

MRS. FRED ALLEN TELLS AMUSING SECRETS ON FRED!

Radio Stars

JANUARY

10

CENTS

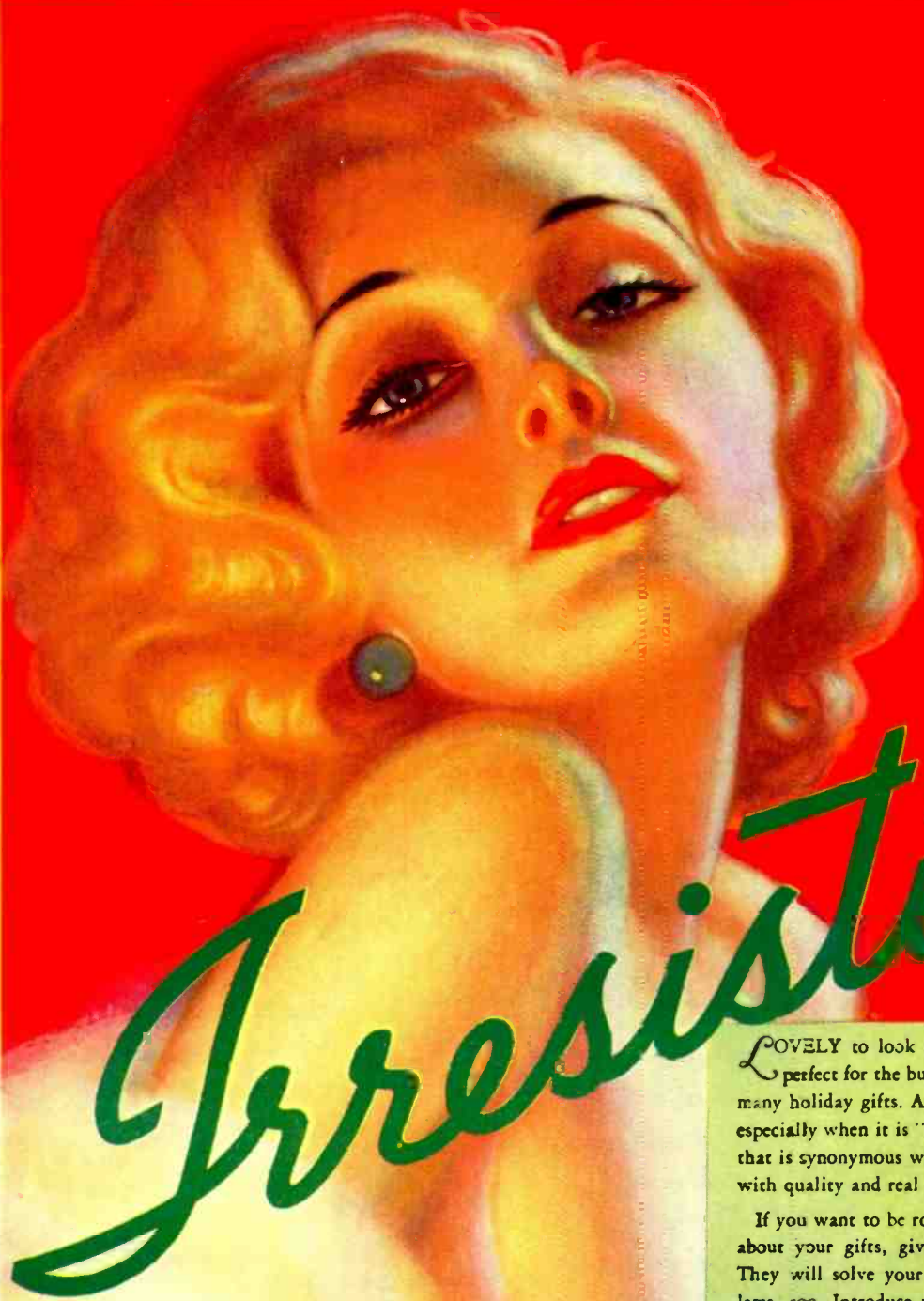
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

KATE
SMITH

*Earl
Hurst*

THE TRUE STORY OF
THE JOAN BLONDELL-
DICK POWELL ROMANCE

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS



Irresistible

SO LOVELY to look at, delightful to give, and perfect for the budget that must stretch over many holiday gifts. A combination hard to resist, especially when it is "IRRESISTIBLE", the name that is synonymous with "allure" in cosmetics... with quality and real value.

If you want to be romantic as well as practical about your gifts, give Irresistible Beauty Aids. They will solve your year-round cosmetic problems, too. Introduce yourself now to Irresistible Cosmetics... to the satin-soft face powder, to Lip Lure that is so vivid and lasting, to Irresistible Perfume with its exotic fragrance. 10c each at leading 5 and 10c stores.



Irresistible Perfume 10c
4 Piece Irresistible Gift Set 25c
5 Piece Irresistible Deluxe Gift Set 50c



Eye-taking Loveliness



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new,

IF ONLY this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play

safe—see your dentist. The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation

healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.



RADIO STARS

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ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

ESTER C. GRADY, Editor

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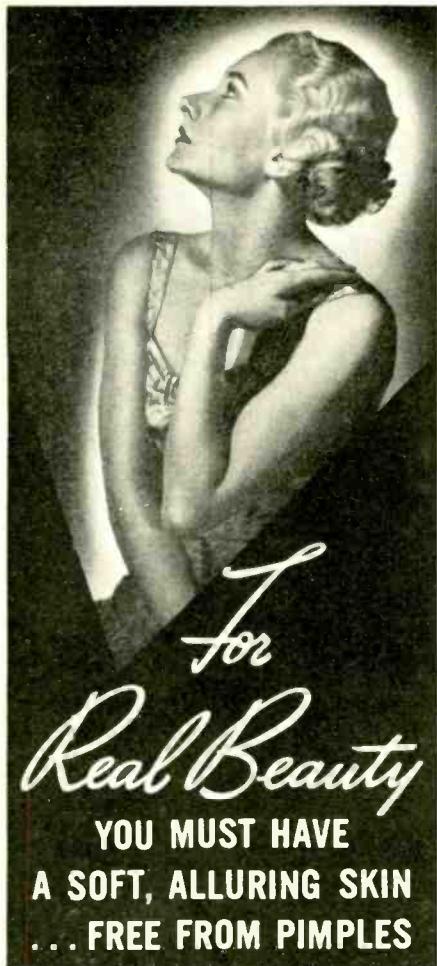
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For
Real Beauty
YOU MUST HAVE
A SOFT, ALLURING SKIN
... FREE FROM PIMPLES

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When these elements are not present in the human diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract becomes weak and sluggish. Its function is badly impaired. Constipation is likely to ensue and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins B and G in abundant quantities and thus tends to restore the intestinal tract to normal—in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

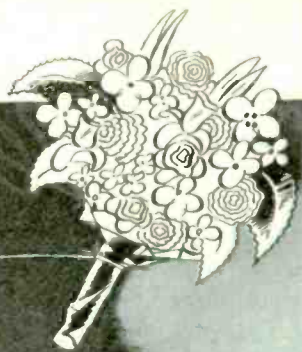
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)

MM 1-37

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

**REUNION-IN LOVE -
BY REQUEST!**

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!



Joan
CRAWFORD · GABLE
Clark
IN LOVE on the RUN
A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Dress TO YOUR height



Alice Frost wears an evening wrap of gray transparent velvet, the collar convertible into a hood.



For dinners, Kay Thompson takes off the tunic-length jacket of her black velvet and sequins costume.



A startling gown for special occasions, chosen by Alice Frost, is this of fuchsia-red taffeta over a bright green petticoat.

BY

ELIZABETH ELLIS

HEIGHT seems to be the big bug-aboo and fashion stumbling block with so many of you girls. You short ones yearn to find some magic garment that will make you look dramatically tall, while you taller girls hope to shave off several inches by some artful dodge of costuming. Of course, the answer is, you can't. But there are certain tricks to your dressing that will make you feel more at ease, whether you are tall or short.

Since you tall gals have been begging me to help you out of late, I hiked up to CBS to talk with two of their stars who frankly admit to being tall and who have a reputation

for looking extremely smart at all times. If what they have to say isn't reassuring to you and doesn't make you feel proud that you are tall, I shall consider my idea a complete dud!

Alice Frost was my first prey. Alice, whom you hear Mondays through Thursdays on the *Rinso* hour in the serial *Big Sister*, and also on the *Chesterfield* re-broadcast, is definitely tall. As her husband describes her, she's the tall, willowy blonde type and he likes to have her dress up to that personality. In exact measurements she is five feet, eight inches tall. Her beautiful natural blonde

hair is long and she wears it in a braid about her head.

Remember my writing to you tall girls and begging you not to try to look shorter? You know, none of that stoop-shouldered, slouch business? Well, Alice Frost's first precept for looking smart is to enjoy your height—don't, above all things, try to look shorter, rather revel in the grace and dignity a few added inches give you. That's what she does and she says that there is only one time that her height actually has been a handicap—and that is when she tries out for stage rôles. She has lost several engagements this

Has your height complicated your clothes problem? You'll find



Alice Frost likes this black velvet dinner gown with its high neckline encircled with shining white silk flowers.

way, because the leading men were shorter than she. Recently she lost out on a Broadway play because she was taller than the star who was to play her mother in the story. In radio she doesn't have to worry about height at all, in fact, it is an advantage to be tall.

I asked her about the new high-crowned hats because they are such a giddy topic of conversation these days. She said:

"I usually wear rather tailored hats with brims because I think they suit my type best. Now and then I do buy a more formal style of hat but never one with a really peaked crown. Those very high crowns make a tall girl look ridiculous. However, I do have some height to my crowns because it suits my type of face better and gives me head room for my braids. I must confess that I do have a little trouble finding hats to fit (Continued on page 66)

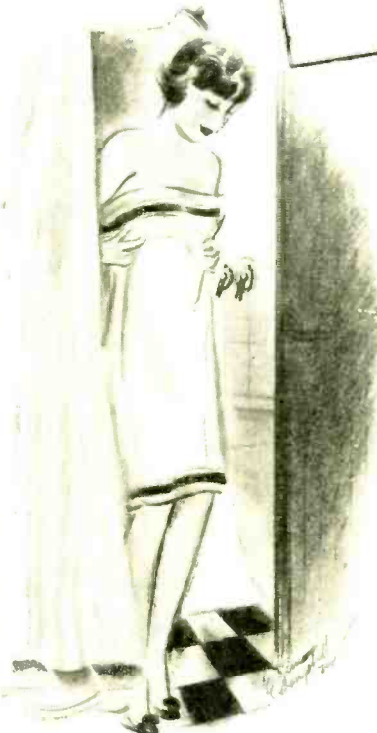
valuable hints here

"COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Watery lotions don't smooth it, either!" Hinds isn't watery. Every creamy drop does chapped skin good. It's a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

SOFTEN RED, ROUGH
"Sandpaper Skin"

SOONER THIS WAY

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its creamy lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up faster.



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HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!

FREE The first
One-Piece
DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop creamy—not watery. Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIOD TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL



Bernice Claire of "Melodiana" was awarded the title of "Miss Perfume Personality of 1937."

Bernice examines the silver cup which has her name and the unique title engraved on it.



INTRODUCING *Miss Perfume Personality of 1937*—Miss Bernice Claire! At the recent conference of Perfume and Cosmetic Buyers in New York City, the *Melodiana* songbird not only was awarded, by unanimous choice, the title of *Miss Perfume Personality of 1937*, but she also was awarded a beautiful silver cup, with her unique title engraved on it. Petite, slender, with soft blonde curls, eyes as blue as larkspur and an entrancing smile, she is a very believable picture of *Miss Perfume Personality*, too. Somehow the title seems as appropriate to her blonde loveliness as do her program titles, *Melodiana* and *Waltz Time*.

Miss Perfume Personality of 1937 has come a long, long way since she left her home in Oakland, California, in 1929, with a definite five-year plan burning fiercely but steadily in her heart to become a national figure in the entertainment world. How well she succeeded in her five-year plan, her achievements will testify. She has been starred in five motion pictures, including the top-hit, *No, No, Nanette*, and has won both concert and radio success. From an unknown to a favorite songster of the air is quite a long leap to make, even on a five-year plan.

Miss Claire often is called, teasingly, the five-year-plan-girl. And when I was present at the silver cup award, I was reminded of my intention of several months previous to interview the five-year-plan girl on a five-week plan for beauty.

About this time of the year, we are especially prone to go into conferences with ourselves and decide on a lot of good beauty resolutions. Oh, yes, we *are* going to *do* something about ourselves; but too often our resolutions, like perfume, are hard to hold and they

fade away into an aura of forgotten, but dimly remembered, good intentions. It is one thing to make good resolutions and quite another thing to keep them, so we need a plan to bolster up our will power.

Naturally, before going into a discussion of a plan for beauty, it was only fitting that we should ask the new Perfume Queen something about her ideas on perfume. And Miss Claire had an interesting and intriguing angle to give us on this glamorous business of selecting one's perfume. What perfume expresses you best? Well, according to Miss Claire, the perfume that expresses you best is the one you like best—the one that you feel does the most for you. Don't worry so much about your perfume fitting your personality. It is Miss Claire's suggestion that if you are shy and unsophisticated, perhaps the very thing you need is an exciting, thrilling perfume that will make other people sit up and take notice. Or if you're sleek and sophisticated, the very thing you need, probably, is a suggestion of more femininity and gentleness in your perfume.

In fact, Miss Claire's suggestions are practically twins to those given in the little perfume booklet I have for you this month, *Winning Ways with Perfume*. The booklet is a complete guide to the art of perfumery. It tells you the secret of how perfume may be most potently applied; it describes how you can give yourself a perfumed shampoo and it gives lots of other timely perfume hints for this fragrant season.

Incidentally, it might be amusing to mention in passing that Miss Claire is a good friend of Dick Merrill—the famous aviator with the round-trip-ocean-flight record—and Miss Claire helps him to choose perfume—for himself! No one can accuse Merrill of being a "sissy" cer-

A five-week plan for beauty and how to select perfume suited

BY MARY
BIDDLE



tainly, so you can tell that to your husband. As a matter of fact, Merrill likes to use it to make the gas fumes from his plane more bearable, which is surely *one* good reason for using it. Of course, he chooses fresh, crisp masculine-appealing odors. All of which is a point to bear in mind when it comes to choosing the gift for the man who has his fill of gadgets and hates ties that women pick out for him. For example, there is a special Christmas gift set for men that comes with a smart new wood shaving bowl, a delightfully crisp, refreshing after-shaving lotion (also grand for body rubs), and a generous can of talcum in the same tangy odor . . . all for the man who is both masculine and discriminating in his tastes.

But not to let the men interfere with our beauty plans . . . let's get down to the business of mapping out a five-week plan of beauty for you. We can't get very far without a plan. Men are right when they say that women need more system in their lives. However, Miss Claire suggests
(Continued on page 64)

to your personality

"I'm most certainly grateful



to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE



BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

November 12, 1936 (Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)

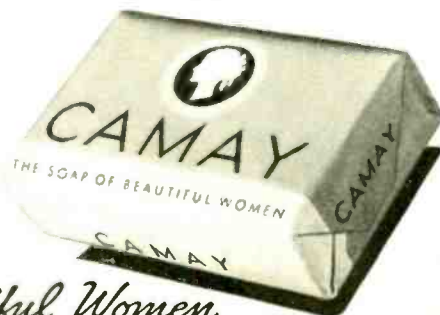
"THE bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how

satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so mild—provably milder than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

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EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

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

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR... 85.0
CBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>2. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—FRED ALLEN 84.4
NBC Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>3. JELL-O PROGRAM—JACK BENNY... 84.0
NBC Sun. 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>4. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA... 83.3
CBS Sun. 3:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>5. CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS NINO MARTINI WITH KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA... 83.2
CBS Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>6. WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS... 83.1
CBS Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST;
NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</p> <p>7. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ-KAY THOMPSON, RAY HEATHERTON... 83.0
CBS Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>8. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT—ERNO RAPEE... 82.5
NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>9. ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—RUDY VALLEE... 82.1
NBC Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>10. LUX RADIO THEATRE... 81.3
CBS Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>11. RUBINOFF, JAN PEECE... 80.8
CBS Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>12. MEREDITH WILLSON ORCHESTRA... 79.0
NBC Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST, Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>13. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA... 77.6
NBC Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>14. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—JESSICA DRAGONETTE... 77.3
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>15. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS... 76.6
NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>16. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—VOORHEES ORCHESTRA... 76.1
NBC Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>17. PHIL BAKER WITH HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA... 76.0
CBS Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>18. GABRIEL HEATTER... 75.9
MBS M-T-W-T 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>19. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS... 75.6
NBC Thur. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>20. YOUR HIT PARADE... 75.4
NBC Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST; CBS Sat. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>21. CAMEL CARAVAN—RUPERT HUGHES, GOODMAN BAND... 75.3
CBS Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>22. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA... 74.8
CBS Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST</p> | <p>23. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—MARGARET SPEAKS... 74.7
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>24. THE BAKERS BROADCAST—ROBERT RIPLEY, NELSON ORCHESTRA... 73.8
NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>25. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS — RICHARD HIMBER... 73.6
NBC Mon. 9:30 P.M. EST, 9:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>26. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC... 73.2
NBC Sun. 9:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>27. BURNS AND ALLEN... 73.1
CBS Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>28. AMOS 'N' ANDY... 73.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</p> <p>29. EASY ACES... 72.9
NBC T-W-T 7:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>30. THE SINGING LADY... 72.8
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>31. SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY—WALTER O'KEEFE... 72.4
NBC Sat. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>32. VICK'S OPEN HOUSE—NELSON EDDY 72.3
CBS Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>33. IRVIN COBB PADUCAH PLANTATION... 72.1
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NBC Thur. 11:15 P.M. EST</p> <p>35. WE, THE PEOPLE—PHILLIPS LORD 71.8
NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>36. RADIO CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA... 71.4
NBC Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>37. ONE MAN'S FAMILY... 71.3
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST, Sun. 9:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>38. LOWELL THOMAS... 71.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST</p> <p>39. HELEN HAYES IN "BAMBI"... 70.8
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>40. SPORTCAST—TED HUSING... 70.6
CBS T-T-S 7:15 P.M. EST</p> <p>41. EDDIE CANTOR... 70.5
CBS Sun. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST</p> <p>42. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT... 70.4
NBC Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST, 9:15 P.M. PST</p> <p>43. BOAKE CARTER... 70.3
CBS M-T-W-T-F 7:45 P.M. EST</p> <p>44. PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA... 70.2
CBS Sun. 2:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>45. EDWIN C. HILL... 70.0
NBC Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST; Mon., Thur. 7:30 P.M. EST</p> | <p>46. ALEMITE HALF HOUR — HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS... 69.6
CBS Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, 9:00 P.M. PST</p> <p>47. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES... 69.0
NBC Sun. 9:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST</p> <p>48. SHELL CHATEAU — SMITH BALLEW, YOUNG ORCHESTRA... 68.7
NBC Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>49. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL... 68.6
CBS Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>50. REVUE DE PAREE—FANNIE BRICE... 68.2
NBC Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>51. A & P BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH 67.9
CBS Thur. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>52. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA... 67.6
NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>53. U. S. ARMY BAND... 67.5
NBC Mon. 6:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>54. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR... 67.4
CBS M-W-F 11:00 A.M. EST, 12:00 Noon PST</p> <p>55. NASH-LAFAYETTE SPEED SHOW — FLOYD GIBBONS, LOPEZ ORCHESTRA... 67.3
CBS Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>56. LUM AND ABNER... 67.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST</p> <p>57. FIRESIDE RECITALS — WILLIE MORRIS... 66.7
NBC Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>58. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN... 66.6
CBS Sun. 12:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>59. CONTENTED PROGRAM... 66.5
NBC Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>60. MELODIANA — ABE LYMAN... 66.4
NBC Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>61. SEARS—THEN AND NOW... 66.1
CBS Thur. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>62. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY... 66.0
CBS Sun. 11:30 A.M. EST</p> <p>63. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, GREEN ORCHESTRA... 65.9
NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>64. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA... 65.8
NBC Fri. 9:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>65. HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL... 65.2
CBS Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>66. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA... 65.1
CBS Mon. 10:00 P.M. EST; NBC T-W 8:30 P.M. EST</p> <p>67. GILLETTE'S COMMUNITY SING—MILTON BERLE, JONES & HARE... 65.0
CBS Sun. 10:00 P.M. EST</p> <p>68. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA... 64.8
CBS Wed. 8:00 P.M. EST</p> |
|--|---|--|



- 69. GANG BUSTERS 64.7
CBS Wed. 10:00 P.M. EST
- 70. LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH 63.8
NBC Tues. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 71. PORTRAITS OF HARMONY — TED WEEMS 63.7
NBC Tues. 10:30 P.M. EST
- 72. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY 63.1
NBC Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 73. HORN AND HARDART'S CHILDREN'S HOUR 63.0
CBS Sun. 10:30 A.M. EST
- 74. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE 62.8
NBC Fri. 10:00 P.M. EST
- 75. VEE LAWNHURST AND THE CHAR-IOTEERS 62.7
CBS Thur. 7:30 P.M. EST
- 76. JOE PENNER—GRIER ORCHESTRA 62.6
CBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST
- 77. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY 62.5
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:00 P.M. EST
- 78. CAPT. TIM HEALY 62.4
NBC M-T-W-T-F 9:45 A.M. EST
- 79. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS 62.3
NBC T-T-S 11:05 P.M. EST
- 80. RY - KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY 62.2
NBC Sun. 5:00 P.M. EST
- 81. VOX POP 62.1
NBC Tues. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 82. THE CARBORUNDUM BAND 62.1
CBS Sat. 7:30 P.M. EST
- 83. TODAY'S CHILDREN 62.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 10:45 A.M. EST
- 84. NATIONAL BARN DANCE 62.0
NBC Sat. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:00 P.M. PST
- 85. MARY MARLIN 61.9
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST
- 86. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND 61.6
NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 87. ETHEL BARRYMORE 61.2
NBC Wed. 8:30 P.M. EST
- 88. MYSTERY CHEF 61.1
NBC Tues. Sat. 11:30 A.M. EST
- 89. KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS 61.0
CBS Sun. 10:45 P.M. EST
- 90. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT 60.8
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:30 P.M. EST
- 91. TWIN STARS — ROSEMARIE BRANCATO 60.7
NBC Fri. 9:30 P.M. EST
- 92. GRAND HOTEL—ANNE SEYMOUR 60.5
NBC Sun. 3:30 P.M. EST
- 93. IRENE RICH 60.2
NBC Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 94. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA 60.1
NBC Tues. 7:45 P.M. EST
- 95. CROSLY FOLLIES 60.0
MBS Mon. 11:30 P.M. EST
- 96. COME ON, LET'S SING 59.2
CBS Wed. 9:30 P.M. EST
- 97. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN 58.6
NBC Sat. 5:30 P.M. EST
- 98. LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY 58.5
CBS Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
- 99. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOK- ENDS 58.4
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:15 P.M. EST
- 100. THE JERGENS PROGRAM — WALTER WINCHELL 58.3
NBC Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 101. GIRL ALONE 58.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 12:00 Noon EST
- 102. HUSBANDS AND WIVES 58.0
NBC Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST
- 103. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION 57.9
NBC M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST
- 104. GOOD WILL COURT 57.7
NBC Sun. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 105. THE WONDER SHOW—CHRISTIE ORCHESTRA 57.5
MBS Sun. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 106. DAVID HARUM 57.4
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:00 A.M. EST
- 107. HAROLD "RED" GRANGE 57.3
NBC Fri. 10:30 P.M. EST, Sat. 7:00 P.M. EST
- 108. QUALITY TWINS—EAST AND DUMKE 57.2
CBS T-T 11:15 A.M. EST
- 109. MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR 57.0
CBS Thur. 9:00 P.M. EST
- 110. GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS 56.7
NBC Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST

(Continued on page 59)



Chevrolet presents

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN

VIRGINIA REA
JAN PEERCE

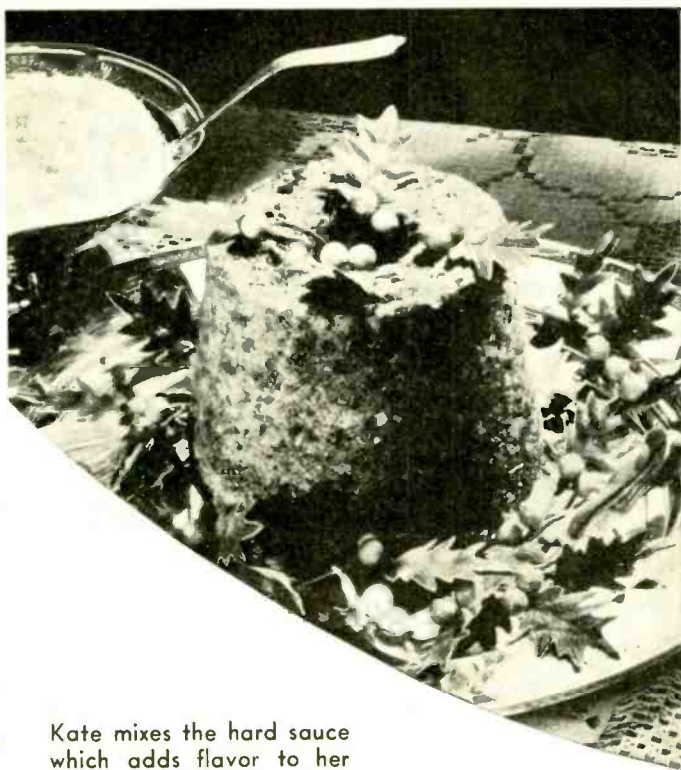
EVERY SUNDAY

*Columbia Network
Coast-to-Coast*

6:30 P.M.

EASTERN
STANDARD
TIME





Kate mixes the hard sauce which adds flavor to her new steamed fruit pudding for the Christmas table.

Courtesy None Such Mince-meat



KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING

HELLO, EVERYBODY! This is Kate Smith wishing you all a Merry Christmas and resuming my rôle as Cooking School Director for RADIO STARS Magazine—my second "Command Appearance" in that capacity. And say, folks, from the letters I've been getting, you seem to be almost as glad to see me here as I am happy to be here! And with Christmas Dinner to talk about this month, believe me that's *some* happy!

I'm so full of the Holiday spirit, anyway, that I'm simply bubbling over with enthusiasm for everything connected with this joyous season. I just can't describe to you how much I look forward to seeing the lighted Christmas trees in the parks and in the windows of homes and apartments in the city and suburbs . . . the children crowding around the toy displays of the big department stores . . . the shops, both large and small, filled with

delightful gifts to buy and foods to eat. These are the things I'll be seeing and enjoying this year, for my family is coming north to join me in New York for the Holidays. And my, it won't be long before they—and Christmas—will be here. But old Santa won't be able to spring any surprises on Kate this year. For I'm all prepared; my Christmas gift list is made out, my Christmas plans are decided upon and—which is probably of more interest to you Cooking School followers—my Christmas Dinner menu is complete, down to the last raisin.

You know, planning the dinner ahead of time will save you much last-minute rushing around!

I think I'm going to give you that menu, too, straight off, so that you can get an idea of the meal as a whole before we start talking about all the dishes individually. So here 'tis:

CHRISTMAS DINNER
 Cream of Mushroom Soup
 Roast Capon
 Chestnut Stuffing Apple Sauce
 Pan Broiled Potatoes
 Baked Squash String Beans
 Sweet Cider
 Cranberry Ring Mold Salad
 Steamed Yule Pudding,
 Hard and Southern Sauce
 Coffee
 Marshmallow Nut Fudge Mints
 Nuts Fruit Raisins

Now, there you are! And doesn't it sound like the kind of a meal long to be remembered? I know just writing it down for you brings back to me fond memories of other Christmas dinners, with Grandmother Hanby proudly presiding over a table fairly groaning under the burden of just such a meal as this. So do please give the menu more than a casual glance before we discuss each item together. Because, you

Presenting Kate in the second of her series of exclusive



These rich spice cakes are topped with marshmallows holding candles.

SCHOOL

see, I intend to give you cooking directions for practically all the dishes I've mentioned. Some of the recipes I'll have room to give you right here and the others you will find in the leaflet which this magazine will send you free of charge. I understand there will always be a convenient coupon for you to fill out and that you'll receive your leaflet without delay and without having to send postage. (*Editor's Note: Coupon appears at the end of Kate's article.*)

What recipes to put in the leaflet? Well, I think the *Cranberry Salad Mold* deserves that special attention and the *Steamed Yule Pudding*, with both *Hard Sauce* and *Southern Sauce* thrown in to make this dessert the best you ever tasted. The *Marshmallow Nut Fudge* included on my menu—and the *Spicy Cup Cakes* not mentioned here before—will also go into the leaflet. With those recipes
(Continued on page 67)

cooking articles

Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives



YOU choose your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. They know the dangers of using the wrong kind. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE

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

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points that doctors look for in a laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. For over 30 years the dependable, satisfying performance of Ex-Lax has created universal

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

trust. Today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It is thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. If you have been taking nasty, nauseating cathartics, you'll be grateful for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you'd like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! ... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-17
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

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

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Thirteen-year-old Deanna Durbin was warmly welcomed on Eddie Cantor's program.

"Adventures of Ace Williams," on the air with Jane Parsons, Ace Williams, himself, announcer Edwin Burke and Dick Holt in the very act of thrilling you.



PICTURESQUE and amusing stories about Bob Burns seem to pop up endlessly. A New York radio man, vacationing at the old home in Beaufort, S. C., found Bob a big favorite there and started telling the folks about radio's newest comic star.

"I didn't get far," he relates. "They knew him better than I did. Bob was in the Marines, stationed down near there, and used to play with a Marine Band that came to the hotel once a week for dances.

"He played the trombone some, but even then he was monkeying around with that bazooka of his, blating away on it while the band was trying to play dance music." But his main stunt was to get a couple of friends sitting down in a corner and then tell whopping big lies about his relatives back in Arkansas.

"A couple of his old pals down

there tell me he hasn't had a story on the radio yet that he didn't tell them back in the war days. Nobody ever thought of him as a comedian. He didn't himself. Just a good-natured screwball it was fun to have around."

When Eddie Cantor started his program for Texaco, they had life-size cut-outs of Eddie made to stand in front of every filling station. Eddie sent one to every radio editor, too, creating an acute disposal problem. One young man wrote he took his home for a pistol target and the very idea of shooting at Cantor improved his marksmanship immensely.

Sheila Barrett called Fred Allen to ask permission to do an impersonation of him and Fred drawled: "It's all right with me, but you'd better

ask Rudy Vallee. He has been doing an imitation of me so long, I think he's established rights to it by now. I've been going to call him to ask if he minded if I went on doing Fred Allen myself."

Walter O'Keefe's new Saturday night hour shows signs of developing into one of radio's more amusing sessions of idiocy. Of course, the people he talks to in the studio audience are almost all rehearsed and salaried stooges. But that's the only way he could get diverting replies to the silly questions. Most people become tongue-tied when suddenly confronted with a microphone. "Plants" in the audience were an old custom in vaudeville, so I don't suppose there's any reason why radio can't pick up the tradition.

Walter (Continued on page 62)

Your news hound tracks down the latest gossipy tidbits

RADIO STARS

This energetic gentleman is Homer Rodeheaver bringing to a close a "Come On, Let's Sing" broadcast. Announcer Tiny Ruffner stands close by.



Edward Everett Horton loses his blank expression before the mike. This super comedian is heard Saturdays at 9:30 p. m., EST, on "Shell Chateau."

