

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

DECEMBER

10

CENTS



Fred Waring
and
Babs Ryan

THE TRUE STORY OF *Russ Columbo's* DEATH

"...and you can
actually **OVENBAKE**
in these pretty
TABLE DISHES!"

THAT'S the marvel of these OvenServe dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.



OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge

*5c & 10c stores and other
5c, 10c and \$1.00 stores*

POPOVERS! Ummm!

One cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
⅙ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375° F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

"MAKE SURE THE RADIO TUBES YOU BUY ARE REALLY NEW"

radio's big stars urge you ...



REMEMBER, FRIENDS, EVEN AN ENGINEER CAN'T TELL A NEW TUBE FROM A USED TUBE THESE SEALED CARTONS PROTECT YOU AGAINST OLD RADIO TUBES SOLD AS NEW. AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING. IT MEANS THAT YOU YOURS WILL HEAR OUR PROGRAMS JUST AS IF YOU WERE ABOARD THE SHOWBOAT WITH US!

Charles Winniezer as CAPTAIN HENRY

INSIST ON THIS SEALED CARTON

and you are sure of getting genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes

DON'T be fooled by old worn-out radio tubes palmed off on the public as new. Ask for genuine RCA Radio Tubes that come to you in a sealed, non-refillable carton. They can be tested without removing the carton ... but the carton *must* be destroyed before tube can be used.

These are the tubes guaranteed by the RCA Radiotron Company to give you these five big improvements: (1) *Quicker Start.* (2) *Quieter Operation.* (3) *Uniform Volume.* (4) *Uniform Performance.* (5) *Sealed Carton Protection.*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA to serve your radio tube needs.



LISTEN TO THE STARS
Tune in on Radio City Station 700 on RCA, N.Y. Every Saturday night on N. B. C. Blue network. Hear the big stars of your favorite programs—Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Cab Callaghan, and the rest of the RCA Radio Stars.

BE CAREFUL

Hundreds of thousands of used radio tubes are being sold as new by dishonest dealers — slipped into new open-flap cartons — so you can't tell the difference.



SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT
EVENLY THROUGH THE
CLOGGED INTESTINES SO
THAT IT DOES A MORE
THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT
HARMFUL VIOLENCE.
THAT IS WHY
FEEN-A-MINT IS
ESPECIALLY GOOD
FOR WOMEN AND
CHILDREN.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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NEXT TUES. NIGHT *at* 9:30 E.T.

THE *Funniest and Brightest* PROGRAM

Laugh with Fire-Chief

ED WYNN

and

GRAHAM McNAMEE



Enjoy the Charming Music
of

EDDY DUCHIN



N. B. C. Coast to Coast





"Red Davis"—his youthful scraps and triumphs will remind you of your own.

3 Weekly Waves
of Fun and Drama

"RED DAVIS" IS BACK!

YOU win, Radio Fans! "Red Davis" is rocking the air waves in a new riot of laughs and dramatic episodes.

Falling in and out of love—getting into trouble with all the old-time zest—there's never a dull moment when "Red Davis" is on the air. And all your favorites are back in this wholesome new fun-fest. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda, Betty, Piggy and the others. But they're back with a whole bag of new tricks!

What will "Red Davis" beupptonet? All we can tell you is that the answer is more humorous, more entertaining than ever. So be good to yourself—don't miss a single one of this new series of "Red Davis" programs.



Betty Davis, who—well, you know what young sisters are like!

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MON., WED., & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Borch's Nut Packing Company, Canoga Park, New York, makers of Borch's Nut Cream, Caramel, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



Mar 1931

Muriel Wilson, the Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat, says goodbye to her parents as she boards a United Air Lines plane enroute to Hollywood where she interviewed Lanny Ross for RADIO STARS. Remember her story in the November issue?

Notes from Our Memo Pad

- Romona, Paul Whiteman's singing pianist, and her husband, Howard Davies, are said to be living apart.
- John Young, NBC announcer, is still crazy about Alice Batson, socialite. They were to be married this fall, but for some reason it didn't happen or, if it did, it hasn't been announced.
- Roxa may be a grandfather again by the time you read this.
- Harry Conn is the fellow who writes those grand Jack Benny scripts. He's been working with Benny since the comedian's first stab at the mike.
- Rumor has it that Ted Huzar's ex-wife and Leanie Hyton, ork leader, are arm in arm.
- Count Arturo, husband of Countess Olga Allani, has quit the contracting business to manage radio artists.
- And another rumor says that Madeline Sylva, the Hollywood beauty expert, and her young husband, Edward Lister, actor and nephew of the late Joseph Lister of Chicago (mayor fame, aren't speaking).
- George Burns and Gracie Allen, the CBS comics, are now the mudder and daddy to a little girl. Remember that story in last month's RADIO STARS about their wanting to adopt a baby? Well, that's what they did. They adopted a four-weeks-old baby on September 18, and named her Sandra Jane.

• Jimmie Briery and Comic Gates, singers, are furnishing the romance talk at CBS.

• Gertrude Niesen has visited a plastic surgeon and now has a brand new nose. It seems Gerty didn't like the shape of the old one.

• The Princess Pat Players of NBC and the stork appear to be co-operating. Maxine Garner of the cast is the newest mother of the group. She is the wife of Mel Nelson, Jr., architect, and they've named the baby Sally Jane. Douglas Hope was the other actor to welcome the stork.

• If you've wondered what became of the Post Prince of NBC, then here's the answer; he's running around the country doing vaudeville.

• Russ Columbo left no will, it is said. His estate is reported to be about \$5000 and his life insurance about \$100,000.

• The father of Mario Braggiotti, CBS pianist, died in September.

• Kenneth Raught, script writer for the Landt Trio and White, was recently married to Mildred Landt, sister of the trio.

• Rudy Vallee's next movie is to be "Sweet Music."

• The fourteen-year-old son of Al Goodman died in October.

• Fay Webb, Rudy Vallee's wife, will make her movie debut in "Vampire of Prague."

• Vincent Lopez is said to be romancing with Christene Marsen.



Jackson

Sigmund Romberg, renowned composer, directs his own program over NBC Saturday nights at 8 o'clock EST.

YOUR *Eyes*
SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE
MAKE THEM SO WITH *Maybelline*
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more numerous. It is non-staining, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Reasonably forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. In its unsharpened condition, it is entirely harmless and is easy to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow Tonic Cream
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Green, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream

Apricot and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

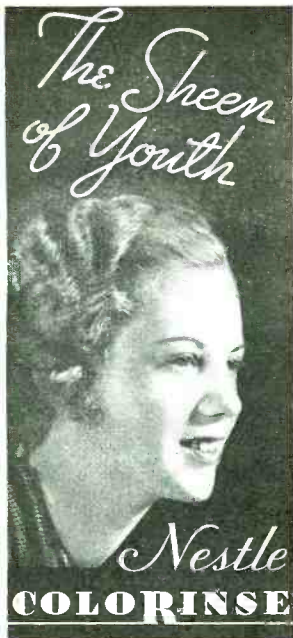
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to be full and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

• No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear claimingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded lacking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using Colorinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one Colorinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful ture of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle Colorinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo, and Henna Shampoo



Jack Smart, right; Leonel Stander, at the mike, and Minerva Pious, who make a living imitating everyone but themselves.

HE HAS 100 *Voices*

WHAT WILL you have? The gruff voice of a villain, the soothing words of a young man whose fancies have turned to love or perhaps that of a Greek taxi driver? Take your pick, for Jack Smart can imitate any voice you want. That's his way of paying the rent, buying his food and meeting tax collectors just the same as you might run a grocery store or clerk in a bank or make little rocks out of big ones.

Jack Smart is radio's versatile actor. He's the man who furnishes the freak voices for "Town Hall Tonight" with Fred Allen, "The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre," "Forty-Five Minutes from Hollywood" and other such shows, both on NBC and CBS.

Don't think for once that his tal-

ents are limited to speaking parts. He's a man who can pecker up his mouth and give the microphone the sound of everything from an Arkansas cow bawling for its calf to a police car with siren racing down Broadway.

Four years ago Jack had his first radio audition and got the surprise of his life by being hired right off the bat. Before that, he had been a drummer and song and dance man in a little Buffalo, New York, cabaret. And an actor in stock, playing all kinds of roles.

He is still a boy. We say "boy" because Jack's still growing. And growing in the opposite direction to that which you'd ordinarily expect. At his last weighing, the scales reported 230 pounds.

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER

As so often is the case, with that figure goes the jolly nature of a friendly, humorous and talkative person.

Although his voice can be that of a cat, a dog, a horse or even a crowd, Jack's specialty is the Scotch dialect. Performers around the studios recall the night the Fred Allen show went on the air for the first time and Jack played the part of a Scotch merchant. The imitation was so real and the situation of his jokes so pointed, that Fred Allen, standing before the mike, broke out in a laugh which wasn't supposed to be on the program.

A favorite joke of his is to answer the telephone in that Scotch dialect voice. And if the caller hasn't been warned in advance, he's due for a lot of stammering and stuttering before he finds out that it's only Jack having his fun.

Right now, Jack is storming "Town Hall" as the wisecracking Cousin Willowby. You know, the life of the party who tells those gosh-awful jokes that land like a load of concrete.

You'll probably not be surprised at all to learn that Jack doesn't have a radio in his home. Not because it's too reminiscent of work, but because a friend borrowed it. And hasn't returned it. That has been months ago, so Jack's tiny red headed wife must spirit to the studios any time she wants to listen to the funny man.

Lately, he has expressed a weakness for sail boats. He just bought a new one. And if his 230 pounds aren't too much for such a craft, Jack threatens to show New York a few records next spring that will turn both English and American captains pink.

Off duty, Jack is both an artist and a cook. You're apt to find him dabbling in either any time you drop in at his home.

(Below) A close-up of the favorite funny man, two-hundred-and-thirty-pound Jack Smart, the man with one hundred voices.



**Natural lips win...
painted lips lose!**

SOFT lips *Nice* lips Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks. Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

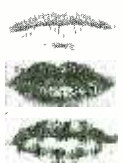
Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

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

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

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



Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee! And patronize the store that saves you what you ask for!

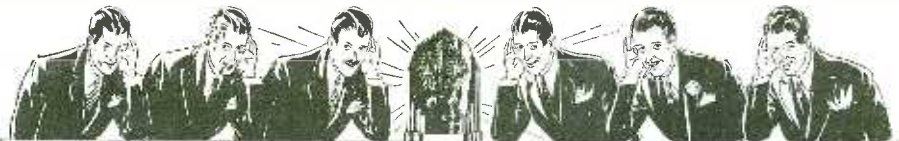
World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10c

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY M1124
415 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Check Shade FLESH RACHRI. LIGHT RACHEL.

