes, of pomp and power, has escaped—so far. Enric Madriguera was born in Madriguera, Spain, a town named for his family. Madriguera is a prince, we mean literally as well as figuratively. But you can never get him to talk about himself. He just won't. But we know he is of royal birth because his mother is the cousin of ex-King Alfonso.

Enric's whole life has been filled with music. At the age of seven he was playing the violin and by the time he was thirteen he was acclaimed a concert artist. He gave his first concert before the king. It wasn't long after that he was playing in the homes of the famous families of the day.

For the most part Enric was educated in England, where he attended Oxford. We know for a fact that he can make love in fluent Spanish, French, Italian, German and English. And then, too, he can make love without any language at all and without even meaning to at all, but when his dark magnetic eyes meet yours, for some crazy reason, you just can't help the way your heart pounds and skips.

Just a very few years after coming to America he was placed in complete charge of the foreign department of the Columbia Photographic Company. You can imagine the kind of temperament you must have to understand the many foreign languages as well as having an innate feeling for music in different tongues. Later he became the concert master at the National Broadcasting Company. He knows the kind of music that will move and thrill the most cynical heart.

If you know anything about his orchestra, then you know, that like himself, it appears in only the swankiest spots. The Place Pigalle, the Embassy Club, Pierre's, the Commodore, the Biltmore and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. And his other orchestra—he has two!—at the Sporting D'Elite in Monte Carlo on the Mediterranean. He spends his summers there. Brilliant blue skies overhead, soft caressing breezes sweeping over the deep blue Mediterranean. You lie on the (Continued on page 73)



LET'S
Gossip
ABOUT YOUR
FAVORITES

Across the pages, left to right: [1] This time, Mama Jessel is there and Georgie doesn't have to use the telephone. [2] This handsome fellow is Jack Whiting, musical comedy star, of that now Hduart program which also features Jack Denny and Jeannie Lang.

Teddy Bergman and Francis Arms in the rôle of Mr. and Mrs. Rubinoff on the *Chorus & Sunbonnet Hour*. [4] Tony West in an intimate closeup. Like it? [5] Here they are—Al Pearce and his gang of merry men and women broadcasting from NBC's California headquarters.

Al is at the mike ready to introduce them. Wait a minute Al—maybe the readers would like to figure out who's who for themselves. Of course you know the little girl out in front. That's Margy Lane Truesdell. This program, as you may know, is one of the West's most popular.



IT'S quite some weeks before Cupid's month, but heart arrows are already beginning to fly. Will they have hit their mark by the time you read this?

Helen Pickens of the Pickens Sisters trio is sporting a gold wedding ring these days. He's a New York business man. Few folks know it, but Sister Jane Pickens already has a husband, or at least she had one. A member of the famous Coca-Cola family. They parted ways a long, long time ago and what's happened since is not for us to know.

IT'S old news to most folks, but . . . Leah Ray of Phil Harris' band and Martin Lewis of a radio magazine are more than just pals.

FRED HUFFSMITH, the tenor, and Muriel Wilson, the soprano, are said to be holding hands.

A TATTLE-TALE told us that Vivian Ruth is casting sweet glances at a New York advertising agency man.

AND surely we can't forget the fact that all broadcastland and movieland expects Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel, the CBS comedian, to tie up by summer.

YOUNG, blonde and pretty Vera Van, the contralto, has been arm-ing it of late with Jay Fagan, her press representative.

AND here's something to ponder over. Fay Welsh Vallee, who has been spending her spare time singing Huddy Rudy Vallee for one thing and another, charges that Rudy is in love with his girl singer, Alice Faye. Rudy says he isn't. Alice says huh—um. And to complicate matters, the rumor has reached us from Hollywood that after Larry Ross met Miss Faye under the California sun his heart weakened. And the same rumor said Miss Faye's heart wasn't any too strong in the matter. All this comes after Larry told Adele Whiteley Fletcher, whose story, "I will never marry," appears in this issue.

IF you've been reading your local papers regularly during the past couple of months, you've found out a lot of things about Rudy which you probably didn't know before. First, Mrs. Fay Welsh Vallee filed suit to restrain Rudy from getting a divorce outside New York state. She said she's heard Rudy was considering a Mexican divorce so he could marry Alice Faye. Rudy won that round. Then she sued to set aside their separate maintenance agreement whereby she was receiving \$100 a week. She asked for \$7,450 monthly. "The whole thing is a stick-up," said Rudy's attorney at the time. Fay accused the croner with misconduct with a "Jane Doe, No. 3, of Los Angeles," with two more Jane Does and blonde Alice Faye. Rudy hit back by playing some records of alleged telephone conversations between Mrs. Vallee and Gary Leon, atagio dancer, which were obtained, it is said, by means of an extension to Fay's bedroom phone. The records had to do with Fay telling Gary she was in the male and with Gary saying he'd like to see her, etc., etc. And Rudy said that wasn't all. He'll probably sue for divorce in New York where, as you may know, adultery

is the only grounds for suit. Really, it's a muddled affair but, as usual, we're betting on Rudy.

HERE'S real hot news extraordinary! Gary Evans Crosby will have either a brother or sister by fall. In other words, Bing and Dixie Lee are saving Gary's clothes for anticipated use.

SAUND Engineer Ora Nichols of CBS is a grand-nephew. They say the little one was born without the aid of sound efforts.

DURING a broadcast by John McCormack, the tenor, not so long ago, the engineer the control room got a phone call telling him he was a father. McCormack sang a lullaby the next week and dedicated it to the babe.

WHILE we're telling tales, we might as well break the sad news that many of the stars you hear don't have the same names in private life as they do over the loudspeakers. Here are the real names of some of them: Mildred Bailey is really Mrs. Kenneth Norvo. Hoake Carter was christened Harold T. B. Carter. Bing Crosby's real name is Harry Ellis Crosby, Jr. Edward Heitz Husing is Ted's right tag. Anne Leaf Kleiner changed her name to Ann Leaf. And how do you like the singing of Edith Fernandez? Or maybe you know her as Edith Murray on CBS. In the "Bill and Ginger" program Bill is known to the loudspeaker as Lynn Murray. He's really Lionel Breeze. If you want to call Will Claxton by his real name, call him William Osborne Orlphant. Announcer



(Above) Headliners of the "Red Davis" dramatizations. Left to right, Father (Jack Roseleigh), Mother (Marion Barney), Betty (Elizabeth Wragge) and Red Davis (Curtis Arnall). They're on NBC.

(Above) Estelle Levy and Dick Wallace listen to the tales of "The Tattered Man" each Tuesday on NBC. Robert Strous is the man in rags. (Left) Irving Kaufman. Lazy Dan, and his daughter.

Kenneth Roberts on the radio is Saul Trochman to his relatives. Vera Van is a pretty name. Much prettier than Vera Geraldine Webster. Ruth Yorke, the actress, is Mrs. David Mednitzky when she goes home at nights. Sometime you must tune in to Frederick Chase Taylor and Wilbur Budd Hulick. They are real comedians. When you look for them in your program sheets, look for Col. Stoopnagle and Budd. Skippy of the afternoon children's program over CBS is Franklin Wissing Adams.

There are a lot more such name tangles, but we've gotta save something for next month's columns.

WHICH reminds us: There is a street on the outskirts of London which is named Rosemary Lane—but not for our Rosemary.

ALL the time radio executives have been saying, "Stay at home evenings and listen to your radio." And now they come along and put a flock of tourist programs on the air which urge us to visit Italy and Spain and

the Cooke Islands and other places.

GROUCHO MARX of the Four Marx Brothers paid forty cents to go through Radio City recently—just like any other person would be expected to do. No one at the door recognized him and so he forked over. Conrad Nagel of the movies was another in the same fix.

MANY people make collections of this and that. Sort of a hobby like collecting stamps. One NBC singer says she has the strangest collection of hooks, but the worst part of it all is trying to collect her own collection. Her neighbors like to read.

WHEN Dr. T. Z. Zoo, Chinese lecturer, broadcast one month ago at Radio City, the music used on the program was arranged by him from folk songs written 1100 years ago.

JANE FROMAN is no longer in the Ziegfeld (Continued on page 85)





SHE WON'T PRETEND

By NELSON KELLER



ANETTE Hanshaw of NBC's Mississippi Showboat is radio's most misunderstood girl. They say she's shy. They say she's bashful. They even say she's scared. And those who haven't heard the shy, bashful and scared rumors say she is high-hat. Some go so far as to say she is temperamental.

You see, she doesn't appear on stages. She doesn't appear at benefits. She won't go into movies. She won't even sing her Showboat songs from the studio stage with the rest of the cast.

Each year the officials of Sing Sing prison sponsor a benefit for the inmates. This is considered one of the year's biggest benefits for radio artists. It's a means of cheering up a bunch of convicts, a means toward publicity, a gesture of goodwill for a worthy cause. Yet Annette, one of the few to be invited to perform, said "No."

Recently the Showboat presented "The Student Prince" as one of its broadcast programs. The cast was in costume. The orchestra was placed on the floor level to give over the entire stage of studio 8H to the cast. But Annette was not in costume. She was not on the stage. She sang her song from the pit with the orchestra.

During the opening week of Radio City, Annette appeared as a guest on the Friday night Lum and Abner Sociable. NBC and the Ford dealers, sponsors of the program, were doing their best to make it a gala show. The studio was packed, many of the guests being im-

Why does Annette Hanshaw act so strangely? Is she high-hat or temperamental?

portant personages. Annette walked to the center of the stage, turned her back on the audience, and sang. People around me whispered, "Why does she turn her back on us?"

Annette's answer to all this is that she is a radio singer and that

she is "out of place" in any other capacity. She says she knows she isn't a stage star. She has seen other radio artists try the stage and screen and flop. She knows that artists can be exceptionally good over the radio where no one can see them and then horribly out of place when people can see them. Annette is opposed to studio audiences. She thinks a radio star should be left alone to do her work and not be called upon for personal appearances and the like.

She knows she doesn't know how to act. She knows her voice is not suited to the heavier types of music. She knows that she hasn't reached the top. And so she doesn't want to be conspicuous. She doesn't want people looking at her and pointing and saying "That's Annette Hanshaw."

It would be, she says, just like expecting an orchestra leader to bake an Angel Food cake; or asking a printer to lead an orchestra; or asking the head of the W.C.T.U. how to mix a cocktail; or expecting an Arkansas backwoods farmer to take over the management of the Chase National Bank. Sometimes there are exceptions. Sometimes there are people with (Continued on page 69)

WOULD YOU WANT A PRIVATE OR PUBLIC WIFE?

By FRANCIS BARR MATTHEWS

WHO entertains the entertainer's wife while the entertainer is busy entertaining?

Let's drop in on Rudy Vallee some evening and listen to his records. He has some honeys.

Would things have been different if Fay Webb had been an entertainer, too, and had shared his professional life with him?

If Alice Faye and Rudy marry after his divorce, as they say they won't and everyone else says they will, we'll have the perfect test case for the private-versus-public-wife debate.

Fay Webb was a real radio widow, desperately jealous of her husband's work, particularly at the time he was exploiting Frances Langford. (She insisted that Rudy turn Frances over to another exploiter.)

At the time Rudy and Fay were married, he said to reporters, "I've got to think about my program now—the honeymoon will have to wait."

When Fay later went to the coast she told Rudy, "You must choose between your ambitions and me!"

Although at that time love conquered all and Rudy gave up several contracts to be with his wife, eventually he had to get back to work.

So the beautiful mansion which Rudy built for them in California became a "broken-dream house."

On the other hand, Alice Faye is one of Rudy's proteges and consequently would be better able to understand his problems. You'll remember that during the recent legal fracas between the Vallees, Alice was playing Juliet to Rudy's Romeo on the Fox lot in sunny Hollywood. And Alice is present at all his radio rehearsals and performances. She has to be. It's part of her job. They tell me that absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder if you happen to have a jealous nature!



(Top, left) Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye. Gossip has it that Rudy would make Alice "Mrs." if he was free to do so. But we doubt it's truth. Anyway, it just goes to show what they say about girls in public life. (Top, right) Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman. Here's a case of a professional musician marrying a professional actress.

(Lower left) This pair is known as Burns and Allen, George Burns and Gracie Allen or Mr. and Mrs. George Burns. Here the wife is as well known as the husband and vice versa, which puts Gracie in the class of both a public and a private wife. And she proves it can be done. (Lower, right) The sweethearts of the air, Breen and De Ross.

Should the wife be a part of her husband's public life or is her place in the home? We find clashing views in radio

How about you? If you were married to a radio entertainer would you rather be a public or a private wife? Would you be willing to stay at home and manage it for him while he enjoyed the glammers of strenuous life of the other performer? Particularly, as is the case with lots of radio widows, if you'd had a career of your own? And if your husband took you on his program, would you mind playing second fiddle?

Consider the case of the beautiful woman I've met several times in the past months at cocktail parties and teas. I recognized her, the first time I saw her, as a once famous movie star. Now, despite an occasional fling at movie shorts or a full-length feature made in New York (you'll see her in "Social Register"), she's given up her career to be with her husband. I watched her wander from group to group, a restless uncertainty badly camouflaged by her surface gaiety. To me she seemed lost.

PAUL WHITEMAN is probably the lusiest man in radio. And Margaret Livingston is probably the lusiest woman in New York.

She lives for those few hours in the week when they are together. Not that she isn't interested in his career, "but I know nothing about music," she says. She must think with longing of the grand hundred-and-fifty acre ranch outside Denver, Colorado, which they visit all too rarely. Sometimes, just sometimes, she must remember those exciting days in Hollywood when she was as much a big shot as Paul, those days when he came to her, while he was making "King Jazz," and told her he loved her and wanted to marry her. How he shocked to lose the hundred pounds of flesh this female Shylock demanded as price for the sacrifice of her career! As it turned out, she married him before the quota was completed, but I wonder if she knew then how lonely the private wife of a radio entertainer could be.

And what about Paul? In the midst of his myriad activities is he ever uneasy about the beautiful wife who is being so gallant about her loneliness? Is he perhaps waiting hopefully for radio to turn the corner that leads to television, so that he can put that Livingston loveliness and acting ability on the air as part of his program?

Some years ago, Dixie Lee was playing one of her latest records for a friend. One she had just recorded. Her voice sounded sweet and clear. Husband Bing Crosby, who was dressing in the bedroom. Suddenly he appeared, took the record from the phonograph, and threw it to the floor, breaking it in many pieces. (Continued on page 92)

THE BAND BOX

By WILSON
BROWN

(Above) Dick Leibert at the mammoth Wurlitzer Radio City Music Hall organ where he plays his NBC programs. (Right) Lew White, another NBC key-board master, broadcasts from his own organ in his own studio.

• The networks breathe of pipe organ music these days and nights. New Yorkers wake up to it, have it for breakfast and go to work by it. For New York's air is full of it (for an hour and a half each morning. As for the rest of these United States, there's one full hour of organ melodies with which to start off the day. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons there are regular matinee performances. Sometimes the networks throw in extra afternoon organ programs. And lots of nights we have it as a bed-time repast. Personally, I like it.

For those of you who like good organ music, let me recommend, among others, the following: Fred Feibel, CBS, 7:30 a.m. EST daily except Sundays; Dick Leibert, NBC, WEAJ-red, 8 a.m. EST daily except Sundays; Lew White, NBC, WJZ-blue, 8:30 a.m. EST daily except Sundays; C. A. J. Parmentier, CBS, Sundays at 8 a.m. EST; Ann Leaf, CBS, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 and 2:15 p.m. EST and Saturdays at 3:30 p.m. EST; Edlie House, CBS, 1:15 p.m. Thursdays; Howard Ely from KMBC in Kansas City over CBS; and the Salt Lake City Tabernacle organ, CBS, Sundays.

Then we can't overlook the fact that many singers are using organ accompaniment. This list includes Joan Olsen, Ralph Kirberry, the Poet Prince and Frances Langford.