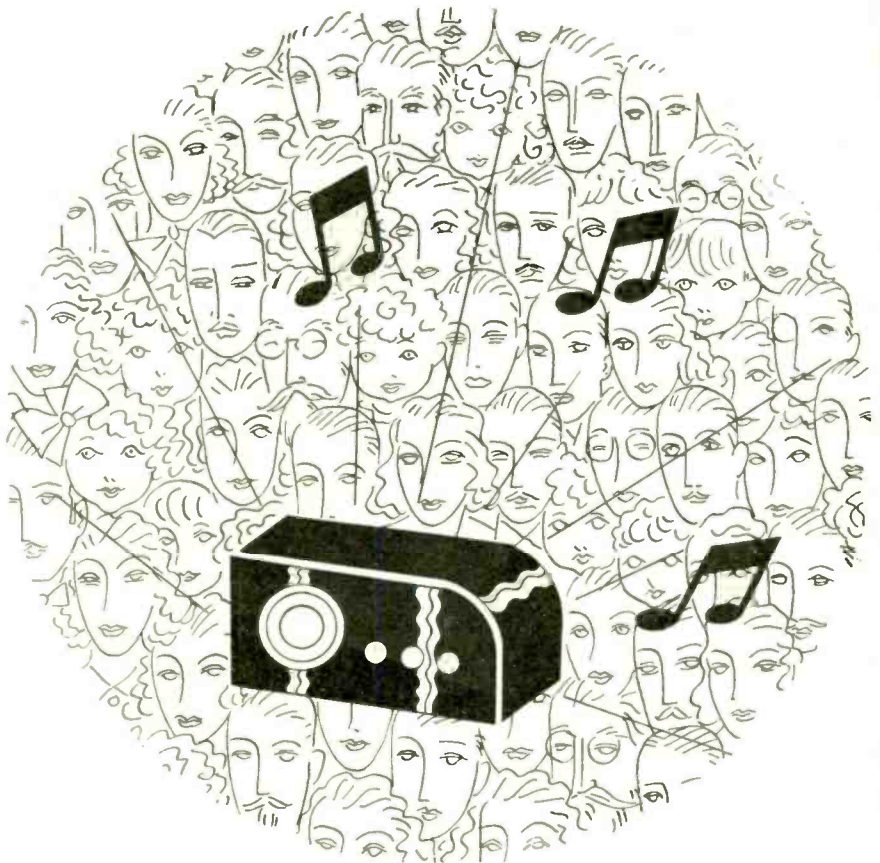
This would-be cowboy is none other than maestro Paul Whiteman receiving Radio Stars' medal from Governor Allred of Texas.



WHAT THEY LISTEN



"The glorious voice" of Nelson Eddy thrills his fans of screen and radio.



Edith Bauder, Teaneck, N. J. (Student.) "Because he presents all types of music from serious to sublime, I like Fred Waring and his *Pennsylvanians*. And I especially enjoy the singing of Rosemary and Priscilla Lane! *One Man's Family*, for depiction of true family life with humor and pathos. Jack Benny, for good fun and dry humor. Nelson Eddy, for his rendition of ballads, operas and musical scores from his various pictures."

Doris Baker, Elmira, N. Y. (Maid.) "I listen to *The Good Will Court*, because it is better than any other program on the air. It is both interesting and helpful. To Fred Allen's *Town Hall Tonight*, because I like the music, jokes and the amateurs. I also listen to *The Voice of Experience*, for the advice he gives to his audience."

Mildred E. Riley, Little Rock, Ark. (Typist.) "I tune in on the *Cities Service* programs for the incomparable *Revelers Quartette* and excellent orchestra. *Vick's Open House*, for the glorious voice of Nelson Eddy. Guy Lombardo, because his is the sweetest music this side of heaven; in fact, the best on the air. *The American Album of Familiar Music*, to hear the superb voice of Frank Munn, Rubinoff and his magic violin, the lovely voice of Virginia Rea and the grand orchestra. Wayne King and Abe Lyman for their soothing waltz music with no jazz and Jack



Page Gilman, 18, plays Jack Barbour in popular *One Man's Family* cast.



Dry humor jokester Jack Benny is a favorite with our *Radio Stars* readers.

Benny for good, clean comedy and entertainment."

Leo Enger, Detroit, Mich. (Specialty Food Merchant.) "*March of Time* ranks as an ace program to me, because it brings world events in a new and interesting manner. My second choice is *Snow Village*

Sketches, which present fascinating human interest stories of rural America when she was yet a young nation."

Mary Rosenthal, E. St. Louis, Ill. (Student.) "The two programs I like best are *One Man's Family* and *Lux Radio Theatre*. I enjoy the first be-

Which radio programs are your especial favorites and why?

TO - AND WHY



Deanna Durbin, aged 13, sings with Eddie Cantor and is set for films.



Lovely and popular songbird, Rosemary Lane, of Waring's "Pennsylvanians."



Meet Helen Hayes' radio husband, James Meighan, co-star of serial *Bambi*.

cause it is so much like our own home life and the second because it is a pleasure to listen to plays, especially when the actors and actresses are famous movie stars."

♦
Mary Atwood, Lincoln, Neb. (Teacher) "My favorites are the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, which presents sixty minutes of first-class music with no tiresome advertising; Nelson Eddy, because he is a truly fine artist, though I would prefer not to hear the soprano on his program. Eddie Cantor, who always manages cleverly to weave in some good advice with his good humor and fun. *Lux Radio Theatre*, because it always has good talent."

♦
H. G. Stiles, Indianapolis, Ind. (Coal Salesman.) "I listen to and enjoy *Lum 'n' Abner*, because the parts are all so well taken and it is clean, wholesome fun. Also enjoy Bob Burns on the *Kraft Music Hall*, for his fine backwoods humor, and the modern music of Paul Whiteman and Horace Heidt."

♦
Mrs. Mabelle Welsh, Waterloo, Iowa. (Housewife.) "Major Bowes, because he has done so much for the hidden talent. Dr. Dafoe, because his is an instructive program for young mothers. *The Good Will Court*, since it is most instructive and there is much for the average citizen to learn from it."

♦
Charlie Vinal, South Weymouth,

Mass. (Musician.) "I listen to dance bands more than anything else. My favorite commercials are the Benny Goodman part of the *Camel Caravan*, Kay Kyser's show, Horace Heidt's program and the *Gulf* hour. You can see that these are all musical programs, with the possible exception of the last mentioned."

♦
Louis D. Hurd, Clayton, Dela. (Grocer.) "I listen to the following programs: *March of Time*, *The Magic Key of RCA* and Lowell Thomas, because they are educational. For good musical programs I prefer the U.S. Marine Band, Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians* and *The American Album of Familiar Music*. For wit and fun, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Carefree Carnival*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *Pick and Pat* and *Vic and Sade* fill the bill."

♦
Lura B. Triplett, Mooreland, Okla. (Teacher.) "*Cheerio* and *Breakfast Club* give me a good start for the day. For my inner self, each of the following gives me what I need: *Between the Bookends*, *Farm and Home Hour*, *One Man's Family*, Wayne King's and Meredith Willson's orchestras, *Show Boat*, *WLS Farm Dance Party*, *The Magic Key* and Malcolm Claire stories."

♦
Verna M. Ewing, Cicero, Ill. (Mil-liner.) "I like human interest programs such as *Good Will Court*, *Vox Pop* and *Traffic Court*, interesting and educational dramas; Helen Hayes

in *Bambi*, *One Man's Family* and *First Nighter*, because they are well written and excellently acted. For interesting selections and good orchestral music I prefer the Edison Symphony and for soothing rhythm, Wayne King. My favorite singers are Nelson Eddy, Frank Munn and Tiny Ruffner."

♦
Mrs. A. G. Stannard, Kansas City, Mo. (Housewife.) In the order of my choice, I always listen to: *Mary Marlin*, *Betty and Bob*, Eddie Cantor, Bob Burns, Major Bowes and Phillips Lord's *Gangbusters*. *Mary Marlin* is by far my favorite and seems to be equally popular with all my neighbors. I presume the reason I like all these is because, with the exception of *Gangbusters*, they are appealing to human sympathy."

♦
Miss L. M. Berry, Chicago, Ill. (Student.) "My choices are: *Bishop and the Gargoyle*, a subtle mystery at last; Rudy Vallee, *Shell Chateau*, *Camel Caravan* and Fred Astaire for A-1 variety; Fred Allen, *Pick and Pat*, *Stoopnagle* and *Budd* for really clever comedy; *Lux Radio Theatre*, Helen Hayes, *Widow's Sons*, *One Man's Family*, *Radio Guild*, *Bachelor's Children*, Irene Rich and *First Nighter*, because they are all excellent dramas."

♦
Letha A. Behr, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (Housewife.) "Mark Hawley's news reports at 8:00 a.m. on *W'OR* to get the latest news first thing in the morning; (Continued on page 59)

Address: Query Editor, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Ave., New York.

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.



Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard pro-

prietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



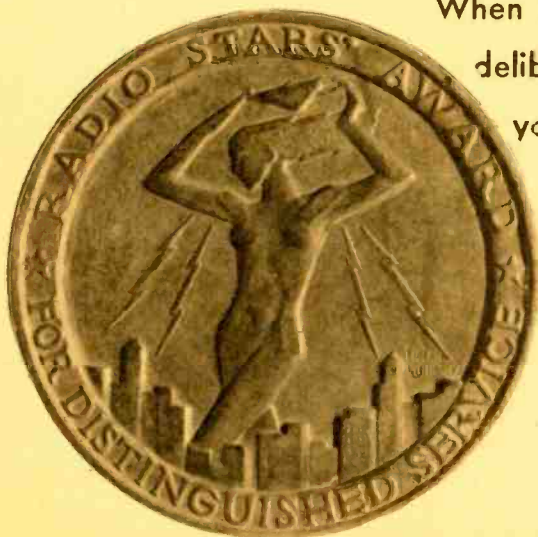
Wayne King

There is nothing more comforting, more soul-satisfying and enjoyable to radio listeners than the mellow strains of Wayne King's music. His smooth arrangements, his unerring judgment of pleasing selections, his delightful sense of rhythm, his saxophone solos and original compositions are among the qualities which have singled out Wayne King from radio's maze of maestros and merited for him the place of honor and distinction he so justly deserves.

No matter what your mood at the time of dialing, his music invariably casts its spell and you enjoy a pleasurable half-hour of relaxation. Wayne's is the music of love, of solace, of peace of mind, of quietude. Lullabies for grownups.

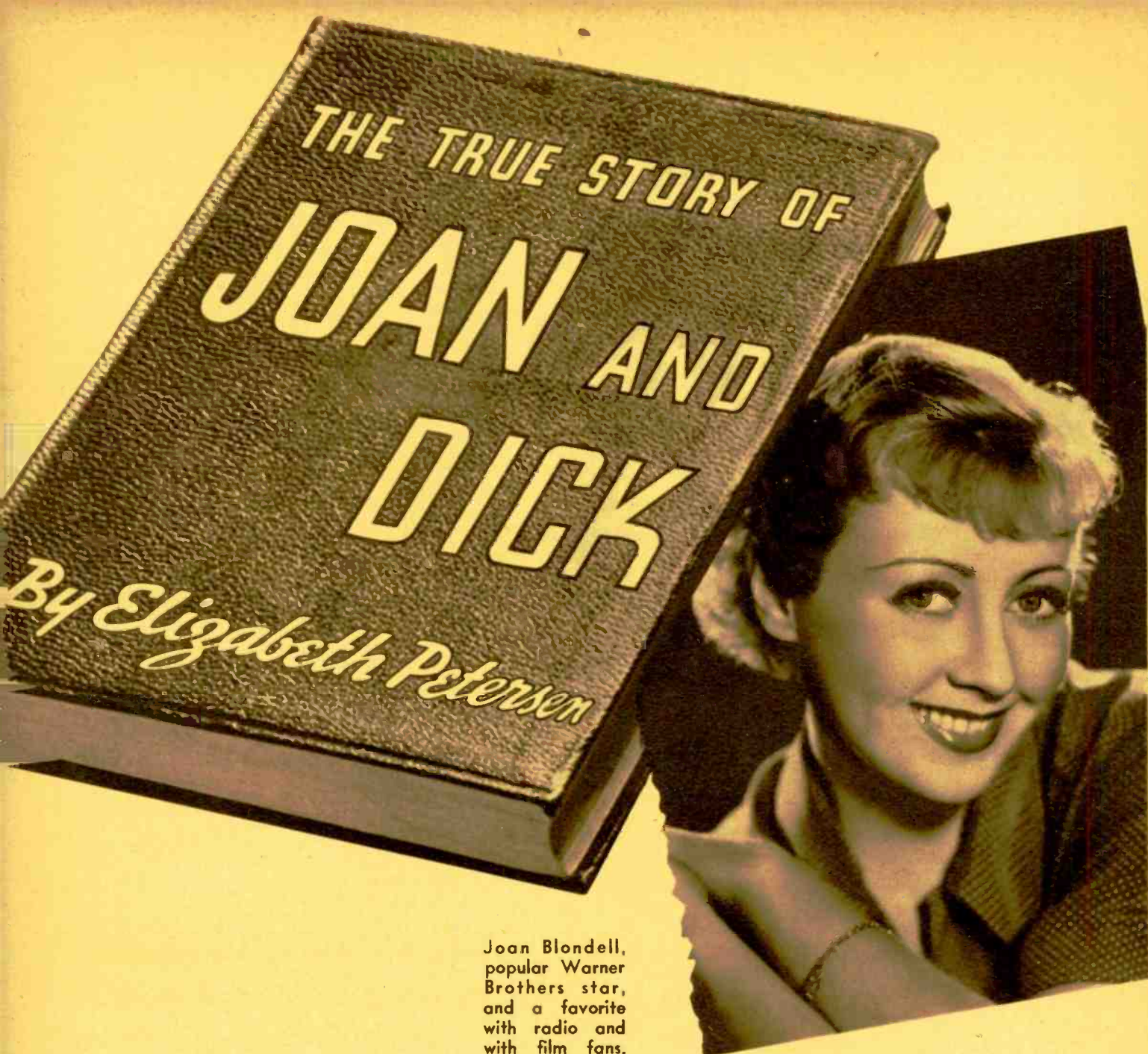
When life seems to have overlooked you, when it has been deliberately cruel, there always are pity and consolation for your troubled heart in the soothing music of Wayne King.

To him and his Lady Esther Serenade program, RADIO STARS magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Lester C. Grady

—EDITOR.



Joan Blondell, popular Warner Brothers star, and a favorite with radio and with film fans.

THERE they were, a mile up towards the sky, in the tower of one of New York's smartest hotels. They had seen all the shows everybody was seeing, they had been to all the night clubs everybody was talking about. They had been to all the smart shops that are always somehow more enticing with the coming of the first, brisk autumn days and they had endless credit at all of them. It was their honeymoon and yet neither of them looked particularly happy.

Joan Blondell looked almost defiant as she stood against the wall in the slim black satin dress that made a white camelia of her face and brought out the gold in the topsy-turvy halo of her hair. Her blue eyes, the color of the lupines that grow along the California countryside, looked steadily at the opposite wall in something that might have been resentment and something that might have been despair.

And Dick Powell, laid low with a bad attack of

grippe, watched her from the bed on which he was lying, his eyes seeming all the more gentle for the storm that was gathering in hers. Somehow you knew that he felt the things she was feeling, too, but had put them away from him in his concern for her.

No doubt of Dick Powell's love for Joan when he looked at her like that, almost as if you could hear him saying: "Don't let it bother you, kid. Don't ever let anything bother you again."

That was the feeling you had about the two of them. That for all their talent, for all their years of trouping, they had grown up for the first time in their lives. Really grown up. Suddenly and without warning, as people will when they have been thoroughly disillusioned.

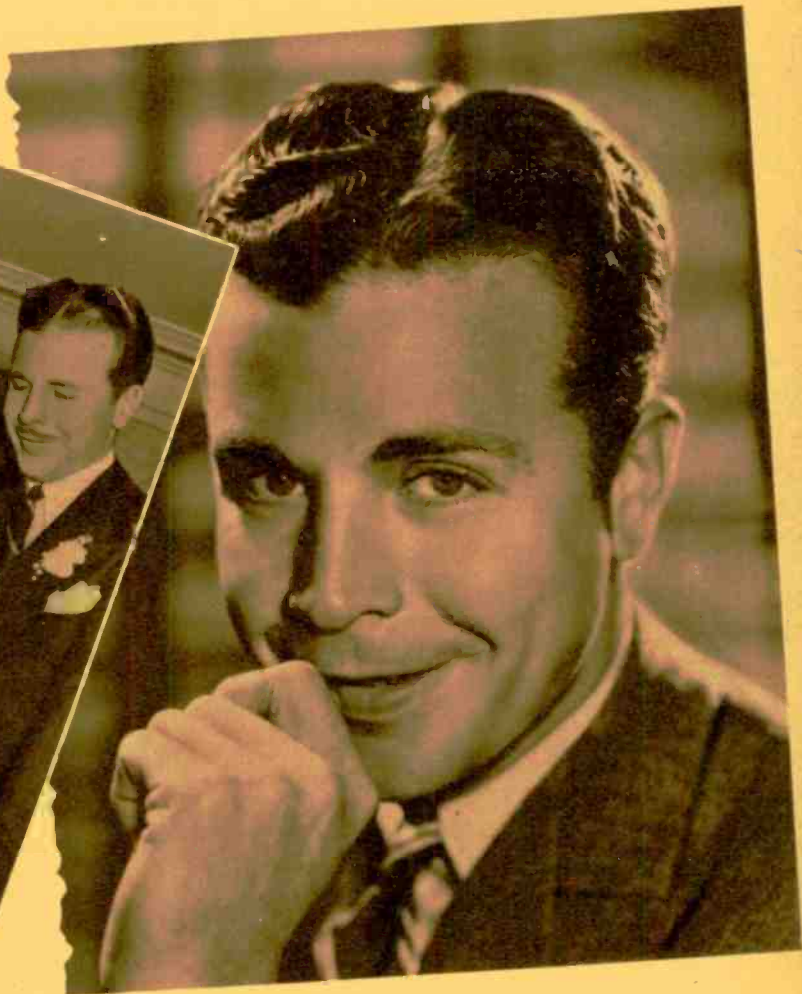
They must have met disillusion before. After all, they both had gone through an unsuccessful first marriage, they both had taken love and seen it turn to ashes in their hands.

But people can face a thing like that if they have to.

Here's the story you've been aching to read—the never-before-told story of the romance of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell



Joan and Dick were married aboard the Grace Line steamer, S.S. Santa Paula. Captain Nielsen, skipper of the ship, helped cut the wedding cake.



And here is bridegroom Dick, otherwise Richard E. Powell, of the films and of "Hollywood Hotel" radio program. Dick seems to find life pretty good!

Disillusion like that, composed in equal parts of sorrow and knowledge, carries its own salve of dignity. When that sort of trouble comes, human beings can creep into their own little sanctuaries and look into their hearts and come out the greater for it.

But there's another kind of disillusion that can warp and change a whole life, if a man or woman isn't equal to combatting it. A disillusion that knows neither dignity, nor pride, nor honor, that is made up of ridicule and unkind laughter.

That's the kind Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were to know at a time that should have been the happiest in their lives.

They were so happy, these two, back in Hollywood. This new love that had come to them was so different from anything they had known before. It had grown so slowly, spread its roots so sweetly into their hearts, that they were scarcely conscious of the growing.

First they had worked together and seen each other as only fellow workers can. Respect for each other had come then, and admiration for all the things they saw and liked in each other, good sportmanship, graciousness, kindness.

Dick saw Joan go over to a little extra girl who had been given a part for the first time. He saw her take that girl into her dressing-room, giving up a luncheon appointment to do it, and go over her lines with her until the girl gained enough confidence to go before the camera and give a good account of herself.

Joan heard about the boy who had failed in a radio audition because of technical flaws in an untrained voice and how Dick was paying for singing lessons for that boy with the naturally fine voice, who might conceivably be his own rival some day. Giving him more than that, for Dick was coaching him himself, giving him all the pointers most professionals (Continued on page 81)

... AND THEY CALL

"Radio," says Robert Montgomery, "is, with few exceptions, bogging itself in inexcusable mediocrity." But don't think that Bob doesn't like radio. He's been successful on the air as on the screen, and he hopes to do more radio work.

BY JACK
HANLEY



Bob Montgomery and Constance Bennett appeared together as guest artists on the CBS "Sears—Then and Now" program.

Screen star Robert Montgomery

WHEN somebody squawks about radio, that's not news. Sit around in the drugstore or lunch counter near any broadcasting station and the complainers' chorus will take radio apart and rebuild it to perfection quicker than you can say "chocolate soda." You'll hear anguished cries of "favoritism" and "stupidity" and "incompetency" and why so-and-so got where *she* is. And you'll also find that, while some of the squawks are legitimate, the majority usually come from the flops and the frustrated. They've been doing it in the theatre for years and every train from the West Coast brings a fresh assortment of razzes for Hollywood.

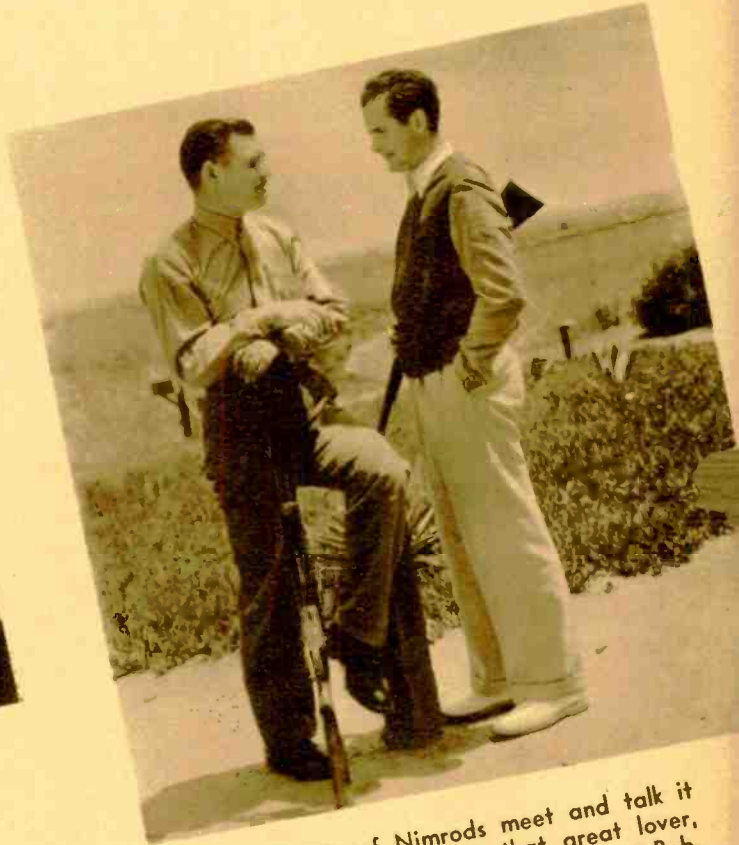
But when a performer who can demand, and get, four figures for a single appearance, sounds off, that's another story. Particularly if that performer's appearances have been successful and he happens to be a singularly well-balanced and intelligent person.

Robert Montgomery, as one of the big names in pictures and with a thorough background in the theatre, is such a person. So, when I asked him the conventional question about how he liked radio, I expected the usual platitudes. He had been sitting with his long legs stretched across the sofa, being quietly bored by an interview, but he unwound with startling suddenness and leaned forward.

HOLLYWOOD CRAZY!



Remember Bob in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's delicious movie, "Piccadilly Jim?" He's one star who never disappoints his fans.



A couple of Nimrods meet and talk it over. On the left is that great lover, Clark Gable. The other, of course, is Bob.

makes a few pertinent—and impertinent—remarks about radio

"I'll tell you what I think of radio," he said earnestly. "I think that, with the exception of comparatively few worthwhile programs, radio is bogging itself in inexcusable mediocrity. The average program, from the sponsor through contact men, advertising agency men and directors of programs, doesn't have a single person of real professional background!"

Blinking at the bombshell, I murmured that those were harsh words, pardner. But Bob Montgomery, for all of his extremely likable amiability, has very definite convictions and they're usually based on more than idle conjecture.

"They say Hollywood and picture people are nuts! It's my personal opinion that there is more unnecessary waste of money and talent in radio than there ever was in pictures—and you can quote me on that.

"A lot of things have been said and are being said about the nutty things that go on in Hollywood. And a lot of it is true," he went on. "But making pictures is a highly specialized business and without defending some of the more flagrant exasperations, the fact remains that a lot of the things that strangers condemn as idiotic are necessary to picture production. And that's the real distinction—regardless of mistakes and slips, most of the people in pictures have a real knowledge of their jobs and a

background for their work. But I've found that, in radio, there are, building programs, all too many persons who have the magnificent eccentricities of genius without the genius!"

That sounds like someone very excited talking, but Bob Montgomery wasn't excited; he was merely saying what he thought, which seems to be a habit of his.

"What would you think," he grinned, "of a show with a \$14,000.00-talent bill, exclusive of air time, that didn't have so much as a script ready as late as two hours before the broadcast?"

"That's only one example of the sort of thing I mean. In the early days of radio they had trouble finding talent willing to go on the air, just as the movies did. Then, when radio grew into a large, respectable institution, they turned up their noses at Broadway and Broadway talent. What they ignored was the fact that radio needed showmanship—and you have to go to Broadway for that. Radio did that, too, with the result that some of the most successful programs are those that enlisted the aid of performers who knew their business.

"But radio still needs production men who understand showmanship and entertainment. Being an advertising man, or a successful manufacturer, doesn't qualify anyone to put on a show—and a (Continued on page 55)

YOU DON'T KNOW FRED LIKE I DO



Portland Hoffa, favorite stooge and wife of comic Fred Allen of "Town Hall Tonight."

HERE I am stooging for Fred as usual! But, let me tell you right now, there isn't a person in the world I'd rather stooge for. My luck was coming in, that night Ethel Shutta introduced him to me backstage at the *Scandals*.

That was back in 1927. It was the beginning of the *Scandals* run and it was the beginning of me on the stage, too. I really didn't have any right to be there. There aren't any Booths or Barrymores in my family line to have given me any great urge for the footlights. As far as any of us know there wasn't even an acrobat among the Hoffas.

And I was never stagestruck and never recited Juliet to my mirrored Romeo self and never even tried out for any of the high school plays. Life seemed swell enough just being Portland Hoffa and chumming around with the girls at school and feeling life couldn't hold any more bliss if I happened to glimpse the school's star football player having an orangeade at the corner drugstore while we gorged on double chocolate sodas.

It was my sister, Lebanon, who changed all this. Her best friend had got a job in a chorus and of course she felt that she had to go on the stage, too. When she asked father about it he said he wouldn't have her traipsing around stage doors alone and that if she were going into any chorus, I'd have to go with her. Lebanon didn't cherish the idea of my tagging along. She was awfully conscious of the few years difference in our ages and used to call me 'the kid,' when she felt kindly disposed towards me and 'that brat,' when she didn't.

"So long, Portland!" says Fred, choking off further heckling.



Portland Hoffa introduces us, in a gay tale, to her famous comedian husband, Fred Allen

But my father had a knack of meaning what he said, so with rather ill grace, I thought, towards one who was sacrificing a life's work of being a home girl for the frightening lure of the foot-lights, she told me to get my hat and come along. Right then and there I made my first appearance as a stooge.

I must have been awfully funny as a chorus girl. Sort of naive and unsure of myself and getting in everybody's way, so that the other girls felt sorry for me and the first thing I knew, there I was being the little sister backstage as I had been at home.

When I met Fred, I thought I was doomed to play that rôle for the rest of my life. For even that night, in my make-up and the soft billowing gown I wore in the finale, that made me feel so glamorous every time I put it on, there were little points of laughter in Fred's eyes when he looked at me—and laughter in his voice, too, when he spoke to me.

He wasn't that way with the other girls. He was sort of quiet and didn't have much to say and I thought what fun it would be to impress a man like that. To sort of overwhelm him with my beauty and charm, so that he was speechless before it, instead of mentally pulling my hair with his teasing words, in the way he seemed to be doing.

But afterwards, after I had been married to Fred for almost a year, it took that long really to understand him. I knew he paid me the highest compliment he ever paid me, by laughing and teasing me that night.

For you see, although he's a comedian on the

stage and before the microphone, away from it Fred's the shyest, hardest-to-know man in the world. Garrulous and fluent-tongued as he is before an audience, he gets himself into a terrific stymie every time he has to say: "Glad to meet you," to anyone he has just met.

Why, I've seen Fred, after he's had to meet new people, in a state I've never seen him in after an opening of one of his own shows.

But that night I didn't know all that. When he asked Ethel Shutta to have a bit of supper with him and included me, as though he were doing it for a laugh or something, I was so mad I almost said no. But I didn't because I wanted to go out with him more than I had ever wanted to do anything in my life.

It was my first date as a chorus girl, and I tried to live up to it, using all the stock theatrical phrases I had picked up and trying to be, oh, so blasé and sophisticated and Fred tearing down my act with his laugh every time I spoke.

Now that I look back on it, I can see how funny I was that night, with all that show business patter falling so glibly from my lips and yet betraying my ignorance of it in every phrase I spoke. And looking back, too, I remember how even a girl in her 'teens couldn't see that laughing that way meant so much more than any endearing words could.

But then I was sure he was making fun of me, looking on me as a silly kid! After I came home I sat before the mirror and tried pencilling arched eyebrows over my own and giving my mouth a touch of sophistication with my (Continued on page 76)

BY MRS. FRED ALLEN

Harry Von Zell, announcer on the "Town Hall" programs, and Portland and Fred examine Radio Stars' Distinguished Service Medal recently awarded the comedian.

Fred and Portland have been married nine years and are a happy pair.



NEW VIEWS
OF POPULAR
FAVORITES
OF THE AIR



A Penner for your thoughts! Gay ones, too, they will be, when you are listening to Radio Clown Joe Penner, Sundays, CBS.



Glorious Gladys Swarthout, who adorns both radio and screen, now is playing with that romantic Fred MacMurray, in the new Paramount picture, titled "ChampagneWaltz."



Maestro Xavier Cugat, favorite of movie celebrities on the Coast, lights a cigarette for dazzling, dark-eyed movie star, Dolores Del Rio.

Thursdays at 8 E.S.T., Kate Smith gets aboard "A & P Bandwagon," with her heroes, heroines and other guests. Mr. and Mrs. Tony (prizefighter) Canzoneri were recent guests of Kate.

Nelson Howard

Each Sunday you may hear Miss Francia White's flawless voice—on the "Vick's Open House" program with Nelson Eddy.



Join the CBS Gillette "Community Sing" audiences and carol your troubles away! Here's one group of gay singers going on the air.



Tom Waring hits a high one during one of the weekly broadcasts of brother Fred's "Pennsylvanians". WABC, Tuesdays.



In the RADIO SPOTLIGHT

Lovely Frances Stevens from Kansas City has all it takes for radio, movies, television. A pupil of Raggini, she has a novel method of presenting songs for radio audiences.



Fred Astaire is on the set of RKO-Radio Pictures, when not working on his "Packard Hour" radio program.



Allen Prescott, NBC's popular "Wife Saver," believes in giving the Little Woman a lift! It's NBC's Fashion Editor, Betty Goodwin, here being saved so dramatically!

Frances Langford, bewitching blues singer, popular with radio and movie audiences, and Tony Martin, another popular radio singer.





INDISC

AS YOU

"Night clubs," says Miss Barrymore, "may have been substituted for the glamorous gardens of my girlhood, but people still are hungry for beauty and for romance."

"'Where there's smoke, there must be fire,' is not true," declares Ethel Barrymore. What do you think?



"In England," Ethel Barrymore, tells us, "you could walk down Piccadilly in your nightgown and there would be no comment."

"PEOPLE," said Ethel Barrymore earnestly, "are just the same today. I know them. I've toured this country over and over. They haven't changed . . ."

We had been speaking of Miss Barrymore's radio program, in which, under the auspices of The Famous Actors' Guild, she presents each week a condensed version of one of the plays in which she starred in her early years in the theatre. Dated, they would seem, I had fancied, to younger radio listeners. Life, I suggested, today has

less of glamour, more of grim reality—as plays and newspapers and even radio continually reiterate.

But Miss Barrymore did not agree with me.

"Cinderella's coach may have turned into a pumpkin . . . Night clubs may have been substituted for the glamorous gardens of my girlhood . . . But people are still the same, still hungry for beauty, for romance, for security."

"And for scandal?" I offered. "What about the

RETENTION,
LIKE IT—
BY NANCY
BARROWS



tabloids, with their sensational headlines, telling the world the whole sad story of blighted beauty and wrecked romance?"

We laughed. Miss Barrymore mused: "That's where the difference lies—in the newspapers. It's the press that's indiscreet—not the people.

"Indiscretion," she said with a touch of Barrymore irony, "isn't so much what people do as what is said about it!

"People have the same emotions, the same desires, yes, and the same standards, as they always have had. The only difference between people of the hoop-skirt era and the streamlined 1937 model is that it's much easier to get talked about today. In fact," she smiled, "it's practically impossible not to get talked about!