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City _____ State _____



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

- ***** PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH LADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY WITH NAT SHILKRETS ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE GARDEN CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM WRITTEN BY CARLTON E. MORSE (NBC)
- ***** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIA (CBS)
- ***** JACK BENNY, COMEDY, WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, FRANK PARKER AND DON BESTOR'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN, JAMES KELTON AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** LOMBARDO WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** FISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLET AND GUESTS (NBC)
- ***** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COOK, DONALD NOVIS, DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES LANGFORD (NBC)
- ***** PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC)
- ***** CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTI, FRANK PARKER, THE CAVALIERS AND ROSARIO BOURDON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- ***** THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT WITH CHICAGO A CAPELLA CHOIR AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REID AND GUS HALNESCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** RCA RADIOTRON'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" WITH FRANK BLACKS ORCHESTRA, JOHN B. KENNEDY AND JEFFREY KOSTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ***** "IN THE MODERN MANNER" WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS)
- ***** CAIN HENRY'S "KXWELL HOUSE SHUFF" BOAT WITH LANNY ROSS, KURTIL WILSON, BULLSESSE T. J. JANUARY, GUS HAFNSCHEN'S BAND AND QUARTET
- ***** SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND COLTNESS GIBSON (NBC)
- ***** "THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS" BY EDWIN C. HILL (CBS)
- ***** "FORTY-FIVE MINUTS FROM HOLLYWOOD" WITH MARY SMALL'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS)
- ***** THE ROCKY REEF WITH "ROCKY" AND GUESTS (CBS)
- ***** THE BREAKFAST CLUB (NBC)
- ***** GULF HEADLINES WITH STODPNAGLE AND BUDD AND FRANK PARKER (NBC)
- ***** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND P. LEE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS)
- ***** "ACCORDIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIANNE SAGEL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS)
- ***** A. & P. LYONS WITH HARRY HARKER'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER (NBC)
- ***** LADY FISHIER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING (NBC)
- ***** FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC)
- ***** EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNON AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- ***** MOSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- ***** CHARLES CARVALIN (NBC)
- ***** CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND JOHN D. KENNEDY (NBC)
- ***** CHICAGO JAMBOREE, MUSICAL VARIETY (NBC)

THE LEADERS

The following five programs "up the heap" for the month:

1. Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC)
2. The Voice of Firestone Garden Concert (NBC)
3. One Man's Family (NBC)
4. Ford Program with Fred Waring (CBS)
5. Jack Benny, comedian (NBC)

All other four-star programs are ranked in order, the fractional average of one ranking it above the average of another.

- *** THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS)
- *** THE SINGING LADY (NBC)
- *** WARD BAKING SHOW WITH JEANNIE LANG AND BUDDY ROGERS' ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- *** "LADY" PROGRAM WITH LUD LUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- *** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUDY (NBC)
- *** "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNEGIE (NBC)
- *** THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC)
- *** AND CRIME CLIPS (NBC)
- *** STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIBBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- *** WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH LARRY MAGDONALD (NBC)
- *** RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS
- *** COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR WITH CLIFF EDWARDS AND GUESTS (CBS)
- *** METROPOLITAN PARADE (CBS)
- *** KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEY MUSIC (CBS)
- *** LITTLE MISS BARBO'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC)
- *** THE SIMMONS COMPANY PRESENTS MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WITH WILLIARD ROBISON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- *** JERRY COOPER, SONGS (CBS)
- *** THE SOUTHERNAIRES, MALE QUARTET (NBC)
- *** IRENE RICH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- *** PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVEY AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC)
- *** NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC)
- *** ROY HELTON "LOOKING AT LIFE" (CBS)

- *** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- *** HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR, GUEST STARS (NBC)
- *** POET'S GOLD, POETRY READING BY DAVID ROSS (CBS)
- *** ATLAS BREWING COMPANY PRESENTS SINGIN' SAM (CBS)
- *** TALKIE PICTURE TIME WITH JUNE MERRITH (NBC)
- *** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH TAMARA, DAVID PERCY AND JACQUES RENARD'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- *** HALL OF FAME WITH GUEST BANDS (NBC)
- *** TASTYEST THEATRE WITH TOM POWERS AND LEDNA HOGARTH (NBC)
- *** THE SINGING STRANGER WITH WADE BOOTH (NBC)
- *** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH LEAH RAY, ALICE HOGARTH, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC)
- *** VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC)
- *** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC)
- *** PHIL HARRIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH LEAH RAY (NBC)
- *** THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH FLOYD WARD AND BUDY ROGERS' ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- *** "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC)
- *** SHELL FOOTBALL REPORTER, EDDIE DOOLEY (CBS)
- *** FRED HUSING, "BELIEVE YOU ME" (CBS)
- *** BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC)
- *** ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN WITH JIM BRILEY, TENOR (CBS)
- *** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC)
- *** LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC)
- *** MOHAWK TREASURE CHEST (NBC)
- *** BOAKE CARER, COMMENTATOR (NBC)
- *** TIM RYAN'S RENDEZVOUS, MUSICAL AND COMEDY REVUE (NBC)
- *** SMILING ED MCCONNELL (CBS)
- *** TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- *** TITO GUZAR, SONGS (CBS)
- *** BOND BRIFAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (NBC)
- *** NICK LUCAS, SONGS (CBS)
- *** AND BOB, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- *** BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS (CBS)
- *** CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUDINOFF AND JIMMY DURANTE (NBC)
- *** CLARA, LU' N' EM (NBC)
- *** FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC)
- *** THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL LEE (NBC)
- *** "FATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO-SONGS (CBS)
- *** GENE AND GLENN (NBC)
- *** MADAME SCHUMANNHEINK (NBC)
- *** ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC)
- *** THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS)
- *** GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC)
- *** VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS)
- *** "THE PET MILKY WAY" (CBS)
- *** OXNOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)

Kilocycle Quiz

(Can you answer these questions in five minutes?)

1. What soprano recently made a special plane trip to Hollywood?
2. Who is the sponsor of Walter O'Keefe's CBS program?
3. Who is Jolanie Roventini?
4. What artist is known as "Prince of the Piano"?
5. How many children does Joe Penner have?
6. What is Kozy's real name?
7. Who conducts the orchestra on the Radio City Party over NBC?
8. What radio program uses original music?
9. What product sponsors Lanny Ross' new Wednesday program?
10. When a program goes on the air in New York at 8 p. m., what time do California listeners receive it?
11. Is Frank Munn a tenor or a baritone?
12. Who is Ford Bond?
13. In what century are the Buck Rogers programs supposed to be?
14. Who is the vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra?
15. Who directs the orchestra on the CBS broadcasts to Admiral Byrd in Little America?
16. Fill in the missing word. "This is the _____ Broadcasting Company."
17. Who is Howard White?
18. Who are the artists sponsored by Gillette razor blades?
19. Is Gladys Swarthout married?
20. Who wrote the music which Lddie Duchin uses as a theme?

Here are the answers to the Kocycle Quiz questions:

1. Muriel Wilson.
2. Camel Cigarettes.
3. The page box on the Philip Morris program.
4. George Gershwin.
5. None.
6. S. L. Rabatel.
7. Frank Black.
8. The Gibson family.
9. Log Cabin Syrup.
10. 5 p. m.
11. Tenor.
12. NBC announcer.
13. Twenty-first.
14. Joey Nash.
15. Mark Wainow.
16. National. (Columbia uses the word "System" instead of "Company.")
17. Accompanist and associate of the Land Trio.
18. Gene and Glenn.
19. Yes.
20. Chopin.



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You need not have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU WANT TO BE *Beautiful*



Could you guess the age of our ever-youthful Mary Pickford? You can hear her over NBC, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

DON'T GROW OLD—And if you don't believe it's possible to keep young, just take a glance at America's Sweetheart on the left. Mary Pickford thrilled your mothers and dads and she's still thrilling young moderns. She will never see twenty, thirty—or forty again—yet her face is without lines and her skin is as smooth and delicate as a rose petal.

Gifts of nature, says you. But actually it is simply good care combined with skillful and judicious use of make up. Every single one of you can have a healthy and youthful skin.

Considering the treatment it gets, it isn't any wonder that there are more problems with the skin and its care than all the other beauty problems put together. Just stop a moment and think how many times in the last month you have hopped into bed at night without going through the creaming and cleansing routine to remove the grime from your pores. Oh, you don't have to offer excuses, I know, you were so-o-o sleepy. And I'll wager there isn't one of you who isn't guilty of slapping on fresh makeup over the old when you are in a hurry. In fact, how many times have you noticed (and done it yourself!) a girl take elaborate pains in putting powder, rouge and lipstick on a face that has already suffered several previous layers.

It's these things that give you enlarged pores which make your skin look muddy and middle-aged, for the pores become clogged with oil, dust and the makeup you've ground into your skin. Next thing you know, you've got blackheads, which result in other blemishes.

All of you realize without being told that cosmetics make a marvelous protection for the skin, besides covering up defects and enhancing good points. But by all means apply it on a clean, fresh skin. Give your makeup and yourself a break.

A method of cleansing that I've found effective is to pat globes of cream over the chest, neck and face. Then, with very gentle fingertip tapping, begin with the chest, and work up to the throat, under the chin and finally do your face.

While the cream is still on, place the chin in the palm of your left hand with the fingertips pointing toward the right ear. Now move your hand towards the left ear until the fingertips touch the ear. Be sure the middle finger and center of palm follow the bony structure of the jaw. Alternate exercise with right hand. Do this a dozen times each night and you will prevent any under chin flabbiness. If it's already too late for the ounce of prevention, you will be delighted at the improvement that will result within a few weeks.

To erase eye and brow wrinkles try resting the chin in the palms of your hands with the middle finger of each hand pressed between the corners of the eyes and

**KEEP THAT FRESH
GLOWING SKIN OF
YOUTH**

By Carolyn Belmont

nose. Lightly move the hands outward to the hairline with the cushions of the middle fingers following the line over the closed lids or brows. Press the fingertips firmly over temples. Relax hands and repeat exercise several times. Always use a rotary movement around the eyes.

Use tissues to remove the cream—dozens of them, they're inexpensive and efficient. Besides, in using tissues, the skin will not become irritated as it sometimes does when the cream is removed with a towel or cloth.

To get the best results in skin care, first determine the kind of skin you have. You can analyze it yourself. Some morning when you get up a few minutes early take a magnifying hand mirror (you can get one at the "Five and Ten" if you haven't one) to the window and examine your skin. Find out whether it's normal, dry or oily. Most of you will decide it's none of these, but rather dry in spots with a shiny path stretching from your forehead to chin. However, with proper care these defects won't last long.

If you are lucky enough to have a normal skin, you won't have much to worry about. You can cleanse it any way you please just as long as you are thorough about the job. Cream it a couple of times. Once to remove the top layers of grime, and again to cleanse deeply into the pores. Wash with warm water and soap after the creaming, splash on cold water, dry and finish up with a skin brace.

You people with the oily skin, for all your grumblings, are still the most fortunate, despite the hard time you have keeping your nose from shining like a beacon, and getting blackheads as a result of piling on layers of powder.