And remember, too, that Lew White sometimes synchronizes his organ melodies with B. A. Ruffe's band on Saturday nights, a stunt which Ann Leaf and Andre Kostelanetz tried with much success on the old Limit program last year. This is a bit involved because the organist and the band are sometimes as far as a mile apart, the work being made possible by means of headphones so that both the organist and the band director can hear each other and blend their music.

• Announcing two births! Mr. and Mrs. Mark Warshaw of CBS have a brand new daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Don Voorhees of both NBC and CBS have a brand new son. Don, by the way, is spending a small fortune on dogs.

His new kennels on Long Island are up to the minute and full of pure-bred canines of every description. • Andre Kostelanetz tells me that if all the time spent by the members of his orchestra and staff in preparing for

(Above) The King and Queen of the Monauls! Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Crawford at the dual organs of the Paramount Theatre in New York.

one of his fifteen-minute Buick broadcasts was added together, the total would be seventy-five hours. (That's one reason the Buick program is so good.)

• Vincent Lopez lost the Real Silk hour to Ted Weems, but got back on the air with a commercial program within a month. He is heard over a midwestern NBC network on Plough's "Musical Airship" with the King's Jesters (formerly with Whiteman), Adele Starr, songstress, and Tony Calocch, the popular Italian dialectician.

• Herbie Kay and his orchestra (formerly "The Yeast Foamers") are installed at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, a spot occupied for almost seven years by Anson Weeks.

The air is full of organ music and lots of juicy tid-bits about dance maestros

- Both Vincent Lopez and Jack Russell, radio orchestra leaders, abandoned studies for priesthood to become musicians.
- Radio fans seem impelled to send gifts to their favorites. And if the number and variety are indicators, Wayne King has one of the biggest followings on the air. His gifts run into thousands every season. Among the more useless items in the current King collection is an engraved violin bow from an old-time violinist who didn't know that Wayne played the sax, ten boxes of cigars (King doesn't smoke) and lots of dog food though the waltz maestro has no pup.
- Two notable changes in band setups in New York recently have been these: Freddie Martin moved from the Hotel Roosevelt to the Hotel Savoy-Plaza where he broadcasts over NBC. Dave Rubinoff took Martin's place at the Roosevelt. This is the first time Rubinoff has had a dance band, and because his Chase & Sanborn sponsor objects, his music from the hotel may not be broadcast. Edlie Ilkins, who was at the Savoy-Plaza is out of a job just now.
- Reggie Childs, formerly of the Roosevelt and NBC, is at the present doing vaudeville work in the East. Paul Whiteman has resumed his. (Continued on page 83)

(Left) Howard Ely at KMBC's gift console where he plays for CBS. (Below) CBS's Fred Feibel uses headphones to hear his program as it's broadcast.

fashion parade

ARRANGED BY
HELEN HOVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. H. McELLIOTT

CLOTHES BY SADY Z. WEISS



THE spring creations are here! And charming enough to delight even the most exacting stylist. Choose checks for that smart little suit that you are getting this spring and you can't go wrong. Taffeta is in high favor, and you will find it in the shops in the most exciting color checks. (1) Edith Murray, new CBS singer, had hers made in green and beige checked taffeta, but with patterns so simple these days you could really make your own right now and have it ready for the first spring breeze. (2) Edith also has this soft maize angora wool suit. You'll find this two-in-one indispensable for spring. When summer arrives you can discard the jacket and you have the perfect sport dress. (3) The spring and summer evening gowns promise to follow the simple dramatic lines that have been so popular since the classic age of the Greeks. Edith was wise when she chose this gown. It provides both a semi-formal and a very formal for the sequin collar-cape is detachable. (4) Just the dress for moonlight dancing on cool spring evenings. Edith brings out all the allure in this wispy gray chiffon evening gown with the tiny jacket with the flattering gray fox collar. If your budget is limited, you can still have a surprisingly large wardrobe by choosing the kind of clothes that will do double duty, just as you see Edith Murray has done in deciding her new dresses for the coming spring season.



(Above, left to right) Nancy Kelly, Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz." Pat Ryan, Helen in the "Adventures of Helen and Mary." Jimmie McCallion, on that popular program, "Lady Next Door." Francis Smith, Sooky on the "Skippy" program. (Lower left) Georgie Goebel, soprano ballad singer, NBC. (Right) Estelle Levy, talented youngster at NBC.

CAN YOUR CHILD MAKE A *million*?

YOUR child has talent—exceptional talent. Neighbors have raved about the way your daughter sings or the way your son, Johnny, played "Hiawatha" in the annual school play. One day you turn on your radio and listen to a children's hour. The announcer describes a little girl in a pink dress with white ruffles and you listen to the way her voice comes over the air. The idea occurs to you that she doesn't sing half as well as your own daughter Molly. In fact, none of the children on the program that morning seem to you half as talented as yours. Yet they are on the radio; they have had their chance. Why can't your daughter have a similar opportunity?

You remember all the stories you have heard about radio children who bring home the bacon. Why, there's that boy, what's-his-name, oh, yes, Jimmy McCallion, who confessed that he sometimes earned as much as \$300 a week. And there's that girl who played Maude on the "Maude and Bill" program and made \$250 regularly every week as long as the program lasted. But more than all this, you want your Molly or your Johnny to have the fullest opportunity for self-expression. You want to know how you can get your son or daughter a chance to appear on the air. What training do they need? Shall you send them to a special dramatic school or give them expensive lessons in music? Is stage experience desirable

By DORA
ALBERT

or necessary? How can they get their first chance to appear over the air? How did other children break in anyway?

For the answers to these questions, I went to the directors of three of the most popular children's programs on the air: Marilyn Mack, who writes and directs the Adventures of Helen and Mary over the Columbia Broadcasting System; Paul Douglas, who directs the Horn and Harhart Children's Hour over WABC; and Madge Tucker, director of children's programs at the National Broadcasting System, who writes the script for and directs the "Lady Next Door" program.

All three of these noted directors of children's programs agreed on one thing, and it is something that ought to save parents a great deal of heartache and worry. Special dramatic and voice training are not necessary for the radio child! Talent and radio experience are far more valuable. Many of the children appearing on the most popular children's programs (Continued on page 77)

Must your child have dramatic training? Musical training? No! What then?

FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR

Glamour in fish? Most certainly, says Fred Waring, who knows how to catch and cook them in grand style

By MRS. ALICE PAIGE MUNROE



Fred is more than a smooth band leader. He's a cook. Above, the maestro at lunch. Left, his way of serving codfish—stuffed in peppers.

Courtesy Gorton-Few Fisheries

It took Fred Waring to bring out the glamour in fish! And I'm not kidding, either. Here's how it happened; I had once been to a party where Fred was one of the guests. And if you ever met Fred you'd know that next to his music he loves fishing best. One thing led to another, and before long, from swapping fish stories we were swapping fish recipes. And what dishes that man does know! New, exotic plates that you'd swear were prepared from some terribly expensive

and hard-to-get fish, but are actually made from plain cod, salmon, clams or other easily obtained seafood. Delectable, savory sauces will put over the simplest seafare with a bang! Now do you understand what I meant about Fred bringing out the glamour in fish?

Since this is Lent time, and that means "fish time" to lots of people, I can kill two birds with one stone by passing out some individual and unusual fish recipes at a most appropriate time.

If I were to show you the Fish Ring, for instance, complete in all its splendor, many of you would say, "Oh, but that's far too complicated and too expensive for me to attempt!" Anyway, that's what several of my friends told me. But when I explained just how simple and inexpensive it was to prepare they could scarcely believe it. I've included this Fish Ring along with a few other grand fish recipes and sauces in my recipe card this month. It's yours for the asking, and I'll tell you how to secure it later in the article.

But to get back to Fred. "I'll never forget," he said with a fond look in his eyes. "one certain sauce that we tried on boiled lake trout I caught. It made that fish delicious. It was a ginger snap sauce, and what a sauce!"

I tried it myself and no wonder everyone who had tasted it with fish raved about the tangy, piquant flavor it gives to fish. Here's how you make the perfect sauce: (Cont. on page 44)

FISH RECIPES

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

Please send me RADIO STARS' Fish Recipes.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)
Address.....
(Street and number)
(City)..... (State).....

If you Want to be Beautiful



(Above) Note the starry eyed beauty of Jane Froman, and the natural curve of her eyebrows. (Right) Tamara, whose eyes are so expressive.

What kind of eyes do you have? What do they tell the world about you?



Vera Von also accents the natural eyebrow line. Her eyes speak many languages in the world of expression. They are gay and laughing in this picture.



EYES have things all their own way when they are on the job. But how to keep them on the job, with all their expression and meaningfulness intact, that is the problem.

Many a girl knows the tricks that eyes will do, but when she looks into her own mirror, her heart fails within her. Her eyes look sad and lustreless. What is the matter with them? She doesn't know. What can be done about them?

Well it's a fact that eyes will grow dull from use and worry and fear and apprehension. No matter how young they are in years they will show the ravages of all the emotions that enter into the workings of the human system.

What sage was it who said that "The eyes are the windows of the soul?" They are, really, and they show on their surface every faint emotion which passes through the organism.

All of this preamble means, of course, that eyes, like every other part of the anatomy, must be worked over and kept in order, functioning one hundred per cent, or the tone of the whole personality is seriously interrupted.

I know a very young girl who used to practice her piano lessons faithfully, but her uncle was bound to interrupt and say, "Let me see you wink your right eye." She couldn't do it. "Well," he observed sadly, "you can learn to play all the concertos in the world, but if you can't wink your eye, where do you ever expect to get with the men?"

By CAROLYN
BELMONT

That's just about the size of it. Unless your eyes are alive and able to express the feelings, it may be winking and it may be wide-eyed staring, what chance have you of taking your own expressionful place in the world where you be-

long? Eyes may be beautiful and still need care and attention. They may be inconspicuous and unnoticed and still be susceptible to treatments which will bring them into the limelight and make them your outstanding feature.

Many a stage and screen star has learned through suffering that she must pay particular attention to her eyes, for they above all other features, stand out as the expression of her personality.

You can learn that, too. Just a few little attentions to these "windows of the soul" will yield unheard of results. There is not too much to be done, but if the tasks are performed faithfully, they will brighten your expression to an enormous extent, and make the whole play of your personality something to be proud of.

All other features sink into insignificance when the eyes are brilliant and expressive. They are the most expressive portion of the whole personality. And you can keep yours in first class form if only you will follow a few simple rules.

Your eyes are tired before you realize the fact. Your head may not ache, your eyes may not burn. But if you go into a little huddle with yourself and resort to a little treatment, you will see how the whole tone of your facial expression peps up, only (Continued on page 86)

What radio fans want to know

➤ Ooah look! Your Answer Man can't take it. Practically not, anyhow. His decided apprehension is due to the fact that he's almost certain that ten out of every ten of this month's letters will contain more than two questions each, and he's asked you so politely not to do that.

He also sorta kinda thinks that another bunch of you unbelievers will assert he was crazy when he said Jimmy Wallington was born September 15, 1907. Jimmy told us so himself, and he was there, so he ought to know. Don't you realize your Uncle is almost infallible?

Anyhow, letting the apprehension go, the A. M. wants you to congratulate him on having more space hereafter. He also wants you to extend him your sympathy because the boss says that he'll have to confine answers to questions asked most frequently each month. So if you want to see your answer in our delightful publication, just get fifty-six of your friends to write in, too, or sum'ma'n and he'll do his best, which is practically perfect, as you may have guessed.

➤ Q. When, oh, when, is Lanny Ross coming back from Holly-wood?

A. He doesn't know himself, so how should I? And for those of you with romantically gilded souls, there's a swell story on Lanny in the front of *RADIO STARS* that'll answer lots of your questions.

➤ Q. What's all this about Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson?

A. Just a beautiful illusion, my

friends. They're both happily married, but not to each other. Nick, the Dan Gentry in "Dangerous Paradise," is quite a glamorous fellow, though. When he was born in Vineland, New Jersey, they christened him George Coleman Dawson. His Nick-name is a gift of a schoolteacher who told him he behaved "like the old Nick." After that disgrace he became a circus and stock show trouper, a cowboy and a victim of a slaugthaine which landed him in Hong Kong. He made a quick shift to the other side of the world and got himself severely wounded and gassed in the Argonne. When he came to, he found himself in advertising in New York and from there, stepped into radio.★

Elsie, who's in her mid-twenties, was born in Cleveland. Fourteen years later, she found herself an ingenue in a stock company. Two years later she was playing lead roles in New York. Started in radio four years ago in radio adaptation of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" (not the one on the air now). This slender girl is of medium height, has brown eyes and brown hair.

➤ Q. Is Frank Parker married?

A. Well, not at the moment I'm writing this, but they do say he can't eat or sleep an account of the charms of a girl named Dorothy Martin.

➤ Q. What are the names of: (1) The Yacht Club Boys; (2) The Showboat Four; (3) The Revelers?

A. (1) Y. C. Boys: Charlie Adler, George Kelly, Billy Mann, Johnny Kern. (2) Showboat Four: Scrapy

Lambert, Randolph Weyant, Leonard Stokes and Robert Moody. (3) Revelers: Frank Parker, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn. Oh by the way, the Yacht Club Boys phoned yesterday to say that they won't be on the air for some time, since they're going on a tour which'll eventually take them to Europe.

➤ Q. What are the names of Jane and Jim Sorgent of "Judy and Jane," and are they married in real life?

A. Their names are Walter and Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker and when Walter was in New York not long ago he told me they were very much married and, he being such a nice looking boy, I just had to believe it.

➤ Q. Is Roy Atwell coming back on the air soon?

A. Well, NBC and CBS say no, but you know how easily these impulsive program builders can make a far out of me.

➤ Q. What's the marital status of David (Curtis Arnall) and Nancy (Ruth Russell) in "Just Plain Bill"?

A. Oh by the way, last month I said "David, Curtis" instead of "David, Ellis." Stupid of me. A. It isn't. They're both single.

➤ Q. Say, how about that Buck Rogers cast?

A. Oh all right. Buck Rogers, Curtis Arnall (doesn't that guy ever sleep?), Wilma Dearing, Aileen Ransom, Killer Kane, William Sheely, Ardala Valmar, Elaine Melchior, and

Uncle Answer Man, hot and bothered about this month's disa and data about thisa and thata. Are yuh readin'? He knows all the answers



Doctor Huer, Edgar Stelli.

➤ Q. Is Isham Jones married?

A. Well, we sorta asked him tactfully and he said, "After eight years of it? I'll assert I am."

➤ Q. You never, never print anything about Bill Hay.

A. Losh, mon, I'll tell you right now the dope NBC gives me on the Pepsodent announcer. He was born in Dumfries, Scotland, and came to America in 1909. He began his radio career at KFKN, Hastings, Nebraska, where he announced, sang, played and arranged programs. Becoming fed up with radio, he went to Chicago to enter business, and found himself, to his decided surprise, announcer for WGN. In four months he was the station manager, which he remained for two years. And he's been with WPAQ going on five years now. All the announcements he makes on musical numbers he thinks up as he goes along. Clever laddie, eh?

➤ Q. Is Myrt, of "Myrt and Marge," married?

A. Oh my yes, and you might call her a newwed. She was married the 29th of last December.

➤ Q. What's the height and weight of Conrad Thibault.

A. Pretty well, thank you. Height, five feet, eleven inches; weight, 165 pounds.

➤ Q. You must tell us something about that fascinating John MacBryce who plays Dan Cassidy on the "Eno Crime Club."

A. Well, if I must, I must. First of all, he's married. Prior to that, he was born in Troy, New York, on October 19th, but I can't pin him down to the year. He's a blond-headed fellow, with light complexion, weighs 170 pounds and is five feet, seven inches tall. You also hear him on "Death Valley Days" and the "Radio Guild" programs.

➤ Q. Last month you said Betty and Bob weren't sweethearts off the air. Well, then, are they married?

A. No, no, no. And don't let me catch you asking that one again. Betty (Beatrice Churchill) and Bob (Bob Ametee) are not married to each other, nor are they sweethearts. They're friends.

➤ Q. Could you possibly tell us the cast of "Today's Children"?