"Today the newspapers peep and pry—and gossip and tattle to the whole wide world. Sensation is their breath of life and because of that they make a great story out of something that otherwise would have amounted to nothing.

"We don't always act with balanced judgment—but, because of the newspapers, some little lapse from con-

ventional standards that, in the ordinary course of events, would be ignored and soon forgotten—if not entirely unknown—becomes a screaming headline, a sordid scandal.

"People want to be discreet. Given the chance, everybody would be. It's the newspapers that refuse to permit it—theirs is the indiscretion!

"And there's nothing more untrue than that saying: 'Where there's smoke, there must be fire.' If you have won a little fame or fortune, something must be printed about you—and that you are happy, that you love your home and your children, isn't news. It must be something sensational, shocking. It doesn't have to be true—not here. In England there are strict libel laws. You could walk down Piccadilly in your nightgown—not that anyone would!" she laughed. "And there would be no comment about it. But here, what passes as news often implies something that has no relation to truth."

There's some justice in what she says. If, for instance, Joe Goofus' sweetie had chased him across the continent, no one would have been intrigued. But when John Barrymore runs from his "Ariel," newspapers and their readers follow the chase. (Continued on page 71)



Richman is the center of the biggest one-man popularity wave New York has recently had.

When will Harry Richman

HARRY RICHMAN is one of those troubadors whose name invariably is linked with that of some current beauty. New flames replace old flames from year to year but the fire never dies. An occasional reader of the Broadway gossip columns could be pardoned for hazarding a guess that Richman has had as many wives as Bluebeard, or maybe Solomon. Every time you read a tattle tidbit, it carries the item that Harry is arm-and-arming it with this beauty or that cutie.

Some of the names have been famous, all have been glamorous. Harry once was engaged to Clara Bow, when the "It Girl" was at the height of her popularity in 1930 and at another period was seen so constantly with Lenore Ulric that rumor had them married, which they never were. Currently, he is seen around New York with Joyce Johnson, just to keep the records straight.

As a matter of fact, Richman was married once, so long ago that few remember the marriage, or the name of the first and only Mrs. Richman. She was Yvonne Stegman and it happened in California, in 1918, right after the World War. They parted amicably, but definitely, shortly afterward, and Harry has been footloose ever since.

Maybe Harry isn't the marrying kind, you say? Maybe Harry wouldn't like to give up his freedom and settle down as the husband of one woman, instead of the sweetheart of many? If that's what you think, you don't know Mr. Richman. Or if you think, perhaps, that there aren't plenty of girls who are willing to become Mrs. Richman, then you haven't seen Harry at the present crest of his new wave of popu-



With David Ross in one of his frequent radio broadcasts.

marry? Does this popular star crave domesticity or applause?

larity, singing in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway, nightly besieged by hordes of women, young and old, slender and buxom, beautiful and not-so-hot, clamoring for his autograph on their dinner menus. It's the biggest one-man popularity wave New York has seen since Rudy Vallee discovered that a megaphone could be utilized by some one besides a college cheer leader.

Richman, himself, his face a little creased with the years, has no illusions about marriage but a profound respect for it. "Certainly I intend to get married," he declared in answer to a question. "And furthermore, I will get married, but not until I'm out of the entertainment business. Whether it's the stage, the radio or the screen, an entertainer has a tough time making a marriage stick.

"I've shied away from marriage while I've been working as an entertainer, because so few marriages 'take' in the show business. And when I get married, it's going to be for keeps. That's why I'm waiting.

"Show business is a different world. If you marry another entertainer, the chances are the husband and wife hardly ever get to see each other. And if you marry somebody outside the profession, it's worse, if that is possible.

"What fun would there be for my wife if I were married now? I do a dinner show here at the Hollywood, for which I must show up by 6:30 in the evening. It's ten when I'm through and then there's a supper show after midnight, with maybe a radio broadcast in between. It's three by the time I get started for home and there's usually a radio rehearsal in the late morning, say 10 or 11 a. m., with the possibility of a rehearsal for new songs

here at the restaurant in the afternoon. What kind of a married life would that permit?

"If both people are in show business, it's bad enough, but suppose the other party happens to be a non-professional? Then the misunderstandings are multiple, for there is no chance of sympathy from someone outside the racket.

"No, sir! My mind is definitely made up on the marriage question. There'll be a Mrs. Richman, some day, all right, but it won't be before I am out of this business and ready to settle down to an ordinary, regulated home life."

BY TOM
MEANY

Richman probably is one of the most misunderstood entertainers of the day. He invariably becomes a storm center, through no fault of his own. Take, for instance, his September flight to Europe and back with Dick Merrill. It marked the first time in aeronautics any heavier-than-air machine had crossed the Atlantic both ways, regardless of the fact that each flight fell short of its destination. It was a signal achievement, yet Richman's motives were misconstrued from the first.

When the proposed flight was announced, Harry was dubbed a publicity-seeker. No credit was given him for his sincere love of aviation. It was reputed to be merely a desire to land on the front page. It was a subject for gagsters.

To make it worse, a story came out that Richman and Merrill had quarrelled. When the flying pair finally arrived in New York, Harry, blazing at the injustice of the rumors, fueled the fire by taking a punch at a questioning reporter at Floyd Bennett Field, a mistake for which he later apologized.

As proof of the fact that (Continued on page 73)

Richman as star of the Columbia picture, "Music Goes 'Round.'"



Another scene from "Music Goes 'Round," with lovely Rochelle Hudson.



Mr. and Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson Jr., are a perfect combination. Hubby is a popular band leader and the little woman ranks high as a dramatic actress.

Attractive and clever Bette makes a success of marriage and career.



KEEPING KISSES

Bette Davis, charming actress, is a surprise package to her

"Be a stranger," said Bette unexpectedly, "if you want to keep romance in your life, alive and thrilling and sweet. Be something of a stranger—even to your sweetheart or your husband. Not only is it death to romance to sink to the cold-cream-on-face, hair-in-curler stage of bodily exposé, but it is even more death to romance to let your poor little soul be seen in kid'curlers and with cold cream."

Bette and I were tea-ing at a beach café on the gray Pacific. It was the gray Pacific that day. Gulls were beating their platinum wings against a head wind. In the distance fishing boats were black hulks tearing holes in the horizon.

Bette leaned her tweed elbows on the rough deal table. Her blue eyes held the gray glint of the sea. Her words were, as always, crisp and emphatic and straight from the shoulder.

Later I was to think how truly does Bette keep the bright strand of romance interwoven with the business of her life. For after she "walked out" on Warner Brothers, the differences between what her studio felt she should do and what Bette felt she must do, momentarily, at least, irreconcilable—when Bette went to England and was then enjoined, or whatever you call it, from

making pictures there or from appearing on the stage—what did she do? What she didn't do was just what nine out of ten girls would certainly have done: Nine out of ten girls would have sat, closeted with lawyers and business managers and agents, one hand on the transatlantic telephone, the other hand clasped to an aching brow. Not Bette. No. Bette and Harmon went on a honeymoon! Leisuredly and in love, as though love and leisure were the only businesses of Bette's stellar life, they honeymooned.

And if that isn't keeping the god of love alive in the very jaws of Mammon, then I don't know what you'd call it. Not

even the Greeks could have a name for it. But on this day Bette was saying: "Be a touch inexplicable, always. Have a dash of Nora who, at any moment, might, just might, vanish into the night. Be a good companion, of course, but one who might turn before accustomed eyes into an odalisque or something. Familiarity should not breed contempt but too much familiarity may very well breed the commonplace.

"I can, of course," said Bette, ordering a hamburger, "speak only for myself. These are my ideas. I am telling you, for what it is

BY GLADYS
HALL

worth, how I order my life. I can tell you only the things I do. For that you have to *do* things about keeping romance alive is the truth. It's fatal to make the mistake of supposing that romance just stays alive of its own passionate propulsion. It doesn't. A plant dies without care. Without sunlight and watering, flowers wither and die. So does the most fragile plant that grows in any human life—romance.

"Perhaps personal prejudice enters into this," smiled Bette, "but I should say—*marry your childhood sweetheart, if you can*. I did. Ham was my first beau. We went to Cushing Academy together, back in Massachussetts. I used to sit across the aisle from him and watch his Adam's apple. It fascinated me. We used to go out together then. He was the very first boy I ever went with. I was engaged twice, later on, but with all due respect to my other beaux, I can honestly say that I was never in love with anyone but Ham. Even after we came to Hollywood and I'd go out on dates now and then, I'd come home and grit my teeth and say to Mother: 'Why did I ever meet Ham?' He spoils every other boy and man for me. I might have liked the boy I went out with to-night, if it were not for Ham. Why did I ever meet him?"

"I used to say, too: 'I'm going to get him!' He wouldn't, at first, pay any attention to me.

Not romantically.

He was all wrapped up in his music. He was ambitious. He didn't want to fall in love. He didn't want to marry. But I made him notice me," said Bette, fiercely. "I made him fall in love with me. *I got my man!*

"I think," she went on, more gently, "that there is nothing so *really* romantic as first love, no one ever so really romantic as the first sweetheart. It's all mixed up with your youth, you see, with being young. It's all a part of awakening, of first wonder about everything. It's the loveliest kind of love. And so I would certainly advise girls to marry their school-day sweethearts whenever possible, when that first love is founded, not only on sex attraction, but also on the qualities which last forever."

Bette's mother told me, later, when I went to have tea with her, while Bette was abroad, that Bette always had been the romantic type of girl. She always kept all of her love letters—and tied up with pink ribbons. She has kept every one of Ham's letters, thousands of them. When she was in her 'teens, she was perpetually imagining herself in love with one lad or another. "One boy," smiled Mrs. Davis, "was so in love with Bette that he used to drive to our house, get out and walk around the house every night at midnight. Just because he liked (*Continued on page 70*)

ON THE DAILY DIET

husband. What is her successful formula for keeping romance?



"Broadcasting makes me nervous—I have the jitters," says Bette.

"When you and your husband have a big date to go out together, dress up like nobody's business," says Bette. "Knock his eye out! Make him think: 'Criminy! Have I expected *her* to darn my socks?'"

BETWEEN BROADCASTS



Frances Langford, surrounded by rehearsal of a "Born to Dance" super-musical Frances has a grand



Mary Jane Barrett, a recruit from the stage, joins actors and actresses in the Saturday dramas of "Columbia Workshop."



Veteran actor Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, appeared together as guest artists on one of the CBS "Sears—Then and Now" programs.



An exciting moment during the 1936 World's Series broadcasts. Gabriel Heatter (top), Bob Elson, Tony Wakeman broadcast for MBS.

If you want to see what your radio favorites are doing these



a bevy of chorus girls, halts an informal number to give you a smile. In this M-G-M opportunity to make use of her talents.



Seeing isn't believing, in this case! For Jacques Renard, Eddie Cantor and Parkyakarkus don't really broadcast as a barber-shop trio.



The Dexter twins in the popular radio drama "Bachelor's Children," broadcast over the Columbia network, are played by charming young Marjory Hannan and Patricia Dunlap.

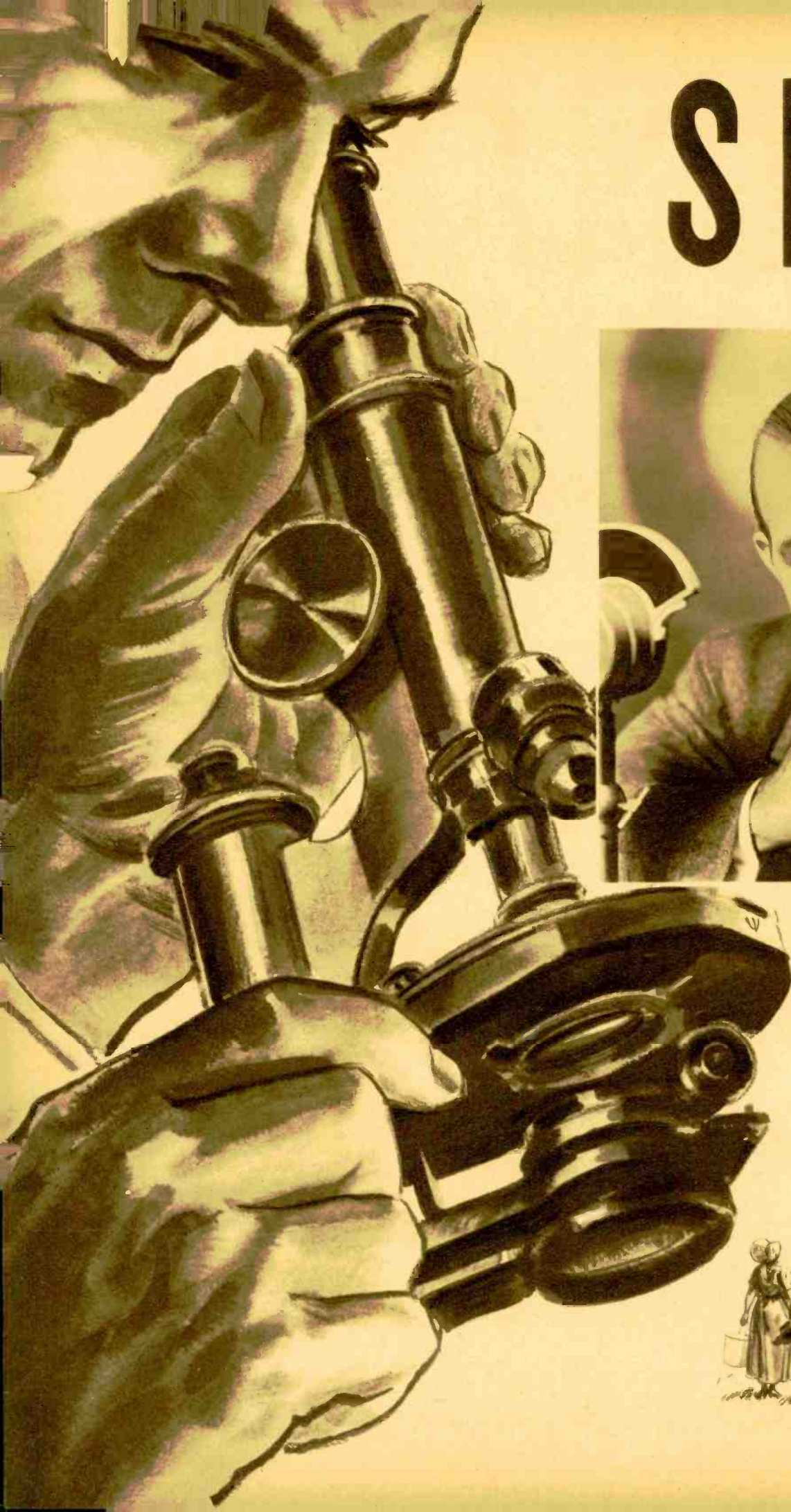


When a microphone needs a friend! "The King's Men," Dud Linn (left), Jon Dodson, Ken Darby and Rad Robinson, snapped in action. It's all very smooth on the ears, nevertheless!

PATENTS PENDING

days, here's a brief news pictorial review from coast to coast

SEX



The Voice of Experience replies to thousands of appeals every day, with advice born of tireless study and understanding.

**BY MILDRED
MASTIN**



LONG

Benay Venuta, Mutual's singing star, is a regular commuter between her work and her husband

Benay has a bicycle. Early risers may see her any morning, pedalling through New York's Central Park. One way to keep that svelte figure.

Benay Venuta is heard on the Mutual network Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, also one afternoon each week.

Going over a song with Freddie Rich, when Benay was singing over the Columbia network in Freddie Rich's "Penthouse Party."

BY GENE HARVEY

DISTANCE LOVE

It was a waste of energy!

Remembering the bubbling-over blonde of the gay musical, *Anything Goes*, your reporter put slickum on his hair, broke out the new pink necktie, wore the trousers with the pressed crease and set out, with sharpened pencils and high heart, to see Benay Venuta. But it was a waste of energy.

Benay was there all right, in the tastefully furnished little apartment that she decorated herself, predominantly in white. And a svelte, streamlined Benay that might make any radio listener pray for the quick advent of television. Miss Venuta, in *Anything Goes*, you remember, was more than a wee bit buxom, but that's all past. She was lovely, she was slim, she was charming and hospitable . . . and she talked about her husband!

"I've always been reducing," she said. "By strenuous efforts I managed to lose fifty pounds, but there were about fifteen more pounds I wanted to get off and it seemed hopeless. Ken"—that's her husband, Dr. Kenneth Kelley—"suggested I take a basal metabolism test, just to see if that had anything to do with it. And it showed a thyroid deficiency! By taking the right dose of thyroid extract I melted off those pounds and keep a normal weight with no trouble at all." And here let me hasten to mention, at Miss Venuta's suggestion, that except under your physician's order, thyroid extract is very dangerous, as are any patent preparations containing it. It's of value only when a doctor's tests show a

Benay trims her Christmas tree and plans exciting surprises for her Christmas celebration with her husband, Dr. Kenneth Kelley.



deficiency and when administered under a doctor's prescription.

"Ken," she added, "is in Chicago now—I 'commute' there every other week to see him and we go out together; in New York I lead the quiet life and keep out of the columns."

Of course, it's not news that Benay Venuta is the wife of Dr. Kenneth Kelley. Though they kept the marriage something of a secret for a while, after a three-year courtship, Walter Winchell broke it in his column—the news, not the marriage.

"Walter came up to me one night in a hotel dining-room," she says, "and said: 'I understand you're married to Dr. Kelley,' 'How did you know that?' I gasped. Walter grinned and said: 'So it's true!' and he ran it in the column the next day."

Benay Venuta was singing in a Chicago night club when Jules Alberti, her present manager, who was then a bandleader, heard her and told her he thought she should be on the air. Characteristically, Benay laughed and said: "I suppose I ought to be in pictures, too?" "Yes," Alberti agreed, she should.

"Listen," Benay advised him, "I've been in show business since I was fourteen and I've sung in night clubs in Hollywood and San Francisco, where stars and managers come on their nights off. If I was any good I would have made the top by now."

Alberti refused to be sidetracked. "Let me take some of your pictures to New York," he insisted.

"All right," shrugged Benay. "What can I lose? But you're wasting your time."

"You'll be hearing from me."

"I doubt it," she laughed, "but thanks for trying."

That was on a Tuesday; the following Friday Alberti called her long distance to say that he'd shown Ralph Wonders, of CBS, her pictures and that he was interested. So she hopped a train to New York and went to work for Columbia.

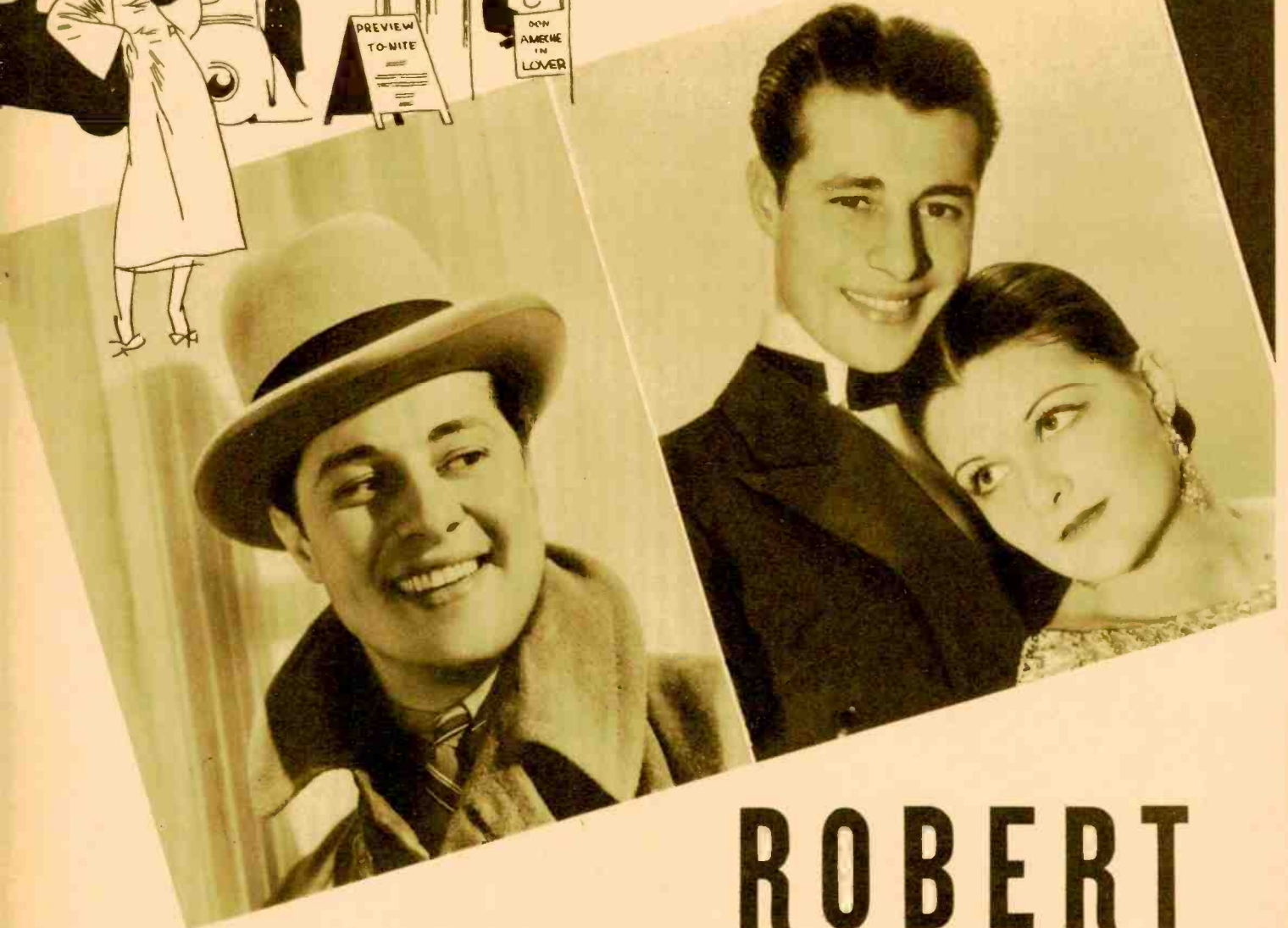
But it was no sudden rise to fame for Benay. She literally had been in show business since childhood. Born in San Francisco about twenty-five years ago, she's the daughter of the late Ernest Crooke and niece of George Cameron, publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Her paternal grandmother, Molly Crooke, was a well-known painter; her mother is Italian, descended from Benvenuto Cellini, and it was she who named Benay "Venuta," which means "welcome." All of which brings us to the point that Miss Venuta is Social Register and, as she herself says, so what?

"That's silly," Benay will tell you. "I remember sounding off to an interviewer at one time, mentioning that I thought a girl should have some interests of her own. And the story said I was 'social register' and that I thought society girls should go to work. But I'm *not* in society—my family is, but I've never had a *début*, never been 'brought out'."

When she was thirteen, Benay was singing in a Fanchon and Marco presentation out on the Coast, after being captain of the Hollywood High School swimming team and appearing in several school (Continued on page 58)



Two glimpses of handsome young Don Ameche, NBC's popular star and filmdom's new favorite. Below, with Sally Ward, dramatic star, who appears with Ameche in the "Romantic Melodies" broadcasts.



ROBERT

Don Ameche, radio favorite, the screen's newest sensation,

WHAT is it that plucks one fellow out of the crowd and makes him famous, successful—is it luck, is it just a question of the "breaks," of happy but entirely fortuitous circumstance? Some say glibly that it is all luck—and others say that there is no short road to success, that it takes courage and stick-to-it-iveness, as well as some special fundamental gift or talent. But, to confound them, there always is some fellow ahead of the crowd, who won his high place with seemingly little effort, on whom fate smiled and for whom chance built a straight and easy road to fame and fortune. Like Robert Taylor, for instance—and like Don Ameche.

Don was not really born with a silver spoon in his mouth and yet a lucky star must have been brightly shining in the heavens on that night in May, 1908, when

little Dominick Felix Ameche arrived in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Of middle-class parents, the second of eight children—four boys and four girls—you wouldn't recognize in those factors the elements of fame or fortune.

Nor in his early boyhood in Kenosha, nor during his years at school, would you have seen more than a likable lad with good features, dark hair, glowing dark eyes and an amiable smile that disclosed even white teeth. Don himself in those years did not know what he wanted, never dreamed that some day his respectable but hitherto unknown name would shine in bright lights over a theatre marquee, that his dark good looks would be a pleasant foil for the beauty, the charm of such Hollywood lovelies as Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor. . . Oh, he dreamed, as boys do, of success and fame and romance—but he did



Don has lots of reason to smile happily these days, what with movie and radio contracts and a new home in Beverly Hills.



Don and Janet Gaynor play opposite each other in the Twentieth Century-Fox motion picture, "Ladies in Love."

BY MIRIAM

ROGERS

TAYLOR, BEWARE!

modern matinee idol, is causing a lot of heart flutterings!

not dream that they were all within his grasp. that their roots went deep into the town where he was born and that other town where he went to school. From the time he went away to boarding school, in his 'teens, he had them all. his good looks, like his talent—hidden still but undeniably there—and love. He didn't know that, even. Of course he knew he was attracted to the slim blonde Prendergast girl. From the time he met her, when he first went to school in the town where she lived, he liked her. But he went out with other girls and no gypsy, her palm crossed with silver, told him that some day he and Honore would share a life that was full to the brim of health, happiness and prosperity!

It sounds so easy. all of it, to hear Don tell it! You'd think being singled out by fate in such a manner would

have made him vain, would assuredly have spoiled him a little, but apparently it hasn't. He is still simple, sincere, straightforward—just the sort of man he would have been, probably, if he had practised law instead of going on the stage. Do you suppose that that is the explanation of his success—and not luck, after all?

"I thought I wanted to be a lawyer," Don said and added with his swift, easy smile: "I'm sure I don't know why! But of course it wasn't time wasted—you couldn't call any education wasted, could you?"

I think he would have been a persuasive advocate, not only because of dramatic and appealing delivery but because he is so deeply sympathetic, has such a rare gift for seeing the other fellow's point of view, for understanding his emotions. the (Continued on page 60)



Betty Winkler is in great demand at the radio studios and the movies are said to be interested in this glamorous girl.



Betty was leading lady of a stock company at eighteen and at nineteen was a radio star.

NO PITFALLS for BETTY

BY LESLIE EATON

DON'T ask me why, but in the case of any pretty young girl, the first question asked is: "Is she married?" And if not, why not? And who is the love interest in her life?

Betty Winkler is pretty and she is young—and she is unmarried, heart whole and fancy free! That is, at the moment. My own personal opinion is that she is too pretty and too full of pep and personality to be that way long.

Betty's eyes are dark and luminous—romantic eyes—but a merry twinkle lurks in their depths. Her complexion is the kind the ad men rave about. Her hair is dark brown and she wears it parted in the middle and brushed back from a high, intelligent forehead. Her nose is straight, her mouth wide and generous. She is small, but so full of vim and vivacity that she seems taller than she actually is. She likes dark tailored clothes but is essentially feminine from the crown of her perky

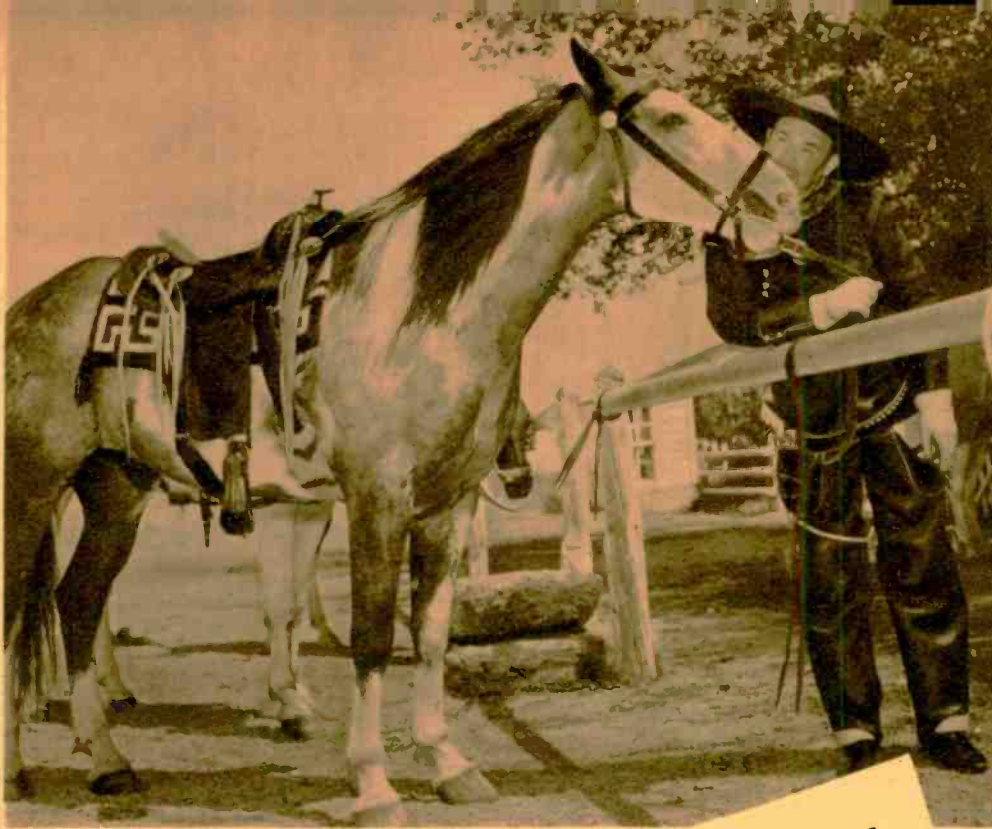
hat to the tips of her high-heeled shoes. Altogether, a vivid and charming person. How is it, then, that she has escaped matrimony? Pressed for a reason, Betty dimpled and shrugged.

"I've been waiting for that something called *love* to bowl me over," she answered my query, her velvet-brown eyes twinkling. "Oh, I suppose I've been in love. I've had moments, though I don't really know whether you'd call it love or not!"

Her laugh was warm and gurgling. Life for Betty is a grand and glorious adventure just as it is, and not to be taken too seriously. Right now she is excited, thrilled over the possibilities of a movie contract, but whatever developments there may be along that line, her contract with the *Girl Alone* program comes first, and there also her main interest lies.

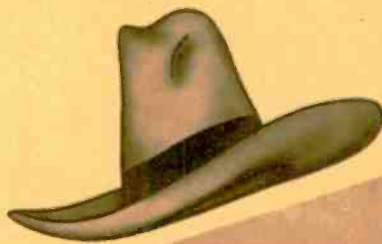
It may be partly because it is her first really important rôle, it may be because of (*Continued on page 80*)

You can't trip up lovely Betty Winkler, Radio's "Girl Alone"



PLAINSMAN PAUL

Maestro Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingstone (Mrs. Paul) have a ranch near Fort Worth, Texas, where Paul can go plainsman to his heart's content. He dons his chaps and ten-gallon hat and gives his horse, Rex, a daily work-out—checks up on the trusty gun, counts sheep—but not jumping over a fence! Margaret waves to him as he gallops home and Rex gives his master an affectionate salute as they part at the barrier.





From twelve to sixteen is Jessica Dragonette's choice.



Helen Jepson thinks thirty-five would be the peak of life.

MY FAVORITE

Four famous women reveal why certain years seem to them to

IF someone were to ask you to name your favorite age, what would you say? Would you name some childhood year when you played about light-heartedly, little dreaming of the struggles and obligations of a tired world? Would you choose, perhaps, the year when you first fell in love with that reckless mad devotion, "for we never can recapture that first fine careless rapture?" Or would you choose some more mature year when success and accomplishment had come your way, or when you'd attained that inner poise, understanding and serenity that makes life complete? What is your favorite age and why?

I asked four famous women that question. Each is a woman whose name is heard in the far corners of the world. Each is a woman who is sought by autograph hunters and followed by cameramen. Each is a woman who has songs written to her, perfumes named after her, crowds gathered for her. I asked diminutive Helen Hayes, operatic Helen Jepson, golden-haired Jessica Dragonette and kindly Kate Smith: "What is your favorite age and why?"