I do realize that you have a tremendous (Continued on page 52)

**SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**



1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, 'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it will get ALL the dirt.' Well..."



2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively golden soap and naphtha. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a white shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep "tattle-tale gray" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you two cleaners instead of one! Richer golden soap working hand-in-hand with lots of naphtha. A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a bright, smart shine!

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk-sockings, linens, woolsens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

**Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**

LOWELL THOMAS' GREATEST ADVENTURE



(Above) Thomas and his young son, Lowell Jackson, making their farm pay. (Right) A favorite pet is this great Pyrenees snow dog. (Extreme right) one of a dozen horses that Lowell Thomas owns.



LOWELL THOMAS showed me the eighth wonder of the world. We spent a day together looking it over. You've seen it in your own life—and if you haven't, this story will tell you where to find it.

Neither you nor I have cracked the oyster of adventure as successfully as this clear-eyed, stocky gentleman who finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stone and good copy in everything."

Perhaps our lives are too dull and work-a-day to make possible so profound a discovery as his. Perhaps the eighth wonder of the world, close at hand, is really no wonder at all to us—simply because we haven't seen the seven wonders and so through lack of contrast have failed to get a kick out of life where it'll do us the most good.

By Francis Barr Mathews

Listen. This fellow who every evening brings the news to you, stirringly interpreted, may be only a clear, resonant voice offering you an hors d'oeuvre or a liqueur for your mundane supper, but when you know the real man behind that voice, you'll understand more clearly the authority of the vibrant diction which brings to life what have been mere names in newspapers until Lowell Thomas got his hooks into them.

Thomas has seen the wonders of the world. At forty-two he has a life history that makes dullards of us all. He started as chief of the civilian mission sent to Europe by President Wilson to prepare an historical

record of the World War. In that job he was to visit every front and report to the people of America. He did. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, British and the American armies. While with the Italians he explored the Alps, the Asiago Plateau, the reaches of the Piave River. The Near East drew him next and the British government sent a ship to carry him to Cairo so that he could join General Allenby, in charge of the Allied forces there. One of his favorite gags is that in forty minutes he flew the distance which it took the Children of Israel forty years to traverse.

To be historian of the Palestine Campaign was not enough. He'd heard of the mysterious English officer who had succeeded in uniting the Arabian tribes against the Turks and thereby putting a \$250,000 price on his head. General Allenby arranged for Thomas to join this mysterious gentleman—the famous T. E. Lawrence. And so Lowell Thomas became historian of the Arabian revolution which sent him on dangerous campaigns through the desert, led him into weird adventures in the rock city of Petra and put him in close contact with Lawrence himself, that Quixotic leader of an alien race.

After the war, instead of returning to America, he went from France to Germany to study that crisis-ridden country in the midst of a bloody revolution.

His findings were reported to the Peace Conference.

Then followed a more civilized adventure in the theatre—a successful run at the Century Theatre in New York of his film, a pictorial description of his Palestine and Arabian experiences with Allenby and Lawrence, presented to the accompaniment of a magnificent symphony orchestra. So impressive was the film that an ambitious impresario persuaded him to bring his show to London where it had a run of many months.

Two years later the American government asked him to record the first flight around the world. He could not make the whole trip, but joined them as soon as possible and became historian of the project. Incidentally, he developed a mad passion for flying which resulted in him and his wife taking a 25,000 mile airplane flight in 1926 and 1927. They covered twenty-one countries in Europe, Asia, and North Africa—the longest passenger air journey up to that time. The avowed purpose was to study international development in aviation, but the real significance of the trip to Thomas was that he secured the finest collection of airplane photographs in this country and wrote another book, "European Skyways."

THE love for adventure was implanted in Thomas by the man who influenced him more than any other. That man was his father, Harry George Thomas, a surgeon who brought his family to Colorado from Darke County, Ohio, where young Lowell was born in '92.

At eleven Lowell was working (Continued on page 94)

EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS WHAT LOWELL THOMAS WENT ALL

OVER THE WORLD TO FIND



Jessica Dragonette



Bertha Brainard



Ora D. Nichols



Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

THE NINE GREATEST Women IN RADIO

THIS IS a dangerous story. It is not an easy one to write. When nine women are chosen by a group, no matter how thoughtfully they may have been selected, there is bound to be dissension. So, if you should disagree with this list, remember, it was not compiled by one person.

First I went to an important broadcasting executive. He stared at me. A smile played about the corners of his usually grave lips. "The nine biggest women in radio," he said. "Why . . . Kate Smith! Seriously, and no pun intended, that's a large order." His pencil drummed on the desk. "A large order," he repeated. "So please don't quote me."

And he sent me to another executive. It began in just that way. I went from one radio chain to another—and back again. Finally, after talking to executives, press agents and the Editor of *RADIO STARS*, the following list was created.

When a Columbia official raves about NBC players, and NBC picks Columbia's stars, that's news! It was Columbia who said NBC's Bertha Brainard and Jessica Dragonette should positively be on the list. It was NBC who voted for Columbia's Gracie Allen and Kate Smith. Thus those four head the list. Let's analyze them, and find out why.

Kate Smith is unique. There has never been anyone like her on radio. She is a definite part of it . . . a lady singer whose hearty warbling sold cigars! Her voice became a comfort to shut-ins. She is the hope of the American wallflower. In her own slow, good-natured, elephantine way she is amazing, this Kate Smith, who never took a singing lesson, but held an audience spell bound as she sang an aria from "Samson and Delilah," while Philadelphia's great Sokowski conducted the orchestra. This same Kate Smith whose bulk grew to

be the butt of so many jokes that it built her a profitable publicity mountain of laughs. Her weight is to radio circles what the Ford car was to the auto industry. She may wince at the laughter, but it is kindly and has helped her to become a national figure.

You cannot fake over the air. Radio audiences sense sincerity. They love Kate Smith, love her for her simple cheer. If there is any secret to her success, then that is it. Men, women, children, they all love her. She is the Edgar Guest of song.

HOPPING over to Radio City, we take a look at Jessica Dragonette, Jessica—blond, lovely, fragile Jessica, whose first public appearance was in Max Rheinhardt's "Miracle," where, at every performance, she was obliged to hide behind painted clouds and sing the angel's song. Jessica, who of her own accord, gave up a profitable Broadway musical comedy career in order to gamble in what was then the new and shaky field of radio. She was one of the first to bring the musical comedy to the microphone. When she broadcasts Miss Dragonette behaves as if she were standing before the footlights. She puts on a stage makeup, wears an evening gown and uses gestures while she sings. Jessica joins radio's great, because she brought it that indefinable quality called glamor.

There you have Jessica and Kate, contrasts, but equally important.

Now, Columbia again . . . and . . . Gracie Allen. She may be light, she may be flimsy, but she too has her definite place. Gracie Allen is without a doubt the foremost of all radio comediennes. She set the style for Portland Hoffa, for Mary Livingston. Here again radio proved its microscopic tendencies. For years Burns and Allen had been in vaudeville and for years Gracie rattled



Kate Smith



Gertrude Berg



Irene Wicker



Gracie Allen

**YET MOST IMPORTANT IN THE ENTIRE
BROADCASTING SET-UP IS SHE WHOSE
FACE YOU DO NOT SEE HERE**

By Nanelle Kuiner



off the same sort of nonsense she gives you over the air. Yes, vaudeville audiences laughed at her. They laughed politely. But they never laughed the way the radio public did after they once heard that funny little voice of hers. Radio does things wholeheartedly and never, never by halves. It picked up that voice, tossed it into the air, chuckled over it, adored it, and made Gracie Allen the queen of goofiness. If there is a why to it all, here it is: The average person likes to think he is smart. Gracie Allen never fails to give him this opportunity. She caters to the superiority complex in every audience. They love to catch her mistakes . . . to anticipate them . . . to out-smart her. She is the sop for their conceit and Gracie Allen, with one of the keenest minds in radio, knows this. Contrary to the nutty character she portrays, she is nobody's fool and well deserves her place among the first nine.

Next we have NBC's Bertha Brainard. She's been in radio since the beginning, since the days when she wrote and broadcast play reviews for a local station. Through its various stages she has watched this fantastic industry grow and personally helped to nurture it. As her offices changed, so the industry developed. She has seen and actively participated in every phase. There were the exciting old days on WJZ when she had to announce, arrange programs, substitute for the star who failed to show up, persuade a star to show up, write last minute bits and find talent. Now, barricaded by secretaries, she sits in her Radio City office, creates new ideas, casually telephones the coast, suggests talent, discovers proteges, and, in short, is program director for the National Broadcasting Company.

THIS Brainard lady is a surprise. She does not resemble a woman executive. She is slim, and blue-eyed and red haired, in fact looks (Continued on page 97)

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon?"

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99-44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the *finest complexion snapper*," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

YOUR REQUESTS ANSWERED

RADIO STARS received so many requests for pictures that it is impossible to grant them all at one time. Here you will find some. Others will be scattered throughout the magazine. (Right) Don Redman, the hot dance maestro. (Extreme right) Virginia Rea, soprano.



(Right) Frank Luther is a member of the Happy Wonder Bakers, the Men About Town, and is soloist on Heart Throbs of the Hills. (Extreme right) Rosaline Green, actress, who speaks the Mary Lou lines on Show Boat and acts in many other shows on the kilocycles.



(Right) Meyer Davis, the millionaire maestro, enjoys a game of backgammon in his garden. (Extreme right) Hal Kemp, the CBS orchestra leader with his featured singer, Deane Janis. His music formerly came from Chicago. Now he's at the Pennsylvania, New York.



(Right) Jimmie McHugh and Dorothy Fields, composers of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," are NBC artists. (Extreme right) Vic (Art Van Harvey) and Sade (Bernardine Flynn) and their boy Rush (Billy Idelson) are heard over NBC in sketches of American family life.



• During the summer James Wallington, NBC announcer, was secretly divorced in Reno from Stanislawa Butkiewicz, dancer, to whom he had been married for many years. Soon thereafter, Jimmie married Anita Furman, dancer at Radio City Music Hall, which is just across the street from the NBC studios.

• Rumor has it that Johnny Marvin is divorced.

• Conrad Thibault is being seen around New York with members of the fairer sex.

• Madge Kennedy, the Broadway and Hollywood actress, and William B. Hanley, NBC dramatic production director, were recently wedded. She's on the new Red Davis show, which her husband directs.

• Page Horatio Alger! A page boy at NBC has become the night manager. Four years ago Edward Cunningham was one of the uniformed youngsters at Chicago studios. Now he has succeeded Charles Phelps as night chief.

• Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waring became parents of a baby girl in September. They've named her Dixie.

• Doug Hope of "Princess Pat Players" on NBC is celebrating the arrival of Douglas, Junior, six pounds and ten ounces.