A. Possibly! I'd be delighted. Mother Moran, Irma Phillips; Bob Crane, Walter Wicker (what a versatile fellow!); Frances Moran, Bess Johnson; Dorothy (Terry's wife), Jean MacGregor; Terry, Fred Varr; Betty's daughter, Lacey Gilman; Ralph Martin; Jean Paul Kirk (I've heard he's an announcer too, is that so?); Baby Bobby Moran, Betty Ruster (some babe, keed!), and Katharine Norton—well, wouldn't you know I'd mislay her name. Promise it for next month.

➤ Q. Is Ben Bernie married? If so, does he live with his wife?

A. This insatiable curiosity about Ben's love life bowls me over. Somehow, anyhow, I mean to say, thank goodness, *RADIO STARS* has the story on page 33.

➤ Q. What's Rudy Vallee's real name?

A. What, you mean to say that you don't know that from an early age the second of that old Maine family was named Hubert Pryor Vallee?

➤ Q. We've just got to know the instrumental makeup of some of these radio orchestras.

A. And because you do, that inevitable writer of the "Band Box," Wilson Brown, is going to analyze one of these bands each month for you in his department.

➤ Q. What's the name of the theme song of the Bayer program?

A. "Dream Serenade." Appealing, isn't it?

➤ Q. How old is Bing Crosby and how long has he been married?

A. Perhaps the happiest three and a half years Bing has spent in his thirty years of life, are the last ones, during which he has been married to Dixie Lee. He'll be just thirty next May 2nd.

➤ Q. Is Kate Smith returning to the air soon?

A. My Columbia snooper reports she'll be back on the CBS network some time early in March, or if not then doubtless in April. She's on tour now, you know.

➤ Q. Where was Babs Ryan born? Is she single?

A. Wyndon, Tennessee. Yes she's single and she's very attractive.

Ben Bernie Unmasked—By His Son!

(Continued from page 33)

about himself. And although Jason knew, even as do you and I and millions of other radio fans, all about his father's fame, Jason's hard-boiled Manhattan gang demanded black-and-white evidences of it. "For all we know," they implied, "maybe nobody outside of New York or Chicago ever heard of him."

The maestro, informed of this, simply smiled good-naturedly. Even when Jason would argue, "You make me save up school notices of things I do in athletics and theatricals and I catch you showing off the clippings to your friends." To all of which the maestro, one day, made final reply: "Listen, Junior, I'm just a hard-working fiddler. And next time your gang asks about that book of triumphs that I haven't got time to keep, tell them that your pop's more interested in fan letters that pan him now and then. Keeps him on his toes. So forget scrap-books, Junior."

But, of course, Jason couldn't forget any such things. And he wished his father wouldn't call him Junior. It made him feel too young. But his father, believing that childhood was a wonderful state and that one should remain in it as long as possible, kept it up. "Yow-suh, Junior," he'd say. Or, "Meet Junior." Or, "Good shot, Junior."

NOW Jason is still at that age when he wants his greatest hero, who is his father, to take himself seriously. He didn't approve of his father's lack of dignity. The time, for instance, that he insisted upon going ice-skating with Jason when the maestro never had been on the ice before in all his life. Well, says Jason, in less time than it takes to tell it, the maestro found himself sitting flat on the cold ice with hundreds of onlookers rocking in amusement. And, asks Jason, "Do you call that right for a man of his reputation? And, say, the way he'd dress!"

Whereupon Jason colorfully described his father's addiction to wearing old clothes in off-professional hours. There was that overcoat, for instance. Jason said it looked like bear-skin that had been shaved down with a lawn-mower. "Had the clothes," explains the boy, "but he wouldn't wear them. Just didn't care enough, he'd say, about such things."

And another thing was the way his father wouldn't rest enough. "He'd work like crazy day and night, and then when he did have a day off, say, in Chicago, would he take things easy? Like fun. He'd take a train to New York so he could spend a few hours with us and then, scam! Back to his band for an extra rehearsal that they probably didn't even need."

Then there was the extent to which the maestro smoked. "Twenty-two 'heaters' a day," said Jason. "Oh, I understand why. He works hard and when he's tired a cigar kind of gives him something to hang on to. But, for Pete's sake! Twenty-two a day!"

More offenses, too numerous to describe, kept piling up. And then abruptly, cyclonically, came Jason's big moment."

ONE night, Jason, who at that time could sing in such a hitting soprano that he was given all the leading feminine roles in school musical productions, kissed his

parents and trotted off to bed warbling around high C. But the following morning he startled both parents and self by cracking open his breakfast eggs to the tune of "On the Road to Mandalay" in a roaring baritone. I mean to say that overnight Jason Bernie's voice had changed and, forthwith, his father's life. "From now on, you're taking orders from me" (or words to that effect) boomed Jason in his new man's voice. And the maestro, too astonished and full of pride to reply, meekly enough took these orders until Jason was satisfied that his father was a better man.

Then meet the new Ben Bernie, folks. Today there is an ever-thickening scrapbook in his home and the maestro smokes demicotinized cigars. Today the maestro cuts a handsome dudo on the avenue in new suits and ties and hats and has promised faithfully not to use the old black-blue coat anymore except in cases of blizzard. Today, if the maestro has a brief period of rest when he's far from home, his family come to see him.

All of which finally led to a truce between father and son. It occurred at station WJZ the other day after Jason had made his successful radio debut via songs and dialogue with a school friend, Davey Sachs. Incidentally, Jason thinks that broadcasting is swell work. But he's not allowed to give it much time, yet. First he must finish school—he's a high school Junior—and then study law.

"Must?" I echoed, marvelling. "Who says *must* to you?" Jason smiled sheepishly. "Don't get me wrong,"

he said. "I follow Dad's advice. The only trouble is that he never would give himself any."

So Jason looks forward to college. But in the meantime he'll continue vocal training.

But about that truce. Of

course, the

maestro was

there dur-

ing Jas-

son's first

broad-

cast, which

came

off with-

out a

break.

But when

it was

over, Jason

wasn't feel-

ing very well.

So the maestro

waited until Jason

had pulled himself to-

gether, and spoke up

bravely. "Son," he began, with a

pleading look that bespoke a great weariness of being sonpecked, "now that you have some idea of what a broadcaster must go through in a day, will you lay off me?"

Jason's heart melted. "O. K.," he said and they shook hands on it, and today Ben Bernie is again a free but wiser man.



Announcing Contest Winners

(Continued from page 15)

J. Burke, 213 11th St. Harvey, N. Dak.; Miss Irene Muttlin, 7010 Ogden Ave., Berwyn, Ill.; Mr. R. F. Bellin, 3895 Henri Julien Ave., Montreal, Quebec, Mr. Clyde G. Kurlstrom, Port Allegany, Pa.; Miss Rose Porter, 6817 Monroe, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Helen Menden, 788 Fox St., New York City; Miss Jean Rogers, 1631 W. High St., Lima, Ohio; Miss Madeline Gainer, 652 E. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio; Mr. John B. Davis, 100 Pearl St., Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Dave Guthrie, 851 Catskill Dr., St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Gene C. Collins, 546 Clark St., Conneaut, Ohio; Mr. D. W. Brown, 646 Ashburn St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Blanche Thomas, 906 Clark St., Cambridge, Ohio; Gladys Carney, 2423 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. C. E. Dawson, 1080 Sherman St., Denver, Colo.; Mr. Corwin C. von Miller, 1012 Faraon St., St. Joseph, Mo.; Miss Marguerite Key, 1515 Lynwood Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.; Miss Marjorie Gross, 1012 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Wayne H. Ackley, 731 W. Van Buren St., Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Dorothy Goodhue, 83 S. Vinedo Ave., Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Wu. J. O'Keefe, 2725 Cambridge St., Phila., Pa.; Miss Ellen MacKonzie, 112 9th Ave. E., Huntington, W. Va.; Kathryn Geisler, 3750 N. 9th St., Phila., Pa.; Miss Georgia B. Easton, 178 Broadway, Methuen, Mass.; Mrs. P. R. Vaughn, 137 Richardson Ave., Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Nellie M. King, 154 E. Walnut St., Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. Florence J. Quickel, 3921 Gallagher St., Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. P. L. Gerhart, 211 Taft Ave., Pocatello, Idaho; Miss Greta Martin, 2723 Hermosa Ave., Montrose, Calif.; Miss Marie Knitson, 3124 French St., Erie, Pa.; Miss Pauline Cox, Franklinton, N. C.; Miss Florence H. Greenberg, 143 Beach 125th St., Rockaway Park, L. I., N. Y.; Miss Kathleen Kline, 403 S. Broadlock St., Winchester, Va.; Miss Opal Winstead, 137 Woodlawn Ave., Apt. 2, Charlotte, N. C.

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-tale!"... "Tattle-tale!"... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash mussy and gray!

For that gray says plain as day that your soap isn't getting out all the dirt! Before you realize it, your clothes love their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly...



What to do about it? Change to Fels-Naptha Soap! It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is not one of those "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha is good soap—full of action.

soap—golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-losing naphtha added to it!



Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-tale Gray" from your clothes.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for finest lingerie, stockings and dirty woolens. It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's a wonder in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. e. r. o. n. a. c. o.

New informal shots of your favorites. Watch for them in the next issue

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"
...banish it with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY



• We have a dance team (The Red Hot Band) in the studio with you and your audience.

Imagine doing that last number with a BAD CORN!

You can't fool us. We know you think our program editor is just an oversize meanie who spends his time printing programs he knows'll be off the air by the time you get your RADIO STARS.

You're wrong. In fact, he's making a later check than ever this month with studios, sponsors and secret service snooters. Here's additional proof that he's a fellow of no meanie ability. Look! On Monday you underline the station on which you hear Columbia News Service best. Tuesday night, you decide to listen to the same program. Under the Tuesday Columbia News Service you find "For stations see Monday." You see Monday, and there's your station all marked for you. It's the same for all programs on the air more than once a week.

Try it a month, and if you don't want to go away and forget it all, we're crazy.

STATIONS

(March 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

- 11:00 AM EST (24)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WJZ, WJLB, WJLA, WJLV, WJNY, WJOD, WJX, WFLA, WJFL, WJGM, WJHQ, WJIS, WJIX, WJLA, WJLW, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:00 AM EST (24)—Southerners Quartet. Folk instrumental. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:30 AM EST (24)—Marimba Typica Band. Throbbing Latin-American music. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:30 AM EST (24)—The Phynoxes. Walter Sauter, Leonard Whitcomb, Billy Hernandez, piano team. (M. J. Birehenthal Co.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:00 AM EST (24)—Morning Musicals. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:15 AM EST (24)—Mitar Boxes (Lipson). Fantasy. Tom McLendon, conductor; symphony orchestra. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 11:30 AM EST (24)—Lake 70. Tubularia in the sand. Magnificence in Church music. (Waco, Ind. 12-10-30) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 12:15 PM EST (24)—Dino Rose Marie goes for breakfast. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 12:15 PM EST (24)—Morning Home (Czech Household Philosophy). (Humphreys.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 12:30 PM EST (24)—Harping on some with the tinny. (Hillb.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.

- 12:30 PM EST (24)—Radio City Concerts: Symphony Orchestra; Charles Solodis. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 1:30 PM EST (24)—Dale Carnegie reveals "Late-He Knows Paris About World-Known People." Harold Knutson Orchestra. (Columbia Gram.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 1:30 PM EST (24)—Luz. Dan, the Minstrel Man. (S. S. Doyle Floor Wash.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 2:00 PM EST (24)—Dor. A Day and Night. (Healy Products.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 2:00 PM EST (24)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commanders. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 2:30 PM EST (24)—Helen Morgan; Jerry Freeman's orchestra; Charles (H.S.) Dan. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 2:30 PM EST (24)—Big Hollywood Show. Ella Tamm's Orchestra in his "Accordion" Orchestra. (Hollywood.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 2:30 PM EST (24)—Perfect Color Program. WJZ and an NBC blue network. (NBC in Los Angeles.)
- 2:45 PM EST (24)—Gems of Melody. Muriel Wilson, soprano; Fred Humblitt, tenor; Harold Knutson, conductor. (Lipson and Hayes.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 3:00 PM EST (24)—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 3:00 PM EST (24)—Hour of three-quarter time. Wayne King's orchestra. (Lucky Lather.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 3:30 PM EST (24)—Harping music of Yost Tannery. (Virginia Hamilton, vocalist; Tom Tamm's orchestra.) WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.
- 3:30 PM EST (24)—Shurton Trimmings. WJZ, WJAL, WJAZ, WJBA, WKLA, WJLB, WJLH, WJLM, WJLN, WJLW, WJLV, WJLY, WJMA, WJMB, WJMT, WJON, WJOP, WJQC, WJXD, WJY.

● Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." • Blue-Jay • the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain takes the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. • Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscentific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.



HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the R6D medication that gently undermines the corn. b is the felt pad that follows the pressure, stops pain at once. c is a strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.



FREE BOOKLET—"The Better Foot"—Contains helpful advice for foot ailments. Also tells you foot exercises. Ask at Baus & Black, 700 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

(Continued on page 7)

She Won't Pretend

(Continued from page 55)

many talents. But usually that is not the case. It is not the case with Amette Han-haw.

MAYBE she lacks confidence. Maybe she over-estimates public taste. But when a farmer says he can't play a pipe organ, we believe him. So when Amette says she can't make a personal appearance, why can't we believe her? This may not be the case some years hence. She may learn to do those things she has been avoiding just as she learned to be a radio singer. But that's another story.

Radio made her. She was trained for radio. She has no other background. Before she went into radio she merely sang in her daddy's restaurant in Seneca, N. Y. Then she was introduced to radio slowly, trained for her roles—not pushed by high-pressure press agents and other such hallelujahs. She knew she had to learn her role. She's still learning. And that's a job within itself. She doesn't want to be someone she really isn't. She doesn't want to go around pretending. She doesn't want to slap the Broadway guys on the back and say, "I'm one of the crowd" she isn't. And she knows it. And to do it would make her feel as out of place as Rabbi Wise chanting "Hil, Eli" before Hitler.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why Amette is misunderstood.

Leon Belasco

(Continued from page 56)

back to America the stock market crashed. A nice little reception for a wandering son without a son to his name.

But unlamented he put his violin under his chin and the dollars began to roll right back into his pocket.

Together with his manager, Herman Jerome, Ben Bernie's brother, he got an orchestra together and began playing around the town. His first big break came when he went into the night club owned by Morton Downey. Next he took a job on the Levittan where his playing put gay notions into the minds of famous travelers. When Leon arrived back in New York, the exclusive Embassy Club wanted him.

Today you will find him playing nightly in the sophisticated atmosphere of the Continental Grill at the St. Moritz. Seeing him here you might wonder if Leon is finally deciding to settle down. Temporarily perhaps he has stopped roving, but his eyes and heart are still restless. It will probably be a long time before that adventurous spirit is calmed and he finds the ideal he seeks.

At last Radio Stars brings you the truth about the Rudy Vallee flareup. This amazing story treats him like a human rather than the nation's favorite.

● "Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! ... Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



● "Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! ... Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! ... Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"



● "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And there — oh, boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening to ..."



● "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"

Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 132, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson's Baby Powder
THE JOHNSON COMPANY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Backstage at the "Met"

(Continued from page 85)

engineer with their dials and knobs measure the intensity of every sound. When his explosion is scheduled they follow the music, measure by measure. At the proper place, they screw their knobs down, the stove explodes, they unscrew their knobs. And you and I and a million other listeners have heard a stove explode in the mid-safe fashion required by this labor art of sound-acting.

Milton Cross' introduction leads one into music. Music leads to the end of an act. Then curtain falls. Then Cross again, and usually he introduces John B. Kennedy. Kennedy is NBC's art interviewer. His talks this year with the great and glamorous of the world of opera have set a high standard. And they help to fill those long gaps between acts when the artists are changing costumes, the orchestra members are getting their breath, and while the audience goes out for a smoke.

Sometimes, he takes us backstage. Or he may tell of the interesting talk around this temple built for music. The prompter, for instance, who stands with his head in an eighteen inch box squarely in the midst of the footlights. When an opera singer forgets, she picks up her lines from this jolly-on-the-spot.