"I honestly believe that if I could go back to eighteen, that would be my favorite age," Helen Hayes, whom many people consider the greatest living actress, said to me. "Eighteen seems to me to be a magical age. For the first time a girl then seems to come into the full

possession of her faculties. Somehow or other, almost over night, the eighteen-year-old becomes a woman. She's ready to take her place in the world. Life seems to open up. She's on the tips of her toes, all expectancy. Childhood fancies are suddenly replaced by mature thoughts. Everything seems to take on a new meaning. As she looks forward—really for the first time in her life—the eighteen-year-old begins to envision some of the real values of life—a home which she will create and inspire, marriage, children, career. Before eighteen,

I don't think I gave much serious thought to such things. True, I had been on the stage, off and on, for ten years, fitting in schooling between engagements, but being in a show meant little more than 'play acting.' Then came the transformation. I saw the significance of the theatre—not merely as mimicry, but as holding a revealing mirror to life. I became less interested in the professional excitement of the stage. Instead, I wanted to turn whatever talent I had to something creative, something permanent, and above all, to something worth while. Not that I hadn't taken my work seriously—on the contrary, I think I had been pretty conscientious about it—but I wanted my efforts to be purposeful.

"I suppose I was fortunate because, before my eight-

BY HARRIET
MENKEN



Kate Smith votes
for twenty-seven,
her present age.



"Eighteen," says
Helen Hayes, "is
a magical age."

AGE!

hold life's richest meaning

eenth year was out, I had signed a contract to be in a play with William Gillette. It meant that for the first time I would see my name in lights. You have to be in your 'teens to get the greatest thrill from such a turn of events. Perhaps it was the natural enthusiasm of very young womanhood—or perhaps it was that innate streak of vanity that makes actors actors—in any case, it gave me confidence and incentive to continue. If my first important success had come at a later age, I probably would have been content to rest on my laurels. But at eighteen, it gave me a great lift.

"Of course, there have been many years in my life that I would like to relive," Miss Hayes reminisced. "One of them would be my eighth. That was the year I first appeared on Broadway. I remember it so well. Mother and I had come up from Washington, trying to find me a job. Eventually I got one. I played in Lew Fields' production of *Old Dutch*. Victor Herbert himself conducted the orchestra and Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell were in a box."

Miss Hayes mused thoughtfully: "Part of 1932 would certainly be another year I'd like to pick. That was the first year I spent in Hollywood. *Lullaby* was my first try in the movies and all during its making I was terribly unhappy. I was certain the picture was a flop. When it was finally shown, the critics were most kind and the Academy members were good (Continued on page 69)

STARS *and* STARLETS

The Horn and Hardart "Child-

ren's Hour" presents

Tomorrow's stars



Dick Himber with
three-year-old
Dickie Monahan.



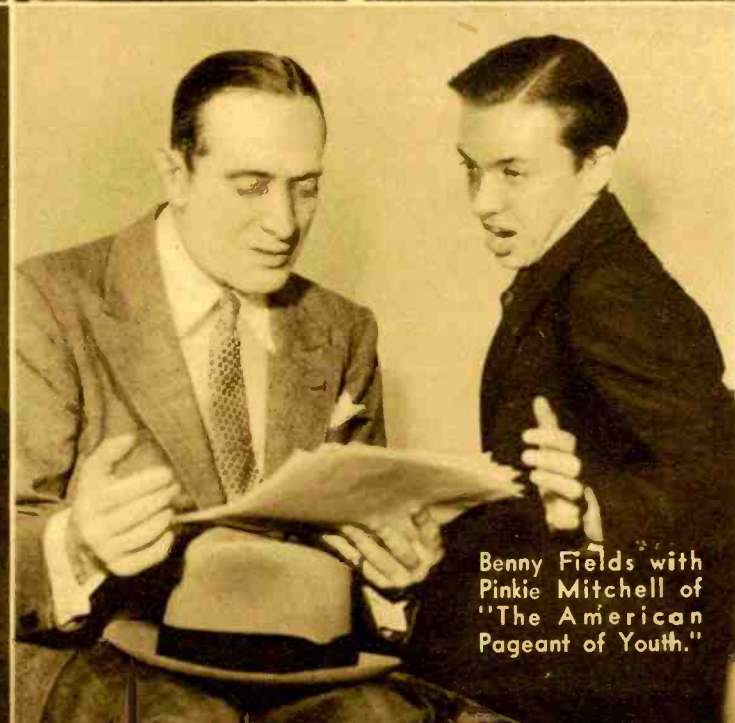
Mimi Shain and
Mae West
prepare to
mimic Shain's
childish voice.



Bob Crosby and
Charles Peck
compare their
radio voices.



Poley McClintock,
Fred Waring's
boy, sounds off
for Froggié Froes.



Benny Fields with
Pinkie Mitchell of
"The American
Pageant of Youth."

BY RUTH
GERI

Scene from "Hell's Angels," the United Artists' picture in which Jimmy Hall was featured at the height of his earlier success.



Fate played a sorry trick on James Hall, but he found out a sure way to defeat Fate!

LIFE WAS TOO EASY



Announcer James Hall, whose climb to success, after failure, is one of the fascinating stories of show business.

THERE is, in the heart of every woman who loves a man, a pronounced mother-instinct. The woman may be cruel to the man she loves, but always afterward she is sorry—like a mother who has spanked her little boy and made him cry. She wants to dry away his tears, to draw his head upon her shoulder and console him. There is Irene Hall, for instance, and there's Jimmy.

Two years ago James Hall sat in a dreary hotel room in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a fugitive from justice, broke, all washed up after a success so meteoric and seemingly so lasting that even Hollywood had marvelled. There came a knock at the door. Jimmy didn't want to see anyone, but he answered mechanically: "Come in."

The door opened slowly. Jimmy, his head sunk moodily and his despairing eyes upon the faded pattern of the worn carpet, did not even glance up. He no longer was curious about anything. It did not matter, now, what happened. Everything was all over. Life was behind him.

The woman who walked slowly into the room was older than her years. Gray streaked the red hair that once, obviously, had been gorgeous. Her face was lined with sorrow and worry.

"Jimmy," she whispered. Jimmy started. He looked like a man who sees an apparition. He leaped to his feet and stepped slowly backward as if to escape from this ghostly reminder of a happier day. But the woman spoke again—and he stopped. Her voice was firmer.

"Jimmy—I'm sorry," she said. "I never meant to cause you all this pain—to wreck your career. I was so miserable and unhappy, Jimmy. Don't you understand? I guess I still—loved you, Jimmy." The woman's voice broke and she sobbed: "Oh, Jimmy, I still love you!"

She mistook his silence for anger. She held her hands out in supplication, her palms turned pleadingly upward.

"Oh, Jimmy, I've told those lawyers to drop that awful suit. I only did it because I hoped it would bring you to your senses. I didn't know it would hurt you—like this!" She made a gesture that took in the little hotel room. "And Jimmy, if it will make you happy—you can—have your divorce!"

(Continued on page 74)

What sacrifice has Vivian Della Chiesa, sensational new NBC

"I USED to dream of being a success overnight. Of waking up and seeing my name in lights . . ." She laughed, a warm, excited little laugh. "It was silly, childish and impossible, I thought. Things didn't happen like that . . ."

But they did happen like that, with the unexpectedness of a fairy story. And if she had not possessed wisdom and balance beyond her years, her head well might have been turned and she might have awakened to find her magic coach a pumpkin again.

But Vivian Della Chiesa's success was no flash in the pan. She had that something that makes all the difference between forgotten contest winners and a real success.

Vivian's already notable career began with an unknown singer contest in Chicago, a little over a year ago. It was the last day of the contest and over two thousand girls already had been tried out. Vivian had had no intention of competing, but a friend, a woman interested in the girl's lovely lyric voice, urged her to try. Diffidently, sure that it was futile, that the winner probably already had been chosen, Vivian sang.

She was under twenty, but her voice had depth, power, sweetness that brought the judges to their feet. Here was a find, a voice of great potentialities for radio, for opera . . .

Vivian's eyes glowed, her cheeks were scarlet, her hands trembled with excitement. It was all beyond belief—singing over a microphone, singing on the stage of a Chicago theatre, her name in bright lights over the marquee. She, Vivian Della Chiesa, of East Chicago, Indiana!

"They wanted me to change my name," she murmured. "They said no one could pronounce it—it sounded like cheese or something!" She laughed merrily, was instantly serious. "I couldn't do it. It was my father's name—he had no son and I always said I would carry on the name—would make it famous!"

She was right. Unwieldy, awkward to the impatient American ear and tongue, it nevertheless is a beautiful name and one that will look very well on an opera billboard, before the Metropolitan!

For Vivian still is dreaming, still far from satisfied. "That has always been my goal," she confessed. "Opera—it is in my blood! My grandfather was a symphony conductor in Italy, my mother a fine pianist. Before I was born, my mother went almost nightly to the opera, to hear the great singers . . ."

A passionate love for song, for the best in music, is in her blood, as the love of music is in the blood of all Italians. And Vivian is a true Italian, although not the dark Latin type with which we are most familiar. Instead, she has the blonde hair and blue eyes of the people of northern Italy, and with her smooth olive complexion she is very striking looking. She is girlishly dissatisfied with her fine Roman nose, but it suits her type. She is tall, well developed, and has a natural gift for wearing clothes well. She is vivid, colorful, aglow with life, sparkling, vivacious. It does not take a vivid imagination to see her as *Brunhilde*, as *Elsa*, as *Mimi* . . .

If she had not been stubborn about her name, she might have missed a friendship that means much to her!

Vivian studies at least three hours a day. "And the less you know, the more you think you know!" she laughs. "But I've learned something!"

BY MIRIAM

ROGERS

YOU MUST GIVE

star and opera star, made for her career? Was it love?

Did the brightly twinkling lights that spelled out *Della Chiesa* beckon romance? Was it love that found its way to her dressing-room that night? Or merely friendship, as Vivian would have you believe?

For a tall and handsome Italian officer, a lieutenant in the cavalry division of *Il Duce's* great army, saw the name and responded to its call. He was but recently from Rome; he had known the Della Chiesas there . . .

"He is very interesting, very intelligent," Vivian said softly. "He speaks several languages well. Mussolini sent him over to study radio in America, but he already knew more than most men in the business!"

She shook her head emphatically. "No, there is no romance. That is just a story—a pretty story, but not true." She smiled, her eyes dreamy. "We correspond, but there is no more to it than that."

She is very young, but newly embarked on a fascinating career—but she was brought up on fairy stories at her mother's knee. And she still is young enough to dream of the fairy prince! One precious dream already has come true—she has known the thrill of waking up to find herself famous. The other dream—well, whether it is a handsome cavalry officer or a young radio announcer, Vivian will know him for her prince when the time comes!

Meanwhile, she admits that she loves to dance and that she envies girls who have more time for such amusements. Her officer has gone back to Italy, but Vivian does not lack for escorts. Her favorites right now are

two young announcers, near her own age and with many interests in common with her. During the summer, one of these friends went with her and her parents to a vacation camp in Wisconsin on frequent week-end trips.

"We rowed on the lake, rode horseback—it was lots of fun," Vivian exclaimed. "I love the out-of-doors and I love going places, doing things, but there isn't time for that sort of thing now. I study at least three hours a day, you know—my mother says I sing all the time! You see, I've learned something this last year. . . . At first I thought I was the tops—you know how it is! Winning the contest, appearing in Chicago theatres, being on three commercial programs almost before I knew what it was all about. The less you know, the more you think you know!" She laughed again. "I thought I was Rosa Ponselle, I guess!"

From the time she was seven and first heard a Rosa Ponselle record, the opera singer has been Vivian's ideal. She has met many famous people, but not yet this one whom she idolizes above them all. But one night, at an Italian gathering, she sang (Continued on page 56)

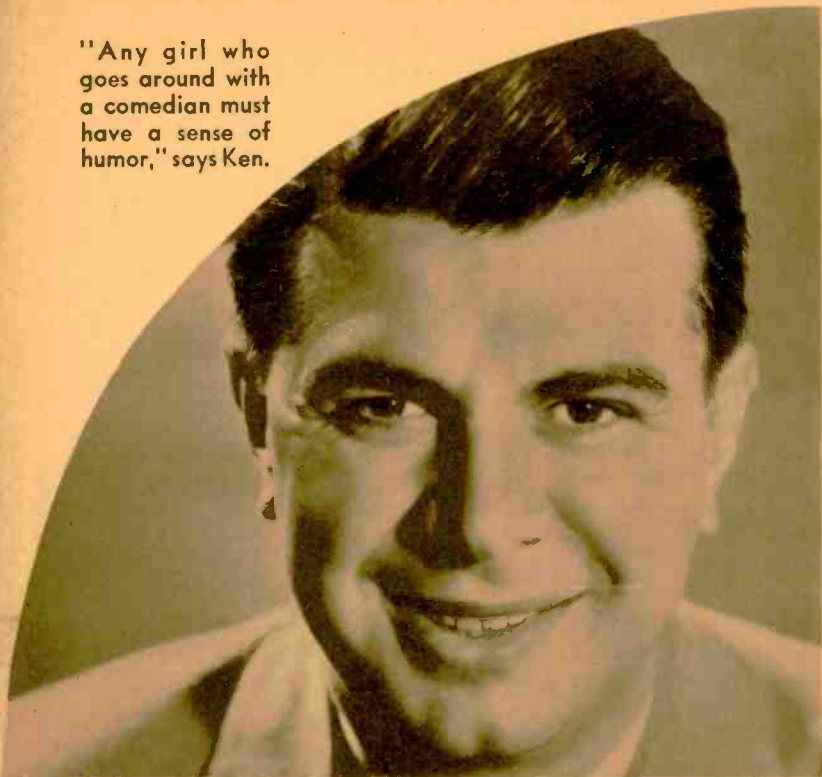


J. F. Whitney, president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, congratulates Vivian on her triumphs. Vivian chose "Mimi" in "La Boheme" for her opera debut, this season.

Feeding the penguins in the gardens of the Chicago Zoological Society at Brookfield. "I love the out-of-doors," says Vivian, "and I love going places—but there really isn't very much time for it now."

UP SOMETHING

"Any girl who goes around with a comedian must have a sense of humor," says Ken.



"MAMA THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!"

Ken Murray finds that
a sense of humor is a
woman's greatest asset



Ken Murray and Stogie Oswald pick New York's "Ideal Bachelor Girl" of 1936.

BY JACK HANLEY

"It might help," I admitted. "But don't you find it wearing, being funny all the time?"

"When I started in show business," he grinned, "I felt called upon to be a funny man all the time. Wisecracks and gags emanated from Murray in an endless stream; it must have been pretty wearing on my friends."

"How about women—do they like a funny man?"

"I don't know whether they like it or not," he said ruefully, "but any girl who goes around with a comedian must have a sense of humor. It doesn't matter very much whether she laughs at you or with you—so long as she can laugh."

"And how about wives?" I asked.

"Well—you be the judge. Back in the days when I felt called upon to be constantly funny, I was married. The lady who was then my wife heard plenty of alleged humor from me, I'm afraid. And one day she looked me in the eye and said: 'Ken, you may be a funny man to your public, but you're a pain in the neck to me.' And," Ken finished, "I'm still wondering whether that showed she *had* a sense of humor or *lacked* one!"

Ken Murray has, of course, been a single man again for several years.

"On the other hand, sometimes a sense of humor in a girl can snap right back at you. Back in the *Sketch Book* show there were flocks (Continued on page 54)

WE were sitting in a tiny dressing-room of the CBS Radio Playhouse. Outside, on the stage, Russ Morgan was rehearsing his band in a swing arrangement. Ken Murray sucked gloomily at his pipe.

"Don't you feel well?" I asked.

"Me? I feel swell," Ken said. "Why?"

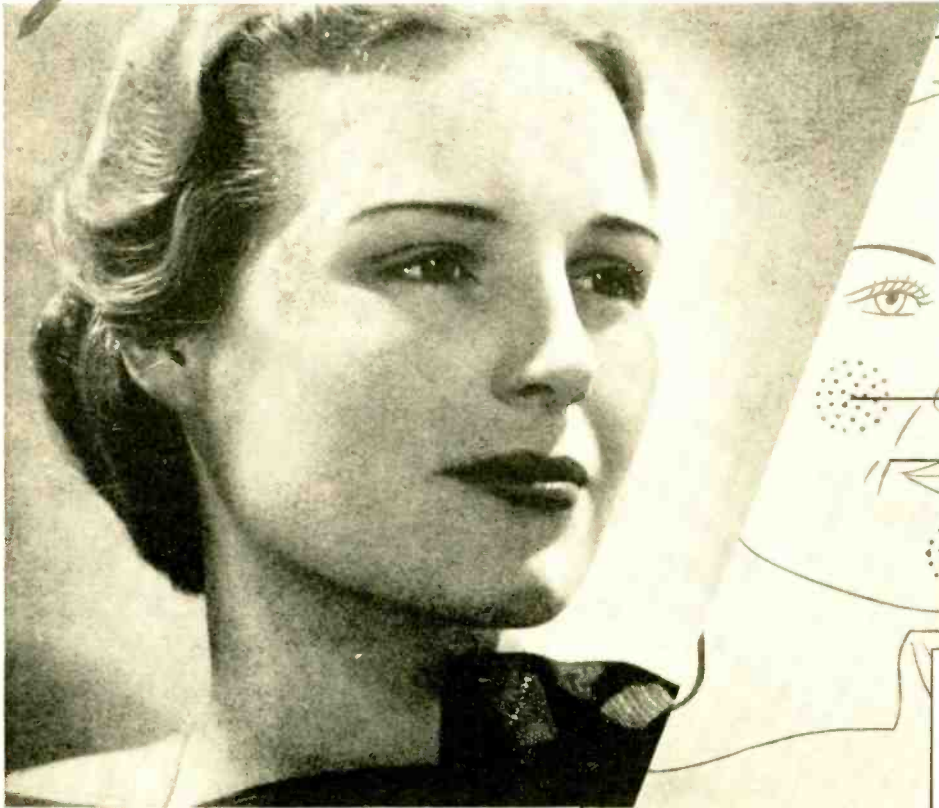
"You didn't look very happy."

"Oh—that," he said. "Aren't all comedians supposed to be somber off-stage?"

I said I had heard as much.

"Well, being traditional, sort of, I'd hate to break the tradition," Ken said. "I am a comedian—I hope." And he looked anxiously for possible refutation. "Or should I be funny?"

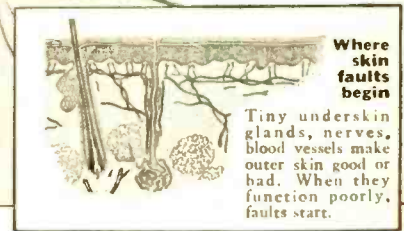
Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."



the
Starting
Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS



And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awoken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

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

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH



Leading lights of the airwaves "cross their hearts" and answer fans' questions

Do you think that marriage is a difficult proposition for two people with careers?

Art Van Harvey: "Yes, I do think so. Both, naturally, are interested in their careers, which often separate them for long periods of time. They naturally are thrown in contact with others of the opposite sex, and temptation to fall in love



Rubinoff, noted Russian violinist, conducts his 32-piece orchestra in a new series over CBS network Sunday evenings at 6:30.

with someone else is too great."

Irene Wicker: "All good things in life are earned only through intelligent effort, and a happy marriage is no exception. It is difficult for two people, with or without careers, and possible only when deeply and earnestly desired by both parties—career or no career—but well worth the effort!"

Jimmy Farrell: "Being a bachelor, I wouldn't know definitely. My opinion, however, is this: Marriage itself is the greatest of all careers and two people properly mated would subordinate their interest in professional careers to that in marriage. There is room for both and they can be harmoniously reconciled."

Virginia Verrill: "Yes, indeed. Each



Winsome Lucy Monroe, continues to enthral audiences with her luscious soprano voice on the NBC networks twice a week.

being self-centered—which is absolutely necessary to a successful career—prevents, in most cases, a happy married life."

Major Edward Bowes: "There's no reason why it should be difficult. True love is helpful and unselfish."



The answer to an amateur's prayer, Major Bowes, has lost none of his popularity since he changed sponsors and hours.

Rosemarie Brancato: "As yet I have had no cause to change my mind about the impossibility of combining a successful marriage with an equally successful career. When both partners of the matrimonial venture have careers to consider, I feel it will remain just a venture. Marriage and career alike are full-time jobs and one will suffer because of the other."

Leo Reisman: "It depends on the arrangements, the understanding of the people involved, and whether or not your career is somewhat dependent upon the romantic interests of other members of the opposite sex."

Helen Jepson: "Decidedly not! But it takes a proper combination of one helping the other to develop an understanding in all situations."



Virginia Verrill, *Vee* for short, now has her own program, called *Vocals by Verrill*, heard on Wednesday over CBS at 10:45.

Ray Heatherton: "Marriage is a career in itself and may easily be incompatible where two have separate careers. Little by little their individual careers will draw them apart. To pursue a career, a man is so immersed in his work that he needs the understanding of one who is not beset by her own problems."

Vaughn De Leath: "It would depend



Between opera, concert tours and her Show Boat broadcasts, platinum-haired Helen Jepson is exceedingly busy these wintry days.

upon the careers the two people had. If they are allied arts it may be to advantage. If they are the same vocation it may also be satisfactory. But whether it be a professional or business career, after all, the most important thing is the dispositions of the individuals, and whether or not their lives may be blended into a harmonious existence depends upon the unselfishness of both."

Tim Ryan: "No—equal independence, to my way of thinking, is a great balance and makes marriage twice as interesting."

Ann Leaf: "Marriage is a difficult proposition for two people without careers, and well-nigh impossible when both have



Mr. Kostelanetz, rumored fiancé of opera singer Lily Pons, commutes between Hollywood and his CBS Chesterfield orchestra.

careers. Being an artist is a nerve-racking existence at best, and living with one can be very trying to any 'better half.' I believe that there have been cases of happy marriages between career people which have lasted indefinitely—but they have been exceptions."

Billy Jones: "Human nature is very strange, and it all depends entirely on the individuals involved."

Lucy Monroe: "Indeed, not. I believe that similar hours and interests are most important. Artist plus artist should be a better combination than artist plus business person."

Ted Malone: "Marriage is a difficult proposition for two people with or without careers, but like almost all of life's really

difficult things, it's more than worth what it requires."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Not any more than for people who have all leisure hours."

Charlie Barnett: "Definitely difficult, as there will be a consistent clashing of temperaments."

Curtis Arnall: "It's apt to be difficult if either is inclined to 'lean' too much on the other."

Loretta Lee: "Certainly not. I believe it would be more difficult when one has a career and the other hasn't. When both husband and wife are actively seeking fame and the spotlight, they can appreciate each other's problems and be more tolerant when difficulties arise."

Eddy Duchin: "No, not when both people are intelligent and understanding. Every individual likes an avenue of self-expression, I have found."

Patti Chapin: "It is according to what the careers are. If it does not necessitate a long separation, there is no reason why it should be difficult, providing the individuals understand and are sympathetic toward each other's work."

Milton Berle: "Yes, I do. Marriage means a home and the raising of children. That is a difficult task when two people are directing all their time and energies to their professional careers."

What is your attitude toward serial or continued-story programs?

Jimmy Farrell: "Most people are very much interested in the experiences of others and find pleasure in matching their own personal joys and sorrows with those of others. Serial story programs generally are based upon such human experiences and bring pleasure to those who hear them. For this reason, I approve."

Virginia Verrill: "I think serials are marvelous and most certainly hold a listening audience better than one-time programs. Proof of my theory is the most popular radio program—Amos 'n' Andy."

Art Van Harvey: "Inasmuch as I am in one myself, I may be prejudiced. But the fact remains that serial shows have outlasted practically all other types of shows. Ours has been on the air five years and surveys show it to be more popular now than at any previous time."

Irene Wicker: "They have a definite and joy-giving place in the lives of shut-ins and those who can afford little for books, magazines and outside entertainment. The acting in those I have heard is excellent, though I think there is room for improvement in the writing."

Leo Reisman: "I don't like them for the following reasons: radio, in my life, and I suppose in most other people's lives, is a means of casual entertainment. And for casual entertainment it is too much of a job to carry in mind not only the current performance, but also the story preceding. Also, at each single performance one

(Continued on page 66)

It wasn't the Cold that froze him 'twas the sight of her Rough Chapped Hands



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MAMA, THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!

(Continued from page 50)

of beautiful show girls around. I used to take one or another of them out occasionally. There was one, though, who had more than good looks—she had a sense of humor and she'd been ribbing me all evening. Finally I said I thought she didn't like me very well—always knocking me. 'Don't be silly, Ken,' she laughed. 'I think you're a swell fellow and a great comedian. But what's *my* opinion against thousands of others?'

"You used that," I reminded him gently, "in your program."

"I didn't say it was new," Ken grinned. 'But it demonstrates what I mean. And speaking of humor in a woman, I remember the late and beloved Nora Bayes—I learned how to be nonchalant from her. At that time I was getting my first real break in vaudeville and I was watching Nora from the wings. She was singing her unforgettable 'Mandy,' standing in the center of the stage with the full glare of a double spotlight on her . . . when her underskirt fell to her feet!

"A titter, that could have turned into a roar, ran through the audience, but Nora never batted an eyelash. She continued to the very end of the song, then casually hoisted the offending skirt off over her head. 'Don't tell your friends that this is part of the act,' she said, to the audience, 'because it won't happen again.'"

"Then you think humor is valuable in a woman?"

"In a case like that it's a godsend. And not long ago I had reason to be glad women could take things with a laugh, or I might have to be hiding out. I go around with a young lady named Florence Heller. Naturally, she has to have a sense of humor—since she can stand me. It happened that, after auditioning a lot of girls for the part, we picked little blonde Marlyn Stuart to do the *'Mama . . . that man's here again'* signature in the show, as well as sing. And shortly afterward I took her to Atlantic City with me, to play a personal appearance, using her in the act.

"One of the Broadway columns ran a squib that Ken Murray's romance with Florence Heller was dead and that Marlyn was the new heart. I went to Marlyn to try and straighten it out—incidentally, she happens to be one of the prettiest girls in radio—she's the only one on the show who can come late without getting bawled out. I expected to find her angry, but she just laughed and said: 'It's all right, whatever they say—so long as they spell the name right!' Not new—but I was glad to get a gag instead of a sock in the eye, I laughed for five minutes."

"Do you expect to get married again?" I asked.

"Well, you know last summer my sponsors decided that I was the only comedian who didn't have a wife: Jack Benny has Mary Livingstone, Cantor has his Ida, Fred Allen has Portland. . . So we did that 'Find a Wife for Murray' series. Fun was fun—but they wanted me to climax the broadcasts by getting married."

"That doesn't answer my question," I said sternly.

"Well," Ken shrugged, "I didn't—then. But if you stop heckling me I'll give you a picture of what my home life *might* be like. Let's say, for instance, that I am married—we can call my wife 'Florence.'"

(I thought that sounded like a hint, but let it lay.)

"Let's pretend it's just after breakfast—it would go something like this:

Florence: Hurry, Ken dear—breakfast is waiting.

Ken: Oh—I didn't know it was ready; I didn't hear you scraping the toast.

Florence: Your eggs are waiting.

Ken: Waiting without?

Florence: Without what?

Ken: Without bacon! Ha, ha, ha! Say—these eggs don't look so good, where did you get them?

Florence: Don't you recognize them? They're the ones you laid last Tuesday night.

Ken: Say—I'm the funny man in this family.

Florence: Be careful—you're getting egg on your tie.

Ken: That's all right—I look well in everything I eat. Haw!—Some yolk, eh kid? Ha, ha, ha.

Florence: (Sighing) How many lumps will you take?

Ken: Two—say, once in a while I feel like a waffle—and no wise cracks!

Florence: Well, you'll have to get me a waffle iron.

Ken: Don't be silly—who irons waffles? Haw! By the way—what are we having for dinner tonight?

Florence: A big stew.

Ken: Shucks—is your father coming over again?

Florence: Yes—his lodge is giving a minstrel show and he wants to borrow some jokes.

Ken: Huh—for a minstrel show all he needs are a few old, broken-down gags.

Florence: Well, darling, why don't you give him your last week's script?

Ken: I'm using it now. But I better get to work, I'm behind on my fan mail.

Florence: Haven't you read it yet?

Ken: I haven't even written it yet?—By the way—how much longer is your mother going to stay with us?

Florence: Why she just got here. And at least, you must admit, Mother is outspoken.

Ken: Yeah—but not by anybody I know. Oh—hello, mother!

Mother: Hello.

Florence: Ken was just talking about you, Mother—weren't you, Ken?

Ken: Yeah—I was just saying what beautiful hair you have.

Mother: Oh, thank you.

Ken: That *is* your hair, isn't it? Haw, haw! I certainly crack 'em off, don't I?

Mother: (coldly) Do you?

Ken: Sure—get this gag—it's the opening joke on my next program, and it's brand new—I made it up myself this morning. Wanna hear it?

Mother: No.

Ken: Okay—Fred Utral says to me:

'Have you anything set aside for a rainy day?' And you know what I say?

Mother: "Yeah—'A couple of umbrellas.'"

Ken: You know, Florence, Ireland must be heaven, 'cause your mother's over here.

Mother: What are we having for dinner?

Florence: I have a nice stew.

Mother: I'm tired of stews; now that Ken's option has been renewed we can afford something better. How about duck?

Florence: Oh—yes, I know you love duck, Mother.

Mother: Yes—I'd give my *life* for a duck!

Florence: Oh, Ken—where are you going?

Ken: I'm going out to get Joe Penner!

Which may or may not prove anything about how Ken Murray feels about marriage. But he does come by humor naturally enough, his father having been an old-time comedian. When Murray *père* recognized the symptoms in Ken he tried to dissuade him from the stage. "At least, learn a trade," he said, "so you'll have something to fall back on." So, heeding the parental advice, Ken set out as a musical instrument salesman.

"The only sale I made," Ken says, "was to myself. I bought a clarinet. It turned out to be a good investment. I can't sing or dance, but I *can* keep my audience awake by squealing the daylights out of that clarinet!"

The clarinet led to a few small-time vaudeville dates, which gradually improved and increased until Ken was a headline act in the two-a-day, and he played the New York Palace Theatre more times than any other comedian, as master of ceremonies, in the days when the Palace was vaudeville tops. He's been in silent pictures, talkies and movie shorts and recently made a recording for Victor called *Mama—That Man's Here Again!* which is a comedy dialogue between himself and Oswald, his stooge. It's the first record of its kind Victor has made since the popular *Two Black Crows*, recordings of Moran and Mack. He played seven months in Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book* and did the Lee Tracy part in *Louder, Please*, on the Coast. He writes a newspaper column called *Ken Murray Says*, which is syndicated to seventy-five papers and he'd like to do more writing. And now, with a successful radio show added to his other appearances, Ken figures he's tried about every angle of show business except Acolian Hall.

A distraught young man stuck his head in the door and said: "They're waiting for you, Ken."

"Okay," Ken said, and as we left I asked:

"Why did you call your imaginary wife 'Florence?'"

"Why not?" Ken chuckled. "What's the matter with Florence?"

And as far as I know, there's nothing the matter with her.

... AND THEY CALL HOLLYWOOD CRAZY!

(Continued from page 23)

radio program is just as much a show as a stage production or a picture. There's too much of the attitude that only 'radio people' understand radio, when there's very little basic difference between the essential principles of entertainment on the air or the screen. I've seen a radio dramatic director toss aside a script that was especially written by one of the best dialogue writers in Hollywood for a particular actress, with the comment: 'It isn't radio.' And he hadn't even read the script—what's more, the only qualifications this fellow had were a stock of temperamental tricks that impressed his agency employers.

"As I see it, good writing and good stories have the same necessary requisites, no matter for what medium they are intended. I realize that radio, like pictures, has certain taboos. And that there are certain requisites to writing an air show for the ear that are different from writing a play or picture that appeals to the eye. But those differences are purely mechanical, that any competent writer can learn and allow for.

"Drama, naturally, interests me most, since I am an actor. And it's in the field of drama that radio seems to fall particularly short. It takes more than a stopwatch and familiarity with studio routine to make a dramatic director, but that's all

the equipment a lot of them have for the job. Drama should be one of radio's strongest bets and the answer to that is the *Lux Theatre of the Air*, which is among the most popular radio programs. And it is one of the most 'professional' in its handling, from the sponsor's contact man to the director."

Montgomery has made three successful appearances on the *Lux* show, which squelches any idea that his remarks are prompted by personal rancor.