• Phil Baker's second baby will probably see the light for the first time around New Year's day in Miami. On her return from Europe, Mrs. Baker (Peggy Cartwright)

will go to Miami with her daughter, Margot Eleanor. And her Chicago physician, Dr. J. Beinstein, will leave for Florida in December to attend her.

• Martha Mears took your editor for a ride over the matter of her age. Said she was really nineteen, but liked to be considered as twenty-one. Truth of the matter is, she was twenty-four on July 18. And her name isn't Mears at all. It's Peters. And she's no longer eligible as she's already Mrs. Sid Brokaw, wife of one of Ozzie Nelson's fiddle players. The ceremony was in September.

• Although announced before, requests make further explanation necessary. Annette Hanshaw is off Show Boat of her own accord. She's said to be getting \$750 weekly from her show on CBS Tuesday and Thursdays

Eighteen-year-old Lois Nixon sings with Jack Russell's orchestra over CBS from Chicago. She's an Alabama girl.

BROADCASTLAND IS STORK MAD! CUPID IS SHOOTING DARTS! AND RENO

By Wilson Brown



Mary Small acts as mistress of ceremonies on her own NBC program called "Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party."



(Top) Al and Lee Reiser, kin but not brothers, make NBC pianos talk. (Bottom) Frances Lee Barton, food expert, poses with her children.

JUDGES ARE WORKING OVERTIME!



(Top) Betty Jane, left, and Virginia Holman, sister piano team on NBC. (Bottom) Walter B. Pitkin, noted author, is heard on CBS.



for Camel Cigarettes, which is more than she got on Show Boat.

- Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, are contemplating making a tour of theatres starting about Christmas time. "Just to help the government raise some taxes," Al explains.

- It pays to be a brother of a big-shot. When Bob Crosby, twenty-one-year-old brother of Bing, debuted at New York's Kiviera with the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra, NBC gave him an hour program with salutes from Brother Bing, the Boswells, George Stoll's ork from California, the Mills Brothers, Anson Weeks' band and Buddy Rogers.

- Pat Barnes is a man of loyalty and of sentiment. The pilot of Lombardo-Land recently flew from New York to Wisconsin to sing at the funeral of a woman who was his first fan when he went on the air a decade ago from Chicago.

- Norman Siegel, radio editor of the *Cleveland Press* and member of RADIO STARS' Board of Review, is no longer a bachelor.

- "The Press-Radio Bureau is a failure," said Senator Dill of Washington, co-author of federal radio legislation, before the National Association of Broadcasters meeting in Cincinnati recently. "Either," he said, "the Press Associations must change the terms of the agreement so radio stations can give their listeners up-to-the-minute news, or radio stations will find or create means and methods of securing news entirely independent of the press associations."

- Charles Winninger, the Captain Henry of Show Boat, has announced his intentions of leaving radio. Show Boat, however, owns the name "Captain Henry" and the new man will have the same name. Winninger plans to go into Libby Holman's Broadway play "Revenge with Music" to cash in on the popularity radio gave him.

- Police were called in at a Memphis dance hall in September when a fight between Cab Calloway and his bandmen and the guests resulted in a free-for-all. Trouble is said to have started when Cab refused to comply with all requests for autographs. Woe is fame!

- Guest star programs are the rage. Now comes the Hoover Seminals Serenade over NBC Sundays to present Rudolph Ganz, pianist, November 4; Irene Castle McLaughlin, socialite dancer, November 18; Violinist Albert Spatling, December 2; and on December 23, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

- Conoco sales have increased 410 per cent since the program with Harry Richman, John B. Kennedy and Jack Denny's orchestra started on NBC.

- Walter Preston, NBC baritone, recently celebrated his tenth anniversary in radio with his 2,500th performance.

- A new committee of radio artists has been formed to declare war on fraudulent radio schools. If any of you readers have been victims of fake schools, register your complaint with either Mark Warnow, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, or the Voice of Experience at the same address. Mark is chairman of the committee.



(Above) The Tune Twisters of NBC, noted for harmony, vocal and instrumental. (Below) Carol Lee, heard on the Hollywood on the Air program.



Jane Ace reminds herself that November 17 is the fifth wedding anniversary of her marriage to Goodman Ace.





(Above) Sam Hayes, NBC's Richfield Reporter, poses with Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco. (Below) Cliff Edwards, alias "Ukulele Ike," of CBS.



Formerly a range rider of Kansas, Carson Robison now leads his Buckaroos in the Bar X Days and Nights program over CBS.



- Sometimes rumors are right; sometimes they're wrong. Anyway, the current story is that Charles Carlisle, CBS tenor, is secretly married. If true, the ceremonies were the week of July 9.

- Marion Bergeron (Miss America) and Jack Landt of the Landt Trio and White are billing and cooing and may tell it to a preacher.

- Maxine Marlow, singer with Phil Spitalny's band, may play opposite Lanny Ross in his next flicker tentatively called "Mississippi." Molasses 'n' January of radio's Show Boat will be featured. Lanny's latest picture is Paramount's "College Rhythm" with Joe Penner.

- This year's prize dahlia has been named "Jessica Dragonette" in honor of the Cities Service soprano.

- Georgie Price, actor-comedian, purchased a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and is dividing his time between broadcasting and high finance.

- J. B. Correll (Andy's father) made his first visit to New York to meet Amos' famous partner on his return from Europe. The elder Correll drove the family car all the way from Peoria.

- When Arthur E. Bagley, early NBC exercise man, vacationed in Quebec recently, his place before the mike was taken by Dick Weed, NBC engineer on the Bagley program. Which marks Dick as an all-around man when he can substitute for his boss.

- CBS now has 100 stations, making it radio's biggest network. The 100th to join was KWKH, Shreveport, Louisiana.

- Mme. Schumann-Heink, despite her seventy-three years, will make at least three New York stage appearances this fall in addition to her Sunday night broadcasting.

- Four members of the cast of "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" went stork mad. Peggy Allenby has a baby girl; Carlyle Stevens, announcer, is papa to a new boy; Cornelius Van Voorhis has a daughter; and Don Stauffer, director, also is proud of his new baby girl.

- Travis Hale, thirty, tenor of the Three Cheers, Al Pearce trio, is engaged to marry Renee Winkler, twenty-one, Pearce's secretary.

- The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Conrad (he's the CBS announcer) in September and left a daughter.

- John Mitchell of Carson Robison's Buckaroos and Louise Sparrow of Columbia, Tennessee, will soon be husband and wife.

- Chicagoans are having no difficulty this fall in locating Father Charles Coughlin, the crusading priest, on their dials. In addition to KYW, which has carried him for several seasons, WJJD and WIND, CBS affiliates, are overlooking the Detroiters' addresses.

- Who says people aren't listening to the radio these days? There are 42,540,000 radio receiving sets operating throughout the world, according to the Department of Commerce. Of that number, 18,500,000 are in the United States, making this country the leader in the field. The United Kingdom ranks second with 6,124,000. Other countries in their rank of set ownership are: Germany, 5,424,000; Japan, 1,739,000; France, 1,554,000; Canada, 1,100,000; and Spain 700,000. (Continued on page 79)

YOU hear a lot about what radio means to men and women in small, out-of-the-way places: to farmers' wives in desolate country hamlets, and shut-ins, and lonely old people. Yes, it's all true. It brings glamor and romance and vicarious thrills to all of them, at the turn of a dial.

It's the Aladdin's Lamp—the Magic Carpet—that transports you to a glittering, wonderful world a million miles away from the humdrum of daily living—until the program ends! Don't we all know it?

But it meant a lot more than that to me, Myra Gorman. (That's what I'll call myself, since I can't use my own name.) It meant a burning ambition, a hunger that never let up, to shake the dust of my little Missouri home town from my feet and make that distant, glamorous world mine.

I didn't want just "out," either.

I hadn't any dreams about Hollywood, or the stage, or any ordinary career in a big city. I wanted just one thing from the time I

was sixteen and discovered I had a throbbing contralto voice that people wanted to listen to. I wanted to stand behind the mike in one of the biggest broadcasting studios in the country and sing to a million people who'd been waiting all day to tune in on Myra Gorman!

A simple little ambition, wasn't it, for a corn-fed country girl who hadn't anything to offer but average good looks and a voice with a sob in it. But I made it come true. I sacrificed everything and everybody—and, God knows, my own peace and happiness, too—to get what I wanted.

But this time just a year ago a Myra Gorman, who wasn't a corn-fed country girl any more, was standing behind the mike in a white satin dress that cost more than Dad ever cleared on corn and hogs in a year, sending her voice over one of the biggest networks in the country!

Well, I've still got the dress . . .

I've wondered, since, just how far my ambition and my blues-singer voice would have taken me if I hadn't taken that job in Seeley's Music Store the summer I finished High. Chance plays a big part in every career. I'm not the only girl who's gone on the air to have found that out! For if I hadn't been singing "It Was a Night in June" behind the sheet music counter that sultry August afternoon, and Cass

De Voe, killing time while they were tinkering with his roadster at the garage, hadn't heard me and stepped inside the store—this story might have a very different ending. Or maybe there wouldn't be any story!

I was more than half in love with Dan Kelland, you see, whose father ran the funny, old-fashioned drug store at the corner of Main and Maple. And Dan, home from the State U., was begging me to give up my dreams of breaking into radio and marry him.

He was a darling, and more than once when there was a moon shining through the willows that fringed the river, and he talked about the home he was going to build for us up on the Bluffs I almost said: "All right, Dan!" But I guess it took a moon and a soft Missouri night to weaken me at all! Dan wasn't very exciting. He was just the boy I'd always gone

with and he was and always would be a farmer. You could tell that just by looking at him. Even when he was dressed up he was a country boy in store clothes.

AND I—I wanted more out of life than he could ever give me. So I was still holding out, stubbornly, blindly bent on leaving Gilesburg, and going to Beacon City, where I could get an audition, when Cass De Voe strolled into the music shop, and draped himself over the counter.

I was strumming out my own accompaniment and I didn't actually see him until I whirled about on the stool.

But I knew, the way you do know such things, that I wasn't singing any more for the high school kids who were leafing over the sheet music across the aisle. And I put everything I had into that last refrain.

"Pretty good, kid," the thin, dark, young fellow I was so aware of said softly. "Too good for this two-bit joint, if nobody's told you so before . . ." His dark eyes strayed contemptuously over the music shop, came back to rest on me. "Listen, Sugar," he said with a chuckle. "You're a swell looking girl, but I couldn't see you from the side-walk. I could just hear you. And that's my business, spotting voices like yours!"

I could just stare at him. My eyes felt like blue saucers.

"It's hard to tell—the mike does tricks to voices as good as yours sometimes—but I'm betting that I can put you on the air. How does it listen, Blondie?"

"Too good to be true!" I told him shakily. Did things like this actually happen, or was it just a gag? "But how—I don't understand . . ."