Or the gentleman who lurks in the wings through each opera act bearing a strange device made of pipes and rubber tubing. Even the greatest singers lose their pitch at times. Amid an orchestra's fanfare it is hard to hold to one's own true note. This gentleman in the wings is the pitch giver. He presses a button on his wrist-lets gadget, puts the tube in his mouth and blows. The pitch sings across the stage just loud enough for the waiting (and usually perspiring) singer to hear. And another reputation is saved. That's something the audience never hears.

Between acts, and after the opera, the newly opened cocktail bar is the center of a swarming throng of celebrities. Opera has its own particular devotees. The famous-Fran Hummel always attend. Ermine and sable and diamond furcs are as common here as squirrel and Woodworth's heads in Akron. Opening night, I'm told, champagne sold in these blue-blooded boxes for \$1000 a glass. A box at the "Met," in passing costs just \$4000 for each performance. Just think what that costs the fellows who buy boxes for the entire season.

I wonder if those who go and sit in these boxes get their money's worth. I wonder if most of them aren't on parade, wearing their jewels and their silks, and letting themselves be seen in the rightest place of all the right places in the world in which to be seen. They are the ones whose money has kept opera alive until today. But now new millions of us are learning of the thrill in their old masters of melody and harmony. And we, taught by such broadcasts as these to love the finest of fine music, will presently take the place, I think, of the gilded box-sitters and forgotten wavers.

It may be that our own contributions in the emergency ever arise, will be necessary to guarantee the continuance of these broadcasts from this smoky old cathedral called the "Met."

That indeed would be a story worth the writing. A story that, like this, the wisest men on radio now say will never be written. But I'm not so sure.



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

For more than five generations women who sew have



followed the label on the spool-end as a guide to good



thread. Smooth, even, elastic, it sews a fine and lasting



seam, does not fray or tangle into knots and makes of



sewing both a pleasure and a lasting beauty! Good thread today, as in years gone by, means either Coats or Clark's.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

Flopping Was a Habit

(Continued from page 25)

his brick soprano on the top of the world now torped him. The friends who had clung around him, flattering him, listening breathlessly to every note, avoided him. "I couldn't get a job that paid \$25 a week," he confessed to me.

Finally he managed to get on the air. He was to receive no salary; pay for the musicians and actors who worked with him came from his own pocket. He wrote a series of musical skits plotted around his experiences in barber shops where he had worked.

"I can still remember how Mrs. Marvin used to sit up to listen to my first broadcasts," he told me. "When I got home, she didn't need to say a word. I was a flop again."

Then he conceived the idea of broadcasting "lonely" songs. He became the "lonely singer of the air." "I can't begin to pour in by the sack-full. Today he is probably the best known singer of 'lonely' songs, of cowboy yodels, and folk songs of the south and west, on the air. His smooth, plaintive, sweet, rich tenor tones seem to soothe many of our hurts. He gets between five and seven thousand fan letters a week.

Today, the Marvins have everything money can buy. And fame! They own one of the Thousand Islands where they spend their summers. Johnny has the pride of his heart 'the best speedboat on the St. Lawrence River.' Mr. and Mrs. Marvin travel, go swimming, boating, hunting to their heart's content.

But they have no children. When Johnny sings on the air, you may notice the terrible loneliness and heartbreak in his voice. Fame is sweet and success is sweet, so the story books say. But they can never ease the memory of those bitter days, or fill the vacancy in the lives of Johnny Marvin and Edna May.

Enric Madriguera

(Continued from page 51)

warm sands dreaming to sweet strains of music that float out from the orchestra along the shore. And yet Enric's heart is still his own. It makes you wonder just what kind of a girl he is waiting for.

His orchestra is one of the few on the air that can play rumbas and tangos well enough to delight native Spanish and Cuban audiences or accompany such leading dancers as Veloz and Yolanda, and at the same time play American dance music well enough to please New York's 40th.

If you make the rounds of the smart house parties in New York you will be sure to run into Enric, for Madriguera with or without his Stradivarius, is always in demand. Despite his interesting, and often merry, life, he is forever lonely—and a mystery.

He lives alone in a bachelor apartment crammed with antiques and heirlooms from his ancestral home. It is just a little apartment, and very interesting yes, but what a delightful and cozy home it could be.

Enric says that he doesn't believe in divorce, and hasn't yet found a girl to whom he wants to devote a lifetime. And a lifetime it will be if he finds the right girl!



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes, rid you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect way to a perfect complexion. . .Noxzema,

the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema cream is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new economical larger 50c jar. If your dealer cannot supply you take advantage of this offer. Get a genuine 50c jar of Noxzema FREE. Simply send 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 54, Baltimore, Maryland.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema

He'll Be Faithful

(Continued from page 18)

For her sake. For his own sake.

But the man turned him down cold. "It your marks at Columbia are outstanding," the president of the firm told him "we might offer you a post upon your graduation. We watch all students."

It was only a few weeks later that her letter arrived. She wrote that by the time Lanny had this letter she would be married to a Swedish boy, the boy her parents had chosen for her. She asked him not to write her. It could do no good. It would only make things too difficult. That letter was her goodbye. The past was past.

Lanny began to sing over the air on sustaining hours. It was an emotional outlet, of course. And to be thoroughly practical about it, the money he received paid his board.

"He sings like an angel," said his newswives, patting in their work, remembering their youth, their romance.

In his singing there was emotion. With cause. Letters in praise of Lanny began to arrive at the broadcasting station.

AND Lanny began to think he'd rather be an entertainer than a lawyer. A career as a lawyer with days spent over dull statute books and preparing long technical briefs began to seem pretty dull to him. "The other half of his nature, incidental from his father, dormant for years, was awake." It's my personal guess that this was inevitable that if it hadn't been one thing that turned the trick in this direction it would have been another. There's something almost theatrical about in young men. It's almost always the strongest strain.

Lanny likes to tell how that law firm that turned him down, impressed finally by his scholastic record, wrote offering him a position. The salary was something a trifle less than \$200 a month. However, they pointed out to him that with the proper application he might hope for advancement.

'Two hundred dollars a month' Once it would have seemed a fortune. Once it would have brought Lanny's dearest dream true. But now it wasn't even a tenth of what the radio station, impressed by all the letters they had been receiving in his praise offered him. You know the rest. How Lanny signed with them to become one of the greatest voices on the air with the Maxwell House Coffee Hour.

The movies have claimed him for at least one picture. Maybe more.

"It would be curious, wouldn't it," Lanny said "if when my first picture was shown in Sweden?" He didn't finish that sentence. It wasn't necessary.

"A very curious," I told him knowing what he was thinking. "A very curious."

And I thought to myself that if his picture shows there, surely she'll see. And then, in truth, she'll see a dream walking but a dream talking see a dream looking, another girl close in his arms. Then what-

See for yourself



WHAT A truly
Amazing DIFFERENCE

THIS SMART EYE MAKE-UP

ACTUALLY DOES MAKE

STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture!

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



ALL LEADING 10c STORES HAVE 10c SIZES OF ALL MAYBELLINE PRODUCTS

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows in graceful, proportioned lines, giving a perfect, natural effect of highest quality. It is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absorbs like a breeze. Flashes through. Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless stimulant. The natural growth of the eyelashes in 1 eye brows. Apply before retiring.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Resizable size of this specially designed brush will "lift" the brows up in the air and smooth at all times. Gets a long, dainty arch and, under sterilized conditions, keeps clean in a collapsible wrapper.

Coming! A story on Al Pearce, favorite West Coast Master of Ceremonies.

Maybelline
harmless EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"These WINDOW SHADES FOR IS EACH?"



"YOU'RE JOKING!" He Insisted

BUT when I finally convinced my husband, he wanted me to clean for every room. "How can they possibly do it," he exclaimed, "for only 15¢ a pair!" The new improved Clopays are the biggest shade bargain yet. Full size shades made of a patented fiber material that won't crack, fade or pinch. Now heavier and stronger than ever before. Wooden slat included with each shade. And now it's necessary to trim only one side to fit narrower window. Clopay Slants attach to old rollers - no tracks or cords. Plain colors and smart chintz designs. Send 5¢ stamp today for color samples. Clopay Corp., 1216 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

All 115¢ and 140¢ Stores and Most Neighbourhood Stores



STUDY AT HOME

We guide you step by step - furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and passed by members of the bar. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 018-Chicago

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 018-Chicago



"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it comes to blondes who have socially attractive not only prevent darkening - but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Keeps out sparkling light - adds glamorous radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fades for shade. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes - \$1.00 and 55¢. Get Blondes today and see how beautiful your hair can be. NEW! Have you tried Blonder Wave-Sol? No! Don't! Darken! Bubbly hair! Indesired wave-acts. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.

Programs Day by Day

- 7:15 PNT (11)-Humorous of Helen Trent, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday)
- 8:00 PNT (11)-Daddy Warbucks and his orchestra. (For stations see Monday)
- 9:00 PNT (11)-Itchy and Flop. (For stations see Monday)
- 10:00 PNT (11)-Whipcrack. (For stations see Monday)
- 10:30 PNT (11)-The Evening News. (For stations see Monday)
- 11:00 PNT (11)-The Munching Munchers. (For stations see Monday)
- 11:15 PNT (11)-Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday)
- 11:30 PNT (11)-Gladys Knight's Orchestra with Mimi Flanders, solo. (For stations see Monday)
- 12:00 PNT (11)-Hutch Rogers. (For stations see Monday)
- 1:00 PNT (11)-Whipcrack. (For stations see Monday)
- 1:15 PNT (11)-Bobby Broome. (For stations see Monday)
- 1:30 PNT (11)-Buck Arundson. (For stations see Monday)
- 1:45 PNT (11)-Jesse Rely, Italian comic singer. (For stations see Monday)
- 2:15 PNT (11)-Small Thomas, News. (For stations see Monday)
- 2:30 PNT (11)-Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday)
- 3:00 PNT (11)-Amos 'n Andy. (For stations see Monday)
- 3:30 PNT (11)-Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday)
- 4:15 PNT (11)-Billie Thatcher. (For stations see Monday)
- 4:30 PNT (11)-The Radio Hit. (For stations see Monday)
- 5:00 PNT (11)-Phil Frank, his Squaker and his radio hits. (For stations see Monday)
- 5:15 PNT (11)-Huck Rogers. (For stations see Monday)
- 5:30 PNT (11)-Hunk Carter. (For stations see Monday)
- 5:45 PNT (11)-The Goodbys. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:00 PNT (11)-The Famous Glee Club. Edward Reese and John McHardy star in another suspense from mystery drama second half tomorrow. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:15 PNT (11)-Kathryn Hays. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:30 PNT (11)-Lady Leather Mercedes, Wayne King's unending dance music. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:45 PNT (11)-The Adventures in Health. Dr. Herman Mundson's dramatic health talks. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:55 PNT (11)-Horatio's Adventures in Health. Dr. Herman Mundson's dramatic health talks. (For stations see Monday)
- 7:00 PNT (11)-The Voice of Experience. (For stations see Monday)
- 7:15 PNT (11)-Philosophy and metaphysics. (For stations see Monday)
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WEDNESDAY

- (March 29, Feb 7-9 and 10)
- 6:15-7:00 P. M. - 12-1500 A. M. - TNT - Tower Health Programs. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:30 PNT (11)-Amos 'n Andy. (For stations see Monday)
- 6:45 PNT (11)-Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday)
- 7:00 PNT (11)-Horatio's Adventures in Health. Dr. Herman Mundson's dramatic health talks. (For stations see Monday)
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(Continued on page 73)

Can Your Child Make a Million?

(Continued from page 61)

have had no training beyond what they received at rehearsals.

"Of course," said Marilyn Mack, "if a mother can afford to send her youngster to an excellent dramatic school, that's fine and laudable, provided the child has talent to begin with. But it is not necessary. And if the mother chooses the wrong school or the wrong teacher, there is always the danger of the child being spoiled by antiquated methods of education."

"But how can the mother tell whether her child is being trained by the best method?" I asked.

"If a mother is really interested in a dramatic career for her child, she ought to see the best plays, the best actors and actresses, so that she knows good acting when she sees it. Then if the child comes home, spouting poetry in an artificial manner, she'll know that the child has the wrong teacher, and she will take her out of the clutches of that teacher as fast as she can."

"It is possible to get a child into a small part, even if it involves speaking only one line over the air, that is usually better training than a dramatic school."

"Paul Douglas told me, 'After two years of running the Horn and Hardart Child Drama Hour, I have no desire to encourage parents to spend money on vocal lessons for their children. If the child doesn't have exceptional ability, the training is a waste of money. Most of the children appearing on our program have had no special training, except what they received at rehearsals. Nearly all of them have had experience in singing or playing a musical instrument over some small radio station. Experience is a far greater asset than coaching.'"

And then Mr. Douglas sounded another warning. Watch out for the man or woman who comes to your home and promises that if your youngster will take lessons at his school he'll guarantee you an opportunity over the air. These men and women are impostors. There are, of course, legitimate schools. But no reputable school can or will promise your child an appearance over the air.

So many parents have been cheated and swindled in this way that announcements are sometimes made over the Horn and Hardart Hour that the program has no connection with any school. If anyone ever comes to your youth club promising, take his name and address and report it to the concert he pretends to represent. Some of these impostors have been caught and prosecuted, but there may be others who are looking around for new victims.

If you want your child to have a chance on the air, there is just one way to go about it. Write to the director of children's programs at the broadcasting station nearest your home and request an audition. Most radio children get experience over a small station first. Frequently they work without compensation until they are ready for a larger station and for a commercial program.

Vivian Block, a child actress and singer on the "Adventures of Helen and Mary" program and the soprano on the "Tulley Next Door" program, was offering up a part in a play over the director of a small station, WGN, heard her. He gave Vivian an audition and Vivian was heard for a

(Continued on page 79)

NEW HEALTH & BEAUTY This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Corrects Common Cause of Constipation



WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings a clear, lovely skin—perfect digestion and elimination.

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass. "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected. Your tablets were a great find for me." In such cases, the trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

New Health and Beauty

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.



These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeasts. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

ON THE AIR every Sunday afternoon, Ten Car News "The Famous" over NBC-WJZ and all stations. Start listening from coast to coast.

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
50 North Ashland Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and describe costs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

WV

Can Your Child Make a Million?

(Continued from page 77)

few months over station WOV. A director of programs at the National Broadcasting System heard her, and Vivian got a chance to appear on the "Lady Next Door" program. When a girl was needed to play Maude on the "Maude and Cousin Bill" program, Vivian was signed to a grand contract at \$250 a week. When that program was over, she returned to the "Lady Next Door" program, receiving about three dollars a broadcast. Some day another commercial program may come along and Vivian may be in the money again.

Juhan Altman, a young character actor and violinist on the "Adventures of Helen and Mary" program, was born in Buffalo, New York, and got his start over station WJAP in Washington, D. C. He played the violin; his sister played the piano. After appearing over WJAP for some time, they decided that the greatest opportunities existed in New York. They came to New York and made their appearance on the children's hour at the National Broadcasting Company. Afterwards, Juhan was given an audition by Miss Mack who used to call on him at first only when she needed a violinist. Gradually she discovered that he was a very versatile child actor as well as a violinist, and now she finds it possible to use him quite regularly.

Pat Ryan, a little English odd of eleven, was entertaining in a department store in Brooklyn, when a man came up to her and said, "Pat, you're wonderful. You ought to be appearing on the air." He gave Mrs. Ryan a letter of introduction to an important official at the Columbia Broadcasting Company. That was four years ago. Since then Pat has appeared in the "Dolly and Billy" sketches, in "The Land of Make Believe" and the now popular "Helen in the Adventures of Helen and Maty."

Nine-year-old Estelle Levy has appeared as the baby on the Goldberg hour, has played on the children's hour over the NBC network and has appeared in various other children's programs. Her aunt was visiting at her home and the radio was playing full blast. Over the air came an announcement that talented children were needed for a program at the National Broadcasting Company.

"Why not have Estelle try to get on the air," asked her aunt.