"Sponsors and agencies spend fortunes hiring big 'names'—and then give them nothing to do. 'These names will make them tune in, is the attitude. But the point is, will they stay tuned in when the 'names' drool through ten minutes of puerile material and incompetent staging? That's where drama suffers worse than musicals; the public will listen to bands and singers, even if the show is badly put on. And they can always dance to dance music. But the great success of the few good dramatic shows on the air proves that the public appreciates real drama."

It's apparent that Bob Montgomery takes drama seriously. But there's little of the zealot's fire in what he says; he's not fanatic or impassioned about it.

"Sure," he said, when I mentioned that his remarks might let him in for considerable criticism, "I realize that plenty

of people will say: 'Ah, these temperamental movie actors! What do they know about radio?' But I don't consider myself a 'movie actor'—I don't think anyone is. I'm an actor—and if you're a good actor, it doesn't matter whether you're acting on the stage or screen or air."

Montgomery has the right to consider himself an actor. While his rise to fame on the screen was sudden, it was based upon several years of hard work and experience in stock companies and the Broadway stage, where he was a name before going into pictures. When he was just beginning to click on Broadway, he received a Hollywood offer to appear in silent pictures. He turned down the offer, being hesitant to take a chance in what to him was an untried medium. He scored heavily in the play *Possession* and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a contract to come West and appear in the talkie *So This is College*, with Elliot Nugent—and this time he accepted, playing the second rôle.

Hollywood has a way of ignoring newcomers who haven't arrived and Bob, who had reason to be proud of his record on the stage, was a bit annoyed at the cold shoulder the movie town gave him. He set about learning "pictures," not merely acting, but all the allied angles of movie-making. He popped up in monitors

and I thought college would be fun!



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booths, talked to electricians, sound men and cameramen, and accumulated a considerable fund of knowledge about the new medium. And the things he learned enabled him to apply his knowledge to his own performances, with the result that, in a short time, comments began to come in about the new young man named Montgomery.

The same intelligent interest he showed in pictures is manifest in his comments on radio. Whether you agree with him or not, you can't help realizing, when you talk to Bob Montgomery, that what he says springs purely and simply from an impersonal appraisal. He is singularly free of any conceit or actorish mannerisms, and, instead of dramatizing himself, he pokes fun at himself. The naturalness that marks his screen performances is even more marked in person; he sprawls his six feet over chairs and sofas, makes no attempt to turn on charm and talks simple English in a pleasant voice without any Oxford accent.

He is supposed to be hard to interview, but that springs mainly from the fact that

he feels his private life should be his own. He'll talk readily enough about his work and about less personal things.

"I spend about twelve hours a day in the studio," he says, "and in those twelve hours I'll do anything within reason that my job demands; whether it's acting, posing for stills or giving interviews. I figure that the other twelve hours ought to be my own."

He thinks that anybody who says he doesn't enjoy making a lot of money is crazy and he turns the greater portion of his salary into a trust fund for the years when his popularity will have passed. He wants to direct and write and he has sold several stories, written under pen names. He's very popular in Hollywood for his amusing amiability, his piano playing and wicked tenor to *Sweet Adeline*. Liking him on the screen, you'd probably like him more in person—and that goes for men as well as women.

Between pictures he spends his time on his farm in upper New York State, living the simple life. In Hollywood his home is unpretentious and he drives his own

car. Making no pose of intellectuality, Bob has a keen interest in current literature and does a great deal of reading. And while the records show that he was born to comfortable affluence, he came into fame the hard way, after the family fortunes had melted away.

As I was about to leave he unfolded himself from the couch and stood up to shake hands. "I gather," I observed "that you don't care very much about the radio."

"On the contrary," said Bob, "I like the idea of radio very much; I'd love it and be glad to work on the air. The only thing I want is the chance to do something besides stand in front of a microphone. There are good shows on the air—I've been privileged to appear in some of them—and I justify my attitude by the fact that every program I've encountered that was handled competently and professionally has been a show the public liked as well. And I hope to be in more of them."

So you'll probably be hearing him!

(Next Month: Eddie Cantor answers Bob Montgomery in no uncertain terms!)

YOU MUST GIVE UP SOMETHING

(Continued from page 49)

Ponselle's favorite *Songs My Mother Taught Me* and, afterwards, a man came back and told her: "Miss Ponselle was in the audience. She enjoyed you very much." A compliment to be treasured—you can imagine how much harder Vivian worked after that.

"Social life and a career don't mix," she explained simply. "Not at this stage, at any rate. I make my first appearance with the Chicago Opera Company this fall and I am coaching with Forrest Lamont—I've got to succeed!"

Got to for the sake of her own dreams and ambitions, got to for the sake of the parents who are so proud of her already, and who started her on the way to her career when she still was unsteady on her little feet. They gave her every advantage. She was taught to play the piano, the violin, taught to know and love the best in music and never to be satisfied until her own performance was the best she could give.

But they were wise parents as well as dreamers and lovers of music. They saw to it that Vivian led a normal, simple life with her older sister, that she went to parochial school and had her friends, her simple good times. They wanted no infant prodigy. They were building for something bigger than that.

And Vivian, singing day in and day out as naturally as a lark, dreamed her dreams, too. For a long time she thought she would be a nun. Did not her name mean "of the church?" That should be her destiny, then! Her eyes glowed with bright visions. But the wise nuns smiled tenderly. Her voice was meant to be given to the world.

"You have to give up something for everything in this world," Vivian echoed the words and you wondered if she fully understood the meaning. She is so young and success has come so easily. What

sacrifice has she made in the name of her career? Was she thinking, perhaps, of a young dark officer in Italy? Emotion is part of the Italian heritage, too...

"I am very much Italian," she admitted. "They are so sincere, so warm-hearted, such excited, noisy people! I love it. I am noisy, too, and I talk far too much—that is my greatest weakness. Even in school, the Sisters punished me for it."

But, her dreams diverted from thoughts of the church, Vivian's eager young mind fastened again on the opera. She always was a hero-worshipper. Rosa Raissa, Lucrezia Bori, Mary Garden, Lawrence Tibbett—and always Rosa Ponselle. To sing for and with them a glorious, improbable dream! To meet any one of them was ecstasy.

"Mary Garden has such an infectious personality." She leaned forward eagerly. "And Lawrence Tibbett is so simple, so unaffected—I wanted so terribly to meet him, but when my chance came I was too frightened to talk. I could only stammer and blush! I said finally, so stupidly: 'Mr. Tibbett, I enjoyed your singing—I want to tell you—' He laughed and said: 'Go ahead, I love it!'" She looked at me, her eyes shining. "When he had shaken my hand, I wanted to wrap it up in tissue paper—I couldn't talk, I was so thrilled."

I thought how dangerous it is for her to feel so intensely. To go about, wide-eyed, eager, totally unarmed. She will be hurt, inevitably. But character can be made in no other way. And because she is unafraid, meeting life more than half way, she will learn, if she has not already, to take the bitter with the sweet, the grief with the joy. And the measure of her success will be not the voice of a girl but the voice of a woman, rich with emotion, with that rare understanding that brings to a song so much more than is on the

written page.

Nothing succeeds like success—and no success is possible without self-assurance, without pride in one's work, whatever it may be. It is exciting, at twenty-one, to find oneself famous, in demand, earning much money. Vivian is barely twenty-one and she has every right to be proud of what she has accomplished in so short a time. But she has much of the saving grace of humility and one suspects both the gracious nuns who taught her, and her wise parents, of being responsible for that trait. *Honor thy father and thy mother* are not empty words in an Italian family and Vivian ungrudgingly tenders her parents the respect and the devotion they deserve.

The depression altered many things for the Della Chiesa family. They lost their fine home, had to build life anew in a new and uncongenial environment. Here was Vivian's first big opportunity to help and it steadied her, made her realize the value of money, the relative importance of success.

But her heart brimmed with pride that she could help. Her family needed her and she stood staunchly by. They have an apartment now in Chicago and, with the Della Chiesa zest for living, you may be sure they are happy there and not wasting time dreaming of the past.

"Temperamental?" Vivian repeated my question. "I don't think so, though Mamma says I am! I have ups and downs. But I've learned not to be temperamental in my work! I tried it once—I was annoyed and snapped out what I thought. But it made hard feeling, unpleasantness. You can do much more with honey than with vinegar!" she concluded airily.

An ideal man? She would not commit herself too far. "Domineering, superior—someone to look up to!" And she added girlishly: "Boys are scared of a girl who

does things, a singer—I enjoy them more when they don't know what I do. I like variety in friends. A radio career is narrow, you lose a contact with the outside world if you are not careful, get absorbed in your own rut. I think one needs to get away from people in one's own line of work, to meet different people. Sometimes," she added wistfully, "I wish I were an office girl, a clerk in a store. They don't have to worry about perfecting this and that, always studying, always working harder and harder!"

Only a few years ago, Vivian was a carefree schoolgirl, absorbed in roller-skating, bicycling, school parties, the movies. But singing became more and more important and eagerly she wedged her vocal studies into her crowded school days, attending the Chicago School of Music and going to high school at the same time. It made a heavy program and, by the time she graduated, she was on the verge of a breakdown. But she came of good stock, had a healthy, robust constitution. And she had learned the lesson that health is important, must be considered. She struck a more even balance—then found herself plunged into a career for which she had not considered herself ready. She had her voice, a natural, God-given, glorious voice, with a wide range. But she was young and needed more training. The answer was work and more work. With less singleness of purpose, she would have been discouraged, would have slackened, contented herself with a nearer, easier goal. But she had, after all, more than a sweet voice, more than a casual ambition.

"So many people with talent never get a chance," she said earnestly. Her eyes widened, darkened as she saw herself among that unhappy number.

But she was both lucky and sensible enough to realize that success might slip away as easily as it had come. Chance might have put her where she so longed to be—she well knew she would have to work hard to stay there.

In the first thrill of her radio success, she went to the manager of the Chicago Opera Company for an audition. Signor Longone listened to the lovely voice and was impressed. But he was a wise man and gave her wise advice. Perhaps her singing muscles were not fully developed. Perhaps the strenuous demands of opera might prove too much, might wreck the promising career.

Patiently, diligently Vivian practised, day in and day out. She went on with her commercial programs, her personal appearances, her occasional concerts, but she never let up on the essential practising. And, finally, she went to Signor Longone again—and won the coveted contract. She will make her debut this fall as *Mimi* in *La Bohème*.

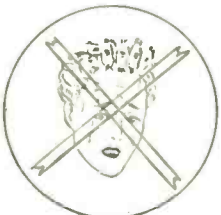
She has her own program each Friday over the *NBC* network at 9:30 *EST*. You may hear her Tuesdays at 6:45 p. m. *EST* and again on Thursdays at 7:30—8:00 p. m. *EST* with the *Roy Shield Revue*.

The wings of song have carried her far already and will carry her much further or we are greatly mistaken in Vivian, in her dynamic personality, her glorious voice. And if it is cupid's wings we hear whirring in the offing, he will have to bide his time, be content to wait backstage. For Vivian has all she can attend to right now!

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LONG DISTANCE LOVE

(Continued from page 39)



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Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address, Dept. MM-1 The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

plays, one of which she wrote. She danced—to the tune of \$30 weekly—at Grauman's Egyptian theatre in Hollywood and one of her friends in the line was Myrna Loy. There followed three years of one-night stands in minor theatricals, until Grandfather Scalamini stepped in and put a stop to such shenanigans by hustling her off to Europe and putting her in finishing school in Geneva, Switzerland.

When the market crash came, Benay returned to Hollywood and show business to earn her living. She played understudy to the lead in the Coast production of *Tip Toes*, appeared in vaudeville and picture houses and, in 1930, was doing her first radio work at KFRC, San Francisco, singing and writing continuity. At the same time she sang at the Embassy Club, a San Francisco night spot, from 8:30 to 4:00 a.m., writing her continuity between numbers. Then she'd get up for a morning program at 8:30 a.m.

Benay could take it—but the going was too tough and she was forced to drop her radio work and concentrate on night clubs, whence she came to WABC in New York.

"I was in a rut at Columbia," Miss Venuta confesses. "In all the time I was on the station, I was never submitted for a commercial. So, in July, I was glad to go over to Mutual, where I could have a chance to do the sort of thing I want to do. I am mistress of ceremonies, too, and I don't try to be funny—but I do like a friendly, informal way of working and it seems to be going over."

It would, I think. Benay Venuta has an attractive speaking voice, young, vibrant and alive, with an almost boyish directness and absence of affectation. The radio audience seems to like it, too, for Miss Venuta gets many fan letters telling her so.

"One of them," she says, "ended up 'love to you, Miss Venuta, and to the dear Doctor' . . ."

There it was again! I sighed resignedly and with a gleam of hope in the reportorial eye, asked:

"Uh—the doctor—your husband, does he mind your work?"

Benay chuckled. "His friends have kidded the life out of him over some of the publicity stories about us. But he takes it all as a joke and I really think he's terribly proud of me."

"Oh," I muttered. "You see," she went on, "Ken isn't practising medicine—he's working toward a psychiatry degree and is interested principally in research. Since he's never had to work for a living, he gets a great kick out of my going out and making money."

Benay Venuta and Dr. Kelley met in San Francisco, where the Doctor was finishing medical school at Stanford. In order to be near her, he transferred to Northwestern U., when Benay went to Chicago to work, and he graduated from there. And probably the only reason they didn't get married immediately was because Dr. Kelley was awaiting a final divorce decree from a youthful and unsuccessful marriage. The divorce was final

last September, 1935, and on October 20th they were married.

"Do you," I ventured, "think that your work is the most important thing in life to you?"

"I take my work seriously," Benay said. "It's important to me because I love it; I suppose it's just natural ego—all professional entertainers are egotists, I guess. Anyway, I'm just as much 'ham' as anyone; I'd cry if I didn't get four bows and I like people to like me. That's one reason I've been working so hard on this show. I'm gonna *make* people like me!" Miss Venuta, for all the light candor of her remarks, obviously meant it. "I never liked night club work; I hope to do a show that there's some talk about putting on. But radio is my favorite and I'd be miserable if I gave it up. I'm not going to give it up—at least, not until I can get to the very top.

"But—important? I said it was, to me. Still, when you look at it objectively, what I'm doing isn't really important, unless in the sense that entertaining people is important."

I said that I thought that could be very worth while.

"Yes—I suppose it is, if you can bring some pleasure to people. On the other hand, marriage goes on all your life—at least, I expect mine will—and that's really important, to a woman. Or science—medicine—the work Ken is doing . . ."

And there it was again! Benay is terribly interested in her husband's work. She's interested in so many things—she takes beautiful photos with a cheap little camera; and I don't mean snapshots; and she colors them herself; she likes to paint furniture, play tennis, knit, and she has a large musical library which she is constantly enlarging. She has been a guest on Joan Lowell's yacht in the West Indies and hooked a shark, and another time the boat she was on was driven aground on a coral reef in a storm, with sharks bobbing hungrily around. Once, cruising the Mediterranean with a party of friends, their yawl was becalmed, holding Benay and her friends without food or water.

She likes sport and tailored clothes and is as pleasant to look at as to listen to. She speaks French and Italian like a native and has trouble getting up in the morning.

She may—by the time you read this—be going to work on a picture with Myrna Loy and William Powell, a sequel to the famous *Thin Man*. And on her present Sunday afternoon show she has inaugurated the "talking song" idea, which seems to be very popular . . . so much so that the idea lifters have gone to work on it. One girl actually sang almost the exact arrangement Benay used, she says.

She'd like to know more about cameras and photography, and she'd like to study medicine, being so interested in what Ken is doing . . .

"I gather," I groaned, "that you are, then, in love with your husband?"

"But definitely!" Benay shot back.

So I guess that's that.

BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 11)

- 111. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH 56.6
NBC Sun. 12:00 Noon LST
- 112. ALLEN PRESCOTT 56.5
NBC T-T 11:45 A.M. EST
- 113. THE O'NEILLS 56.4
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:45 P.M. EST
- 114. SUNSET DREAMS—MORIN SISTERS 56.2
NBC Sun. 7:45 P.M. EST
- 115. THE HONEYMOONERS 56.0
NBC T-W-T 11:30 A.M. EST
- 116. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT — BENNY RUBIN 55.7
MBS Sun. 6:00 P.M. EST
- 117. DEATH VALLEY DAYS 55.6
NBC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST
- 118. WILDERNESS ROAD 55.4
CBS M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST
- 119. EDWARD MacHUGH—THE GOSPEL SINGER 55.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:45 A.M. EST
- 120. KRUGER MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY COOPER, SALLY SINGER, BLOCK ORCHESTRA 55.1
NBC Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST
- 121. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE 55.0
CBS M-W-F 11:45 A.M. EST
- 122. BACKSTAGE WIFE 55.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 11:15 A.M. EST
- 123. BROADWAY VARIETIES 52.7
CBS Fri. 8:00 P.M. EST
- 124. PICK AND PAT 52.3
CBS Mon. 8:30 P.M. EST
- 125. MA PERKINS 52.2
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:15 P.M. EST
- 126. ECHOES OF NEW YORK TOWN 51.0
NBC Sun. 6:00 P.M. PST
- 127. RICH MAN'S DARLING 50.1
CBS M-T-W-T-F 12:45 P.M. EST
- 128. BOBBY BENSON 50.0
CBS M-W-F 6:15 P.M. EST
- 129. HOW TO BE CHARMING 49.9
NBC M-W-F 11:30 A.M. EST
- 130. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY 49.5
NBC Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST
- 131. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED 49.4
CBS M-T-W-T-F 6:45 P.M. EST, 8:15 P.M. PST
- 132. THE GOOSE CREEK PARSON 49.2
CBS M-W-F 7:30 P.M. EST, 7:45 P.M. PST
- 133. VIC AND SADE 48.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 3:30 P.M. EST, 11:30 A.M. EST on WJZ WSYR WLS WHAM KDKA
- 134. POPEYE, THE SAILOR 48.6
CBS M-W-F 7:15 P.M. EST
- 135. JACK ARMSTRONG 48.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:30 P.M. EST
- 136. SINGIN' SAM 47.8
NBC Fri. 8:15 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST
- 137. TOM MIX—RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS 47.0
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:15 P.M. EST
- 138. MODERN ROMANCES 46.8
NBC Wed. 2:00 P.M. EST
- 139. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE 46.7
NBC M-T-W-T-F 5:45 P.M. EST

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO—

(Continued from page 17)

The March of Time, which I consider the most interesting program on the air, although I wish it were broadcast earlier in the evening. On evenings at home I like to retire before 10:30, which means I miss my favorite program too often."

—
Mrs. Adelbert Torrey, Atlantic, Me. (*Housewife*.) "Cherio—good music, very helpful and uplifting. Major Bowes, for enjoyment to myself and the good cause. *Today's Children*, *Just Plain Bill*, Edward MacHugh, *David Harum* and *Betty and Bob* for sheer entertainment."

—
Maude E. Baker, Allston, Mass. (*Magazine Agent*.) "*Today's Children*. It is so very human! *Mary Marlin*, because it is both fascinating and interesting. *David Harum* for quaint, wholesome humor. *Helen Trent*—extremely exciting. One never tires of it. And *Helen Hayes*, no matter what program she is on."

CHARMING



Miss Ernestine Lollie — with her latest Permanent Wave by Bernord az Guro, New York City.

"I found my whole appearance improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.

WINNER of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

BLONDES — If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

BRUNETTES — You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES — Worried over unsightly hair on arms — and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. Invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York — FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

M.G. 137

ROBERT TAYLOR, BEWARE!

(Continued from page 41)

SANTA!
HELP ME
FIGHT OFF
GERMS

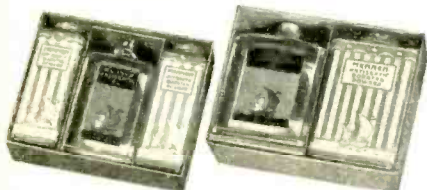


Give me the MENNEN GIFT BOX

It contains the oil and powder
 that are antiseptic

"Mummy—please tell Santa to come across with a Mennen Gift Box this Christmas—'cause it sure will help protect my skin against germs. Just look what's in it—a bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Oil—the kind most all the hospitals* use daily in caring for babies' skin. Besides, there's Mennen Antiseptic Powder—it also keeps germs away. Gosh, there can't be a better gift than that, can there? So, Mummy, tell Santa to bring me a Mennen Gift Box."

*Nine-tenths of all hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil. Doctors endorse it . . . as well as Mennen Antiseptic Powder. Get both products in a Mennen Gift Box.



\$1 and \$1.50 at your druggist

MENNEN

highlights and shadows, every facet of his character. You see that in his characterizations on the radio and on the screen. It is, in fact, what makes so real and moving his portrayal of the varied rôles he plays. You see it even at rehearsal where, in an instant, at a single cue, he loses himself in the part he is seeking to interpret.

He has to have this understanding of the character he represents before he can read the lines, but his insight is swift and unerring and, given that fundamental, intuitive analysis of the rôle, his reading of the lines is masterly. Six years on *NBC* programs have been excellent training!

It was while he was in school that his interest in dramatics was first aroused. And when he was still wavering between Blackstone and Thespis, weighing the world of make-believe against the hard matter-of-factness of the law, he had his first opportunity in stock. The manager of the local company, deprived of his leading man by an ill-timed automobile accident, sent an *SOS* to Don, whom he had seen in school performances.

It was as easy as that! All Don had to do was cut classes, learn the part and appear on the stage that same afternoon! But if it was luck that singled him out, it was something more than that which carried him through. Don had what it takes. He played the part—beautifully. And won a twenty-week contract on the strength of his performance. Thus Don, half Irish and half Italian, began his romantic career, with the luck of the Irish and the dark looks of his Italian heritage to speed him on his way.

It was Bernardine Flynn, of *Vic and Sade*, who introduced him to radio. They had known each other in college and, in her own deep liking for the work which seemed to have solved her own personal problems so pleasantly, she thought it would be an excellent field for the talented Don. Bernardine was right. Since the early days of *Betty and Bob*, with Don in the title rôle, his popularity has increased steadily. As leading man in the *First Nighter* dramas and *Grand Hotel*, Don has become high favorite with radio fans.

And it speaks well for the kind of chap he is that he has always been high favorite with the other members of his company, too. I have met a number of them and, one and all, they sing Don's praises, on the slightest provocation. "He's grand—he's so real and so sincere and so unassuming—he's wonderful to work with." They all boil down to that and, as purely spontaneous expressions of opinion, they're pretty nice, aren't they?

From favorite of the air lanes to movie triumphs was an inevitable step for one with Don's good looks. And like his two years in stock and vaudeville and the six in radio, Don looks upon his latest adventures with delightful lack of conceit.

"I suppose I always wanted to be in the movies," he admitted, "the way anyone in this sort of work does. They have a romantic appeal, a glamour—and so when I had a chance to make a test about a year ago, I was thrilled. But the test wasn't

good." He said it quite matter-of-factly.

I must have looked sceptical, for he explained earnestly: "No, really—I saw it myself and it wasn't any good. But after I had gone back to Chicago, an agent saw it and thought it had possibilities. He got some movie people interested in looking at it and they saw something in it, too. The next thing I knew, I was on the way to the Coast to make a picture, with the understanding that if it was any good, they'd give me a contract within thirty days."

While Don was in the throes of this first picture, the *First Nighter* series was transferred to the Coast, the entire company, including Betty Lou Gerson as leading lady, deserting Chicago for the time being. Now that Don is established in Hollywood, it is being broadcast, with a new cast, from the local *NBC* station and is known now as the *Little Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard* instead of the *Little Theatre Off Times Square*.

For the first picture—*Sins of Man* with Jean Hersholt—was good. So good that Don was immediately cast in *Ramona*, and *Ladies in Love* and *One in a Million* followed in swift succession.

So now Don serves two masters and serves them very well, indeed. He is reluctant to say which he likes better, but the scales weigh perhaps a little heavier for the newer world of the movies, which accepted him so readily and made him feel immediately at home.

"I was never frightened, nervous." Don dismissed the idea with a laugh. "They're such grand people to work with. They're big. Maybe it's because they've arrived, because they don't need to worry about their own positions, I don't know. But anyway, they seem so real and sincere and friendly—I love working with them. And there doesn't seem to be the pressure, the driving urge to lead, to dominate, that you find in other fields. Of course, if one actor outplays another, that's different. But there is no mean rivalry."

And Don said that, if you please, just after finishing his part in *Ladies in Love* with those four lovely firebrands, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Simone Simon!

At my exclamation of surprise, he grinned. "I know—everyone expected fireworks. I think even the director was surprised. But it didn't seem in any way forced or unnatural. They were just themselves—not cold or too polite, but warm and friendly. They are four lovely girls. Janet Gaynor (Don's scenes are with her) is just grand to work with!"

And it seems the movie folk feel the same way about Don. He likes people. He meets them easily. He is just himself and they like him for it. And before the cameras, as in front of the microphone, his work reflects that sincerity, that simplicity.

For the most part, Don has had to meet his movie public in disguise. Even the appealing part of *Alessandro* in *Ramona*, with Loretta Young, did not reveal the real Don. So he is particularly pleased with his rôle in *One in a Million*, with Sonja Henie, which is a straight dramatic part.

But with all this constant association with the lovely ladies of radio and screen—what about that romance we spoke of?

"We have been married four years this November, Honore and I," he explained with his quiet smile. "And we have two boys, Donald Junior, who is three and Ronny, who is ten months . . ."

He is very inarticulate when it comes to describing his wife, his marriage, but it is a bright and shining fact that theirs is one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. Honore is a quiet, home-loving girl. She majored in dietetics, and manages her home and her babies efficiently. And in her chosen career she is as outstandingly successful as Don is in his. For there is no slightest hint of jealousy in her make-up and she brings to her marriage a sweet sincerity, a forthrightness that is rare in moviedom. Don and her babies and her home are her pride and joy.

"There isn't any reason in the world why a marriage shouldn't be as successful in Hollywood as anywhere else," Don protested earnestly. "As a matter of fact, we live the same sort of life here that we did in Chicago.

"There's so little to say about it," he went on in response to my query. "We have a little place—a ranch, they'd call it out here—with a swimming pool. We don't do anything—we swim, of course, we play cards. We haven't many friends, just a small group that we see often. Now and then we go out, to dine, to dance, or go to the park and try out the concessions—" he shrugged. "You see how it is—there's just nothing to say about it!"

Except this—that it is sane and normal and entirely delightful and very admirable in these hectic days of out-doing the Joneses! And it is grand to meet young people with such a clear and steady outlook on life. The Don Ameches have a sense of values. Some part of his not inconsiderable wages is put by each week, for annuities and insurance. The rest goes for household expenditures, on a reasonable scale, for clothes and simple pleasures.

And both have a sense of humor. They love to joke, to rib each other, get a kick out of pretended squabbles in public—get a kick out of it because they never quarrel, really, because they understand each other so well. Honore calls for him at the studio after broadcasts, she sits quietly on the set where he is playing. And her gaze is steady, serene when she meets him. There is no question in her eyes, no fear. He may have just come from a tender love scene with some other pretty girl, but Honore isn't worried. Don is the matinee idol type—but don't forget, she knows the real Don.

She knows that if ever anything, anyone, came between them, she'd hear about it first from Don himself, not from some scandal-monger, some gossip-sheet. And she rests secure in the deeper knowledge that there is no hint of the philanderer in Don. He is the same boy that he was ten years ago, simple, steadfast, sincere. If it was luck that placed him beneath the white glare of the Klieg lights, it is something more than luck that keeps him there. She knows the white glare of publicity will not turn his head, that fame and success will not break up their home. For the fundamental tenets of his life, his character, as of hers, are love and loyalty, honesty and devotion.

Glamorous As The Night



When the night is calling for romance you must be loveliness itself . . . a vision of dramatic enchantment . . . possessed of that exquisite charm that comes only when you use Blue Waltz Perfume.

A fragrant scent that lingers for hours, Blue Waltz is a creation to blend with your own exquisite self. A touch on your hair . . . a touch on your throat . . . gives you an exotic and haunting loveliness.

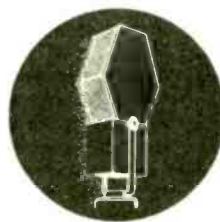
10c at the leading
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**BLUE
WALTZ
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PERFUME • LIPSTICK

FACE POWDER • TALC

TUNE IN ON



THE WEDNESDAY MATINEE

ROMANCE ON THE AIR!

Every Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, E.S.T., MODERN ROMANCES presents a thrilling half-hour of real-life drama . . . the true stories of actual people, their problems and their solutions,

brought to life in these weekly dramatizations on the air.

This exciting radio program comes to you over six powerful stations:

WJZ	NEW YORK	WTAM	CLEVELAND
WEZ	BOSTON	KDKA	PITTSBURGH
WBZA	SPRINGFIELD	WMAQ	CHICAGO

Tune in your favorite station
next Wednesday at two
o'clock and be thrilled by

MODERN ROMANCES

. . . ON THE AIR!

CALLING ALL STARS!



Savoy-Plaza



Long a favorite with radio headliners, the Savoy-Plaza has earned this preference through its atmosphere of warm hospitality, its superb cuisine, and its cheerful service. Overlooking Central Park, the Savoy-Plaza is close to CBS and NBC studios and to the finest shops and theatres . . . **The Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar** at Cocktail Hour and after the theatre is the meeting place of smart New Yorkers and visitors who come to dance and be amused by the season's outstanding entertainers . . . Rooms at the Savoy-Plaza provide spacious luxury with truly home-like comfort. Single rooms from \$6. Double rooms from \$8. Suites from \$12.

SAVOY-PLAZA

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 14)

really is a much better comedian than his past two seasons on the air indicated. He had to write his scripts two weeks in advance, so they could be sent down south to his sponsors for approval. Once the approval was stamped on, Walter couldn't change so much as a comma, no matter what new things suggested themselves in rehearsal. Most comedy shows take on a good deal of extra zip in the rehearsal rewritings.

Anyway, the new O'Keefe show has been lively and in tune with this season's style of keeping the microphone in the audience part of the time. It also establishes a custom of paying people for being members of a studio audience, and who says that's not a good idea?

In the studio, when Fannie Brice came back to the air Wednesday evenings, recently, was a veteran radio press-agent. He had been there on the night, a decade ago, when Fannie made her very first radio appearance. As they talked about it, she recalled how nervous the thing made her. "You didn't seem nervous," he said. "I remember the microphone was set too low for you and in the middle of your bit you kicked off your high-heeled shoes, which brought you down to just the right height. I thought that certainly showed composure."

"Composure!" and Fannie laughed. "My dogs were aching."

Thursday Night Studios: In the Rudy Vallee studio you'll find an air of dignified, theatrical polish. Rudy presides with the quiet sincerity of an earnest class president and guest stars make entrances from the wings or rear of the stage, taking bows professionally before starting at the microphone . . . Slipping over to *Show Boat*, in an adjoining studio, there's a program conducted in a scene of wild confusion, a stage full of what seems to be bedlam. People dash out from the control-room with hurried messages and dash back again. Actors sit in a bank of chairs on one side and singers on the other, with constant movement back and forth to microphone for brief bits. Applause signs are waved wildly . . . Out in Hollywood, Bing Crosby's hour has the most casual light-heartedness imaginable. No one dresses formally. Bing usually comes around in slacks and sweater, and so do most of the others. Bob Burns dolls all up, though, fancy waistcoat and everything . . .

If you could get over to Columbia's Thursday evening shows at the same hour, in the Kate Smith studio, you'd run into an atmosphere of grim earnestness, amazingly in contrast to the smooth ease of the show. Kate is a formidable lady at the mike, casting quick, anxious glances here and there to make sure everything is running properly. She does have playful moments, though. The other night, right in the midst of a song, *I Want to Lead a Band*, she prankishly snatched the baton from her leader's hand and conducted the rest of the song herself.

Many a singer has an actor to read spoken lines for him, but this one tops that business. NBC's news commentator, Gilbert Seldes, has been having an actor read his comments on world affairs. Still better, the actor chosen to simulate the Seldes voice is Bill Adams, much of whose fame rests on his perfect radio imitation of the voice of President Roosevelt.

Hard to explain why girl singers have such a fragile hold on radio popularity, isn't it? Missing from the air this season are such ladies as Jane Froman, Annette Hanshaw, Ethel Shutta, Mildred Bailey and Connie Boswell, mentioning just a few. And only last season, or the season before, all of them were at the peak of radio success.