TORCH SINGER

Illustrated by
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

(This Is the True Story of What Actually Happened to a Small Town Girl Who Lived and Suffered . . . Who Sacrificed Herself . . . Because She Wanted to Become a Radio Star. Names and Places Have Been Changed for Obvious Reasons. RADIO STARS Presents It As a Great Human Document)



"I'm scouting for talent for the Continental Broadcasting System," he said, impatient at my blank bewilderment. "Come to Beacon City and I'll cut a lot of red tape for you." You may need some coaching in order to microphone right, but I've a drag with one of the best coaching studios there. How are you fixed for dough?"

I told him I could manage for a while, anyway, and that maybe I'd come to the city and look him up before he expected me. But I'd have to coax Dad and my Aunt Sally, who had brought me up, into letting me go and that might take a little time. I felt myself blushing furiously, thinking of Dan, and Cass De Voe grinned at me knowingly.

"There's a boy-friend in the picture too, I take it!" he said. "Who isn't going to cotton to the idea!" He looked deep in my eyes, and I felt weak all over, it was that kind of a look. "If I were in his shoes I'd feel the same way about it."

That night I told Dan about Cass and how he was going to give me a chance. But Dan was skeptical. "Listen, Myra," he told me. "Don't kid yourself. De Voe may be on the level—but he's just a city slicker to this country boy! Maybe he is scouting for talent for this broadcasting company; maybe he's the original hot shot in radio, maybe he can put you over. But there are plenty of gyp agents making a good thing out of dumb, radio-struck girls like you."

Dan's nice, homely grin didn't take the sting out of the words. I snatched my hand from his clasp.

"Do you think I'm not going to make good—or are you afraid that I am?" I flared up at him. "You don't want me to have my chance, Dan! You'd rather I buried myself alive in this little hick town and turned into a farmer's wife!" My voice trembled with my passionate resentment. "Well—I'm not going to do it! We're washed up after tonight, you and I—and six months from now, when I'm singing over the net-work!"

HIS blue eyes were wistful, suddenly. "You've never really been in love with me, Myra. A man can always tell. But I thought, caring as much as I did, that it would work out . . ."

"Don't, Dan," I said with a lump in my throat. "I hate to hurt you. But I've got to go. I've got to . . ."

Ten days later, one rainy September morning, I got off the train in the smoky Union Station in Beacon City. I was pretty scared. My hundred and fifty dollars didn't seem so much even though I found myself a cheap room in a shabby part of town and began to budget my meals and expenses right away. But I felt that once I'd seen Cass De Voe again everything would be all right.

Dan Kelland had sensed the truth: I may as well admit it. My dreams of a career, a future on the air, were nebulous as mist. I was thinking about Cass De Voe—remembering his sleepy, dark eyes, his caressing voice, his smile that said so much. Counting the hours until I saw him again. That same afternoon, I found my way to the address he'd given me. It was something of a shock to find it a shabby, run-down building with a dingy front and a creaky elevator. Love-sick kid that I was, I wasn't altogether a fool. And this set-up didn't look right. But there was his door and here was I. On the threshold of

success, I told myself defiantly, thinking of Dan at home.

The dingy office I entered didn't heighten my spirits any. Nor did the languid, drug-store blonde at the switch-board. But then, before I could give her my name and business, a door marked "Private" opened and Cass stood there in his shirt-sleeves.

"Oh," I said idiotically. "I'm so glad you're in. Should I have phoned?"

He stared at me, rumpling his dark hair with an abstracted hand. Of course, in a dark blue frock and a wide-brimmed hat I must have looked very different from the girl in Seeley's music store. But—he didn't know me!

"Don't you remember me?" I said weakly. "I'm Myra Gorman. You heard me singing in a music store in Gilesburg . . . you said you'd get me an audition . . ."

His smile made my heart beat again. Oh, everything was all right, after all! Happiness flooded me as he slid a casual arm about my shoulders, drew me towards the inner office. "Remember you?" he asked gaily. "Would I be forgetting the best looking blonde that ever crossed my path? Well, well. So the little country girl comes to the big town."

HE was putting me into a shabby leather chair, taking my jacket and purse, telling me how swell it was to see me again. And I swear to you, I didn't think any more about how much I had at stake until a big, burly man with a burned-out cigar in his mouth barged in on us and Cass introduced him as his partner, Mr. Burke.

"This is the girl I told you about, Burke," Cass said significantly. "I think she's a find. I'd like you to hear her sing. If she's as good as I think she is . . ."

Burke said something about Cass never picking them wrong, and presently I found myself at the battered piano in one corner of the room. There was a mike to the left of it. I thought it was an odd sort of set-up for an audition, but Cass explained that it was simply a test, to see how I microphoned. Then if my voice didn't lose anything, and my presentation was all right, he'd get me an audition at the XYZ studios. Sam Burke retired to the next office. And while Cass made the tinny, old piano-do tricks, I sang.

It was so obviously a racket! Knowing what I know now, I can't see how I fell for it, green as I was. Or for the impressive patter the two men exchanged, afterwards. But I did, hook, line and sniker.

Well, before I left Cass De Voe's office, it was all settled. And though even the "reduced fee" for the "course" I agreed to take startled me, I was pitifully grateful. I was pitifully happy, too. For Cass was taking me to dinner the next night. I wasn't just a small-town girl he'd run across and forgotten. I was—important to him!

When I think of my innocence, my blindness, it hurts, even now. I *must* have guessed, as time went on, that there was something fishy about the whole thing. But I didn't want to believe it. Not after Cass kissed me the first time and told me he loved me.

When I was with him—and that was plenty—I was still under his spell. I shut my ears and my eyes to everything that went on in that shabby office of his. Why, he even admitted, with that warm, sweet laugh of



his, that lots of the poor saps who came there and paid their good money for an "audition," were suckers. But someone was going to get their money. Why not Cass De Voe?

"And after all, sweet," he said beguilingly, drawing me deeper into his arms—we were parked outside my rooming house in his car after he'd brought me home from dinner and a show—"someone's going to take them for the ride they want. And—there's always a chance that one of 'em will turn to be hot stuff."

WELDED him off, trying to read what lay in his handsome, wary eyes. "I know. But Cass—you haven't been kidding me along, have you? I've spent almost all my money. I've believed everything you said. If I had to go home now . . ." His kisses closed my brimming eyes. His love-making frightened me, sometimes when it didn't send me up among the stars.

When I went upstairs to my room that night I knew I couldn't give him up no matter what happened. But the knowing didn't keep me from weeping my heart out. My light was still on when the girl who had the room next to mine knocked.

We'd eaten together a few times and Cora Driscoll had met Cass. She knew that I was trying to get into radio and she didn't think much of my tie-up with him. But you can't talk sense to a girl in love! She didn't try after the first attempt.

I was so lonely, so heart-sick, that I was glad enough to see her. She was a hostess at the Red Dragon, a fairly unsavory roadhouse on the outskirts of town and I'd been fascinated by her blatant red-haired good-looks, her devil-may-care swagger through life—until she'd talked against Cass, then her attraction faded.

"So the old sock's about empty, huh?" she asked, through a cloud of blue smoke. "And you still don't want to eat crow at a home dinner? Well, I can get you a job, if you like. Nick is looking for a girl who can sing and give the boys a flutter. Want to come down in the morning?"

I knew the Red Dragon. I knew what it would be like, singing there. But I wanted a job. I couldn't go home—couldn't leave Beacon City while Cass was there. For if I went out of his life now . . . oh, he did care, but I cared more than he! So I snatched at the proposal, and the next morning, when Greek Nick, who ran the place, offered me a salary that was a joke, I took it like a shot.

And it was there, in that cheaply gaudy, often-raided dump, that I got my chance! Maybe it was a lucky accident; maybe word had gotten round that the new torch singer at the Red Dragon was worth hearing. (Afterwards, Cass swore that he was responsible for Martin Blake's dropping in that night; I never found out. I was afraid to, I suppose.)

But I hadn't been singing there a fortnight when, after my last song, a waiter brought a card to the dressing room. I looked at the card, and the lip-stick fell from my fingers. It said: Martin Blake, Acme Advertising Agency, Production Manager Radio Dept.

I clutched at the ledge of my rickety dressing-table

The Acme Agency was one of the biggest and best in the Northwest. And if this man *was* production manager of the radio department anything might happen.

When I saw him, quiet, grey-haired, aloof from the smoke and din, I knew there wasn't any hokum to him. He was polite, business-like and he came straight to the point. Had I ever thought of going into radio? A local chain of drug stores, whose account Acme was handling, was going on the air. There was a spot in their program for a singer whose audition pleased the sponsor.

LISTENED in a trance. Heard myself promising to come to the broadcasting studio the next day, at two-thirty, for an audition.

Cass dropped in as usual after my last turn to drive me home. For the first time, I made no demur about going to his apartment. This wasn't the impetuous, demanding Cass I'd held out against, even when I craved his kisses most. And half an hour later I was curled up on the sofa before his hearth, warming my hands at the blaze, while he mixed drinks. Oh, it was lovely, after the rainy night, to be there in his stably rooms! It was—like coming home.

"Are they going to like me at the broadcasting studio tomorrow?" I asked. "Oh, Cass, am I really going to make good? I feel—too happy."

He pulled me down into his arms. I gave him kiss for kiss, until he put me away from him, suddenly. "Listen, sweet." His words were strangely unsteady. "You've got that something. More than just a slick voice. You've got that something. I'm no plaster saint, but when you sing I'm sorry for every lousy thing I've ever done . . ." He laughed, as if he were ashamed of the admission, and I took his face between my hands. He meant it. And he meant the kiss that fused us,

body and soul, the next minute. At least, I want to think he did.

Then, afraid of the overwhelming tide that was sweeping us both past sanity and restraint, I brought us back to earth. Before I went for my audition the next day, and talked terms, oughtn't he to really be my manager? I fired the question at him, trying to get hold of myself. He had an agreement, I knew, all drawn up, ready for me to sign. Oh, I brought it on myself, I know. He finished his drink slowly before answering.

"Okay, Baby. If that's what you want . . . I guess this covers everything."

I scarcely read the terse document. Maybe if I had—if the actual meaning of the clause giving him the fantastic fifty per cent commission on my earnings had sunk in, I might have held back. Perhaps not. But all I wanted was to sign the thing and turn Cass De Voe, my manager, back into Cass De Voe, my lover.

I flung down the pen, kissed him over the rim of my glass. "I'm yours now," I teased. "Signed, sealed and delivered!" He drew me back onto the sofa, his lips seeking my cheek, my mouth, my throat, with a passion that evoked a terrifying response in me. "Cass . . . darling . . ." I whispered. "Don't. Take me home, Cass . . ."

It was a weak plea and he (Continued on page 70)



LAUGHING

By Peggy Wells

THE first time Irene Nobilette looked at Tim Ryan she burst out laughing, right in his face. Three months later they were married. And that started the comedy team of "Tim and Irene" which you recently heard Sunday night on NBC's "Going to Town" program and on their own half hour during the week.