"Oh, no," said her mother. "She'd probably only make a fool of herself!"

But the aunt insisted, and one Friday Estelle Levy was auditioned. The next morning she made her first appearance on the air, on the "Lady Next Door" program.

Albert Aler is a clever youngster who is a model for children's clothes. He wanted to go on the air. He wrote a letter to Marilyn Mack of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It reflected his own eagerness and freshness of viewpoint.

"If the child himself is like his letter," she thought, "he'll be a find!"

SHE gave him an audition, and he proved to be as eager and intelligent as his letter had led her to suppose. Without any previous radio experience at all, he was playing leads within two months' time.

Baby Rose Marie, of course, is the most successful child singer on the air. Her

(Continued on page 81)

MARRIES the MAN she first FAILED to ATTRACT



Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on her happy news! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the natural color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire... without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick... it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips, Orange in the stick... rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipsticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their

allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today, 59¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. On special 10¢ with coupon below for 4 Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.



PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.



TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives you natural color as Lipstick. In new 5¢ billable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFF COMPANY

419 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclosed 10¢ (in stamps or coin).

Check FRESH RAVEN NIGHT RAINBOW

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Don't be swindled! Buy upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you the best value.

Can Your Child Make a Million?

(Continued from page 79)

real name is Rose Marie Curley. She is ten now, and has been singing over the air for five years. When she was four years old, her father and mother were spending their vacation at Atlantic City. While they were at the beach with a party of friends, Rose Marie sang to entertain them. A woman heard her childish, beautifully musical voice and asked her to step up to the broadcasting studio at Atlantic City. She appeared for a short time over station WFG, Ed Schenning, who was then with the National Broadcasting Company and who is now her manager, heard her over that small station and brought her to the National Broadcasting Company.

I asked him how he explained her success.

"She has an uncanny sense of rhythm," he said, "and she absolutely understands the lyrics of the songs she sings. To most children the songs they sing are just words set to a tune."

And put this down in your little blue book, you parents of talented children—Baby Rose Marie has never had a singing lesson!

If your child has talent, you may not be willing to wait until that talent is discovered accidentally. What then? According to the directors of the children's programs, there is only one answer—write for an audition.

At the National Broadcasting Company in New York City, Midge Tucker holds auditions about every two weeks during the winter and about every three weeks during the summer. She and her assistants try to hear all the children whose parents request an audition for them.

At the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, Miss Mack holds an audition once every three months. She frankly confesses that she cannot possibly hear all the children who write requesting an audition of whose parents request one for them. When a child's letter shows unusual intelligence and freshness of viewpoint, she'll grant that child an audition on the theory that the child may possibly show the same intelligence in the reading of dramatic lines.

Often the results are disappointing. Children who come highly recommended frequently turn out to have very ordinary dramatic sense. Out of thirty-five children whom she heard at her last auditions, about three showed talent.

"I find that children with no experience at all or with just radio experience are often more of an asset to a program than children with stage experience. The stage child is likely to be self-conscious. She fusses with her hair. She wonders whether her dress looks right. She is eternally concerned with her own appearance. The radio child knows that her appearance doesn't matter and can concentrate on her lines."

"Is a what kind of child?" I asked. "Is there the most demand, the child who can act or the child who can sing?"

"If a child can just sing a hot song"

Miss Mack told me, "her success will be very transient." She'll probably get one chance to appear over the air, make her little radio bow, and that will be the last time she's ever heard of. For the child who can really sing or really act, the demand is about equal.

SHE—(to herself) IF HE ONLY WEREN'T SO SKINNY AND WEAK I THINK HE WOULD BE MY MAN

HE—(to himself) I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH HER. IF I ONLY COULD GET HUSKY AND STRONG



SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY PUTS ON POUNDS—FAST

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

QUIT being held back by a skinny, unattractive figure and a sickly, weak appearance that keep you from making and keeping worthwhile friends. Here's a new quick easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and new good looks—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

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

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious wasting disease. So start to build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

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

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 34 Atlanta, Ga.

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Wear your smartest shoes without a trace of fatigue. "Comfort" Cushion Insoles give relief to tired, aching feet. Made of durable medicated material. Special sponge rubber cushion supports the arch. Sold for 10¢ a pair at ten cent stores. If you cannot obtain, send coupon.

"Comfort" FOOT AIDS

THE FOREST CITY RUBBER COMPANY

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Enclosed 10¢ for pair of insoles. Size of shoe.

Name _____

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MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home. Coloring stamps and miniature in oils. Learn famous "Lathing Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method is big demand. No experience now or talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home".

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Get an essential key from KJL VIA
Get all of our books, stamps, cards, etc. for \$2.95. Admission charge etc. on the chart absolutely FREE to you.
Send your weather card for Anna, or your own. Learn what she is for. 30¢ and you will be amazed with the results.
Send 10¢, charge at a 4¢ rate on penny post card. No return. No outside. NOW TO Hesperia Beauty Labs. Inc. Send.

Send for your weather card for Anna, or your own. Learn what she is for. 30¢ and you will be amazed with the results.
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BANISH FRECKLES, WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN WEEKS QUICKER



It is so easy now to clear away blemishes, freckles, sunspots, to have smooth, white, flawless skin. Only best light touch with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream. Tested and trusted for over a generation. The outcome just smooth skin, white and smooth, healthy, radiant, soft and pinkish. You see, day by day improvement until your skin is all you love for.

creamy white, soft smooth, lovely. No disappointments, no time waiting for results. Hesperia Beauty Laboratories, Dept. of NADINOLA Bleaching Cream at mail order, or by mail, postpaid. Daily Mail, NADINOLA, Dept. N-1, Dallas, Texas.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

There is less demand for the child who can play a musical instrument. I gave an audition to one little girl of five who played the piano beautifully. Looking down at her tiny hands, I didn't know how she could reach an octave, yet she did. Over television she might be a sensation. Over the radio she can't elicit, because her playing, while extraordinary for a child, would sound over the air exactly like the playing of a mediocre adult pianist."

Miss Tucker told me that children of about nine or ten who can really act are most in demand. Whenever there is a demand for a child on one of the programs at the National Broadcasting Company, the request is usually sent to Miss Tucker. Rosalyn Silber, who plays Rose on the Goldberg hour, used to appear on Miss Tucker's "Lady Next Door" program.

The children who have had radio experience are wonderful. Miss Tucker says: "They have been trained never to miss a cue. Frequently, when an adult gives a cue, if there is a child actor on the program, the child finds some way of covering up the mistake. Often the children have had more experience over the air than many adults."

Paul Douglas finds that children between

the ages of eight and ten are usually the greatest assets to a children's program. "They are young enough to be cute, and old enough to know what they are doing," he says.

The Horn and Hardart Children's Hour, which he conducts, tries to give an audition to every child whose parents request it. These requests are taken care of in the order in which they arrive, and it is often several months before the audition can be granted. He finds that only about one out of 250 children shows any talent.

"But no matter how talented a child is," he says, "I won't use him, it's not also a well-behaved child. I believe that breeding comes over the air as much as ability."

One boy who received an audition at the Columbia Broadcasting Company showed great promise. He could sing and he could act. Undoubtedly he would have been used on one of their programs if it had not been for a grasping mother. He had been carefully coached to say that he would not appear on any program unless he were paid such and such a sum, and the sum named was out of all proportion to his talent and experience. As a result the boy never got his chance to appear on the air.



Phil Baker, comedian on the Armour program, Mrs. Baker, and the little Baker, Margot Eleanore, snapped at the Baker home in Evanston, Ill.

After reading the amazing prediction John Skinner made in his story of Father Coughlin, the Fighting Priest, on page 38, you won't want to miss the final installment of this interesting story in the next issue of RADIO STARS.

The Band-Box

(Continued from page 59)

Sunday night Hotel Biltmore concert. Don Bestor, formerly of the Biltmore, is negotiating with several New York hotels. Little Jack Little is the one band leader who is packing in the er-wild night after night at the Hotel Lexington.

● The band singer who has been drawing a lot of attention of late is Orlando Robeson of Claude Hopkins' orchestra broadcast from the Roseland Ball Room and over CBS.

● Duke Filizton is now in Hollywood where he will appear in a scene from "Murder at the Vamitie," which is now being filmed. Afterwards, Duke may return to the Cotton Club in New York.

● When you hear Bing Crosby sing "Little Dutch Mill," you might like to know a little history of that piece. It was written especially for Bing by Harry Barris, who, with Crosby, was one of the original Rhythm Boys. Bing sent the manuscript to Don Redman, Negro band leader noted for his hot arrangements, a special orchestration. Then Bing made a special vocal arrangement himself to fit the orchestration. Only then was the number ready for broadcast.

● Here's a million dollars' worth of news: Roberta Wells, singer with Leon Belasco's band at the Hotel Saint Moritz, is really not Roberta Wells. In private life she is Marjorie Vascount who inherits the insignificant sum of ten million dollars in stock this year. Even then, she'll still share with Leon for a few dollars a week.

● When this news leaked out in New York gossip immediately had it that Leon and Roberta were engaged. It's not true.

● Interesting to note is that Will Osborne's of thirteen men in his orchestra five years ago and still has the same number now.

● To keep faith with Uncle Answer Man, I'm going to give the personnel of the leading orchestra each month. This month it's Eddie Duchin's. Here is a list of the members, the age of each and the instrument each plays: Eddie Duchin, 24, 1st piano and director; Milt Shaw, 29, violin and arranger; Arnon Voloshin, 31, 1st saxophone, trumpet and clarinet; Jimmy Geller, 29, 2nd saxophone and clarinet; Freddie Morrow, 29, 3rd saxophone and wood winds; Lew Sherwood, 30, 1st trumpet and vocalist; Ernie Gibbs, 32, trombone; Harry Campbell, 30, drums and percussion; Bruce Anderson, 32, banjo and guitar; Lester Morris, 31, 2nd piano and librarian; and Wilfred Leibcock, 31, string bass and tuba. This band is on the air every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9:30 P. M. E.S.T. over NBC's WJZ-blue network.

● If you listen to the Byrd broadcasts on Saturday nights over CBS, you've probably noted that the pianist at Little America is no amateur. And he isn't! He is Byron Gray, pianist and composer, who had all the nation singing his composition, "Horses, Horses, Horses" a few years ago. This time he's written a song called "Sittin' on a Log, Pettin' My Dog" and introduced it over the air from the Byrd steamer en route to the South Pole. Now it seems every man and his dog is sittin' on a log. Which leads us to believe that the best way to popularize a song is to go on an expedition where no one can keep you from composing and broadcasting your own works.

● Encor Light of the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York, whose music comes to you via CBS, must sometimes keep his

(Continued on page 97)

"Let's Put Our Heads Together On This, Dear!"



Posed by Florence Lake and Edgar Kennedy, RKO Radio players

She: "You've been entirely too cranky lately, and something's got to be done about it."

He: "Sorry, dear, but I can't sleep at night. I'm always tired, and I see spots before my eyes."

She: "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. You've been working too hard at the office. What you need is my favorite tonic!"

He: "What's that?"

She: "Why, the laugh tonic, of course—"

FILM FUN

The Humor Magazine of Hollywood

Pick up a copy next time you pass a newsstand. It's great for that tired feeling!"

Amazing New Kind of COOK BOOK

Ends **Worry** of Meal Planning



Menu for Spring . . . Menu for Summer . . . Menu for Fall . . . Menu for Winter . . . All with absolutely no duplicate at all there. And for every man in every menu there is a kitchen test of five recipe with full, detailed instructions. Also recipe for the 26 salad drinks most popular with particular hostess. The Home Menu Cook Book positively ends all worry of meal planning and shows how attractive, wholesome, tasty and easy to be served . . . with startling savings in money. Nicely printed in big type and strongly bound in a smart waterproof cover.

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PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

2 1/2" PHILADELPHIA - IT'S OUR BEAUTY'S BEST
 PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

BEWARE of Blisters

Blisters often and dangerous
 - on feet - on hands - on
 - on shingles - on legs - on
 - on neck - on face - on
 - on arms - on back - on
 - on chest - on abdomen - on
 - on groin - on buttocks - on
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 Seal-Tex - removes them
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LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE

THANK YOU - THE HUBINGER CO., No. 533, Keokuk, Ia.
 Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 62)

Ginger Snap Sauce

- 4 ginger snaps
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon onion juice
- 1 cup hot water, fish or soup stock
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 1/2 cup raisins

Mix all together and cook until smooth. It must taste strong of vinegar and sugar and more of either may be added to suit taste. Pour while hot over fish and serve cold.

And talking about original and attractive fish dishes this Macaroni with Scalloped Clams plate, which I also shared from Fred's list of favorites, is quite the most decorative and daring dish you've ever seen. A lot of culinary honors will be yours when you serve this. It's really very simple to prepare, in spite of its grand, impressive appearance. I've also tried it with oysters, in place of the clams, and it is just as delicious. Besides, this substitution provides for those members of the family who may not like clams.

Macaroni with Scalloped Clams

- 1 package macaroni
- 1 quart clams, fresh or canned
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1 tablespoon minced parley
- 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Boil the macaroni for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Clean the clams, reserving 1/2 cup of the liquor. Mince the clams, rejecting the tough parts. Make a white sauce by melting the butter and blending in the flour and the milk. Stir constantly. Add the salt, pepper, paprika and parsley and cook until the sauce thickens. Then stir in the strained clam liquor. Into a well-buttered baking dish place alternate layers of macaroni and clams, finishing with a top layer of macaroni. Pour the sauce over this, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes.

"I can't understand," Fred told me, "why people use so little imagination in preparing fish. Most of them just bake or broil it, garnish it with some parsley and lemon and let it go at that! Why, fish can be done up in such unusual, attractive ways that a woman can absolutely make a name for herself with a clever, inspired seafood dish."

And then my sentiments exactly! For instance, look at the fish in green peppers on page 62. Different, aren't they? And that picture doesn't do them half justice! To get this recipe, as well as the one for the Fish Ring of which I spoke before, write me for this month's Radio Stars recipe folder. This handy recipe folder contains, besides these recipes, another tempting new dish, and several exciting sauces. All you have to do to get these recipes is to fill in the coupon and mail it to me with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Some of the vocalists of the Armour program at work. Left to right, Robert Geddes, baritone; Ann Neil, Lucille Neil and Gwyneth Neil; and Norman Cordon, bass.

Gossip

(Continued from page 24)

FOLLIES The nightly performances plus her radio work was too much for her health. So she dropped the Follies temporarily. Her hubby, Don Ross, stayed with the Follies to sing "The Last Roundup."

BULLETIN! Leopold Stokowski, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra-Chestnutfield master, has gone Hollywood. He went West January 27th to make music for Warner Brothers.

A NEW way to get business. A gas station proprietor on Merrick Road, Long Island, utilized Ed Wynn's popularity and a recent snow to boost business. Directly in front of his station he placed a snow man, put on it a fur hat and an old pair of spectacles. Ed Wynn followers recognized the likeness and stopped there instead of going on to the next station.

EAll staff continuity writer on the NBC turns out in a year enough material for five novels. Katherine Seymour of the staff points out that the average novel contains 80,000 words and that the yearly average for each NBC writer is 400,000 words, covering everything from original drama to straight announcements.

JUST to see what would happen, we looked up the records of sixteen CBS musicians picked at random to see what their father's occupation was. Of the sixteen, we found that only two were descendants of musicians. They are Will Osborne, whose father continued the job of organist and choirmaster with managing a bank, and Nathaniel Shilkret. The other fourteen reported that their fathers held such positions as these: Ann Leaf, optician; Big Freddie Miller, poetry manufacturer; Raymond Pattee, horticulturist; Jacques Renard, importer; Carson Robinson, cow-boy; Babs Ryan, railroad engineer; Vera Van, broker; Betty Barthell, civil and criminal investigator; Howard Barlow, lumber and furniture dealer; Mildred Bailey, railroad man; Clamton Collins, cotton mill owner; Smith Ed McConnell, minister; Bine Crosby, secretary; and Jacques Tray, banker.