Strange, too, how quickly Benny Fields faded from the radio picture. After his long and prosperous theatrical career had declined to a point where he was actually dependent on friends for the rent, he suddenly zoomed back last season to new stardom in Chicago and Broadway night clubs and was featured soloist in the radio version of *Ziegfeld's Follies*. A summer in Hollywood and he returned to New York radio to find no takers this fall. Just a few sustaining shows to finish out an old contract with Columbia.

Blustering, hearty, bad-tempered, beamingly amiable, in quick succession, Paul Whiteman always is lively company at work or play. After a program, the other night, he came storming into the control-room for the regular Sunday night conference. Immediately he started again. With the remark: "Wait here a minute. I didn't call my wife to see how the program was."

At the control-room door, he stopped and grinned sheepishly. "You know, I just had a big fight with the sponsor because he brought up his wife's opinion of our show. And I can never wait to get to the phone to see what my own ball and chain thinks of it!"

Eddie Cantor is one man who never has trouble with the sponsor—at least, not the kind where he loses the argument. When differences arise, Eddie tells them plenty, so much plenty an opponent gets little to say. At one period of his radio career, Eddie was working for radio's most formidable sponsor. In this story, we'll call him Mr. Zinn, because, frankly, I'd be afraid to have him catch me taking his real name lightly. Everyone in the radio business stands in awe of him—except this Cantor.

Mr. Zinn once contemplated doing a radio program with Helen Hayes and was complaining to Eddie about the high salary. "She wants \$2,500 a week," he objected. "There isn't a woman in the world worth that much money."

"Listen," said Eddie with an air of settling things, "she's worth that and I'll tell you why. We could walk through this office building and in a few floors I'd find

Capture romance

you a dozen Zimms. But in the whole place, I couldn't find you a single Helen Hayes. That's why she's worth that much money."

Did you get this odd note in the return of Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl to radio this month? In their radio heydeys, a couple of years back, Ed and Jack were the leading rivals for that dunce cap representing top honors in radio comedy. Now they return to work for two leading rivals in the medicated cigarette field.

Radio certainly hasn't picked up the Hollywood and Broadway tradition of brief marriages and frequent divorces. There are a few, but strikingly in the minority. As a sample of how well marriage goes in radio, there are those Paul Whitemans mentioned a few paragraphs back.

People who run across Fred Allen and Portland in a restaurant always come away remarking about the rapt attention her husband of some nine years still gets and the way her laughter rings out at nearly everything he says. Jane Froman has seriously interfered with her own radio career, rather than be separated from Don Ross when his picture, radio and stage singing takes him afield.

Jane and Goodman (*Easy Aces*) Ace are inseparable at race tracks or of an evening over racing form sheets. Friends of Jack Benny catch him and Mary slipping shamelessly into baby talk at odd moments. Phil Baker looks obviously disappointed if you don't make at least a little fuss over his wife. Lanny Ross had a story-book sort of romance that ended in marriage to Olive White, the charming and attractive girl who as press-agent and manager had guided him to success. These are typical radio couples, taken at random.

Goldie and Dusty, once radio's most popular singing team as the Gold Dust Twins, dropped in on their old friends and fellow pioneers, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, at one of the Columbia Sunday evening community sings. It was surprising to hear they were still together after all these years. Their radio career as great stars was inevitably brief. With fame resting on the name, Gold Dust Twins, naturally no other commercial sponsor could use them to advertise his product.

As the engineers were lounging between broadcasts, one of them was telling about his two favorite ladies, whose broadcasts he handled.

"Helen Hayes," he was saying, "is as sweet a little person as you'd find. Never much to say, though. Not that she's uppish. She'll usually be sitting by herself, very quiet, and looks up a little startled when someone speaks to her, as though she was thinking of something else. And the little meanings she can get into a line as she reads it—it's wonderful!"

"Now Irene Wicker is a different type," he went on, "always bright and lively. Hard worker, too. She writes all her *Singing Lady* scripts herself and even does a good part of the work on the music and arrangements. She doesn't do the arranging herself, but she picks some of the tunes and indicates exactly what she wants in the other spots. A very clever little girl, very clever."

—ARTHUR MASON



© 1941 P.W.F.C.

With Soft LUSTROUS HAIR

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

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



Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

FITCH'S

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

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

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

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

THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA.....TORONTO, CAN.

Win a Week's Vacation at the Miami-Biltmore



A week of Miami magic . . . that's what is in store for two first prize winners . . . a week crowded with recreation and fun that will run the gamut of glorious resort life. With the Eastern Air Lines in the role of the magic carpet, you will be whisked away to this Land of Flowers. Don't miss reading the details of this exciting contest based on the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "Come and Get it!" See page 32 in the January issue of Screen Romances Magazine.

KNOW ALL THE HITS! READ

SCREEN ROMANCES
JANUARY NOW ON SALE

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 9)

that we call it "rhythm" instead of system. The radio and swing bands have popularized rhythm as it never has been popularized before. But rhythm can be expressed in life, as well as music. It can mean easy, gracious, planned living.

Get rhythm into your five-week plan for beauty. Have a certain nightly cleansing and bath routine and a daily make-up and exercise routine that will be carried on like rhythmic clockwork. Have certain appointed days or nights of the week for looking after your other important beauty rites—shampoos, manicures, deodorant applications and so on.

There is an excellent new deodorant on the market now that is very much like a fragrant vanishing cream. It is as fragrant as your favorite beauty cream, and as easy to apply. You simply pat it on and it disappears almost instantly. And the amazing thing about it is that it is a non-perspirant, as well as a deodorant.

Remember, too, that even though you are not making appearances at the beach this nippy weather, nevertheless you are wearing sheer chiffon hose, which makes it imperative that the superfluous hair problem be treated in the regular weekly routine, winter or summer.

It doesn't matter what hour of the day out of the twenty-four you have your bath. Get rhythm with your bath brush. A bath

doesn't mean just lolling around—soaking. Don't forget that your skin is an organ of respiration. It needs to breathe, and it can't breathe with dead skin cells and foreign impurities choking up the pores. Work up a good circulation with your bath brush (or a rough bath mit) and soap and water. Scrub until your skin is pink. The roughness of the skin and the funny little bumps we call goose pimples should disappear with a regular bath brush treatment. (I know of an excellent bath brush—not too expensive and not too stiff.) To make the treatment doubly effective, massage with olive oil or muscle oil first, and then get to work with the bath brush, elbow grease, and soap and water. More than half our skin problems are due to poor circulation.

After a thorough cleansing and circulation treatment, you are ready to relax. There are all sorts of bath aids to make your bath an aid to the spirit, as well as to the flesh. First in importance is a good fragrant water softener, for hard water can do harsh things to the skin. Then there are bath oils and bath salts—whatever and whichever you like best. There is, incidentally, a nice pine-fragrant bath oil that is perfect for this, or any, season of the year.

Remember the old song, "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air?"

There is a brand new product that has you singing that song right in the bathtub. The product has the utilitarian use of banishing the ring around the tub, but its most delightful and amusing use is its wholesale bubble production. Honestly, it produces literally a million bubbles—a fragrant, soft, airy blanket of bubbles. You just pour the contents of one of the little individual cellophane packages in which it comes, right near the closed drain plug. Then you turn on the hot and cold water full pressure, and before you know it you are covered with a blanket of bubbles.

Don't you think the bubbles package idea a grand one to stick in the toe of every child's Christmas stocking?

Note for your shopping list—a grand Christmas gift for that difficult friend you've been puzzling over is a bath set in "neptune" green in a unique colorful jeweled case, complete with dusting powder, bath salts, and *Eau de Cologne* Decorative and different!

Of course you will want to finish your own bath with a lavish, airy sprinkling of fragrant smooth dusting powder or talc. And don't forget, especially this harsh weather, that thorough vigorous drying with a huge turkish towel is a very important after-bath essential. If your skin is inclined to be dry, a quick massage with a creamy skin lotion (with special atten-



**FOR PETE'S SAKE,
IT'S TIME TO QUIT**

**SO RUN-DOWN HIS JOB
NEARLY HAD HIM LICKED**



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

RADIO STARS

tion to knees and elbows) will be a desirable after-bath cocktail. One of your favorite hand and skin lotions is now put out with a special dispenser gadget, which is almost as good as having a mechanical hand to measure out the lotion for you. You simply press in the plunger, and out flows the lotion . . . in just the right amount you need.

It's a smart idea to have one certain day out of the week when you can arrange to have an extra hour or so to devote to beauty. Five hours out of five weeks will accomplish a lot. There are all sorts of helpful rites to include in your hour of beauty. Give yourself a musical scalp massage (turn on the radio), and brush your hair at least ten minutes in the sunshine. Give yourself a manicure and a pedicure (cuticle remover is excellent for callouses, too), and paint your toe-nails a wicked red. If your fingernails are brittle, soak your nails for a quarter of an hour in warm oil. A manicuring house is now offering a long-needed reconditioning oil for brittle nails. (If your nails are very brittle, you should give them an oil bath every night—or at least, several times a week.) Let the oil stay on, and wear a pair of old cotton gloves for the rest of your morning or afternoon work, so that the oil can work in, too. Better give your hands a rich cold cream massage before you put on the gloves, so that oil and cream can work together. Talk about getting things organized and planned for you! A very smart manicuring concern has put on the market a complete set of hand cream, brittle nail cream, and gloves

—a complete beauty treatment for your hands at a special, low price.

And now to get right down to the business of a five-week plan of corrective treatments. There are figure, complexion, and hair problems that haven't been taken into consideration in our five-week plan, and because they call for such detailed information, I am going to leave it up to you to start your five-week plan by writing in for the special corrective treatment bulletins that I have for you. Five weeks should show a lot of good results in the way of corrective work.

If you are overweight, send in for my special *Wife Saving Diet*, and follow it for five weeks, which should mean a loss of from eight to ten pounds, other conditions—especially of exercise—favorable. You will need my exercise bulletin to go along with the diet, so that you won't get flabby, and so that you can concentrate on needed spot-reducing, too. If you are underweight, I have a *Program for Gaining* for you to follow out for five weeks, and when you see (and feel) the good results, I hope you will follow it for another five weeks, and another, if necessary. You will need exercises, too, to build you up, as your underweight sister needs them to slim her down. Of course it is understood that all underweight and overweight conditions call for "seeing your doctor" first. You can't work out any kind of a beauty plan if you have physical maladjustments which must be taken care of first.

If you have oily skin, cut out all rich, greasy foods; cut out the use of all beauty creams for the time being (not to apply

oil on oil), and concentrate on plenty of soap and water and complexion brush cleansings; and send in for my bulletin on *Complexion Loveliness*, and the name of the corrective powder to use for your make-up. If you have dry skin, drink plenty of water; use a lot of oil in your salad dressings; use plenty of cleansing creams and protective creams (especially the latter this nippy weather), but don't neglect soap and water cleansing, too; and send in for my bulletin on *Complexion Loveliness*. Treatments for both oily skin and dry skin are worked out in detail in the bulletin. And do you need the *Care of the Hair* treatment for advice on oily hair, dry hair or dandruff? Just send a stamped addressed envelope for each two bulletins you want. Personal questions are always gladly answered.

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—on a twelve-month plan! And here's my special Christmas offer for you. (Just pin the coupon to the piece of paper on which you have jotted down your five-week-plan bulletin requests.)

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue,
New York City, New York

Please send me the booklet "Winning Ways with Perfume."

Name.....

Address.....

JACK—DON'T YOU KNOW



DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOUR ENERGY LOW

Many of us slow down during this time of year. Usually when you have this run-down feeling your blood is "underfed." It doesn't carry enough food to your tissues. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and

other food elements. As a result, your blood carries more and better food to your muscles and nerves. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today.



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT FEEDS YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body. When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food. What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER.....



Don't neglect your **CHILD'S COLD**

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



HOW SKIN BLEMISHES Are Now Instantly Concealed
 Birthmarks, Pimples, Liver Spots, Freckles, Bruises, Circles Under Eyes and other unsightly spots made amazingly invisible with **DERMALURE!** Applied in a minute—lasts all day. Waterproof. Blends perfectly. Light, Medium, Brunette and Sun Tan. \$1 at Department and Drug Stores. Purse size at all 10-cent stores.

DERMALURE, Inc., Winnetka, Illinois

Blondes, Browns!

Wash Sunlight Into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse!
 Bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous Golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Try it today. The new combination package—**SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE**—now also in 10¢ size at all stores.

New **BLONDEX** THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Mother — STOP DIAPER DRUDGERY for 3c a day

Use Babypads inside cloth diaper, remove and flush away when soiled. Soft, safe, sanitary. Babypads end unpleasant diaper care for mother; protect baby's tender skin from the risk of painful diaper rash. 25¢ for \$1 or 50¢ for 25¢ at Department and Drug stores. For **FREE** full day's supply, write **DENNISON'S** Dept. BA-192 Framingham, Mass.

Dennison's BABYPADS

DRESS TO YOUR HEIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

me, since I wear a large headsizes. "Clothes this fall are just made for tall girls—we are fortunate because broad shoulders and tunic styles are very flattering. I love broad shoulders and would like to look rather athletic but my husband likes me to look willowy and feminine."

Alice said that she even carries her love of tailored simplicity into her formal clothes. This is quite evident in the costumes shown in the pictures. For instance, there's the ice-gray satin evening gown which is designed with a graceful full skirt and a bodice gathered in front—the unusual pin, caught in a tie of the satin, being the only trimming detail. This gown is girdled with a sash of the satin, tied in a bow at one side. Over this gown Alice wears one of two velvet wraps. The one pictured is soft deep gray transparent velvet which has a self collar and with the sleeve fullness achieved by means of cartridge pleats laid in just above the elbow. The other wrap is of wine red velvet with a collar which can be converted into a hood on chilly nights. Both are stunning with the pale gray gown—gray is a color which Alice loves to wear and finds very becoming to her coloring.

Her love of nice lines in skirts and shoulders is apparent in the fuchsia red taffeta dress in which she is pictured. The wide taffeta skirt laps over, but when she sits or dances, the bright green petticoat beneath appears just enough to give a very effective contrast. These wide

lapels are wired and the tiny collar at back has stiffening to keep it in place.

She never wears a deep front décolletage but likes her dresses cut low at back. She wears little jewelry—mostly rings and especially her old-fashioned wrought silver wedding band and an antique silver ring set with garnets. The good looking evening bag was a present from Walter O'Keefe with whom she has broadcast.

Speaking of colors she said: "I hardly ever wear pastels as I do not care for them on me." (This is unusual coming from a blonde, for usually blondes feel they must wear pastels to accent their fragile colorings.) "White and gray are about the only light shades I wear," she continued. "In summer I occasionally wear dusty pink. And I like deep shades, like a Dubonnet red, also that deep purple blue, and black and brown. I think I can wear vivid and deep shades because my brows and lashes are naturally dark and my skin is more yellow than that of the average blonde."

"When I was in high school, I was crazy about black—I still wear it."

When she had come in from the street she was wearing a black wool tailored dress, the wool had a fine all over patterning in the weave. It was very simply styled with a brief pleated flounce around the hemline. A wine red velvet scarf was tucked into the neck line. With this she wore a black felt off-the-face hat.

(Continued on page 68)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from page 53)

never gets a complete sense of satisfaction because the story does not come to a satisfying resolution until the very end."

Rosemarie Brancato: "I must confess my preference for programs which are complete in themselves and not part of a serial or continued story."

Tim Ryan: "I think they are a very necessary part of radio. Serials, if good, make for splendid variety."

Vaughn De Leath: "I detest a serial broadcast. My life is too involved and too complicated to be able to sit at one period from day to day and hear a story continued from yesterday. They may be suited to housewives and shut-ins, but I do feel that there are too many sketches of this type on the air today to please the average person."

Curtis Arnall: "They seem to be most popular with radio audiences. Therefore, my attitude is favorable."

Lucy Monroe: "What will happen to poor Joe Zilch tomorrow—and Mamie, will she recover? Be sure to listen in, etc.' I admit it. I love 'em!"

Ray Heatherton: "I believe they are unfair to the dialers. People become irritated and feel that they are being played with when they become engrossed in a vital situation and are suddenly told to 'hold everything' until next week."

Abe Lyman: "Okay, if you have time to listen to the entire serial. But most people haven't enough time."

Ann Leaf: "I don't approve of them unless each program is compact and self-sufficient. If the listener is forced to miss one or two sequences, the thread of the story—and the audience—has been lost."

Ted Malone: "They could be an ideal form of entertainment—but if you are referring to the present catch-as-catch-can, meaningless, pointless, drivel that makes up most of the continued stories filling a half dozen quarter-hours of every day, I think they are a blot on radio and an insult to the intelligence of the audience."

Loretta Lee: "I believe they're swell. They create a sustained interest that's helpful to radio. When people tune in on daily serial programs, the chances are they'll continue to listen to other programs."

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)

in your kitchen files and this article on your library table to refer to, you should have the grandest Christmas dinner ever—

Those of you who saw my Thanksgiving Menu last month will notice that these two meals are considerably different from each other. And that's what I think they should be! Yes, I know lots of people believe that the two occasions—Christmas and Thanksgiving—call for almost identical foods. But I think that's monotonous and sort of a confession of laziness or lack of imagination. You can have turkey for both meals, of course, if you insist, but I'm recommending changing that.

I start off the meal with soup; but not too much of it, for you don't want to spoil people's appetites. Serve the soup in a cup, and spoon a little lightly whipped cream on top. Sprinkle the cream with both paprika and finely chopped parsley for a Christmasy red and green color scheme.

Use your favorite Chestnut Stuffing in the capon, or use the Turkey Stuffing I gave you last month. Some people like roast duck or goose for a change.

The potatoes should be browned in the pan with the bird—whatever bird you decide on having. After peeling, parboil potatoes a few minutes before putting them in the pan, so that they will be sure to be tender inside as well as brown outside.

The squash should be baked right in its shell. Just cut it in half (or in smaller individual-size pieces, if you prefer) and remove seeds and spongy parts. Place pieces in a greased baking dish, skin side down, and bake in a moderate oven until soft. (About 40 minutes.) Sometimes I put a thin slice of bacon on each piece, just a little while before the squash is done. But my pet idea is to bake the squash with a little pat of butter and some maple-flavored syrup in each cup-like depression. Gives it a flavor you'll love.

String beans don't need any particular mention except to say that I slice them very thin with my electric slicer. I'm about the most gadget-minded person you ever heard tell of. I have 'em all—slicers, shredders, pea shellers, ice crushers and the rest.

I like a thick, spicy applesauce served with capon—especially when the cranberries that usually accompany the main course are to be used as a salad instead. And what a salad that is, the one on my menu! Cranberries are combined with oranges and pineapple in a red gelatin base! It's neither too hard to make nor too rich to eat for this special occasion, or for any other time when you want to make a real impression as a cook.

And now we've come to the dessert course. Usually we have Plum Pudding at home. But this year I'm going to try something a little different—that Steamed Fruit Pudding that I've already mentioned. I just saw the recipe for it the other day, myself, so I suppose it will be as new to you as it was to me. I had my cook try it out for me as I haven't much time these days for cooking experiments and when I do find a few free moments to get down

from the *Bandwagon* and fix up a meal myself, I generally stick to the old standbys. But you know how it is, you can see at a glance that you're going to like a recipe and that's how I felt about this one. And I sure wasn't mistaken this time, so I'm all prepared to give my family something new in sweets. But they'll get the same *Hard Sauce* and *Southern Sauce* that we've always served with other steamed puddings, for they can't be beat! Whichever pudding you decide on having, be sure to try these sauces with it. Recipes for both are in the leaflet.

The dessert course should be followed by—or accompanied by—coffee. And mints and fudge should be on hand to eat both then and later on in the afternoon or evening. My favorite fudge has both marshmallows and nuts in it. Can't eat much of anything as rich as this after such a dinner, of course. But there always are people dropping in later on, and just you wait till you see what an appetite they can raise for home-made fudge!

It's also wise to have other refreshments handy—an extra pot of coffee ready to be brewed, a jug of ice-cold sweet cider in the refrigerator and some of my Spicy Cup Cakes in the cake box. These last have nuts and raisins in them—and spices, of course. Sometimes I top each little cake with a marshmallow, on which I "paint" a comical little snowmannish face with melted chocolate. Then I stick a tiny candle into each marshmallow and light them.

Well, that brings us to the end of our day—speaking from the standpoint of cooking. But before I get back to rehearsals for next Thursday's broadcast, let me remind you that Christmas is a day of giving as well as receiving. So won't you give some of your time, folks, to provide greater happiness for others less fortunate? I'm thinking especially of the boys in the hospitals—"Our Boys" still—many of them spending their eighteenth Christmas away from home surroundings and family joys. Can't you do your bit, friends and listeners, in bringing "peace on earth and good will" to these men?

This is Kate Smith signing off—until Thursday night on the air and next month in these columns. Thanks for listenin'—and again, Merry Christmas to all.

KATE SMITH

c/o RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your Christmas recipes—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name

Street

City State

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



● When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief from the headaches constipation causes—it's time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. Because FEEN-A-MINT is different; it's the delicious *chewing gum* laxative, and what a difference that *chewing* makes! FEEN-A-MINT acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—not in the stomach.



● Your life can be so different when you're free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative brings relief so easily and pleasantly. No griping or upset stomach. No weakening after-effects. No disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget old-fashioned methods and join the 16 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. Q-1. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

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Many men I trained at home in spare time make \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many make \$5, \$10, \$15 a week in spare time while learning. Illustrated 64-page book describes Radio's opportunities and how you can become a Radio Expert through my practical home training. Television training is included. Money Back Agreement protects you. Mail coupon today for copy of book FREE.

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LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1114 Chicago

DRESS TO YOUR HEIGHT

(Continued from page 66)

Are you
confused about



FEMININE HYGIENE

don't be-it is so easy, dainty
the modern way

There should be no confusion about that intimate and important subject—feminine hygiene.

Yet how can women avoid worrying about methods they realize are old-fashioned—open to serious question? Do you ask yourself: *Must I stick to my messy and clumsy method? Is it efficient? Do you exclaim: My method is embarrassing, hateful! How—where—can I find the ideal method for feminine hygiene?*

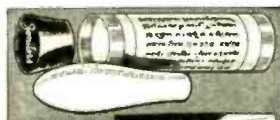
Why just hope for the answers? Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—dainty!

Zonitors, one of the latest developments of modern science for feminine hygiene, offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

SNOWY WHITE
Each in individual
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Zonitors, 3452 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

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NOW!
Beautiful
NAILS

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

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20¢
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Stores

NU-NAIL CO. 1401 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO, ILL.

Another black costume, and one she uses for various purposes because it can be either an evening gown or a dinner dress, is a black velvet gown with a long-sleeved jacket to be worn over it for less formal demands. This jacket has a very high neck at front, circled with white silk flowers, and buttons all the way down the back with square crystal buttons. A crystal and rhinestone buckle finishes the belt.

"My pet extravagance is shoes," she said. "I buy them all the time." And Alice does not think tall girls have to wear low heels. In fact, she never does.

By the way, so many of you write to me about what fabrics you can use for your more formal shoes. Alice had a slick idea for her black evening sandals. She bought deep black suede ones to wear with her black velvet evening dress and they also double for afternoon dresses because at a distance you can't tell whether or not they are velvet or suede. It's a way to economize on dress shoes because strictly formal velvet shoes could only be worn for the one occasion.

Alice has no patience with tall girls who think that, because of their height, they must feel awkward. She thinks every tall girl can dress to look stunning and that they are especially lucky in being able to wear almost any style of dress.

And she is a perfect example to copy because she moves with a free, easy step, her whole appearance being both smart and graceful.

Kay Thompson, whose voice is heard with her *Rhythm Singers* on the *Chesterfield* program Friday nights, actually is not a very tall girl but she gives that impression. Of herself, she says:

"I know that I give the impression of being tall, so I avoid stripes especially. When I have my shoes on, with their higher heels, I am about five feet six and one-half or seven inches. As a matter of fact, the clothes I like best of all are very simple, with good lines and in plain, solid colors.

"The black and white combination is my favorite; it seems to me to sum up all the things I like about clothes—it's simple but sophisticated; smart but not screaming, and striking but not silly." (Pictured is the black velvet and sequins gown, part of a dinner suit. The jacket is tunic length and flared.)

"Blue is another of my favorite colors and one which becomes me because of my blonde hair and light coloring. Pinks and oranges and lavenders are simply color poison to me." (This is interesting when compared with our other blonde, Alice Frost. Alice said quite emphatically that she avoided most shades of blue, felt that it was too obvious with her coloring. This is where each one of you has to make your own very definite decisions about what becomes you as an individual.)

"The most essential items of my wardrobe are sweaters and skirts," Kay continued. "They're so comfortable—and for a girl who works as hard as I do, comfort is an important consideration. Sweaters and skirts, if bought with some

thought, lend themselves to combinations that are fun and very attractive, too.

"Combined with this preference for sweaters and skirts, my passion for dressing up sounds contradictory. But I love to dress up, and, if I could, I would dress for dinner every night. It's not really contradictory because it means that I believe in dressing for the occasion. When I work, I like practical, comfortable things—when I play, I like to be gay.

"I get lots of opportunity to dress up professionally, as you know, on my radio shows. It's absolutely necessary for a radio singer to be just as meticulous about her appearance on the stage as it is for a stage star. More so, really. Because stage people do not have to dress for an audience that is likely to repeat itself.

"You have no idea how particular the radio audiences are! I used to have a pair of blue satin shoes with little rhinestones in a row up the instep.

"The first night I wore them, it happened that one of my girls had laryngitis and couldn't sing. She went to the show and sat in the balcony. One of the remarks she reported back to me came from a woman who sat next to her, and who said: 'Just look at those terrible shoes!'

"For years I used to believe what salespeople and friends told me about the kind of hats I should wear. They all insisted that, because my features were not on the dainty side, I must always wear those conservative felts—you know, the kind with brims way down to the bridge of your nose. But now I've rebelled. And I buy hats that are very extreme. They have unusual lines and I wear them at outlandish angles. My appearance in one of these hats is a constant source of fright to my friends; sometimes they even frighten me!"

One of these very hats is a tiny velvet skull cap which she wears way back on her head so that the huge rose that trims it at front, sits up on top of her head. A wide veil flares out over her face—it isn't the least bit frightening, it's flattering.

And as a parting admonition Kay Thompson said she has two *musts* in clothes. "Be sure you wear just the clothes that suit you—and then get some fun out of choosing and wearing them!"

Write in and tell me about your clothes problems; I will be glad to help you. Also don't fail to send for my January Shopping Bulletin—it has invaluable tips for each of you. I like to hear from you and like even better to help you!

Elizabeth Ellis,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed, please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the Radio Stars' January Shopping Bulletin.

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MY FAVORITE AGE

(Continued from page 45)

enough to pick me for their gold medal that season as a result of the film. The name of it had been changed to *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*."

Helen Hayes says that the age to which she looks forward most is fifty. "Whether I will prefer it to eighteen, when I get there, remains to be seen." Miss Hayes said reflectively. "Beside my *Bambi* broadcasts on Monday nights, I am now appearing in *Victoria Regina* on the stage, you know. I am Victoria from the time she's eighteen until she reaches the magnificent old age of ninety-four. It seems to me, as I go through the years every night, that fifty must have been a most satisfying age to the beloved British Queen. The philosophers tell us that at the half-century mark, we are in the prime of life. Certainly we are at the height of our intellectual powers. At the same time we develop a certain smooth mellowness. We can forget—well, if not forget, at least not worry so much—about our daily troubles. We can enjoy repose. To be sure, at fifty, it is too late to start over again. On the other hand, we can get tremendous satisfaction out of such things as we might have accomplished and participated in—our work, our families, seeing our children grow up and, most of all, feeling that, even in a minute way, we have tried to do something to make the world a better place to live in. If all these hopes come true at fifty, it would be very difficult for me to choose between that age and eighteen. But as it is, I'll still say that eighteen is my favorite age."

Thirty-five is another Helen's favorite age—Helen Jepson. "Yes, I choose thirty-five as my favorite age, although I'm only thirty now," the platinum-haired prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera and feminine star of *Show Boat* told me. "The reason I say that, is that I believe that in five years from now my career will be at its highest peak," Miss Jepson mused. "Then, I have always thought that a woman is most charming at thirty-five. And five years from now, I hope to have surrounded myself with the people I really want around me—great people, gifted people. Then, too, my little girl, Sallie Patricia, will be older. She's only four now and when I'm thirty-five, Sallie will be more of a companion," said the beautiful, brown-eyed opera singer, who is married to the renowned flutist, George Possell. "Another reason thirty-five is my favorite age is that my husband says women are most beautiful at that time," gorgeous Helen Jepson declared laughingly. "Really, though, I think a woman is about as perfect as she'll ever be at thirty-five, in poise and charm and beauty and professional ability. So thirty-five is my favorite age."

"Of course, I did enjoy other ages," said the girl born in Pennsylvania, who sang in an Ohio church choir and got the money for her musical education by singing at a benefit. "I had a good time at seventeen, when I sold corsets in an Akron

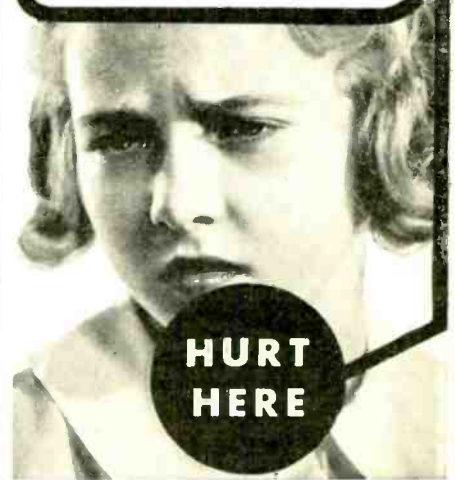
department store! I adored life at thirteen when I sang in the choir. Twenty-five seemed a fine age, because I first entered radio then. Many years have been good to me, but I expect thirty-five to exceed them all."

"I'll have to say that I choose the years between twelve and sixteen as my favorite age," limpid-eyed, golden-haired Jessica Dragonette declared. "Those years really are the bridge between childhood and adolescence, nature's preparation for the life to come. In those years, the world seemed an ideal place to me," the girl born in the Orient explained. "The dreams you have at that time really mould your future. And your dreams can be big because you haven't yet been forced to compromise with the material world and its difficulties. I spent those years in a perfect way, at the convent in Lakewood (Georgian Court, you know,) studying music with Sister Beatrice and planning my future as a singer. Those years were full of expectancy, full of poetry, full of the charm that period of life can produce. I think that the years between twelve and sixteen have a great mystic significance, in that they are the spiritual preparation for all that is to come. In a way, I can liken that period to the time in a knight's career, in the days of chivalry, when he had to become a page. Being a page was a preparation for his knighthood. Yes, the years between twelve and sixteen are my favorite age because only the best will satisfy then and obstacles don't exist," said ethereal Jessica Dragonette.

Strangely enough, the only radio celebrity who declared that her present age was her favorite, was that lady of the big heart and avoirdupois—I mean Kate Smith. "My favorite age is twenty-seven. That's the age I am now," Kate declared, as she sat next to me in a flowered silk dress and chatted between numbers at the rehearsal of her Thursday night broadcast. "Of course, I don't know what's in store for me in the future, but I'm happier now than I've ever been before in my life. I have the kind of show I want. I have the people that I want with me. Then my present age is my favorite age because, I'm able to bring additional happiness to people this year," said Kate—and she really means it! "That's something I've always been ambitious to do. You know, three people are nominated for heroism on our programs each week," Kate explained to me. "Their deeds are presented to the radio audience in dramatic form, as you probably know. Then we leave it to that audience to vote on the most heroic deed. The following week I give a \$500 check to the winner and two checks of \$100 each to the other two heroes or heroines. Then three more people are nominated for next week. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to be able to do this," Kate said. "This alone would make twenty-seven my favorite age."

What is your favorite age—and why?

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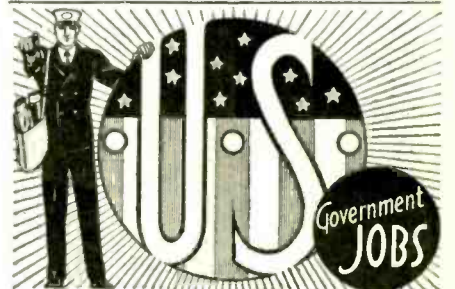
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KEEPING KISSES ON THE DAILY DIET

(Continued from page 33)

to be near the place where Bette was sleeping. That kind of thing always aroused Bette's romanticism. She wasn't ever in love with this boy. For a little time she thought she was, because he was so in love with her. But she is right when she says that she never really loved anyone but Harmon."