Everything about them is so mixed up. Their laughter and tears always come at the wrong places. Their romance, for instance, which should have been a beautiful, serious thing was a hectic bit of comedy. Their career, on the other hand, which should have been clear sailing, was marked with heartbreak. I'm warning you now. Tim and Irene aren't a bit like the conventional, average run of people you and I know.

They met on the stage of the leading theatre in Joplin, Missouri. Irene Nobilette was the ingenue of the stock company there and Tim Ryan was the leading man who had just been hired. The regular one had suddenly walked out on the show, and, if the company hadn't been stuck, Tim would never have gotten the job. For beyond possessing clean-cut features, an Irish smile and a brief bit of experience as chief barker in a carnival show, he had nothing to recommend him for the job.

There he was on the stage, rehearsing for the evening show. He didn't quite know what to do with his hands, his face was wooden and expressionless, his voice didn't behave and he sputtered all over the place.

Irene, watching him from the wings, turned to another principal and groaned. "So that's going to be my new leading man? Heaven help us!"

When she was called to rehearse the love scene with him, he put his arms around her awkwardly.

"I love you," he said. He didn't exactly say it, he shrieked it. And Irene, instead of whispering something tender as her lines required, did a most upsetting thing. She burst out laughing. She laughed so long and loud that it re-echoed in the last row of the empty theatre. Tim, shame-faced and red, stared at her.

"Do that scene again," the director ordered, "and don't laugh!"

They tried it again. This time, Tim's voice cracked in the middle of his short speech. Irene's face twitched in an effort to keep that giggle down. But it came out, first

And who wouldn't laugh at the amusing little lady above. She's Irene Nobilette to you, but she's just plain Missus to hubby Tim Ryan on her left. You can hear this funny pair over NBC.



LOVERS

A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER BEGAN A HECTIC ROMANCE THAT LANDED TIM AND IRENE AT THE MINISTER'S. THEN TOGETHER THEY BEGAN A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK WITH TRICKY FATE



in a suppressed snicker and then in a roar and a howl.

The director stalked over. "You're dismissed for the day, Miss Nobilette," he yelled. "Leave the theatre."

That sobered her instantly. "But he was so funny. I didn't mean to—"

"Leave at once," the director stormed. Burning with humiliation, she stalked off the stage, her Irish nose held high. But in the privacy of the wings she huddled in a heap and started to bawl. Suddenly a hand touched her shoulder and she heard a voice say, "It really wasn't your fault. I'm sorry."

Irene looked up. There was that dumb leading man. And he was serious, too. "I guess I looked so funny you couldn't help laughing at me," he was saying.

Gosh, what a regular person he was! This time it was Irene's turn to blush.

And that was the incident that started their romance off to a high-powered speed. But there was one obstacle in their fast and fiery courtship. It was Irene's mother.

Mrs. Nobilette always distrusted the theatre and its people. She had tried to keep Irene away from it, but well—what can you do with a headstrong, impetuous girl. Irene was bitten by the stage bug when she was a child. Then, at fourteen she left school to become a chorus girl in a stock company.

There was nothing for Mrs. Nobilette to do but travel with her daughter to see that she didn't get in the path of the devil that must surely lurk backstage.

And above all, she was going to see that Irene didn't marry an actor. "All actors are alike," she lectured, "and Tim Ryan is no different from the rest. He'll just leave you stranded."

Irene would listen with a straight face and then sneak away to meet Tim for midnight suppers after the show. There they would hold hands and discuss their problem. "Let's just run off and get married," Tim said, "without telling a soul." And Irene. (Continued on page 78)

away to meet Tim for midnight suppers after the show. There they would hold hands and discuss their problem. "Let's just run off and get married," Tim said, "without telling a soul." And Irene. (Continued on page 78)



Left to right: Jack and Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Adele Ronson, Conrad Thibault.



Chas. Phelps Cushing

Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper



Composer Arthur Schwartz



Lyricist Howard Dietz

FOR *Distinguished*

Listening to "The Gibson Family" the other Saturday evening, I found the perfect answer to every critic of our American system of broadcasting.

This American system wherein advertisers give us vast quantities of entertainment in exchange for the privilege of telling about their product has been under fire too often in Washington. At the same time the British system of government-given broadcasts has been highly praised.

To those of you who have heeded these critics, let me tell you that never in all their lives have British listeners been granted the opportunity of hearing such an expensive,

expansive radio show as the glittering "Gibson Family."

With its very first presentation of "The Gibson Family," American broadcasting took a gigantic stride ahead toward the goal of creating worthwhile, adult, radio art. Herein are combined prodigally the finest talents available for original radio fare. Original music, new words, a brand new book . . . a thrilling "world premier" in our parlors each Saturday night. Here is beauty and excitement and emotion, provided by the authors and played to the hilt by an expert and excellent cast. And here is advertising accomplished with forthright honesty and stimulating modesty.

SERVICE TO RADIO

RADIO STARS Magazine congratulates the Procter & Gamble Company on the vision and courage they needed to produce such a show. We congratulate, particularly, Lyricist Howard Dietz, Composer Arthur Schwartz, and Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper on having a part in the rearing of a pillar of progress in the art of broadcasting.

Because of this significant achievement, we present to "The Gibson Family" this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Curtis Mitchell





(Above) John Barclay, (right) at the age of five with his mother, baby sister and brother, at their country home in England.

Things always happen to JOHN BARCLAY

By Dora Albert

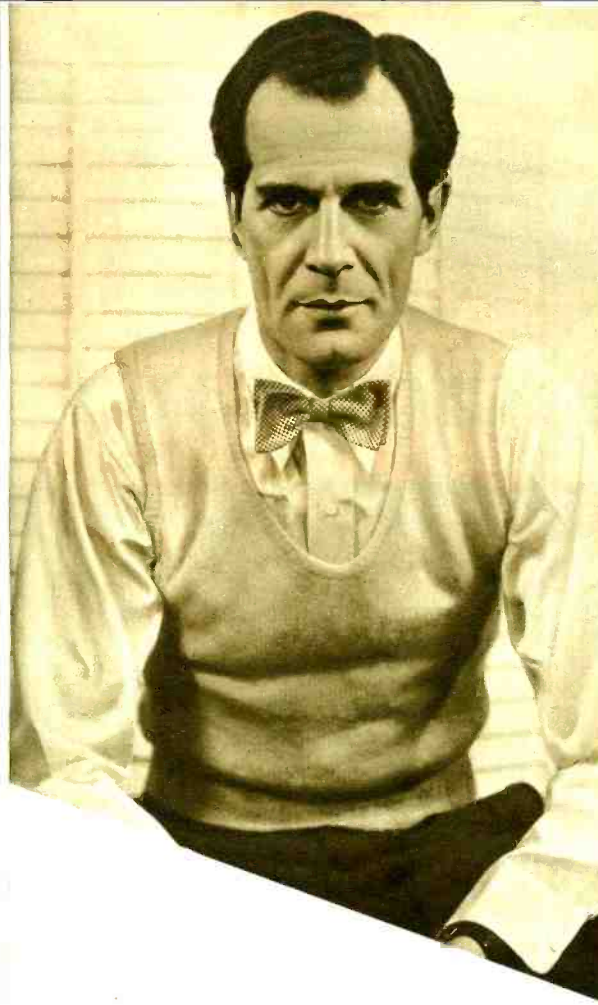
ARE YOU getting enough adventure into your life? Or are you fed up with a dull, monotonous round of existence in which nothing ever seems to happen?

If you are, you'll be interested in the secret of John Barclay, the leading actor on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre hour.

Things always happen to John Barclay. He's TNT. He's dynamite. Around him the very air seems to crackle. Never for a moment has his life been monotonous. He has traveled around the world, faced death on the Yellow

Sea, been in the War, been lost in a Chinese city, found romance, lost romance, found it again, and he has been on the stage, in opera and on the air. One year he may be sitting on top of the world and the next he may be completely broke. But never do the gods seem to decree that he must know the torture so many of us know of days following days without end and nothing ever happening.

Well, how can you get adventure into your life, as John Barclay has gotten it into his?



(Above, left) Barclay as he appears today. (Above, right) As you see, this leading actor of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre makes a most impressive looking, as well as sounding, Sir Joseph in "Pinafore."



I'll tell you. Fling caution to the winds, take a chance, laugh in the very teeth of death. If there are two ways of doing a thing, the safe, cautious way and the unplanned, dangerous way, do the reckless things. If your life hangs on a thread, throw the thread away. If your job doesn't appeal to you, chuck it and look for something else that does. If you're in a rut, jump out of it. If you haven't the money to travel first class, travel any way and see the world through a third-class porthole. Laugh at the gods. Defy your fate. Don't accept the meagre portion the

gods have doled out to you. Throw it away and demand more of them.

Mad, insane advice? Of course it is. But you were asking me how to get adventure into your life and I was telling you John Barclay's way. He was as mad as a hatter. Being born in Bletchingley, England, to security and position meant nothing to him. At sixteen he was very tall, six feet three in height, a veritable giant. Today he's still taller, towering over the other members of the Palmolive cast, as his life (Continued on page 76)

The pistol that killed Russ Columbo.

International News



THE LAST STORY OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND TRAGIC DEATH OF RUSS COLUMBO BY HIS FRIEND, WALTER RAMSEY

The TRAGIC DEATH of Russ Columbo



Freudlich

One of the latest pictures of Russ Columbo before the fatal night his life was so tragically snuffed out by a pistol in the hand of his closest friend, Lansing Brown of Hollywood.



J. B. Scott

Thousands mourned as his body, covered with a blanket of gardenias sent by Carole Lombard, was borne to the altar of the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard. Bing Crosby was one of the pall-bearers.



International News

The home of Lansing Brown in which Death so heartlessly slew the twenty-six-year-old boy who in eight months had achieved the success in work and love of which men dream.



International News

(Left) Lansing Brown, noted portrait photographer who held the dueling pistol that killed Russ Columbo. Lt. Page carries the antique pistols.

A CRUEL, unreasonable accident. . . ? Or the strange, relentless working of a destiny that was meant to be. . . ?

Sorrowfully, the radio and motion picture worlds ponder these two heart-breaking phases of the untimely passing of golden-voiced Russ Columbo.

On Sunday evening, September 2, the country was startled by the raucous voices of newsboys: "Russ Columbo Dies! Radio Crooner and Movie

Star Accidentally Shot By Lansing V. Brown, His Best Friend!" And then followed the details of what the Los Angeles police department called the most "incredible accident" on their files.

Two men . . . lifelong friends . . . talking . . . one of them casually playing with an old gun on his desk . . . an antique over 100 years old . . . many times previously he had sat in contemplation or conversation unconsciously pulling at the old trigger lock . . . now he takes a cigarette from his pocket for a light, he sticks a match on the

barrel of the gun in his hand . . . a sudden explosion! . . . a shot hits the top of his desk . . . ricochets . . . his friend slumps . . . "Russ you're kidding! . . . My God! . . . Mother . . . Dad" . . . and five hours later *Death!*

Could this be right? It is too cruel that a twenty-six-year-old boy who, in the past eight months, had achieved the success that all men dream of, *success in his work and success in love*, should be snuffed out by an accident so freakish that it insults the reason! This was the first horrified reaction.