JEAN PAUL KING NBC announcer (the Carnation Gatedent Hour and Hoover Sentimental), is a proud papa. The youngster is called Jean Paul King, Jr.

FREEMAN GOSDEN (Amos) likes to sing--did burst into song at a Chicago radio party recently. It was something of a surprise to guests who had known him only since he became half of radio's most famous team. But oldsters recalled that Correll and Gosden had made their bow on radio almost a decade ago, not as black-face comedians, but as singers on WBEH, Chicago. And for years before that Correll and Gosden had worked together. They teamed up in Durham, North Carolina, in 1919 and haven't missed seeing each other many days during the fourteen intervening years. Not together as long as Weber & Fields, but perhaps they will be.

LEOTA LANE may go into radio soon. She's a sister of Rosemary and Priscilla Lane of Fred Waring's troupe. With Lola Lane in the movies, there will be a quartet from this family in the entertainment field. (Continued on page 25)



FOR GLORIOUS HAIR, youthful and natural... free from that dull, faded look... be sure you use ColorInse in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from... and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless. **THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO. • New York**



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at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops—Nestle ColorInse, Super-Set, Golden Shampoo and Hanna Shampoo.

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in "I'm afraid I've spoiled your wave."
she "S nothing... WILDROOT Wave Powder will put it back to a jiffy."



Many a woman has found the secret of lovely hair in a ten-cent package of Wildroot Wave Powder. You mix it with water yourself... have a full pint of pure wave set for keeping your wave always fresh and natural.

WILDROOT WAVE POWDER
10c PACKAGE MAKES A PINT OF PROFESSIONAL WAVE SET

at all 5 and 10 cent stores.



In Canada, import price 15c.

If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 62)

Do You Have These Complexion Faults?

Clogged Pores Roughness Pimples Dryness

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Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

proving that the poor eyes were standing a strain which was a bit too much for them. If the eyes are given attention, other bodily irreflexes often are relaxed.

There are just a few simple things to do in order to relieve tired eyes, or lustreless eyes, or eyes which may not be able to say all that they have been accustomed to saying.

Try these steps to eye loveliness and see whether you do not become a convert at one sitting.

First, clean around the eyes as you would clean your face, or at the same time as you are cleaning your face.

Next, rub in an application of eye-cream, and with the very tips of your fingers and in the lightest manner possible, put the cream into the surface of the surrounding eye tissues. You will find relaxation in this process alone. But after that has been finished, rub off the extra cream with tissue and apply very warm applications of cotton wrung out in hot water.

There are eye pads, made of herbs to use for this purpose if you are being very particular and there is no doubt that the herbal tonic has a great deal to do with popping up the whole feeling of the eyes.

The pads are ready made, stuffed with stimulating herbs, and just fit the eyes. They are dipped into hot water and applied just as hot as you can stand over the lids of your eyes. Lie down during the application and let the heat and essence penetrate the eyelids and the eye-balls. Take fifteen or twenty minutes for this act.

You can see by this time, that the care of the eyes is something to which to devote a half day's time. But the result will be worth the time even if you do it only once every week or very two weeks. For the eyes will live up to what is expected of them with much more vim and vigor after they have been helped on their expressive way by these simple, but effective applications.

After all the creaming and herbing has been done, take a square of cheese both large enough to cover both eyes. Wrap it out in very cold water and then in an astringent lotion. Place it over the eyes and allow it to remain for fifteen minutes to half an hour. The result will be a pair of wide-awake eyes which will keep their lustre and freshness through all sorts of strain through the hard week to come.

For a further resting process drop a few drops of a weak boric acid solution into each eye. It will immensely improve the tone of your sight not to mention your interested expression.

Now, before saying anything about

makeup I want to put in a word of hope for those of us who have to wear glasses. So many girls have this problem to face and are helpless before it. But have you heard of eye-glasses one wears *within* the eye? You have not seen them, of course, for they are invisible and cannot be detected by the closest observer. But they are made in these days of wonderers. And prescribed by the most ethical of oculists and opticians. Rather expensive, of course, but worth the price.

These glasses are made to fit over the eyeball and under the lid. They are shaped to contain a drop of salt and water, like tears, and may be worn with great comfort for hours at a time. Besides correcting defects of vision, they answer that age-old question, "Where are my glasses?" They are in, not on, your eyes!

The manufacturers tell me these glasses are worn by a great many actresses. Naturally they cannot appear on the screen or stage in glasses. They must look young and they must see. These glasses settle their problem joyously. So don't you worry about the years to come now that you can wear glasses and no one need ever suspect it!

And for makeup keep to the simple paths if you would make your eyes as beautiful as possible. Those who are appearing in public, and know the most about beauty themselves, are letting their eyebrows remain more in their natural lines than has lately been the fashion. Not so much plucking is the order of the day just enough to avoid bushiness.

Black mascara is used in the day time for eyelashes, blue or brown in the evening, according to the color of the eyes, that is, blue for blue eyes, brown for brown eyes.

Then for eye shadow, go sparingly with that. Use almost none when the sun shines upon you and only a faint touch over the outside of the eyelids at night.

You know it is all too easy to overdo eye makeup. Hardness is the result of too much eye makeup. But with discretion you can accent the lights of the eyes so that the only comment of observers will be, "What lovely eyes!" That is the goal you want to work for, to accentuate and not to over paint the good points with which your eyes are naturally endowed.

Then get your eyes and help them to stand the strain of everyday life, for it is strenuous, no matter how you may be living, and it is certainly worth a few hours of your time every week to keep this most expressive of your features up to the minute in looking your loveliest.

Have you ever been aboard a real schooner?
If you have or if you haven't, don't miss the exciting story about Seth Parker's schooner. Expect it in an early issue of Radio Stars.

Warden Lawes— Man Saver!

(Continued from page 15)

as possible in conditions to normal life so that after each man has served his sentence he can become a well-adjusted member of society. Can completely forget "the bit" he did.

"All prisons leave their scars," he told me. "Sometimes they are healed by a man's reintegration into the ranks of society. Often they are permanent marks reaching into the very soul. Well, I am trying to make them as faint as possible."

DURING the day each prisoner is assigned a task. If he is a shoemaker he works in the shoeshop; a white collar man works in the office; an electrician is given electrical work to do. If he desires to learn a new vocation, there are classes in which he is taught and equipped to fight his way back into the world.

It is at night, when work is over and he has the four long hours between six and ten, that time weighs down upon him. It is in this period of rest that his brain is idle; when he will brood of his misfortunes, the injustices of the world, the rigidity of prison routine. Radio has been a godsend in keeping his mind occupied, in relieving the monotony of work, eat, sleep, work, eat, sleep, year in and year out. It has to some extent relieved his suffering from the torments of the age-old, unsolved problem of a life which he has succeeded in musing up so badly.

"If it is impossible for us to tune in for a single evening," the Warden told me, "the result is immediately apparent. The men become sullen, fidgety, the quality of their work is impaired the next day. To them the radio means living."

Take the case of convict No. 21441, Philly the Sap. The boys called him that because he seemed so stupid; he would never even answer their questions. Philly had gone with a girl for a few years before he landed in prison. Suddenly she had thrown him over. In vain he remonstrated with her, tried to patch matters up. She had met Tony, "a guy with more dough." After that she had no use for Philly. One afternoon she chased him from her house, his rival taunted him. That was too much. Philly took his knife and ran it through her new sweetheart's back. Tony died. And Philly was sent up for twenty-five long, weary years.

A quiet, unassuming prisoner, he did exactly as he was told. But he seemed apart from the rest. He'd eat his meals without a word, a hard thing to do, for the men are fed cafeteria style at long tables. Then he'd go to his cell and think only of his sin. Thinking, constantly thinking, of the enormity of his crime gradually sapped his vitality; was impairing his mental faculties. With the years, his eyes lost their normal expression; a scared, glassy stare replaced it. Philly was losing his morale. "He's such a young fellow, it's a shame," the principal keeper said to his assistant. "Don't see how we can send him out when his term is up. He's hopelessly licked already. He wouldn't have the gumption to approach anyone for a job. He wouldn't even try to fight his way back."

Philly was given garden duty. Perhaps being outdoors all day, working with living flowers and plants would do the trick. He was just as morose and listless as ever. When the other men tuned in on the radio,

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Here's something for you Wayne King fans. RADIO STARS will have a beautiful color portrait of Wayne on its front cover next month. It's an exclusive picture posed especially for RADIO STARS and painted in natural colors by Marland Stone. Watch for it.

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he just shrugged his shoulders, and lay in his cot, staring above "I know radio," he said. Sports, jazz, lectures—nothing interested him. "It gives me a headache," was his one explanation.

"Then one day something happened. The rental radio outfit tuned into the opera 'Lohengrin.' Listovsky, Philly-adjusted the earphones. As the first strains of the overture were heard, he straightened up and actually smiled. He began humming the arias; he sat glued to that radio program till the musical number was completed. Gone was his lack of interest, his morbidity. Now he is the first one to tune in whenever an opera or concert is being broadcast. To him music is all. Hearing it makes him forget he is an outcast; gives him renewed courage and vigor. Now he looks forward to being released from prison; he can get a good job then and have a chance to hear more and more of this lovely music.

To understand the reactions of the prisoners you must know how the radio system functions in Sing Sing. Until recently, a huge speaker from one central room supplied all the radio music. The entire prison, therefore, had to listen in at the same program. Last summer the Welfare Council of the prison (a general organization that helps govern the prison and is composed of delegates selected by the convicts from their own ranks) installed a small improved system. The prisoners' fund paid for it; the radio-wise convicts installed it and operate it.

THERE is a multiple radio receiving system now which simultaneously provides for distribution throughout the prison of three separate programs. Each man has his pair of earphones so his tuning in will in no way interfere with his neighbor's. The men are usually allowed to select the programs to which they care to listen. Radios may be used from 6 P. M. to 10 P. M., when lights go out. Very little music is exercised by the Warden. Only programs that might encourage crime and blood-and-thunder sketches are excluded. "Whatever can be broadcast to you and me in our homes, is satisfactory for the men to hear. It is no different from you or me in their hives and dishes," he told me. For quite a while Amos and Andy were the prime favorites. Later, "The Rise of the G-Boys"; today, news broadcasts delight the opportunity to participate in making news. "I seriously live in the world that is free, that has no barred windows or guarded doors, when they hear Duke Carter or Edwin C. Hill tell of the latest happenings in the outside world.

In spirit, the men are again in their homes, seated comfortably in their favorite chairs, leisurely inhaling a smoke. In spirit they are at a lecture, a dance, or listening to the antics of Stearns and Budd, two of their favorite comedians.

Some of them have found their salvation in radio. Not only has it provided a living interest to existence, furnished a connecting link between themselves and the outside world, but it has taught them how to live, how to work. I spoke to one young inmate, in his late twenties, career, alert, full of life. He told me frankly of his transgression; he did not wallow in self-pity.

"I deserved what I got," he said. "I was a junior-accountant in a novelty house. I made twenty-five dollars a week. You can't go to night clubs and lead a wild night life on that. I thirsted for excitement, for high society. I guess I was a product of what your radio lecturer calls 'the cocktail age.' Now I know I was just a darn fool.

"I had to have money. So I began steal-

ing small amounts from the firm, charging them to petty cash. No one caught on. I became bolder, I took larger sums. It was necessary to jockey the books to cover myself up. Outside the office I was a big shot. Well, none of my over-thinks he'll get caught, a year ago I got mine. I knew that my field will be closed to me when I get out. No one wants a jail-bird as accountant. But thanks to radio I've found work I like much better."

I seemed that one night the young convict tuned in on a lecturer who was describing the fascinations of his own life-work, engineering. The prisoner became interested. He wrote to the speaker, a well-known professor at Northwestern University. The professor answered him; suggested he take a correspondence course in the subject. He did. Last summer he helped put in an improved drainage system in the prison kitchen. By the time he is released he will be an expert engineer at the rate he is going. Then he has been promised a good job. His friend, the college professor, is sure he can find an opening for him.

Radio, perhaps, has been most helpful in the prison hospital where the patients are permitted to listen in anytime during the day. Walk into the ward. You will see row upon row of men resting on cots. Peek into the private rooms where lie the men who are more seriously ill. They all seem almost happy, soothed. The answer? Radio. Five years ago, their eyes would have been glued to the ceiling, their faces distorted in pain. Now earphones are in use constantly. These too ill to wear them rest their heads on radio pillows. These are the donation of a radio salesman who spent a little time up at the Big House for some slight business irregularity.

THE prison doctor told me of an operation he had performed a week before my visit. When we examined the last batch of men sent up we noticed something peculiar about the head of one of the country's most infamous gangsters. He had a protuberance which, he admitted, almost drove him crazy with pain. Never mind who he is, his name causes most people to shudder in fear. We x-rayed his head. There was a bullet imbedded in his brain. We decided to operate to remove it. For such an operation it was dangerous to administer an anesthetic. We told him it would hurt terribly and explained to him the delicate job before us. He was willing to have the operation without an anesthetic. We turned on the radio. It was released, left it on and went to work. The operation was successful. The gunman's disposition has improved already. There is no doubt his snarling, resentful attitude was due, in part at least, to his constant pain.

Perhaps you listened in on Warden Lacey's Christmas broadcast at which the prison band so beautifully played "Silent Night, Holy Night." There is a story behind the broadcast worthy of repetition. It concerns an inmate and his family. The inmate was a well known real estate operator, sent up the river for embezzlement. He came from a good family, had a fine education. This was the only time he had come within the walls of the law. He was a model prisoner.

The men in Sing Sing eat in shifts. On Xmas they were served a special chicken dinner. They eat chicken only one other time during the year, at Thanksgiving. This particular prisoner was in an early shift. He had finished his dinner and was supposedly back in his cell. Suddenly one of the guards spun him back in line again; he was attempting to get a second dinner. Brought before the Warden, he was asked, "Hadden't you had enough to eat at the first

dinner? Don't you realize you'd be depriving someone of his meal by trying to sneak in a second one?" This denunciation was surprising because it was the prisoner's first interaction during the two years he had been a resident there.

"He kept quiet for quite awhile. Finally he broke down and confessed the truth.

"It wasn't for a second dinner I went back into line," he admitted. "As I was leaving the mess hall they began to play 'Silent Night, Holy Night' on the radio. This time it has always been my wife's favorite, and mine. I knew she and our little girl would be listening in thinking of me. I just had to hear it. Getting in line again was the only excuse. I could think of for staying in the room."

Warden Lawes and his cast recently recreated this scene for his radio audience. The next day he was visited by a middle-aged woman who had come all the way from New Jersey to talk with him. Her eyes were red from weeping. She had with her a 7-year-old boy who seemed greatly stirred by the whole proceeding.

Between sobs she explained her visit. "Seven years ago my husband, Harry, got into a drunken brawl. He claimed someone had insulted him. He was a big strong man, good natured when things went his way, but with a terrible temper if he was aroused. He almost broke the man in half. He was sentenced for brutal assault and is in your prison.

"I tell he had disgraced me. The day he was sentenced I told him I never wanted to see him again. He wrote me three times from prison. The letters were sent right back unopened. I was a terrific letter against his conduct. It had taken away our home, our whole happiness.

"We moved away to another city, to begin all over again. I instructed the children to say their father was dead. I represented myself as a widow. I was half-crazy with worry. I was going to have another baby.

"Somehow we managed. A few months later our youngest son, this boy, was born. I thought it best to cut the present and past cleanly apart. I didn't tell him his father was a jailbird. My family felt I was right. They took care of the boy and our other two children and I went to work.

"My husband never took to get in touch with me after I sent back his letters. I never again heard anything at all of him from then until this day.

"But when I heard you tell the story of the prisoner who risked punishment just to feel he was listening to the same song his dear wife and daughter were hearing, I felt that perhaps I was in the wrong. I'd like to see my husband. I'd like to tell him we miss him, and the children would love to have him come back. I'd like to tell him how sorry I am and show him our youngest whom he has never seen."