"If a girl is married," Bette went on, "I'd advise her to be—her husband's wife. I don't care what she is or what she does, whether she is a movie star, a radio star, an authoress, a business executive, whatever—she must be her husband's wife first of all. Or romance goes down to defeat. You can't upset the apple-cart of Nature and the way Nature meant man and woman to be, and expect her to keep her banners flying."

And I know that Bette's life was as good as her word. The little modest brown-shingled, vine-covered house on a quiet street in Hollywood, secluded by a white picket fence, the path leading to the front door bordered with petunias, geraniums potted in the windows—it is a little bit of old New England, this house. Inside there are lamps with painted china shades and old mahogany card tables and an old-fashioned couch with an afghan and low shelves of books, Emerson and Lowell and dog-eared Alcotts and pots of trailing ivy; a snug, comfy clutter which spells home. I have never before seen a movie star living in such a house. And in this modest, most un-Hollywoodish home, Harmon Nelson is the lord and the master. In this house Bette Davis is Mrs. Harmon Nelson. When you call the house on the phone, the colored man servant says: "This is the Nelson residence." And if you say: "May I speak with Miss Davis, please?" the voice answers: "I'll call Mrs. Nelson, madam."

At the picket gate of that little house Bette Davis drops her screen, her radio, her careerist personality. No one ever enters there for business purposes. Not ever. Ham's friends are there often, if not more often than Bette's. It is the home of Bette and Harmon Nelson. It is tight and secure against the waves of ether, the pervasive odors of greasepaint. Firelight, not limelight, warms it.

Bette said: "Not that Ham and I don't talk business. We do, of course. I am intensely interested in Ham's band. I love to hear him sing and play. I used to go down to the Cinegrill, when he was playing there, a couple of times a week. I would have gone oftener except that I didn't want it to look as though I were being the Little Woman 'keeping an eye on him.' I loved to watch the girls and women applauding him and to think to myself: 'He is mine.'"

"Ham is interested in every phase of my work. He was right behind me, one hundred per cent, when I had differences with the studio. He was more thrilled over *Of Human Bondage* than I was. When I have a broadcast—I did *Just Suppose* on the Shell hour, you know, and *Cheating Cheaters* on the Lux program and *The Lion and the Mouse* on the Lux

hour, too, broadcasting from New York—well, Ham always listens in to me. And it gives me courage. Because I'm as nervous as a whole family of cats when I go on the air. I don't know why, but I'm always terrified. I never know whether I am speaking too loud or too soft. I never feel sure that I am getting, or giving, the right emotional reactions, because I can't look at the man who is playing the scene with me. I just have the plain plumb jitters, that's all. And the fact that Ham and Mother and my sister are always standing by, even though they may be actually miles away, nips me up.

"When I broadcast *The Lion and the Mouse* from New York, I had a really charming experience. Arthur Byron was, you know, the first actor ever to play *The Lion and the Mouse*. I think he first played it some thirty years ago. Well, we were stopping at the same hotel, Mr. Byron and I, and he attended my broadcast with me. I got more thrill out of that than out of many things I have done. He was delightful to me. When I was on the air with Bing, on the Kraft program, when Bing interviewed me, Ham was with us. He played and sang—do you remember? That was the one broadcast," laughed Bette, "during which I didn't have an attack of gooseflesh."

"Yes, we talk over everything together. But we do not allow radio agents or movie agents or photographers or interviewers to make our privacy public—unless, of course, they are also our personal friends. And then we keep to personal subjects."

"Another jolly way of keeping romance alive is to do the things you used to do before you were married or when you first went together. For instance, Ham and I are with my mother and sister and her husband a lot. We always have Sunday night supper together, as we did when we were 'courting.' And there is something about being with the family that keeps girlhood alive. You don't feel married. You feel like the girl who was being courted and who brought her 'young man' home to supper."

"We go on fishing trips together. We go on picnics. We play jokes on each other. There's nothing so revivifying to romance as a good horse laugh together. Kind of keeps the bloom on love, the sheen, the fun of it."

"Never settle down. There's something so dreary, so finished about 'settling down.' When you settle down, you settle right on top of romance and squash it."

"Dogs are a great help to romance, too," said Bette. "Sounds silly and I don't know that I can explain what I mean, but I know that it is so. I've noticed that people who have and love dogs usually love each other. Maybe there's something about the whole-hearted fidelity of a dog that shames human infidelities. Makes them show up pretty shabby. Anyway, there it is. Ham has a Doberman and I have a Scotty and a Sealyham," laughed Bette. "We are well protected."

"I don't think,"—and Bette shoved her small, gray tweed hat to the very back of

her blonde curls, "I don't think that being dolled-up and made-up to the nines every minute is necessary at all. It isn't necessary with Ham, I know. But here's what I do say: wear slacks and house dresses and whatever you feel most comfortable in nine days out of ten if you want—but when you and your husband have a big date to go out together, to dine or dance, *dress up like nobody's business.* Knock his eye out. Make him ask whether he has met you before, and where. Make him feel that he is taking an alluring stranger out on an exciting date. Make him think: 'Criminy, have I been expecting her to darn my socks!'"

"Be a surprise package," grinned Bette, "it pays dramatic dividends."

"Try and give little surprises to each other, too. I don't like to talk about myself (then why am I here?) but on Ham's last birthday I pulled a real rabbit out of the hat. I gave him a stag dinner. At the end of the dinner all of us, wives and sweethearts of the men who were there, came in, dressed in jazzy costumes and put on a show for the boys. We weren't their wives or sweethearts that night. We were cabaret entertainers! It went over big. Those boys saw us girls that night as they'd never before seen us."

"Now and then," said Bette, ordering her second hamburger, "I like to have a good, rousing fight. I actually pick a fight with Ham, about anything, about nothing. The marriage equivalent of 'lovers' quarrels,' you know. I don't get very far because Ham won't fight back. He's likely to walk out on me. A very firm person, my Ham. He takes no nonsense. But I do my best. It's such fun to fight because it's so thrillingly romantic to make up."

Bette and I began the drive home, in Bette's little Ford. The California fog was rolling in. It clung in veils around the fair, alert head of the girl who was driving.

She said: "I usually drive a Ford. I went around town in a tin can for years,

you know. I haven't, as you know, one of those movie star mansions de luxe, with swimming pool and fixin's. I don't know that the best things in life are necessarily free, but I'm pretty darned sure that the best things in love are free. You can't do better, romantically, than the moon and the smell of honeysuckle. A kiss tastes just as sweet in a Ford as in a Rolls. You don't have to pay for moonlight and roses. Ham and I live simply and save money so that we will be free, free to choose what we will do and will not do, where we will go and not go. I think that money, too much of it, luxury, too much of it, is like the old Midas touch. It turns everything to cold, metallic gold—even hearts. Even love."

"There's something commercial about a huge palace of a house and a staff of formal servants and a life lived in sables and limousines. There's something cozy and sweet and romantic about a little house with the things you love in it. You feel closer together. You feel more bridey and groomy. You seem to stay at the beginning of things..."

"I never," said Bette, "ask Ham where he has been, if he is late for dinner. As he almost always is. I don't want to know—well, not too much. I really don't want his life to be a neat little checkerboard laid out before me with all the moves marked. If he stayed away for two or three days, I'd say to him: 'Did you have a good time?' I wouldn't say: 'Where have you been?'"

"I don't learn to play golf, I don't sit in on Ham's occasional poker games, because I believe that he should have his games with other men. If you keep the masculine and feminine interests a bit separate, it's so much more thrilling when they do come together."

"Be a little stranger in your own home," laughed Bette, as she dropped me at mine, "give romance the sunshine of a few surprises, the spray of the unexpected and sure as pop, it will flourish like the green bay tree..."

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INDISCRETION, AS YOU LIKE IT—

(Continued from page 29)

And when Ethel Barrymore falls in a train and injures her leg, a whisper goes around.

Miss Barrymore is well acquainted with the tongues of whisperers. She didn't even trouble to explain that, coming down along the winding Hudson River, standing up to gather her things together, a sudden lurch of the train flung her violently against the edge of the seat, breaking her knee. Calmly she went on with her work, keeping all her engagements, the injured leg for weeks in a plaster cast from hip to ankle.

"I don't mind it for myself," said Miss Barrymore. "I'm used to it. But it's hard on the children."

"*'Ethel Barrymore's Son Arrested!'* That's news, in big headlines. Arrested! He must be no good! What has he done? Murder? Embezzlement? No—in small type, further down the page, you read that he drove thirty-five miles an hour, instead of thirty, through some town. But the

headline is all that half of the people see—and assume the worst."

She sighed. "It's a pity that some of us are satisfied to get so much of our education from newspapers, movies, the radio—to live by clichés, without thought or understanding. And we can't depend on the schools to educate us. It's in our homes that we get our real education."

"I never had much schooling, myself," said Miss Barrymore. "I went to work when I was twelve. But what I remember from my school days is nothing compared to what I learned at home, from my parents, my grandmother, my uncle."

Ethel Barrymore's father, the late Maurice Barrymore, was a matinee idol of his generation, a handsome, dashing and popular star. And her mother, Georgiana Drew Barrymore, of the famous Drew family of the stage, was a member of the Daly company at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and supported Booth, Barrett, McCullough and Modjeska.

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Her mother died when Ethel was a child, and her father a few years later, so Ethel spent most of her girlhood with her grandmother, also a famous actress, and her uncle, John Drew. For eight years Ethel was a pupil at the Convent of Notre Dame in Philadelphia, where she studied music with the idea of becoming a concert pianist. She has a passionate love for music and it still is one of her greatest diversions.

"I still enjoy playing the piano," she said. "I always have found time for it, however busy I've been. I could find plenty to occupy me, if I were not working . . ."

"But I must work," she said frankly. "I have to earn money." She glanced through the window, across the wide lawn. "Taxes . . ." she murmured with a faint smile. "It takes money to live!"

"However, I don't want to stop working!" she smiled. "I've always worked. Even when I was ill, with a temperature of 104". Not with 'the show must go on' idea—that's a lot of nonsense. It's just your job. You have to do it. It's your life."

And Ethel Barrymore's life has been, one must grant, rich and full and varied.

There are some people, I thought, looking at her as she sat across from me, who never grow old. Who belong to today as vividly as they belonged to yesterday. People whose lives march on, like some of our modern novels, through time and generations, with never a dull page.

Such a person, it seems, is Ethel Barrymore. Darling of an earlier day in the theatre, still today, at fifty-seven, finding new outlets for her art and energy, she is an unusually vital and fascinating woman.

We were sitting in the library of the three-hundred-year-old white house that has been her home for over a quarter of a century. A spacious, friendly house, standing in a lovely park, sloping down to the Sound. A perfect place, I thought, to retire—when one grew weary of the world.

But Ethel Barrymore is not retiring.

"On the contrary," she told me, "I'm starting now the biggest jobs of my career. One is my school, in which I hope to help a new generation of stars to advance the art of the theatre. . . ."

"You should have seen this place—" she glanced through the window across the tree-shaded lawn with its winding driveway, "the day after my plan was announced. They came in hordes! And the letters . . . Telegrams . . . We were swamped with them!"

"My original plan," she explained, "was to select from among the hundreds of applicants about fifty who seemed most promising as pupils, and give them personal instruction here in my home—with some special help, of course—a fencing master, and so on. I planned to teach them languages, speech, music, to study plays with them—help each one to find the best means of expressing his or her individual talent.

"But as I worked out the idea," she went on earnestly, "I began to realize that I couldn't accommodate everyone satisfactorily here. So, when Leighton Rollins, director of the Studio of Acting in New York, asked me to cooperate with him, I was very glad to do so.

"The classes meet twice a week in the ballroom of Beekman Tower. And during the winter we shall present the students to

the public in a number of plays. I'm tremendously enthusiastic about it."

You felt the reality of her enthusiasm as she spoke. Here was no tired, world-weary woman, seeking solace for dwindling glory in the theatre. The matchless Barrymore voice held youthful lilt and fullness, as she spoke and her soft brown eyes glowed with intense interest. Across the chair where she sat, bright morning sunlight streamed through long French windows and she sought no friendly, concealing shadow. She wore no make-up and her skin was smooth and fair. Even her throat, her hands, always the first to show Time's hateful traces, are lovely still. You find it easy to understand the rush of eager applicants for the gifts that are hers to give.

"And, of course," said Miss Barrymore, "there is my radio program, which I am enjoying greatly. I love presenting again those fine old plays."

It's no easy task, either, one may imagine, to condense into the limits of a half hour program on the air a play that occupied a good two hours on the stage. But thus far the radio versions of these famous plays in which Miss Barrymore rose to her enviable position in the theatre have been most successful.

Her schedule includes *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, with which she opened her broadcast series, *Sunday, Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire, Trelawney of the Wells, The Constant Wife, The Lady of the Camellias, Déclassée* and other successes of an earlier day in the theatre. These plays, to a growing and appreciative audience, have proved a genuine delight, justifying Miss Barrymore's reputation as an artist.

"I may do a movie, too," Miss Barrymore went on. "I've been asked to do one. Of course I can't go out to Hollywood, on account of my other work, but if it can be done in the east—out at Astoria—I should love to do it."

Ethel Barrymore hasn't appeared on the screen since she played in *Rasputin and the Empress*, some years ago. But earlier she had made a dozen or more successful pictures, *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie, Lady Frederick, Our Mrs. McChesney* and *Peter Ibbetson* among them.

And her career in the theatre covers more plays than even she can remember. When I asked her how many, she laughed: "I haven't the slightest idea! I began when I was a child, you know. And that's a long time ago!"

She made her first important appearance on the stage in 1894, as *Julia* in *The Rivals*. In 1897 she made her English *début*, with William Gillette, in *Secret Service* and following that she was engaged by the late Sir Henry Irving for his Lyceum Theatre company. For years she enjoyed unrivalled popularity on the stage in England as well as in America. And socially she was a great favorite in both countries. Suitors of wealth and nobility vied for her favors in many a moonlit garden on both sides of the Atlantic. But she chose to marry an American business man, Russell Griswold Colt, arms manufacturer.

There are three Colt children, Samuel, Ethel and John.

"They are all interested in the theatre," said Miss Barrymore. "Sammie, the eldest, more as a writer. Jack hopes to be a star some day and Ethel is playing on the stage now, with a little group of Jitney players.

But I hope," said her mother, "that Ethel can study for opera some day. She really has an unusually lovely voice. It ought to be trained for opera."

Miss Barrymore's marriage with Mr. Colt was dissolved when the children were quite young and they have since lived with their mother in the Mamaroneck home. But between Mr. Colt and his family exist understanding friendship and respect.

"He took us to the World Series baseball games last fall," said Miss Barrymore. "And he often offers us the use of the Colt family home in Bristol, Rhode Island. But the children love this place, as I do. Whenever they go away anywhere, they write me: 'I miss you—I miss home—I'm coming home sooner than I planned.' Or I get a cable, saying: 'Sailing today instead of next month.'"

And you feel that the house is one that is lived in and loved. In the sunlit library where we sat, the furniture, like the house, shows scars of time, of comfortable living. Open bookshelves line the walls, filled with books that suggest a wide range of reading.

"I've always read, whenever I had a chance," said Miss Barrymore. "Every night, after I go to bed—no matter how late it is—I always read. Have you read *Gone With the Wind*? I've just finished it for the second time. It's fascinating!

"Among other things," she said thoughtfully, "I was impressed with the way the people in the book talked about the Civil

War. To some it was idealistic, glorified—for principle, for State's Rights. But some, who thought more deeply, saw it as the reverse of ideal—ugly—for money, for power. 'Even if we win, we lose!' one said. It's just the same today! People," she reiterated, "are still the same. . . ."

Together we walked out on to the wide porch. Standing there, while she pointed out a lovely picture made by trees and sunlit lawn and bright blue water, you understood and shared her conviction of the essential beauty of life, with its changeless hunger for what is good.

In such a setting, scandal seemed, indeed, ephemeral and unimportant.

"Scandals, sensational stories, such as the papers love, can never," said Miss Barrymore, "become treasured memories. But great music, great art, great drama, will never be forgotten. They make life rich and lovely, however little else one has.

"That isn't news. It will never make the headlines! But it's true.

"Everything changes, everything remains the same," she quoted with a smile as we said goodbye. "Perhaps that is why the newspapers must be indiscreet—to lend a little variety and spice to the commonplace!"

And maybe Miss Barrymore is right And maybe the reason for the daily indiscretion of the press is that, we, too, like it, just as we always have, ever since the first rumor was spread about Eve and the serpent!

LADIES' MAN!

(Continued from page 31)

Richman and Merrill still are friends, and were friends throughout their hazardous flights to Europe and back, it need only be mentioned that the combination is still operating and plans entering two big air contests in the near future and that their entry was the first received for each event. One is the trans-America flight, for which there is a \$75,000 prize, and the other is the Paris flight next spring to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the great feat of Charles A. Lindbergh in the *Spirit of St. Louis*.

The rumors of a falling out between Merrill and Richman cropped up on the eve of their return from England. They planned a take-off for New York at three in the morning and were sleeping upstairs in the officers' quarters at the Liverpool Airport. That they might get a good rest for their venture, all visitors were barred by a Captain Austin, of the R. F. C. A persistent reporter for an American news service vainly sought to break through the lines. And, when repulsed, put two and two together and made eight, not through indignation, but through imagination.

If Richman never learned the value of radio before, he learned it on those flights across the Atlantic. Eastbound to Europe, lightning disabled the radio, the biggest single handicap of the trip. And returning, from within 1,500 miles of New York, Harry, working the radio, was in constant communication with this side of the ocean. "I wired our position to the Eastern Air Lines about 2:30 in the morning and in

three minutes heard them issue a bulletin on it over *W'OR*," said Richman.

Richman had hardly reached New York when he discovered more about radio than he had learned during his trans-Atlantic flight. He found himself in demand as a radio performer, as well as for personal appearances. Harry signed a two-months' contract at the Hollywood, so that he would be able to remain in New York and handle his broadcasts as well.

Richman made twenty-six electrical transcriptions for the Florida Citrus Company and then appeared with Ken Murray thrice weekly on the Dodge program. Conoco Gas sponsored him also and he was on with Jack Dempsey. To be brief about it, he became the third busiest broadcaster in September and October of this year. The first two were President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Governor Alfred M. Landon.

Radio is no novelty for Harry. In fact, he was familiar with radio long before he was with airplanes. As long ago as 1923, when commercial radio was in its second year, he appeared with Nils T. Granlund, or N. T. G., as he was known to the listeners-in of the headset era. At that time, there were exactly two radio stations in Greater New York, *WHN* and *WJZ*, which gives you an idea of how early Harry pioneered over the ether.

Richman also appeared at the first public broadcast, the first time in radio history when spectators were admitted to a studio. That was in 1923, at Loew's State Theatre on the *Spearmint Hour*, a performance

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which broke all attendance records at that theatre. And, if you really wish to realize how long ago that was, consider that the previous record at Loew's State had been set by Eva Tanguay.

Richman's love of aviation is as natural as his love of singing. As a kid, he took a course in automotive engineering, as it was then called, and was a chauffeur at nine, when, as a gangly youngster, he proudly wore his first pair of long pants. He now holds, and has held since 1932, an unlimited transport license, the highest air license a civilian can boast. He has held an ordinary pilot's license since 1930.

Richman became interested in aviation through a friend, George Daufkirch, and at one time owned seven planes and had his own hangar at Flushing, L. I. And yet, when Harry announced his desire to fly to Europe and back, it was labelled as a publicity stunt. His own explanation of the reason for the flight is simple enough. "It never had been done and Dick and I thought it could be done," explains Richman. "We realized all we needed was the proper plane and we had a chance to grab the blue monoplane, *Lady Peace*. We knew we could do it, so we did. I say 'we,' but don't get me wrong. I still think Dick Merrill is the greatest pilot in the world today."

Though he probably is labelled a typical New Yorker, Richman was born in Cincinnati, in that section known as "over the Rhine," on August 10th, 1895. He went to Ohio Mechanical School, where he first learned the art of motor tinkering, but at the same time he also was playing the piano by ear and keeping one eye on mechanics, the other on entertaining. And he hasn't changed since.

When Richman was eleven, he sold tickets at Chester Park, a famous Cincinnati amusement center and his first contact with the stage, such as it was. He ran away from home when he was thirteen and went to Chicago, singing in nickel-odeons to the accompaniment of what amounted to magic lantern slides.

At the outset, no theatre was too dingy for Harry to sing in, provided he was paid. During the winter of 1913-14, he first adopted a theme song, although there was no such thing as a theme song in

those days. Richman was singing *Snookie-ookums* for no other reason than that his audiences liked it and demanded it. A reason, by the by, which Harry has found it profitable to follow ever since.

In the *George White Scandals* of 1927, Richman crashed to new heights singing *The Birth of the Blues*. The next winter, the peak of all time for after dark entertainment in New York, as well as throughout the nation, found him in his own night club, *Club Richman*, a veritable gold mine. Harry made more money that winter than he has in a similar period before or since and there still is a sneaking suspicion that he would like to open another night club, this time with a radio tie-up.

It was at the *Club Richman* that Harry made a hit with *Muddy Waters*. During the depression, he tried Paris, bringing back a song, *Chez Vous*, which was one of his most popular numbers. He turned to the movies in 1930, with *Putting on the Ritz*, still an old favorite with his fans.

Almost annually, Richman has managed to identify himself with one song or another, a tie-up which should be a great boon to him, now that he definitely is launched as a radio personality. The songs range through the years from *I Love a Parade* down to *To the Beat of My Heart*. Currently, he is offering a parody, *I'm Singing Your Praises, Dick Merrill*.

Richman is kept on the floor twice his allotted time during his cabaret performances, by customers demanding he sing some of his old favorites. And when he retires to a secluded corner for dinner, he finds himself an island in a sea of autograph seekers. His philosophy toward these demands on his talents and his time is sound. "When the customers stop hollering for more songs and cease asking for my autograph, then it will be time for me to settle down and get married," says Harry.

Even as Harry expounds his theory, however, you have a hunch that he hopes that time won't come too soon. Much as he may crave domesticity, he still tingles to the applause of the crowd. Did you ever know a performer who didn't? Neither did anyone else!

LIFE WAS TOO EASY

(Continued from page 47)

Jimmy Hall strode purposefully across the shabby carpet. His arms enfolded the sobbing woman. She looked wonderingly up into his careworn face. What she saw there brought a smile of happiness to her who had not smiled in many years. The man spoke one fervent word: "Darling!"

That was in 1934. Till then Jimmy Hall had not set eyes upon Irene, his wife, in eleven years. They had quarreled and parted. He had gone his way—not a nice way, he admits now. She had tried to forget. They met again amid the wreckage of his career—a career as brilliant as any that ever had flashed across the silver screen. This, then, was the beginning of a new climb—together. How far they have climbed back toward the peak, how

they have striven, is attested today by James Hall's radio success.

The story of their parting, their sorrow, their reconciliation and Jimmy's subsequent success is another chapter to add to those incredible romances of show business.

"Every morning when I awaken to the realization that Irene has come back to me, that I have a job, another chance to make good, I bow my head and thank God for His compassion," Jimmy told me devoutly.

Here, briefly, is the story of how life buffeted these two, and how they came, at last, to the pathway at the foot of the hill whence, hand in hand, they can struggle to the top, together again forever.

James Hall was a laughing, irrespon-

sible, irresistible youth when he married Irene Phillips in the cold dawn of a winter's morning in 1921. The very circumstances of their courtship form an illuminating sidelight on the two people.

Jimmy had come back from overseas and had gone into a revue that was touring the midwest. Titian dancer Irene was in charge of all the show's dance productions. She and Jimmy quarreled because she called him a "fresh, conceited lout." For two months they worked together daily—but they never spoke to each other. Any necessary communication was carried on through a third party.

One day Jimmy brushed against Irene in a dark backstage corridor. She stumbled. He caught her. They talked—perforce. They went out together to dinner. They sat until nearly dawn. At six o'clock the next morning, they awakened the producer of the revue, roused a justice of the peace in Sioux City and were married.

For two years they were ideally happy. But James Hall was restless and ambitious. He couldn't be content to remain the leading man in Cash's *All-Girl Revue*, touring the midwest. He quit. They came to New York and Irene retired from theatrical work to become plain Mrs. James Hall, housewife. That should have tipped Jimmy off—but he was young and not wise.

Success brought discord. Jimmy was engaged for the *Passing Show of 1923*. It was to be just a short engagement. In fact there were many wisecracks along Broadway who predicted that it would be a very short engagement, indeed. That was fine with Irene. She was tired of living in a trunk—and Jimmy had promised that after the *Passing Show* he would give her a home of her own. He would quit show business and settle down. By way of showing his good faith, he took some of the money that had begun to roll in and bought a chicken farm in Joplin, Missouri.

The Broadway wisecracks were, as they often are, wrong. *The Passing Show of 1923* became *The Passing Show of 1924*. Then of 1925 and 1926. Jimmy, playing leading man to such noted beauties as Muriel de Forrest and Nancy Carroll, was making big money. When you make big money on Broadway, more often than not something happens to you. It happened to Jimmy—and Irene didn't like it. She had waited too long for that promised home.

"I was a conceited young squirt. Irene was right when she called me that. The first day we met," Jimmy confessed ruefully. "I guess success went to my head. I thought I was a big shot. You know how they tell you you are on Broadway? Well, I believed 'em. I thought it was smart to drink, to throw big wild parties, to have my name coupled by Broadway gossips with this woman and that one—even though I was married. It flattered my vanity. I even encouraged such publicity. Of course, I'm ashamed of all that now."

Of course, they quarreled. Irene reproached Jimmy for not keeping his promise to her. He retorted that she was jealous. She accused him of being unfaithful, of squandering their money, of wrecking their marriage. In the end, Irene left. She went to the chicken farm in Missouri and lived there—alone.

If this were a story book, Fate would

intervene at this point by administering a well merited kick to Jimmy's trousers. He would thereupon be brought to his senses, rush to the chicken farm, enfold Irene in his penitent arms—and they would live happily ever after. But this is not a story book. This is real life. Or perhaps Fate plays even grimmer tricks than story books would have us believe.

At any rate, when Irene left, Jimmy went on to new and undreamed of successes. Women lionized him. He made more money. His popularity increased. Hollywood called him—and he went west to make movies. More success. He became leading man for Bebe Daniels. He built a huge house and staffed it with nine servants. He had enough big cars to operate a garage. He was noted for lavish hospitality—even in lavish Hollywood.

Money poured in faster than he could spend it, even while going at Hollywood's fastest pace. Paramount loaned him out for pictures. He starred with Clara Bow and Colleen Moore. In 1929 he received the Motion Picture Academy Award for his performance in *Four Sons*. He was chosen to play in *Hell's Angels*. In Hollywood, when fortune smiles, she laughs out loud.

Jimmy fell in love. Madly, tempestuously, head-over-heels in love. At least, he thought it was love. She was a brilliant star. So was he. They went everywhere together. Hostesses didn't raise their eyebrows when Hollywood gossip columns linked his name and hers. There was one fly in Jimmy's ointment. He could not marry his inamorata. His and Irene's religion forbade divorce.

The end came like a bombshell. Irene sued Jimmy for non-support. It provided a newspaper sensation, to put it mildly. It came just at a time when such publicity on *Page One* would ruin the brightest star. The public was demanding that its screen heroes and heroines be impeccable. Irene's lawyers instituted extradition proceedings. Jimmy crashed from the pinnacle he had built on the shifting sands of Hollywood. He fled.

He fled to protect the name of the Hollywood star—but he soon discovered that Hollywood forgot his chivalry as it forgot him. His money was going fast. He was wandering furtively from city to city, unable to work, hounded. His own lawyers demanded larger and larger sums.

"I sat in a hotel room, wondering what to do," he recalled, as he unfolded the story to me. "I think, for the first time in my life, I was face to face with reality. Life had been too easy for me. There had never been any bumps. When they came—I didn't know how to take them. Success had come without work—unearned. That softens a man, like a fighter who doesn't have to train.

"It was then that I began to think about Irene. What kind of a life had she led during the ten years we had been apart? Had she been lonely all that time, as I found myself now? I thought of the lawsuit she had brought. How she must hate me now, to do that! Yet I couldn't hate her. That was funny. I ought to, but I couldn't.

"At that moment I grew up. I'd been only a boy before. Now, suddenly, I became adult. I was ashamed of myself. If only I had it all to do over again! I guess



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we all have that futile thought at times. The things I would do differently! If only I could have Irene back! If only I might have a chance to make it up to her for all the hurt and pain I had caused her!"

Jimmy paused. There was a faraway look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking of that night in the hotel room in Baton Rouge.

"Think of it!" he resumed. "There I sat, thinking all those horribly bitter thoughts. My life was over, I supposed. Of course I never for a moment imagined I'd ever see Irene again. Then came that knock on the door. And, ten minutes later I was a new man! The old Jimmy was dead. I was beginning life anew—with Irene!"

On the credit side of Jimmy's ledger was no money whatever, but a great deal of understanding and love. On the debit side was his crash into oblivion. He faced the most gruelling of all trails in show business—the comeback trail. Many try it, but few succeed. Usually, when a man is down in show business, he is out.

Irene advised him to try radio. It was a new field for him and the ordeal of starting all over again would be softened. But Jimmy didn't take her advice at first. For months he tried to get a job—until what little money he had left was all gone. Then he organized a band and started playing in night clubs. He hoped that the night club broadcasts might lead to some radio work, get him started in the new field. This hope was rewarded!

From playing over station *KTVL* in Oklahoma City, Jimmy landed a chance to

go to Chicago and take a local radio commercial. That was the start. But Jimmy didn't want to be an orchestra leader. He disbanded the orchestra and landed a job doing a gossip series on *KYW*. It was a flop—so he slipped back into leading an orchestra. One day Fifi D'Orsay, playing an engagement in Chicago, stopped to lunch at the Medinah Club, where Jimmy was playing. They had been pals in Jimmy's Hollywood heyday.

"Go back to New York," she advised him. "No matter what sacrifice it means—go back to New York! You will never have success on the radio anywhere else."

Jimmy admired Fifi and respected her judgment. He took her advice. He came to New York—with Irene. The first week in the city he auditioned successfully for his present coast-to-coast series.

"Do you wonder," he asked, "why I tell you that each morning, when I wake up, I thank God?"

Funny thing about the new Jimmy. When he was tops before, they used to say he was conceited. The way he'd tell you, cockily: "I can't miss!" used to annoy those who heard him. He isn't conceited any more. He says: "I can't miss!" but somehow, it doesn't annoy anyone now. What used to be conceit is confidence. They're a lot alike—yet they're vastly different. It would be hard to define, unless you wanted to put it that, with Jimmy Hall, the difference between conceit and confidence is Irene.

"Goodbye," he called after me cheerily.

"Good luck," I returned.

"Thanks—I've got it!" he exulted. "Irene brought that, too!"

YOU DON'T KNOW FRED LIKE I DO

(Continued from page 25)

lipstick—and finally giving it up as hopeless and crawling into bed, telling myself that, as far as I was concerned, I never wanted to see Fred Allen again! But I couldn't convince myself on that score, either.

Fred had been on the stage a few years then and was doing a single in vaudeville and of course he'd seen me, from the beginning, for what I was—a naive high school girl, who should have been at home studying her lessons! But, afterwards, he told Ethel, and Ethel told me, that that was exactly the thing he liked in me.

There was nothing glamorous about our courtship, no obstacles or family opposition to be hurdled. But it was fun. Even though our time together had to be limited to fit into both our schedules, the moments we were together were filled to the brim with laughter and happiness. Maybe it was that way because we had so little time to see each other.

My family were entranced with Fred from the very beginning and when he's with people he feels close to, Fred can be even funnier than he is on a broadcast. You'll have to let me do a little bragging about him here. I've never known anyone with such a consistent sense of humor as his, or with such a flair for twisting the most commonplace happening into a situation that leaves you gasping with laughter, or by lifting a trivial phrase, with a word

or a gesture, into the height of clowning.

Fred was glad my family liked him, because my mother invited him often for dinner and Fred loves to eat. To him a good home-cooked dinner is what dining at the Ritz would be to most people.

My mother's roast beef and mashed potatoes and lamb stew and roast chicken with stuffing and giblet gravy played very important parts in our courting days and they still do.