And then as people in Hollywood who knew him and loved him talked of Russ in tear-choked voices you began to hear the word "Destiny" . . . "inescapable Fate." So many heartbreaking "ifs" were uncovered.

If Russ, himself, had not changed the hour and date of his current radio broadcast over a national hookup from Sunday evening to Friday evening, he would have been rehearsing at the hour the fatal bullet entered his brain, *If* Russ had



[Center] Carole Lombard, one of the chief mourners, her mother and Dr. Martin.



Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern attended the last rites for the famous and well-loved Russ.



Sally Blane and her mother were also mourners at the Columbo funeral services.



[Left] A very usual scene in the Columbo home—Russ, his mother and Dad spending an evening together. (Right, l. to r.) Alberto Columbo, brother, Joseph DiBenedetti, brother-in-law, John Columbo, brother, Mrs. DiBenedetti, sister, and Delmar Smith as they entered the church.



Photos by J. W. Scott

listened to the advice of his close friend, Lansing Brown, the very man who's pistol ended his life, he would have been in Chicago on Labor Day, September 3, beginning a six week's series of radio and public appearance programs that would have netted him \$7500 weekly! If Russ had not been so wrapped up in his newly-dawning career in motion pictures, he might have accepted the invitation of Carole Lombard to motor up to Lake Arrowhead and dine with her on Sunday evening. But the first Columbo starring picture for Universal, "Wake Up And Dream" had been previewed the previous Friday evening and Russ wanted to remain in town and talk over certain possible retakes on the film. If Lansing Brown had been toying with the mate to the old dueling gun that ended the career of his constant friend, even the match head would have

done no harm because the other gun contained powder, but no shot!

The second, and perhaps truest, reaction was that unexplainable and mysterious *Destiny* had ended the career of the boy so many people loved! Fatalists say "What is to be, will be, and man cannot change the Fate of his existence!"

In an understanding and sincere radio tribute to Russ the day following the tragedy, Rush Hughes, well known commentator and son of Rupert Hughes, said: "I cannot help but wonder if his death is sad, or a triumph, a triumph for a boy who knew the joys of victory, but didn't have to stay to know the shabbiness of defeat, the bitter days of striving to hang on to a glory that eventually slips away and eludes all men. In the past year Life generously paroled her greatest successes (Continued on page 83)



Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson

shirley howard

STORY looks always have a fairy godmother. But radio has the godfather—Rudy Vallee. Rudy has provided more seats for unknowns in the roster of fame than you can count on all ten of your fingers and toes.

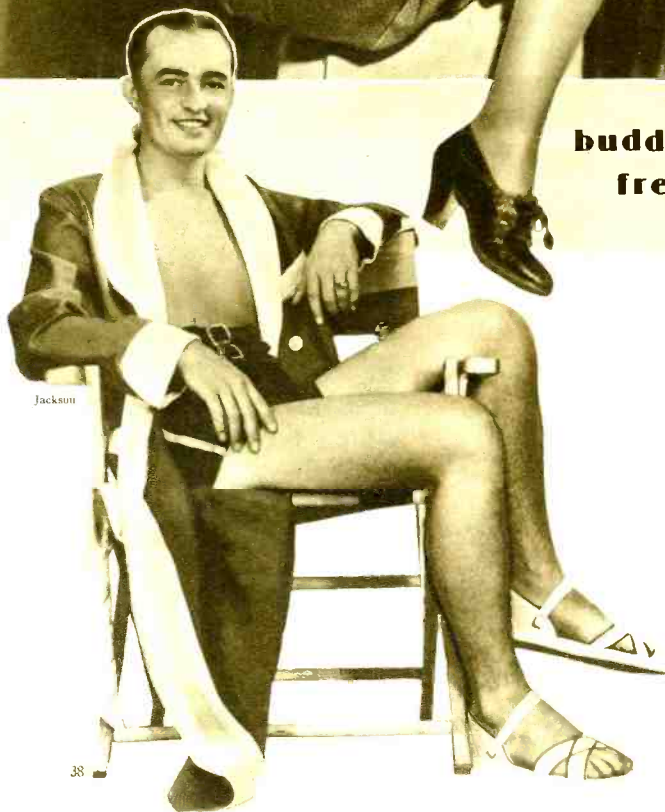
One of his latest contributions to the loudspeaker is the demure Miss pictured here, Shirley Howard. You all know her deep, deep contralto that warms the very cockles of your heart when you twirl the dial to the NBC network these winter evenings.

A few short months ago Shirley was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia. Her job was to listen to air-lamious and write about them. Little did she dream that one of the most important would listen to her. He did. At a social affair for which she had volunteered to sing. And that lucky incident unlocked the gates to fortune for this lovely lady.

CBS



**buddy and jeannie
freddie martin**



AT the top of the page you see that cute couple who remind you of budding romance. But it's Buddy Rogers and the charming little elf in his arms is a Missus—somebody else's. The gallant Buddy is assisting diminutive Jeannie Lang to reach the high notes and high mike to sell us song along with Ward's soft bread rolls.

That suave handsome gent so nonchalantly draped over the deck chair is your friend Freddie Martin who plays all the high-hat spots in the Big Town. Right now he's gaying up New York's St. Regis with his tricky dance arrangements which are guaranteed to put life into the dulllest feet. Tune in NBC for his program if you want to be pepped up.



carol deis

HOW would you like to ask Santa Claus for a piano and have him leave a typewriter in your stocking? It happened to Carol Deis. Pennies were scarce in the Deis household so Carol learned to play the typewriter and joined the arm of toiling girls who leave a half emptied cup of coffee on the table, powder their noses on the front steps and make a break-neck dash to catch the 8:20 to the office.

Then she won the Atwater Kent contest in 1931, and she has been climbing that golden ladder of fame ever since. Carol was prima donna of the recent CBS "Spotlight Revue." Now you hear her over NBC, sustaining for a short nonce.



McElliot



Ray Lee Jackson

Powell Press

(Above, extreme left) Rita Bell, the indigo singer who knows what it means to be blue. (Left) "When I was in China," but you'll have a hard time persuading Rita to talk, for terror played a great part in the Chinese sojourn.

(Above) She wasn't posing for a cigarette, either, when this was snapped in North Africa.

Taking in a "show" in an African village, where performers are bedecked in trophies of the hunt.

A little more to the taste of civilization were Rita's (right) experiences during the time she worked in Honolulu.



**By Maria
Mc Clelland**

TO THE WILDEST JUNGLES OF AFRICA AND INTO THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENT, RITA BELL WENT IN SEARCH OF A CAREER

YOU want to crash radio, do you? I wonder if you have the nerve. Yes, I mean nerve. Would you leave family and friends on a moment's notice to go on a wild-geese chase to strange, weird countries to accomplish your ambition? I wonder how many of us could honestly say yes? And, because I believe that number is very small, I want to tell you the whole thrilling story of one girl who would—and did. Her name is Rita Bell. She sings with Harold Stern and his Hotel Montclair orchestra over the NBC network, and she arrived at this job via New York, Paris, London, Africa, Berlin, Florida, California, China, Honolulu, Hollywood and back to New York. Five years ago, Rita Bell was just another average girl looking for a break in radio. Full of talent, ambition and hope, she was like thousands of other youngsters who

were storming the audition doors. But in spite of a darned good voice, in spite of an armful of letters from "important people," in spite of a dynamic personality and a figure like an exclamation point, Rita never got past the frigid stares of the studio hostesses. Instead of going back to the farm, disillusioned and disgusted, Rita determined to do something about it. Her only hope, she decided, lay outside of New York, which was already over-run with would-be singers. So she shook the dust of New York from her feet, tucked her bags under her arms, crossed her fingers for luck and hopped on a boat for Europe! Little did she dream that it was to be the first lap of an amazing journey—all in the name of career. The scene was different in Europe. They welcomed American performers and Rita managed to bluff her way

to several singing jobs in the smaller Paris stations. Then she went to London where she obtained work from time to time with the British Broadcasting System. One day the turning point in her life came in the person of a Mr. Schlessinger, representative of the African Theatres, Ltd., who visited the BBS studios while Rita was there waiting her turn to go on the air. And if she hadn't been a lively, peppy American girl with the American's natural "take-a-chance" attitude, she might have been too scared to take up his unusual offer, for out of a clear sky he asked how she would like to sing in Africa. Within three minutes after the proposition had been made, Rita Bell of New York signed a contract that was to take her to that continent. It was in Capetown, South Africa, that she first learned about radio and its workings, all about "mike" technique and about the fans' tastes. But in spite of the comfortable environment of the broadcasting studio, she managed to see the real Africa and all of its fascinating horrors. Once, for instance, a young officer from North Rhodesia invited her to go on a rhinoceros hunt across the river. "I was having a grand time," she told me, "enjoying the strange, wild beauty of the African jungles on either side of the narrow river, when suddenly I looked into the river and saw a sight which made me sick with fear. There, flapping along the boat, were droves of crocodiles, their cavernous mouths yawning and yapping significantly. I rushed to the other side of the launch, hoping to escape the sight, and again I looked right down into the horrible, gaping mounds. "Quaking with terror, I went to warn my friend. But to my surprise he laughed, saying, 'We're all used to

that now. Look at the other people in the party. They're not frightened!' I looked around and sure enough, the rest of the party were completely oblivious of the ugly creatures." "I asked one of the native sailors on the launch if the crocodiles ever molest humans crossing the river. "He shrugged his shoulders. "Sure, Missy," he replied nonchalantly, "but what can you do? Maybe we be lucky." "Well, I couldn't take such a casual attitude toward life. That trip was ruined for me." **B**UT, of course, there was her career to think of. You see, her African radio debut had gradually opened the doors to other foreign broadcasting stations. Gradually her programs simmered into several European countries. The idea of a young American girl singing in far-off Africa was too unusual to pass without comment. That's how it happened that she received an offer to sing in Berlin. So Africa with its weird customs was left behind for Europe again. Shortly after, she was back in the U. S. A. Florida wanted her. And not many months passed before she was in California, playing the theatres of Los Angeles and broadcasting over Station KXX. Her friends thought that by now she was settled and would be content to stay put. But she wasn't. A chance came to sing in—of all places—China! So she landed in Shanghai. Rita did her best to instill some American customs into the Chinese broadcasting situation, but didn't always succeed. For instance, while she was singing in one of the hotels she was offered a (Continued on page 100)

Radio's man of Mystery

THIS piece is going to be a mystery story! First, because it concerns *The Mystery Chef*—radio's third most popular performer. Second, because it has to do with a certain mysterious room.

Now, this room is a magic spot. It contains an iron box out of which fire blazes at the touch of a wand. On its walls hang caldrons and vessels for brewing strange mixtures. The shelves and bins are weighted with grains and spices from the six continents. And in the cupboard, smooth as a baby's cheek, reposes a magic wand.