Her husband turned out to be an inmate whom everyone liked, clearly not the type of man you'd associate with a prison. The Warden and mailing staff had often wondered why he had never taken advantage of the opportunity to write his family once a week at the state's expense. His fellow prisoners had wondered why no one came to see him on Sunday.

"This woman and her husband were reconciled by the time you read this, he will be a free man. I'm willing to stake my bottom dollar on the fact that he's learned his lesson, and will steer clear of saloons, speakeasies and liquor anywhere or in any form. This man, thanks to Warden Lawes, will prove a valuable law-abiding member of society.

These few instances of men who have been inspired to new lives give you some slight idea of how invaluable and far-reaching is radio and—Warden Lawes!

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These smiling faces belong to the Landt Trio and White heard at 9:15 a.m. EST over NBC's red network. Left to right, Karl, Jack and Howard Landt with Howard White at the piano.

Fame Isn't Enough

(Continued from page 45)

volt circuits, they managed to talk the situation over in their little dressing rooms. Usually the discussion ended with the stage manager's call "Five minutes more and you're on Pearl!"

As they rode on the tauting trains, the subject would again be broached by his wife and Jack's first impulse was to agree. Then suddenly he would recall the unhappy experiences of other actors with children who were born in the whirl of grass-plant children having adult lives when they should be out in the sunshine playing, learning how to tapdance when they should be learning how to spell. No, he resolved, he'd wait for his star to shine Sunday, he knew it would.

As if then named Marconi invented a new medium of entertainment. You didn't have to be seen to be heard. Vaudeville studios, hand-squash appointed, replaced dismal rehearsal halls. Diners were at Lindy's and Redoubt's, not in beereries. Jack Pearl was caught up in the whirl and finally got the break that he deserved. Overnight a new name was being talked about wherever a radio was to be heard. A new catchword was being handed about by truckmen on their vans, by business tycoons on Wall Street, "Easy on Dera, Shurber." A nation fondled a new craze, and Jack Pearl found his name in the nation's hall of fame.

Praise, lullaby and everything that goes with these couldn't wipe out that which was in his heart and in his blood. The promise that he had made to himself back in those days on the East Side, that his sons if he ever had any, would never have a moment of worry could not be drowned in a shower of Broadway hits.

Back from another round of writing and dining, he would face restless nights alone with his thoughts. At the top of his profession, with everything to live for, he was unhappy. He had no son.

"Why not?" you may ask. Let me reveal for the first time the great secret of Jack Pearl's life.

Shortly before Jack's radio debut, Mrs. Pearl underwent an operation. After this the best doctors in the country agreed that hearing a child would be impossible.

Jack was disheartened. Now the empty niche in his life might never be filled. His ultimate friends, Jack Benny and George Burns, began to notice the change in him. They missed his customary broad smile. Yet, they never guessed his trouble, for Jack isn't the sort of fellow who cracks on your shoulder.

Sharing their home with the Pearls is Jack's sister and her children. His study is a playroom for those kiddies. There, at times, Jack can forget his worries.

One night when the Pearls visited the Cantors, Jack started playing with the happy-eyed comedian's youngest daughter. Jokingly, he turned away and said, "You have so many boys around here, couldn't you spare one for a little while? You'd never miss her."

I didn't respond. He has five but they all mean the world to him.

WHEN Jack left for the Hollywood jungle last fall his heart was heavy. Is it little wonder that the Baron we saw in the movies was not the uproarious one so many folks enjoy on the air? But the

top did more for him personally than a dozen emcee successes. It gave him the one solution to his problem.

It's no longer news that when a film star feels her public's interest waning she trots out to the nearest orphanage and adopts a baby. On the coast, the Pearls heard of this and the idea immediately struck their fancy, but not for the reasons that prompted most movie stars. To them it was a last chance for the completion of their happiness.

They learned of a home in Chicago that is a haven for the babies of parents who haven't the time to care for them. The mothers are, for the most part, former debutantes. Thus with the assurance of the stock of those babies, the Pearls felt that they could choose here a very nice child.

So truly has this idea been imbedded in their minds that the broad smile is returning to Jack's beetroot face. Mrs. Pearl is even now thinking in terms of criss, layettes, diets, etc.

They intend to adopt a boy and a girl each about seven months old. This is Mrs. Pearl's idea for she was an only child and knows how unhappy her girlhood days were by not having the companionship of a brother or sister.

So don't be surprised if very shortly Winchell announces that the Jack Pearls (Baron Munchausen to you) are blessed overting.

We were speaking to Jack recently and asked him how he felt about the proposed adoption.

"It's marvelous," he said, "to realize that after all it's not the applause and cheering that makes a man happy, but a home with a sweet wife and a couple of kids."

Saving this Jack put his arm around his wife. Twelve years of trading side by side, going up one week and down the next, have brought them closer together. They think and act like one person, and this hope of theirs is a twin-ambition.



Dick Powell of movie fame is the Old Gold master of ceremonies over CBS Wednesdays at 10 p.m. EST.



Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary hob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

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WE wish every sufferer from such skin ailments as eczema, hives and itching could read a leading doctor's recent article in a well-known medical magazine. It told of the amazing relief obtained in several groups of skin sufferers, with a "chemical solution recognized" for the treatment. In one group every case showed improvement; results were "remarkable" in nearly all. "The treatment has been so successful that doctors are taking it up right and left."

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Love Is NOT the Sweetest Thing

(Continued from page 41)

with a census that had come to town.

"What are you doing here?" roared the owner of the show when he found his next morning a continuation of bright red hair, mossy blue eyes and skinny legs and arms, curled up among the coils of rope in the tent track.

"I thought," stammered young Bushman, "you might be able to use an—another troupe."

"Well, I can't," bawled the older man, then started to laugh. "But say kid if you want to stick along a while, maybe I can find a place for you, selling caramels and chewing gum during the show."

So young Frank Bushman stuck, for a while.

"Last in those days, though," recalled Creighton's first great lover recently, "women were exerting a magic spell over me. And when those rosy-checked country lassies I met in front of the big tent began rolling their bright eyes at me and asking me to climb and sit with them in papa's buggy, well—"

He was as yielding, he said, as the goopy caramels he was supposed to be selling then. He was, that is, until the boss caught him feeding one of them his chewy wares.

BACK home once more, momentarily disgraced but in no way disillusioned, he cast about for new worlds to conquer. His roving eyes lit upon the discarded toy stage in his playroom. Ever since his fifth Christmas when Santa Claus had left it beneath his slacking, he had leaned slightly toward the theatre. Now he determined to become an actor.

Towards this end, he organized the members of his baseball team into a repertory company which rehearsed regularly in the Bushman basement. His older sister, a lovely, talented girl who was herself one of Baltimore's cleverest amateur actresses, directed them.

"Oh all my family," continued Mr. Bushman, "and there were fourteen of us, including my parents, only Louise understood and shared my love for the theatre. But then she, too, had ambitions to go on the stage."

These, however, were speedily squelched by the senior Bushmans, well-to-do Baltimoreans whose family tree was singularly rooted in the aristocratic soil of old Virginia. They looked upon professional actresses as they did ladies of easy virtue. So she became a Sister of Mercy instead.

But her dreams were not entirely in vain. They found refuge in her restless small brother, uniting him for the ecclesiastical career which his devout Roman Catholic parents had mapped out for him.

Brought out of the Maryland theological seminary, where they had placed him, hopeful that he would emerge a Jesuit priest, Frank sought employment on the stage. But Baltimore theatrical agents, then as now, were not employing overgrown fourteen-year-old boys. Undaunted, he signed aboard a cattle boat and set off to see the world.

At Liverpool, his first port of call, fate twined his path with that of a Cuckney clarinet, two years his senior.

"It must have been love," thinks Mr. Bushman now, because I spent my last pound on her, and she agreed to marry me. But before either of us could do anything more about it, the skipper of that cattle cruiser got wind of my great romance and

sent me home quicker than a flash."

THAT sweetly sentimental interlude was that a curtain raiser for the years that followed, romance-crowded years which witnessed the frustrated traveler become the husband of one woman and the married rick of thousands of others.

From hot pants in Baltimore, Mr. Bushman blazed his way to leading roles on Broadway, then started in stock. He was in fact just concluding his seventh season in stock when a telegram arrived from the old Essanay Company in Chicago offering him his first screen role.

"I'll give you \$250 a week to start" an official of that company greeted him upon his arrival at the studio, and handed him a contract.

Mr. Bushman took it, read it carefully. "I can't sign this," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because of that!" He pointed accusatorily to a paragraph specifying that he must keep secret his married life.

"What's wrong with that?" asked the official. "Can't you live with your family without advertising it? Doesn't your wife want you to succeed?" And he went on to explain how the success of a motion picture star was vested with the woman who patronized the box office, women who insisted that their screen idols be single.

Hardly had Mr. Bushman added his reluctant signature to that contract than his rosiest dreams of the stage began to come true. His first picture was a box office sensation. And within eleven months he had outstripped every other screen golliwog.

"It was all a mystery to me—my success," he recalled the other day. "And I took it as a good joke. No actor, I often reminded myself, is so good that he needs a special mail room for his correspondence and a bodyguard. Yet, Essinay gave me both these things."

WITH a flashing smile, reminiscent of that day seven, seven years ago when he was crowned "King of Motion Pictures" at the San Francisco Exposition, he then told of the crowds that turned whenever he appeared, crowds which became so ardent that the Chicago police and fire departments both wrote him letters asking him to star in the City of the Loop.

"Where is this thing going to end? I used to wonder," Mr. Bushman went on. "Then, in 1918, like an answer to my thoughts came the divorce action of my wife."

"It revealed not only that I was married, which—heaven knows!—was bad enough, but what was infinitely worse, that I was the father of five children."

The uproar that followed was heard around the world. From Peru, Indiana, to Patagonia women chorused indignantly: "We've been deceived!" And within a fortnight his mail dwindled to the point where a single secretary could easily handle it.

But did he wring his slim, artistic hands, and run his tapering fingers through his reddish hair, and do all the things that handsome men in distress do on the set? No. Francis X. Bushman. He merely grinned, a wide, friendly grin, and bore it. And not without reason.

The interest which his wife had charged him with having in his lovely leading lady, Beverly Bayne, now began to bud. And it flourished during the next two years kept his smile intact even as his income shrank



LOUISA BROWN, LANSANA PICTURES ARTIST

You, too, can have
LOVELY EYEBROWS
this new, easier way

JUST a delicate touch of the brows with the magic Winx Pencil and they are given a natural contour, a soft, velvety tone—real, alluring. Not coarse or artificial. This new creation comes from the world's leading experts in eye make-up—the creators of Winx mascara (cake or liquid).

Just try this new-day Winx eyebrow pencil—utterly different. Compare it with anything you have ever tried. Note how the Winx Pencil gives a dainty naturalness heretofore impossible.

Today, buy one of these marvelous new Winx Pencils, black or brown. See for yourself how just the right touch gives your whole face a new interest. You will never be contented with skinny, unattractive eyebrows again.

Ross Company, 213 W. 17th St., New York City

NEW WINX 10¢
EYEBROW PENCIL
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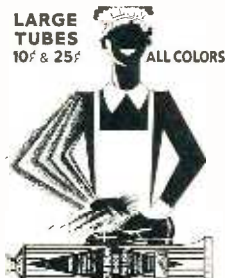
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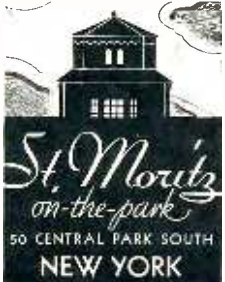
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SENSATIONAL BARGAINS
Send for our Special Brochure calling attention standard refinished office
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Detroit, Michigan, Dept. 461, Chicago



Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR
INTERESTING ALWAYS!
Famous people from all over the world make this their New York home.

RATES: Single, \$3.50-55;
Double, \$5-57; Suites from \$8
Dancing nightly in the NEW
CONTINENTAL GRILL. And the
only RUMPELMAYER'S in America.

from around a million dollars, to less than one-sixth of that amount. Nor did the second slump which followed his divorce and marriage to Miss Egan cease that look of gladness from his cultured countenance. To the contrary. Love was still the sweetest thing.

Then, love began to sour. By the time it had completed its curdling process, his second great romance was over, and his career as movieland's greatest lover was definitely ended.

Only once during the loveless years that immediately followed did the jinx put upon him by his luckless runs relax. That was in 1928 when Corinne Griffith, then at her peak, forced the heads of First National Pictures to let him play opposite her in "Lady of Lemure." His desire to have fun for her leading man undoubtedly enough, was motivated, not by love, but by unselfish loyalty. To her Mr. Bushman was a tested friend whose screen artistry she sincerely admired.

Her unassuming gesture, while it could not restore to him the throne he once had occupied in the screen kingdom, gave him something infinitely finer and more enduring—a new and deepening appreciation of the word "loyalty." And to this may be traced the re-ascend of his star in the radio firmament.

Several years ago the executive of a Chicago advertising agency met Mr. Bushman at a party. Knowing something about the unfair treatment he had received in Hollywood, this man sought to draw him out on the harder facts of the screen episode. But celluloid's first great actor had only kindly words for his erstwhile associates.

When this same Chicagoan, several months later was seeking an air program for a radio-minded client he hit upon the idea of a Hollywood gossip column, and instantly thought of Mr. Bushman. "There's the man we want," the ad man told his client. "He knows everything, but he can be relied upon not to tell what will hurt."

Thus it was that when the big-time advertiser launched his air campaign over Columbia's Chicago outlet station, WBBM, Francis Bushman was at the microphone.

That was almost four years ago. As this is written, Mr. Bushman is in the ether over the Chicago Tribune's powerful WGN station. For several weeks he was a CBS feature. But this time he has succeeded, not by following any so-called "love formula," but by obeying one in which faithfulness to old friends is the basic ingredient. That is why he says today, contrary to what the malcontents say, "Loyalty, not love, is the sweetest thing."

Would You Want a Private or Public Wife?

(Continued from page 27)

"There's going to be only one singer in this house," he said.

That sounds as though Bing were taking a tip from his good friend Richard Arlen whose wife, Judyba Kabin, was willing to forget her hopes of greater fame in the movies in order to be Mrs. Arlen. It sounds as though Bing were willing to take his chance of those lonely hours every entertainer's wife endures—those hours when his wife has time to think about yesterday's "cream of success" Their little boy, Gary Evans, should be enough to fill the life of any woman! Bing Crosby knows himself well enough to realize that professional jealousy would mean the end of his marriage.

And yet, simultaneously with the rumor that there's to be another little Crosby comes another rumor. Discie Let will be leaving for Lammy Ross in his first Blackie radio going to lose its most militant opponent to the "public" wife?

PERHAPS, like Paul Whitman Wayne King is waiting for television so that his beautiful movie-star wife, Dorothy Jaus, can work with him on the air. But right now she's definitely a private wife, spending her time raising their only daughter, Penelope and keeping the King's palace in order. Dorothy was never any great success in movies, but maybe she'd like to be. Do you suppose she ever regrets the fact, as Margaret Livingston must, that she gets so little opportunity to be with her busy orchestra-leader husband?

Only occasionally will you hear Pecky Cartwright's voice on Phil Baker's program. Most of the time she's taking care of that house outside of Evanston, Illinois, where the Bakers live with Harry McNaughton, his wife, and Jack Murray and his wife, Mabel Albertson. Phil entered a big show in New York in order to meet the pretty English girl who later became

his wife. She it is who urged him to make a go of it in radio. She is who surrendered a promising stage career for matrimony. Willingly she insists.

You never know all of self-sacrifice, particularly if its results are long-term. Sometimes it breeds resentment, sometimes it breeds happiness. A girl like Carmen (Carmar who has done so much to help her husband, Tom, and to make him happy, really sways her lost career for something finer. Carmen is so thrilled with little Nena, born last May, she has so much satisfaction in the realization that she taught English to Tom, went with him daily at first to the studio to encourage him and keep his spirits high, that she is willing to forget that once she was Nanette Noriega, a famous dancer in Mexico.