On Sundays, when Fred is up to his ears writing material for the next broadcast, I go out to spend the day with my family on Long Island. The comedy you hear in *Town Hall Tonight* is a very serious business with Fred and while he's in the throes of writing it, it's just as well to be out of the way.

So I leave early in the morning and come home in the evening, when Fred has finished his stint and is a human being again. And I never get such a welcome from him as I do then.

For the knitting bag I carry on these visits is full of little jars and the jars are full of all the things Fred likes to eat—which Mother packs for him after dinner. There have been times when I've looked like a last-minute Christmas shopper, practically juggling a lemon meringue pie or a chocolate cake on my nose, when there have been too many things to pack them all in the bag.

Our kitchenette isn't big enough really to cook in and that dismays me as much as it does Fred. I love to cook but, while we're in New York, breakfast is about the only meal I can manage. I'm afraid the space that is laughingly called a kitchenette in our apartment was designed for drinkers rather than eaters!

But I have my innings in the summer. There is the tiny house in Maine we've gone to for the last three summers and I revert to domesticity with a bang. I do all the housework and shopping and planning and love it! I pick blueberries in the pasture back of the house and use them for muffins and pies. Fred gets caught up on reading all the books he's been hoarding since winter and spends most of the day with them in a hammock. And in the evenings we walk down to the pier or the beach and chat with the friends we've made there.

Maybe it's all the years he's spent on the road that make Fred such a home lover. Maybe it's because I'm a homebody myself our marriage is such a happy, congenial one. One of the things that endears radio to us most of all is that it enables us to live such a normal existence and to keep regular hours. It's fun being able to drop in at the neighborhood movie house after dinner and go to the fights or a show once a week. Neither of us cares about dressing up or about formal parties or first nights and we don't even know where the night clubs are located. We're always asleep about the time the corks start popping in any of them.

All of which makes it seem very funny now that there was a time when I was worried about the life I'd lead as the wife of an actor!

I really was appalled at the thought of having to change my way of living to fit into the pattern of the theatre. Our family always had been such a close-knit one and we were always together. Why, the first trunk I ever owned was the one Fred gave me when we were going to be married.

What a thrill it was! I packed and unpacked it ten times that first day it arrived and bought all sorts of gadgets to make my trousseau look more imposing in it. Linen bags for my shoes and sachets for my lingerie and travelling kits of everything under the sun, including an electric iron, a whisk broom and a laundry rack!

Fred had a week's lay-off, so we were married and the next week he was booked for Waterbury, Connecticut, and we spent our honeymoon there—with Fred appearing at the vaudeville house there and me sitting in our hotel room until it was time to meet Fred after his last show.

There was a year of that sort of thing, a year for me of twiddling my thumbs in strange cities and wandering about new towns in that awful loneliness that comes from having nothing to do and not knowing a soul to turn to in empty hours.

Fred knew how I felt and though he didn't have much to say about it he set about changing the situation. He wrote a part for me into his act. It was grand of him, taking a chance like that with an act that had been successful as a single. One of the grand things he's always doing for me, as well as for anyone else that he is fond of, and the grand things he does becoming so much grander because there is

never any fanfare or fuss or talk about doing them.

Fred booked as a single for an engagement at Nipmuc Park near Milford, Connecticut, planning to sneak me into the act after the first day. The house was playing to very poor business as it was Labor Day week and most of the summer people had gone back to the city.

The next day, after I was all ready to go on, I found myself putting on an extra layer of make-up, in an effort to bolster up my courage, when the old man who owned the theatre appeared at our dressing-room door.

"Jest a minute folks!" He drawled in the nasal twang Fred steals from him to this day when he is portraying a rube character. "I'm jest going down to the corner to meet the next trolley car and see if there are enough folks to make it worth while opening the theatre."

There weren't—and Fred insisted that the town had had word that I was appearing.

That's the reason I made my debut in New York at the Coliseum. I was standing in the wings, waiting for my cue to go on and watching Fred out there on the stage and envying him his absolute lack of self consciousness, when I was suddenly swept off my feet by the laughter and applause of the audience. Fred never had had such an ovation before. It was just one of those things that happen in show business. Suddenly, after years, you click and you know in that moment that you have clicked. That you're set from then on.

I began to cry from sheer happiness and then it was my turn to go on and somehow I managed to hold back my sobs. But Fred was terribly disturbed when he saw that my eyes were red and blurred and was so sure somebody back stage had insulted me that he was ready to tear into everything and everybody, until we had made our bows and I could tell him what it was all about.

That was the beginning of the swell years that followed, the beginning of Fred's reputation as a stellar comedian and his engagements in *The Little Show* and *Three's a Crowd*.

It was really when Fred's success came in a big way that I began realizing how simple his tastes were. Even when we were appearing in revues on Broadway, having to keep the topsy-turvy hours stage people do, we lived as simply as any office workers.

When Libby Holman was to open at the Lido Club for a special engagement, it took frantic urging on both her part and mine to persuade Fred to come to the opening. I bought my first evening gown and wrap for the affair. I had never needed one before. Fred came in the tuxedo he wore on the stage.

I was trying my best to live up to our unaccustomed finery and being very elegant in the taxi, when Fred, taking his money out to pay the driver, pulled out with it the pack of prop cards he used in his act, and they went spilling all over the sidewalk!

A horrified doorman in full uniform helped him pick them up, to the very polite amusement of the carriage trade, and we sailed into the club, where a very imposing head waiter told us that they only held reservations until eleven-thirty and

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that now there were no tables left for us!

All our grand preparations for this! Fred was furious, but we went home and had a grand time with Jack Haley and his wife, who lived in our apartment house. Over beer and sandwiches Fred took off his coat and I kicked off my slippers and pulled off my dress and put on one of my hostess' bungalow aprons and her bedroom slippers—and the Allens felt like themselves again. Our first evening out ended in our walking up the back stairs in our borrowed clothes, an hilarious Cinderella with her wisecracking prince!

And I never had a chance to wear my grand dress again until we went to Europe, a couple of years later.

We've been married nine years now, Fred and I, and they have been full, exciting years that haven't had to depend on artificial entertainment to make them joyous ones. It's as thrilling now to slip into a movie theatre with Fred, and sit there holding hands through the feature, as it was in our courting days.

Fred wouldn't like it at all if you were to think I'm trying to make him out the ideal husband. And in some ways I suppose he isn't. The perfect husband always remembers anniversaries and holidays with appropriate gifts and messages of sentiment, doesn't he?

Well, if Fred remembers an anniversary, he gives me a check and tells me to buy what I want with it. Once he brought me four pink roses on my birthday and I was so touched I knew that I was going to cry! But I didn't dare to in front of him, so I had to shed my tears in the bathroom.

Fred isn't sentimental. Christmas doesn't mean any more to him than any other day, and in the first years when we were married I know he thought it was silly of me to make such a fuss over it, buying all sorts of silly, useless things and decorating our living-room with holly and poinsettias. Then, one year, I didn't do anything about it at all. Somehow it didn't seem much fun, with Fred not caring about it. Fred didn't say a thing, but, late on Christmas Eve, he came home with a forlorn looking holly wreath—that was the

only one the store had left—and tacked it up on the door himself.

It's things like that that make Fred what he is. He sort of felt that he had taken something away from me by his lack of interest in holidays and it hurt him to see that I wasn't making preparations as I had done in other years. And I'll always remember the thing he did for Ethel Shutta's birthday, back in those days when we had first met.

He invited us up to his hotel room after the show and both of us choked when we saw the preparations he'd made. A table was set for three and on each plate was a paper hat made from newspaper and in the center of the table was a coffee ring with three thick utilitarian candles stuck in it. He insisted he'd done it for a gag but I don't believe it any more today than I did then!

For, although Fred isn't the least bit sentimental, he has an awful lot of sentiment where anyone close to him is concerned.

That's the reason he's always so gentle with the amateurs that appear on his program, the reason he never hurts them with wisecracks or glib remarks. Fred feels very close to those youngsters, because he started out as an amateur himself and knows all the fears and stage-fright they're going through.

He's loyal to his friends and though he doesn't make friends as easily as most people do, he holds them longer and will come through for them when they need it. And he can't stand seeing anyone, even an almost total stranger, in trouble—can't pass a panhandler on the street.

Fred doesn't send me corsages of big, fat expensive Park Avenue gardenias, but every once in a while he'll pull out of his pocket a cluster of those little, cheap ones, beginning to go brown and curly at the edges, and give them to me. And somehow they mean so much more than those huge grand ones possibly could—for I know the bill he slipped into the hand of the woman selling them on the corner was twice as much as the one he would have given the fashionable florist on the Avenue.

You see that's the way Fred is.

SEX SPECIALIST

(Continued from page 37)

of us lose interest in a thing after it is thoroughly familiar. "Watch a man work a crossword puzzle," he suggests. "That man, or woman, will work with great interest until the last square has been filled in, the last word discovered and written down. Then the puzzle is tossed into the scrap-basket. It's as old and uninteresting as last week's news. The psychology is the same in relationships between men and women.

"If you want to hold your mate, you must remain something of a puzzle to him. He must never think that he knows all the answers. There must always be something more to learn about you, something to be desired. You cannot achieve this by tricks, by surprising him with the unexpected. It isn't as simple as that. Its secret lies in making your husband feel that, though you are secure in each other's love, you must constantly be won

again. There should always be small reserves to overcome, small reticences for him to conquer. He wins you today—but there is always tomorrow."

The Voice of Experience believes, too, that the girl who wants to attract men, the girl who would like to marry, will benefit by taking a leaf from her grandmother's notebook. Sex is screamed from the printed page, from stage and screen. Feminine pulchritude is paraded brazenly before men constantly. It's become commonplace.

"If every day were Flag Day," says Mr. Taylor, "we wouldn't yell 'Hooray!' when the flag passed by. Soon we'd hardly notice it. Women have flaunted their charms so constantly, so boldly, men scarcely turn to look. The girl who cultivates a few old-fashioned reserves will find she has a charm for the average man that her ultra-modern sister lacks."

Mr. Taylor believes that in this era of "freedom for women," and "self-expression," the girl has handicapped herself by adopting too many of the petty vices of the male sex. Neither does he limit these "petty vices" to immodesty and boldness. He says: "One of her most serious mistakes was in developing male loquacity.

"Men love to talk and most of them are bored listening. A man is happiest when discussing his own exploits. But the modern young woman—eager to impress with her own wit and cleverness—fails to capitalize on this fact.

"Most girls think that, in order to interest a man, they must be wise-cracking, quick with 'snappy come-backs.' But they are wrong. The boy out on a date doesn't want to go home with the thought: 'How clever she is!' but with the conviction: 'How clever I am!'

"A wise girl will recapture the art of listening that her Victorian grandmother found so valuable. One question is usually sufficient to start her beau off on a long dissertation. He will tell her of his achievements, his conquests, his hopes and ambitions. In what ways he is superior to his fellow men and how that superiority marks him for success. She will look amazed, astounded, impressed, interrupting his monologue only to breathe an occasional 'oh' and 'ah.' If, by chance, the speaker lags or runs out of material, she will refresh his imagination with another question—and he's off again.

"He leaves her that evening feeling that he is, indeed, a fine feller! That, while others don't appreciate him, there, certainly, is one person who does. What an interesting girl!"

The Voice of Experience warns, though, that after you've won a husband with this technique, you can't suddenly stop playing the game. You must continue to "oh" and "ah" over his yarns of self-exploitation. Many a wife has started a trip to Reno when she was scornful to a bragging mate.

"If you aren't willing to listen to your husband talk, remember some other woman is. If he thinks his stories aren't appreciated at home, he's sure to find a pair of sympathetic ears elsewhere. It's far easier to avoid a triangle than to square one."

As to triangles, however, Mr. Taylor believes that married people are apt to take them too hard. If a woman finds her husband is involved with another woman, if a husband discovers his wife is interested in another man, immediately divorce is considered.

The Voice of Experience will even go so far as to say that he believes many situations, not legally recognized, are more reasonable grounds for divorce than is the existence of a triangle. And he also believes that if the "wronged" partner would keep his or her head and attempt calmly to discover the cause for the triangle's existence, then, if possible, to eradicate that cause, many marriages would be saved.

"If you suspect that your mate is interested in another person," he says, "adopt a policy of watchful waiting for a while, free from any signs of jealousy or suspicion. The fancy may pass. But if, and when, you feel that the matter must be brought into the open, discuss it with your mate and act as if the situation were

entirely your fault; that your erring husband, or wife, was doing the natural thing in seeking attention and love elsewhere than at your side. I cannot stress too much the importance of this attitude. As soon as you begin to blame, get hysterical, criticize, or cry your story to friends and neighbors, you are lost. If you must tell somebody, confide in your priest or minister, your doctor, or any other impartial third party."

It's as this "impartial third party" that the Voice of Experience has done his greatest work. The work began, long before radios were invented, when Marion Sayle Taylor had to discontinue his chosen career of surgery because his hands were smashed in an auto accident. He went to work as a bacteriologist in the City Health Department of Seattle. There he became interested in juvenile delinquency, causes of degeneracy, and other problems of behavior.

Psychiatry then was just a foolish notion. People closed their eyes to sex problems and met delinquency with moral talks. There were no laboratories where a young scientist could experiment with social problems. So Taylor found his own laboratory.

He went into the toughest section of the Barbary Coast in San Francisco. He lived in these slums, used the red-light district as his experiment station, made friends with crooks, degenerates and prostitutes who confided in him.

He says that during his years there he asked everyone with whom he came in contact: "Where did you first learn about sex?" And all but a few answered bitterly: "In the gutter!"

He recorded and charted all his information with the care of a true scientist and emerged after four years' hard work with a mass of facts, evidence and theories and an intense desire to fight the existing ignorance of social problems.

From his itinerant preacher father he had inherited a fine voice and the gift of eloquence. So on the lecture platform he began his fight for sex education and a better understanding of social needs.

He saw a microphone for the first time in 1921, when the owner of a small station in Spokane invited him to speak. During the years that followed he talked frequently over local stations throughout the country. He was immediately won by the medium of radio because he, as a voice rather than a person, could discuss intimate problems without embarrassing his audience.

It wasn't until 1932, when W'OR put him on a sustaining program, that he got a whack at Big Time radio. From the large independent New York station it was but a short step to a national hookup.

Today, in response to his program sponsored by Wasey products over NBC, he receives about 50,000 letters a month. And each letter is a cry for help. Sometimes it's help that can be furnished by the Voice of Experience Charity Fund, into which Taylor puts all profits from the sale of his books and pamphlets.

However, most of the time it isn't financial aid the writer seeks, but the answer to a question. "My husband has left me—My wife is in love with another man—I've been jilted—I'm too lonely—What shall I do?" And to each question the Voice of Experience gives an answer.

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NO PITFALLS FOR BETTY

(Continued from page 42)

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her close friendship with Fayette Krum, author of the script, it may be because she feels herself so closely identified with *Pat Ryan*, heroines of the serial...

When an actress says she has identified herself with her part to such an extent that she hardly knows where she leaves off and the part begins, we take it with a shrug or a smile or a sneer, according to our natures. But when Betty says so, she has more reason than most. When Fayette Krum first created *Pat Ryan*, she had no particular girl in mind. But since Betty has been playing it, either she has grown to fit the part as Fayette conceived it—or Fayette has altered it to fit her charming leading lady. In any case, author and actress have become warmly attached to each other and each sings the other's praises ardently and sincerely. And when Fayette says: "Betty is *Pat*, exactly as I have imagined her," you may be sure she means it. And so, quite naturally, Betty feels the same way about it.

The heroine of *Girl Alone* is a young heiress, *Patricia Rogers*, who, wearied of society, takes the name *Pat Ryan* and becomes a newspaper reporter. *Pat*, in addition to her many adventures, has two suitors. Her main object in living incognito is to win an honest, unselfish love and now she is in a quandary—how shall she choose between *Scoop Curtis*, fellow reporter, and *John Knight*, older, more settled, completely charming? It is a problem beloved of fans the world over—an intriguing triangle against the varied background of the newspaper world.

When *Girl Alone* was taken off the NBC network last summer, left stranded with only a local outlet, a terrific outcry was heard through the land. Considerably surprised, the powers that be saw that something had to be done about it—and something was. The fans heaved a sigh of relief and took up their pens again, this time in thanksgiving. *Girl Alone* was theirs again, at the twist of the dial. Perhaps it is that record-breaking fan mail that brings the added glow to Betty's cheeks, the bright sparkle to her eyes, perhaps it is just her own interest in the gay adventures of *Pat Ryan*. "You can't do anything well that you don't like," Betty says simply.

And this is her favorite part, but there are others you hear her in, and she does them equally well.

It is a long time since she decided that she liked to act, in fact so long that she is not quite sure when she made the momentous decision. Her parents are non-theatrical people, but at an early age Betty displayed a talent for reciting and they saw no reason for not fostering it. So Betty spoke her little pieces and sang her little songs. And went to kindergarten and grammar school and high school. And whenever a play was put on, Betty was in it. She took it all very seriously, was thrilled to be chosen to play the lead in the senior play and worked on her rôle like a troupier.

The next step was stock. At seventeen, she was playing leads in the Cleveland

repertory theatre. And the next step, inevitably, was radio.

Radio has proved to be youth's golden opportunity. It offers an exciting life, glamorous, profitable—and no one sees the drudgery. To the uninitiated, it seems that success comes easy. But in reality, it is exacting work. You have to be on your toes, you have to conserve your health and strength, you have to put your work first and fit pleasure and relaxation into your crowded program of rehearsals and broadcasts as best you can. To the average pleasure-loving young girl, it would soon be boring, far from exciting.

Consider, for instance, the case of Betty. She works nine hours a day. In the last three years, a three-day vacation is the longest she has had. She lives quietly at home with her father and mother, enjoys a week-end in the country, was excited over her initiation as a fisherman under the tutelage of Mrs. Krum. Her first radio part was in *The Trial of Vivian Ware*, broadcast from Cleveland. After a few months, she went to Chicago and decided to try her luck at the NBC studios. Luck was with her and she was soon cast in the *Betty and Bob* series. She has played a variety of parts since then, among them the telephone operator in the *Grand Hotel* program, and *Esther Ferguson* in the *Welcome Valley* program. The busier she is, the better she likes it. For if it is hard work, it has its compensations.

Some day, she says, she may reach a sense of completion in her work, may feel a desire for new fields to conquer. But she admits candidly that day is far off.

"I am not setting up a goal," she insisted. "I am afraid to—afraid I might not attain it!"

Betty is in great demand at the studio these days and has been sought out by the movies, too, but she still does not call it success, still feels that she has just started and still works indefatigably to attain the goal she doesn't dare define.

The fact that she is an only child and that life has always been easy, pleasant, has proved no handicap to Betty. To her parents must go the credit that she meets life squarely and asks no favors.

In spite of—or perhaps because of—the fact that she has no brothers and sisters, Betty adores children.

"They are my favorite people," she said softly. "They are so real and sincere, so unaffected..."

Those are her favorite characteristics in people of any age—and that is the sort of a girl she is herself. And, perhaps because like attracts like, that is the kind of people she has found in radio. Radio people work with each other, she explained, and not against each other.

"There isn't room for jealousy or temperament," she went on. "At least, I've seen very little of either. And it is grand, working day after day with people you like and respect."

But beneath the dark waves of her hair must be thoughts of something besides work, besides career. Betty is definitely

the romantic type, the dreamer. She has lots of imagination—which is one reason why she is such a good actress. And in spite of her denials and her ready, sparkling wit, she must have some moments of sentimental dreaming.

But just try to pin her down as to what those dreams might be, or whom they might concern! Marriage? Of course, some day—and lots of children! But—

"I am restless," she confessed. "I don't want to be tied down just yet."

As to the kind of man she likes best, she smiled whimsically. "Ugly, attractive men—I've passed the stage where I just like to look at them!"

When she was fifteen and just embarking upon her career, a kindly friend warned her against life in the theatre, of the dangers lurking backstage and around stage doors for a pretty, unsophisticated girl. "You are too nice for that sort of life," he insisted.

"I was all agog," Betty laughed, "looking for pitfalls, expecting temptation—but I am afraid I must not be attractive, alluring enough! There weren't any pitfalls!" She looked at me, her dark eyes merry. "I would have liked just one

pitfall—one big temptation to conquer!"

But, seriously, she is too nice a girl to have to worry about that sort of thing. If her counsellor had been truly discerning, he would have seen that she did not need his advice. For she is steady, serene, well-balanced. She has beauty and brains and a sense of humor—and you can't very well trip up a girl like that.

Seeing her before the microphone, intent on reading her lines, herself submerged in the character of *Pat*, or seeing her a few moments later, relaxed, gay, the nervous tension that precedes each broadcast dismissed with a laugh, you see what artists and writers mean when they paint or describe the "typical American girl." Radio fans have sensed it and taken her to their hearts. She is the daughter older ones wish they had had, sister and sweetheart of the younger.

She is well content with things as they are and at the same time eager for the adventures yet to come. It is a bright road that lies ahead of her—she won't take the wrong fork or make any silly blunders. And when the "ugly, fascinating man" steps into the picture, she will find a newer, more complete happiness than any she has known!

THE TRUE STORY OF JOAN AND DICK

(Continued from page 21)

guard so jealously from others.

That was the way they got to know each other. As loyal, grand people, as good troupers and generous friends.

But it was only after trouble came to Joan in her marriage that they really became friends. Dick, always so vulnerable where other people's unhappiness is concerned, felt drawn to Joan in hers. He knew how happy she had been in that marriage, and he knew, too, the joy that had come to her when her baby was born.

The joyous, carefree girl he had known was changing there before his eyes. He saw her creep into her dressing-room between scenes and, for all the lavish make-up she had on when she came to the set again, he saw the traces of the tears she could not wholly remove.

He heard that ready tongue of hers stilled and missed the laughter that had always come so spontaneously before. And the quick flashes of humor, the smart comebacks, the raillery that had always been on her lips were gone.

But as much as he missed all those things and as much as he missed that carefree girl he had liked so much, he liked this new girl even better than he had the old one. He saw all the new things that had come to take the place of all the old ones that were gone. The unexpected seriousness that showed all the hidden depths in her, the sympathy she might have been using on herself going out, instead, to anyone else who was troubled.

Dick understood the thing she was feeling. Knew the pain of learning those things Joan was learning now. After all, he had been through it all himself. Always sympathetic, Dick had become doubly

so with Joan, having had to walk before her, that same, torturing path she was walking now.

There weren't many people outside of his friends in his own home town who knew about Dick's first marriage. It had crashed before he had started his career. But he told Joan about it then.

She was grateful for that confidence. It made it easier, somehow, knowing that Dick had once felt the way she was feeling now and that years had gone by and in the end laughter and all those other lost things had come back again to him.

All right for other people who never had gone through it themselves to tell her: "Oh, come now, Joan. Buck up. It'll pass. In a year or so you'll forget all about it."

It was different when Dick could say so quietly:

"It will pass, Joan. In the beginning, when it happened to me, I thought I'd never get over it. But then days passed and months and one morning I woke up and thought: 'Gee, what a swell day for a round of golf at the club.' And sometime that afternoon I realized with something of a shock that I hadn't thought of her all day. And after that I thought of her less and less and then it didn't hurt so much to remember, and one fine day I realized my heart wasn't broken at all. That it was marvelous to be alive. I was happy again!"

So Joan began seeing Dick differently, too. Dick, whom she had always looked on as a carefree playboy. Dick, who didn't seem to give a thought to anything in the world but having a good time. Dick, whose name had been coupled with more girls than that of any other man in Holly-

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wood. Whose words had always come so lightly and effortlessly.

And she liked this new Dick better, too. This Dick whose words came so slowly now in his effort to find the right ones to help her. This Dick, who didn't run after her as other friends did, when she felt she just had to have a minute with herself to find the courage to go on again.

No, it was never Dick who found her when she crept into a corner, who took her hand and said gaily: "Come on now, Joan. So-and-so's telling the most marvelous story. You'll laugh and laugh!"

And it wasn't Dick who chided her when her eyes looked as if she'd been having a pretty bad time with herself or who looked uncomfortable when she didn't have much to say.

All Dick did was to talk to her when she wanted to talk, and sit quietly there beside her when she didn't.

So it does seem inevitable that they should have become friends, doesn't it? Inevitable that they should have fallen in love.

Out of all Hollywood Dick wanted Joan for his wife. For years he had been looked on as a super play boy, a gay bachelor who specialized in hearts. There were all the whispers about his romance with Mary Brian. There were all the other names coupled with his, too. There was hardly a night when he wasn't at the Trocadero dancing with some lovely young thing.

But when it came to marriage, it wasn't one of those gay girls Dick Powell chose to share his life. It was a young mother Dick fell in love with. A woman who had known her own measure of disappointment and pain. A girl who was gallant and knew how to take life on the chin.

She was such a grand girl, that Joan, who discovered she was in love with Dick. For there was the old Joan and the new Joan all mingled together in a girl who had found that lost laughter of hers again and there were all the old kidding words coming back to her lips, together with all the wise, new ones she had learned for herself.

Everyone in Hollywood was so happy with them. Every eye in the studio would follow them wistfully and maybe envy them just a little, the grand time they were having together. And when Dick went on his broadcast of *Hollywood Hotel*, everybody talked about how well he was singing.

Well, why shouldn't he be singing better than he ever had before? Didn't Joan love him! Wasn't he sitting on top of the world!

The day they went for their marriage license in the Los Angeles County Court House, Dick and Joan looked happier than any two people had a right to look.

"Gosh, sonny, I can't," Joan said shakily when a youngster thrust an autograph book at her. "It's going to take all I've got to put my autograph on that license when I get upstairs."

And she laughed and the crowd laughed with her.

She appeared with Dick on his broadcast a few evenings later and that same night they were married on the ship that was taking them to New York on their honeymoon. And all the other passengers seemed drawn together in a great conspiracy to make that honeymoon of Joan and Dick the most perfect any boy and

girl ever had.

Much as people love to gape at celebrities, much as they adore clustering around movie and radio stars and seeing their idols close up, they restrained themselves and gave two people in love a chance to be together.

They were awed as nice people always are before a genuine emotion.

They were so perfect, those days and nights at sea. A boy and a girl who had made make-believe love under a studio moon were making real love now under a real moon.

The last few days before their marriage had been a turmoil—with a picture to be finished and a trousseau to be bought. But now there was only that peace of endless days of being together, of forgetting clocks and calendars and a never-ending routine of broadcasts and cameras.

They talked, and always there was still so much left to say—and New York must often have crept into that talk, for both of them loved it. Hadn't they chosen it above all other places for their honeymoonland?

New York in autumn. Those first crisp days. That feeling of vigor in the air. They couldn't wait to feel its pavements under their feet again.

A terrific welcome awaited them in Havana. Warm-hearted Latins took them into their hearts as they walked down the gangplank. A dark-haired, sloe-eyed little Cuban girl dropped Joan a shy curtsy as she thrust a bouquet in her hands. Dark eyes looked at them as they sat in the café together and friendly lips smiled with them in their happiness.

Oh, there isn't any doubt about it. Latins understand love and respect it!

It was a happy boy and girl who went back to their ship that evening.

Then New York.

Joan and Dick had expected reporters to meet them, of course. They would have liked to have run down that gangplank, the way they could if they had been unimportant honeymooners, and get into a taxi and hold hands on the way to their hotel. But they knew they couldn't. After all, they weren't unimportant. People wanted to know all about them.

So they met that crowd of newspapermen as cordially as two well-bred people will meet anyone. And Joan saw to it that long tables were set up in the drawing-room of their suite, with scrambled eggs and crisp bacon and tantalizing sausages and thin buttered toast and plenty of coffee for those who wanted breakfast, and with sandwiches and Scotch and soda and champagne for those that didn't.

And she and Dick met their questions and tried not to mind the huge open car they were ushered into and not to miss the friendly taxi they would have preferred.

That evening they read the papers.

The papers stunned them! Those newspapermen, whom they had treated as guests, had had a marvelous time with them! Joan and Dick were splashed all over the front pages of the New York papers like a three-ring circus. Paragraphs jeered at them in cutting ridicule. The love that had come to them, the sweetness they had known, was mocked at.

They hadn't been human beings to those reporters. They had been movie stars,

suspected of acting even this genuine emotion. They had been a radio crooner and his bride. Someone to be torn into little pieces for the mirth of newspaper readers.

Joan and Dick must have been so humiliated they couldn't even meet each other's eyes when they read those papers. Couldn't talk about it even to each other, in those first awful moments.

After that, it wasn't fun to see those plays they had looked forward to so eagerly, with everybody craning their necks to see them and the memory of those ridiculing words still burning in their minds, so that they thought even friendly admiration was mockery. It wasn't fun to walk down Fifth Avenue, either, or to go into all the smart shops, feeling that the girl behind the counter was remembering those stories, too, and laughing at them.

But neither Joan nor Dick are quitters and so they did the things they had planned to do. They went to night clubs and tried to look unconcerned at the glances turned at them and to laugh and be gay. People couldn't be able to say, then, that they hadn't been able to take it and: "*See if I care!*" was the unspoken challenge in Joan's eyes.

Dick became ill up there in that grand honeymoon suite of theirs and somehow all the bitterness Joan had managed to conceal before couldn't be concealed any longer.

She was mad. Fighting mad. Ready to fight the whole world because Dick had been hurt.

So she stood there defiantly beside his bed and said in a small tense voice:

"What is there to say about our romance? We're married, aren't we? Why do people usually get married? Well, that's the reason for our getting married, too. We're no different from anybody else." And somehow in her hurt and bewilderment she couldn't bring herself to say the word "love."

Joan has learned a lot of things in these last few years. Learned that love can come and that love can go, that sorrow can come, too, and go. She has stood up to life and in standing up to it has learned things she never could have learned in any other way.

She'll learn through this experience, too, for she's that kind of a girl. Hard as it may be to face it now, she'll find in the end that she will be the richer for it, just as she is the richer for the other things that have happened to her.

She's hurt now and because of that hurt, suspicious of everyone except old and tried friends. For a long time she won't be able to see a smile on a stranger's face without flinching and she'll read ridicule in words where no ridicule is meant. But in the end she'll discover that ridicule passes even as sorrow passes, that in time she will forget that this unfortunate honeymoon incident ever happened. And she'll find, too, that because of it nothing will ever hurt quite so much again.

Joan has proven her mettle before and she'll prove it this time, too. She'll come through this thing with the same courage that has seen her through all the others.

For the girl Dick Powell loves is like that, and that's what Joan Blondell wants to be more than anything else in the world.

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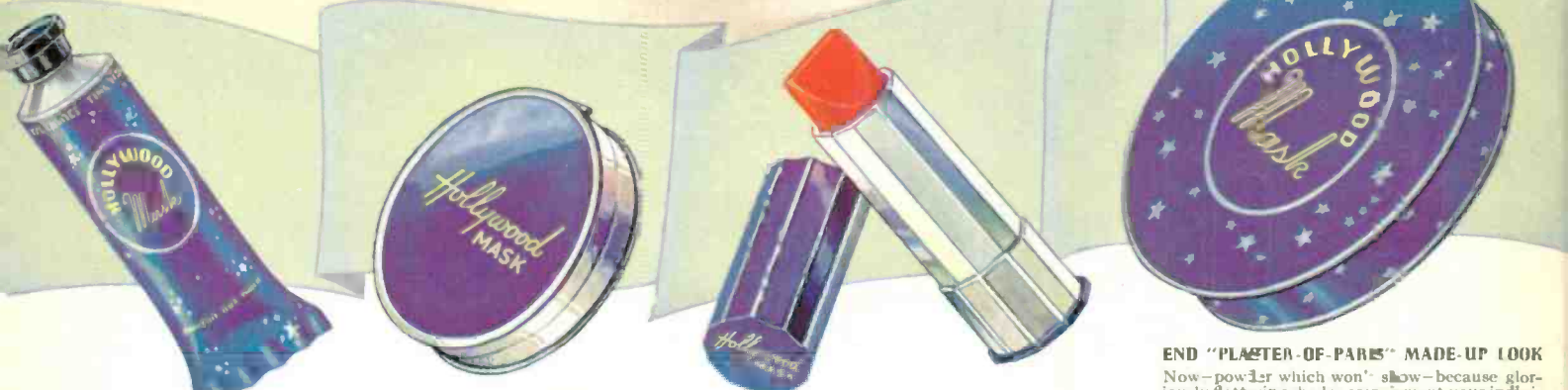
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