Happiness for Carmen, but what for Tom? It happens to know that he is verily jealous of his beautiful wife. Does he envy Lee Sims who was able to teach his singing wife, Honey Bailey, radio technique, just as Georgette Olsen taught it to Ethel Shurtla and Jack Benny taught it to Mary Livingston?

Do you blame them? Wouldn't you, if you were a radio entertainer, worry about what your wife was doing during the long hours demanded by your job? Wouldn't you perhaps put her on your program to avoid that worry? And once she was on, would you allow professional jealousy to take the place of the home-and-garden variety?

ONCE, over seven years ago, George told Gracie, "If we aren't married in ten days, it's the end of Burns and Allen!" At the time they were making \$425 a week (now it's more than ten times that amount.) At the time George was getting pretty desperate about this fellow Ben Ryan who had been carrying on a protracted long distance romance with George's partner, Gracie. Would George dare make

RADIO STARS

a threat like that today for some other reason? Would Gracie?

These two have lived through a professional adventure as important to them as the adventure of home-building and child-raising are to the average married couple. Together they've gone through three years of playing the same act, that London "vacation" which turned into an eight-week contract the day after they arrived, the radio "stunt" they put on over there, their nine consecutive weeks with Eddie Cantor in the now-famous Palace show, then at last their first important radio break on Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann Hour. Each milestone has drawn them closer together, has made it more vital than ever that no emotional disturbance be allowed to mar the calm of their private life. Because now, if it ever were marred, it would mean a disaster far more devastating than the average marital break-up.

Actually, don't you think that the very business of sharing, sharing everything, every moment, is what brings a married couple so close together that even personal and professional jealousy becomes a motive that belongs to fiction and not to life? May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, for example, go to the studio together, work together, leave the studio together. If one of them is sick, they even go to the doctor together! May writes the continuity for their "Sweethearts of the Air" program and Peter writes lots of the music. They

answer their fan mail together, much of which contains requests for advice from lonely listeners. Don't forget how they were married. One of their fans, Dr. David Minor, wrote them an enthusiastic letter more than four years ago. That letter brought them to a sudden decision. He told them that he was a minister, so since they were thinking of getting married they decided he was just the man to marry them. On December 8, 1929, the great event took place. The very foundation of their marriage was their radio program!

Perhaps you're an old-fashioned boy, an old-fashioned girl. Perhaps you're disturbed by the glorified position which these public wives have attained. You may not like the thought of Jane Froman, who they say refused a part in this year's Follies until her husband, Don Ross, was given a contract, too. You may sympathize with Don who protests through Walter Winchell that he was once a radio star in his own right and didn't get his job in the Follies through his public wife's good auspices. You may remember his work over WLW and later over CBS from Chicago, when his wife, now more famous, wasn't able to get a sponsor.

How would you feel if you were Phil Lord's wife and knew that your husband was going to be on a radio cruise for a year? Would you be willing to keep the home fires burning the way Mrs. Lord is doing? I wonder.

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES



When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME
to play by note, Piano,
Radio, Ukulele, Tenor
Trumpet, Hawaiian Guitar,
Piano Accordion, Saxophone
on any style instrument
—in 10 days. Wonderful new
method, written by Bill Fine,
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Cost: 50c. 100c. 2.00. 5.00.
10.00. Over 100,000 students.
FREE BOOK Write today for FREE booklet. Free 30-day
detail. This gives you instruction materials to use while you wait for
your first lesson. Includes 100 songs. Write to: T. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3524 Broadway Blvd., New York City



Film stars and radio stars go for RADIO STARS in a big way. Here is Jimmy Cagney (left) and Jack Joy of KFVB in Hollywood admiring a recent copy. They're Warner Brothers stars.

Don't Stop Dreaming

(Continued from page 27)

to be shattered before she'd completely found herself. For the moment her spirit rode high.

BUT the physical change in her which began to show itself with this success was far more astonishing.

Irene was becoming slimmer! It wasn't exercise. Irene herself still isn't quite certain it, except that she's sure it was the result of a mental influence which began to assert itself from the moment she'd been freed from that complex.

You'd think that with such a glorious start toward the realization of her dreams, she'd have looked hopefully into the future. She didn't! All during the two years of engagements in major radio stations and theaters of the Middle West, her old lack of confidence began to gnaw again at her spirit.

What would you have done? Irene gave up. She tore up her music and press notices and tossed them in the ash barrel along with her hopes. She boarded a train for Memphis. She was going to forget it all.

Who among us would not be strong enough to have regrets under such circumstances? She was going home, beaten. She realized she couldn't go back to teaching now. Even before the air brakes had stopped sighing through the Memphis station she had a pathetic longing for the life she'd just discarded. Craving any occupation which would remind her of the entertainment world she found work in a music store.

She didn't know anyone was listening that lucky day when the Victor recording representative happened into the store. She didn't hear the scratching of his pen while she crooned sadly. When he placed in her hands a contract that was to take her to New York, she was silent, but her heart sang you fall hope.

She attacked the great city with grim determination not to let herself slip again, and in a few dizzy months she found herself a star of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Think of it! A few years before, people had thought Irene just a dreamer of futile dreams. What have those dreams made her like today? Have they changed her so very much?

If you met her face to face, you would see an attractive young woman, slender and graceful, whose five feet ten of height bears her 135 pounds with grace. Her manner is unaffected, her brown eyes bright.

You'd also see that she's not one of the radio artists who has, let herself be shot through with vanity because of success. Even at the first peak of her career, when she earned an average of \$1,100 a week for twenty-six months she didn't scatter it in a whirl of fast Broadway living. The dreary days of living on a school teacher's pittance were too burning a part of her memory. She determined to live quietly but well on \$100 a week and to save the rest.

Unlike Eddie Cantor and other stars, she sold out at the top of the stock market. She suddenly found herself the possessor of a bank account padded well enough to protect her against the shocks of hard times.

You mustn't get the idea that Irene is parsimonious. There are too many occasions on which she has helped artists less fortunate than herself. And often she lets herself surrender to impulse now that her life is her own.

A close friend of hers recalled to me recently the day Irene decided it was time she had a car. Not a big one—a Pontiac, perhaps. On her way to buy it, she passed a salesroom in which a beautiful Pierce-Arrow stood. Unobtrusively she walked in, wrote out a check for the full amount and swept out before the surprised salesman could get his breath.

Irene rarely mixes with the people of the radio world. Somehow distinguished people in other fields are attracted to her and she finds more pleasure in their company. And there's one man especially who fascinates her.

You may wonder why her songs praise in love, why she says "Good night, dear," at the end of her programs. Well, those touches of romance are meant for everyone who listens, but for that man in particular. He's part of another hope she knows is going to be realized. But even when it is, she's not going to stop her careers.

She found, you see, that dreaming caused her from obscurity, and she knows dreaming will keep her from returning to it.

Here is the SECRET

says
Mary Brun!



MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your feet all of the ten MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Hope, Platinum Pearl, Carnine and Coral.

If you paid for you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your toy store for the size or your drug store for the six size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades if they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg of Moon Glow Nail Polish (one 1/2 oz. jar or sample) for each shade checked: () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carnine () Coral

Name.....

St. & No.

City..... State..... (MC-A4)

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women 35 or girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with the new French hair color—"GRAY HAIR" COLOR. No fuss or trouble. Take only a few minutes to correct, shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "GRAY HAIR" COLOR. No "gray" look, but a lovely natural, soft, lasting color, undisturbed by washing or permanent waving. Free Booklet, "Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 29, 254 W. 21st St., New York City.

Consult Yogi Alpha About Your FUTURE

The next 12 months are filled with opportunities. What do they hold for YOU?

What will the year bring you? Will you win in love? Will you gain in business? Will you find a new career? Yogi Alpha intuitively knows this and more. He has advised thousands by his unique method of interpreting the 1600 word Life Reading for only one dollar. Marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc., are included in this simple day by day throughout the year. Clear and definite life before you. An important change in your mental attitude. Free booklet "How to Use Yogi Alpha's Unique Method of Life Reading."

FREE

300 MAIN ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014
MAIL TO: YOGI ALPHA, INC., 300 MAIN ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

BIG READING ONLY 25c

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. D-B, San Diego, Calif.
Enclosed is 25c for my first Life Reading. Money back, if not satisfactory. My 3rd successive Reading (300 words) included 2 FREE.

Name..... Birth date.....

Address.....

If you have a friend who wishes a reading, send him/her 25c to Yogi Alpha.

RADIO STARS will begin in its next issue a new series of stories that will take up the historic, pioneering stations of America. No magazine has ever before covered these stations in the way that we shall cover them. WOR of Newark, N. J., is the first in history to be described. We also wish to announce at this time that the "Programs Day by Day" will henceforth regularly appear on page 66 of RADIO STARS.

A Penner for Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 35)

HOW TO HAVE

Soft
& Silky
Longer
LASHES

LUR-EYE holds the secret to this claim which you may easily possess. Lush night rub a tin bit of Lur-Eye at the roots of the Lashes. In less than a month your eyes will reflect this new beauty of your shining Lashes. (Actually longer, thicker, lusher!)

DOES NOT SMART OR STING

Lur-Eye also relieves tired, inflamed, bloodshot eyes, and granulated lids.

LUR-EYE

LASH DEVELOPER
Introductory Size at the letter E and 10c stores. Regular Size at good drug and department stores

LUR EYE PRODUCTS, Inc.
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

Complete Complete NUMEROLOGY CHART and (FREE) in you to introduce the new I.E.A.M. (24) most often. Right is what is your number. Your own number? Your friend? Does your name fit your personality? Do you relate to 7-8-16-24? Have fun. Analyze your friends' study personalities. Learn the science of numerology. Mail name and address on separate post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND \$1.00 TO Radio's Beauty Labs, Inc., Dept. D-32, 395 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FLAME-PROOF The only really waterproof lipstick as well as the most beautiful one. It and its range for use. There's a complete line of make-up cosmetics. They're all in the store, and you can see them all. They're all in the store, and you can see them all. They're all in the store, and you can see them all.

Relieves Teething Pains
WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

than whom nobody has a better right, give you that promised glimpse into their challenged domestic life. And then you go ahead and draw your own conclusions.

Mrs. Penner's opening remark is brisk and pertinent. She says that Joe, far from being a grouch, is one of the most event-tempered people she's ever known. Of course, like most people, he occasionally does get depressed, and then he goes into another room and plays his violin which always depresses him more because it makes him remember that he can't play it, sing and dance at one and the same time, a feat which he has always wanted to accomplish.

But, she adds, there is something he can do at least two at a time, and this he usually accomplishes on their wedding anniversary. He remembers the occasion double. I mean to say he will send her two presents on this important day. The first, he says, just as a nice wedding anniversary gift. And the second, in case she doesn't happen to have liked the first.

Aprons of wedding presents, they've been married over six years and never been separated during that time but once. His only regret for their continually being together is that he never gets a chance to write his wife a letter and he loves sending her letters. But he manages to get around this to some extent by sending her crazy little notes by messenger during the day while he's out. And although he is not a practical joker, which, says Mrs. Penner, is in itself a splendid virtue, Joe does enjoy using other people's names in signing these notes. Once, for example, it may be Gloria Swanson asking to have some new cigars ordered for her. Another time it is President Hoover asking what there is going to be for dinner. Again, it may be Henry the VIII inviting Mrs. Penner to be his next wife.

He loves company, has mobs of friends, gives lovely parties, but won't be the life of them. Which brings us to the occasion of the Penner's one and only separation. Among the crowd at his home on this particular night was a dear but misguided

friend in a lot of the theatre, but who admired it extravagantly even to wishing that he'd been an actor himself. Well, he got after Joe to do some of his stuff and Joe said he thought he'd better not. So his friend said "All right then I'll give an imitation of you doing your stuff." Which he did, and so badly that Joe was haunted for hours after by the fear that maybe he was as bad as his friend's imitation of him. So when the guests left he parked a bag, took a room in a hotel and spent the night planning a whole new act for himself, songs and all.

INCIDENTALLY, Mrs. Penner says that

Joe gets on beautifully with her family and that one of his closest friends is her brother, George Vogt, now on Joe's managerial staff. That his comical stage costumes are by no means conservative, but at home his lounging suits are of the simplest because he can't stand what he calls "fancy clothes" for men. That he's grand about everything but answering the telephone. When it rings, he always says to her, "You go." But his reason for this has nothing to do with your angle on the case, Mrs. H. It seems that whereas most people, when they pick up a phone, say, "hello," Joe Penner laughs that wonderful laugh of his into the mouthpiece. Well, this got around recently, as such things do, and before he knew it, total strangers, finding out his hotel would call him up just to hear him laugh, admission five cents. Joe didn't mind except that the phone rang so much, his throat began to be affected by his peculiar habit of answering.

And then, says Mrs. Penner, finally arriving at a point which she's been dying to get to all this while, there's something else. A lot of people seem to think, she says, that because Joe can think of such cute, funny things to say on the radio, he must have a lot of cute, funny pet-names for his wife, such as Ducky, for instance, because of his renowned interest in that leathering. As a matter of fact, he simply calls his wife Eleanor.

"But," says Mrs. Penner with a dreamy look, "it's the way he says it."



Vincent Lopez, Harry Richman and the singing-dancing Abernethy twins, Charlene and Arlene at the Chez Paree in Chicago where all four are appearing.

The Band-Box

(Continued from page 83)

band together as long as twelve hours a day. On certain days he's on the air both at 1 A. M. and 1 P. M.

● The Five Spirits of Rhythm, radio's newest novelty musical troupe, is a quintet of young Negroes ranging from 20 to 23 years of age and just about as famous for their "band" as their voices. One plays a 4-string tiple (whatever that is), two play 13-string tipples, another strums the guitar and the fifth conjures rhythm by riddling a whiskerloom over a suitcase.

● Ted Fio-Rito, whose band succeeded Fred Waring's on the Old Gold program, and Dan Russo, another CBS maestro, were once the leading lights of the Old Orioles, a famous band of half a decade ago.

● Duke Ellington has just recorded a new one for Victor. It's "Daybreak Express."

● Herbie Kay, who conducts his bandmen at the WBMM-CBS Chicago studios, was a member of the first band ever to broadcast from that station.

● When Josef Koestner laid down his baton at the close of the Hoover Sentinels' Concert Dec. 31, he concluded his 2,000th performance as an NBC orchestra conductor.

● A most unusual honor has come to Rubinoff of violin fame in the Literary Digest radio poll both he and President Roosevelt received votes of twenty-six "dishes" each. This makes Rubinoff just as unpopular as the president—a tact of which Rubinoff is very, very proud.

● Rafael Mendez, Mexican trumpet player with Clarence Wheeler's orchestra on CBS from Chicago, is one of a family of fifteen children. Each of the fifteen plays at least one musical instrument, and Kataro, proudest boast is his 30-year-old brother, Antonio, who plays every musical instrument known to the civilized world.

● The symphonic jazz orchestra directed by Erno Rapce on the Seven Star Revue has been augmented by six men, bringing the total to fifty-one musicians one of the largest aggregations on the air.

● The other night I had the pleasure of sitting one of Andre Kostelanetz's "Snick programs." Charles Henderson, composer of "Deep Night," presided at one of the two pianos. If television was in effect it's safe to say that Charles would steal the show. I've never before seen such inspired playing with facial effects.

● The League of Nations and International House has nothing on NBC when it comes to assembling assorted nationalities. A survey of NBC dance bands proves the international flavor.

Spain and Latin America combine to present the largest group. Among those under this category are Pedro Viza, Navier Cugat, Horacio Zito, Eric Madriguera, the Mexican Typica Band and Hugo Mariani From Russia come Alexander Kirilloff and Basile Kibakhich. Yoichi Hiroaka, solo-pianist, is the Japanese representative. Heine and his Grenadiers, German Band, and the Bavarian Peasant Band are the Teutonic representatives.

● Charlie Price, drummer on the Old Gold program, is perhaps radio's youngest professional drummer. He's just 18.

● That harp you hear with Casa Loma band on the Camel program is played by Casper Reardon, formerly first harpist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and famous for his original arrangements of classic and popular numbers. He made his first national radio appearance last year.



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