It is a room like any other room when an ordinary person uses it. But when a wizard comes through the door and lights the fires and starts the bubbling and the boiling, then magic follows. A potent magic that sweetens the waters of life. A magic that can produce strong love, lasting friendship, devoted husbands, and children who prefer to stay at home.

The magic room—our room of mystery—is, as you may have guessed, the kitchen, any old kitchen. The iron box is everybody's stove. The wand, a rolling pin. The magic is cookery. Cookery, which the Mystery Chef asserts, is the most powerful force for human happiness.

"I have known people to fall in love, get married and live happily together—all because of a good meal or two," he said with a smile at his wife.

"I have known homes," he continued, "that were heading for the rocks and shoals of divorce to be saved by a half dozen good recipes.

"I have seen nodding acquaintances ripen into warm friends over a series of well-cooked dinners.

"We all know how business is accelerated by good cooking, how contacts are made, negotiations carried forward and contracts signed over the luncheon table.

"And I know of little brown hens whose rating in society, far below zero, suddenly popped above par and whose homes became everybody's favorite dropping-in place, when the little brown hens demonstrated that they were major cooks.

"Friendship, love and happy marriage, these, the most important things in life, often come and go depending on what emerges from that room of mysteries, the kitchen."

When he tells you these things, the Mystery Chef is not guessing, he is simply talking of what he knows, giving you facts as definite and indisputable as Forty-Second Street and Broadway. He knows the magic that cooking can accomplish from twenty-five years at the stove, from

thousands of conversations, and from 1,200,000 letters sent to him by radio admirers. Only two other persons on the air can boast as many.

These letters are true stories, confessions, outpourings of troubled and jubilant human beings who tell the Mystery Chef what's what in American homes. They come from husbands and wives, from school girls and rah-rah boys, from nine-year-old snivelers and ninety-year-old dodderers. "There were enough to cover the railroad tracks from here to Seattle. And some got in my eye and made me weep. A great many tickled me and made me laugh, like this one. . . ."

It was about a girl who was in love with an awfully nice fellow. And he was in love with her. But no wedding date was set and the engagement dragged and dragged. She told the Chef all about it in a letter, how her sweet-heart would come three or four times a week to eat the blue-ribbon dinners her mother cooked. And how that man loved to eat! One morning, sunk in the deep indigo blues she heard the Chef on the radio. He made cooking sound so easy, so fascinating that she got out a pencil, took down his recipes and walked into the kitchen.

That night the boy friend ate and ate, sighing with joy as he demolished a roast, three different vegetables, a salad, pie, coffee and trimmings. When there was nothing left on the battlefield but crumbs, he pushed back his chair, walked around the table and kissed the girl's mother smack on the cheek.

"Maw," he said rapturously, "that meal was a masterpiece. Them chips, them pies, them . . . them. . . ."

The old lady waved her hand impatiently. "Be yourself, Elmer! The kid cooked the dinner. I was at the movies all afternoon."

Well, you could have knocked him down with a butter pat. A month later, they were married. And if you doubt me, ask the Mystery Chef.

BUT how can you ask him if you don't know who he is—do I hear you inquire? Yes—who is he—who is this remarkable man—why the mystery? It's about time someone threw a little light on the subject, so here goes.

His name is John MacPherson; residence, New York; a bland, sandy, freckled Scot, big and braw; the brother of an English peer, and, until he took up cooking, one of London's most successful advertising men. When he came to this country years and years ago he stopped at

a boarding house where the cooking was so bad that he was driven, in self-defense, to take up cooking. And he has been cooking ever since. He has been married twenty-five years and his wife has yet to cook her first meal. Whether there be two or twenty guests for dinner, he prepares and cooks and serves all meals. What a break for Mrs. Mystery Chef MacPherson!

HE wears no mask but he hides his identity because his mother, who died recently, did not like the idea of a son of her's laddling out recipes to the public. As a point of fact, this man of mystery has done more to take the mask off cookery than any other living chef or domestic science authority. He has mastered the art of teaching in words of one syllable. Each syllable, in his case, being packed with information and wisdom.

The Mystery Chef knows the recipes of almost every dish eaten by civilized man. "I have in my possession, among others, over two hundred recipes of the world's great men," he told me. The list of recipe inventors includes Luther Burliank, Lord Balfour, George Eastman, King Edward VII, Steinmetz, Clemenceau and many others of equal rank.

Shut up in his head are ten thousand recipes for food, rare and commonplace, but he has other recipes, too—the kind not usually found in cook books. He has recipes for the happy life. "To be a good cook," he said, "you must go into the kitchen with love in your heart for what you are about to do and for the people who will eat your cooking. It is the most important ingredient of any recipe."

Not so long ago he got a letter from a woman who told how skillful management of her kitchen, following the Mystery Chef formula, had carried her husband and herself through the depression doldrums. She spoke of how her husband suffered because of his failure to find a job. He was becoming desperate and nothing that she could say seemed to help. Up to that time she had been a fair, run-of-the-mill cook. But those days, weeks and months of her husband's ordeal, she shut herself up in the kitchen and by dint of prayer, power of love and tips from the Mystery Chef accomplished magic. She poured herself into the pots and roasters—with a hawk's eye on the expense. And she got across to her man, dish by dish, the message that nothing else mattered, neither money, house nor job except the fact that they were both

alive and in love with each other now and forever.

What are the most valuable things in life, asks the Mystery Chef? *Memories* is the answer. What are our most precious memories? The memories of home. Are they not wrapped up in pies and cookies and Sunday chicken. The cake that mother used to make. The turkey we used to eat on Thanksgiving. The shining table . . . the faces of pa and ma . . . all when we were young and without a care.

No greater enthusiast for the magic and mysterious room exists than the Mystery Chef. But he is no advocate of the old-fashioned system under which women sweated hours and hours at the stove. He is constantly warning against such methods and giving hints on how to avoid overwork when guests are expected.

For example, he has discovered a way of preparing grape fruit two days in advance. And a system of pie baking that is equally ingenious and labor-saving. The pie is made in three sections: crust, fruit and whipped cream. The first two can be made twenty-four hours before the guests are expected and put together with the whipped cream in five minutes.

After giving a recipe for baked fish, he says, "Fish that has been cooked according to my recipe can be put in the icbox and reheated when required.

What a man! He is not in a flutter when guests arrive. He doesn't sit down one eye, one ear and one nostril trained on the cooking department. No indeed and no, no no! Everything is set when they arrive. He is free to attend to his guests. His meal smokes on the table before the cocktails are consumed. And before the first fork descends into the hors d'oeuvre he is in his chair. What is more he is as fresh and unweary as the guests.

"Your table is a stage," the Mystery Chef declares. "It should have its spectacle every night." He doesn't mean fancy gewgaws. He means a spectacle that will make your tummy applaud.

Ostrich plumes, bicycles, bustles, hips, wasp waists and all of the other things of the gay nineties are back a la mode. Cooking is due for a revival. It used to be *Come out of the kitchen!* It's going to be *Go back!* A million and a quarter writers of letters to the Mystery Chef represent a trend and a demand. So tiptoe out of the parlor and into the magic room, wave the wand and win for yourself all the solid and spiritual things essential to a pleasant human existence.

THE MOST POWERFUL FORCES FOR HUMAN HAPPINESS—FRIENDSHIP,

LOVE, MARRIAGE—COME OUT OF THE MAGIC ROOM OF THIS WIZARD

RADIO SAVES

Lives

By Mary Jacobs

"It's just time in for awhile," said Mrs. Ama Smith of Newcomb, New York, wearily, to her husband. "Maybe there'll be a snappy jazz band or a bit of comedy. I could stand a little cheering up sittin' around and waiting for my leg to heal. Can you imagine a little pup like that biting so deep? Drat the dog!"

It's a lucky thing Mrs. Smith did tune in, for the chance broadcast from station WGY of Schenectady saved her life. Radio is a strange instrument. It reaches into the far corners of the globe and in a funny, zigzag course maps out human destinies. Quite unintentionally, it seems. Perhaps it will be you to be singled out today or tomorrow.

You doubt it? A seemingly irrelevant broadcast has, more than once, changed a person's life. A whole family's existence. Radio has warned people of onrushing floods. It has prevented suicides. Caused them, too. Romances have been patched up. Abandoned and helpless children found homes. Radio has acted as a doctor by proxy, and cheated death.

To return to Mrs. Smith, nursing her dog-bitten leg. The broadcast warned that a dog, answering the exact description of the pup which had bitten her, was at large and that it had rabies. Anyone bitten by that pup was to visit a doctor immediately and undergo the famous Pasteur treatment if he wanted to remain on this earth. A bite from a mad dog, as you know, usually proves fatal.

In less time than it has taken me to write this, Mrs. Smith and her husband were on their way to the doctor's. Today Mrs. Smith is alive and healthy.

Radio has proved a life-saver in numerous other ways. Particularly has it guided young boys and girls, torn by conflicting emotions and half-crazy with worry.

I'm not talking of radio's power to keep us amused and entertained, to keep boys and girls off the street corners, out of mischief, provide them with good, clean fun in their homes. Oh, no. I'm just thinking of how chance radio programs have often filled a terrific need.

Even the lowly comedian may be master of someone's destiny, through radio. So Jack Pearl learned last week, for one of his silliest, most egotistical sallies helped a poor, bewildered girl start anew in life.

Maybe you recall the skit.

Baron Munchausen is telling Charlie of his mother, who, he says, always loved him in spite of his faults and errors. Who, in fact, did something no other woman achieved.

"God bless my mother," the Baron says.

"God bless my mother," Charlie repeats.

"I said it first," counters the Baron. So Charlie says, "God bless all mothers."

The Baron adds, "But my mother a little more."

The thing his mother did that no other mother had done—you guessed it—was to bring him into the world!

The Baron forgot the skit. It was just another group of gags that had gone over.

When a week ago, a young lady came to see him. She admitted to his secretary that he didn't know her from Adam, but she just *had* to see him.

HER'S was the same old tale. An eager, young girl who had grabbed at romance in the form of a shoddy love affair with a married man. Before she realized what she was doing, she had run away with him. Now she didn't dare return to her home. But she wanted to go back so badly.



THE PROGRAM THAT GIVES
YOU A HEADACHE, PRE-
VENTS YOUR NEIGHBOR
FROM MURDER AND SUICIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WELCH

She had listlessly tuned in on the Baron's program, heard his skit on mothers. It flashed through her mind that her mother was like his—her mother loved her, believed in her, would be willing to forgive her sin. Her mother might even welcome her.

She decided to go. Back home she went. Her mother cried with joy at seeing her and having her again. The girl is happy now at home.

Have you ever heard of a radio broadcast that nipped a first-class murder in the bud?

It centers about a middle-aged woman who lives in Paterson, New Jersey, her eighteen year old daughter, Janet, and her divorced husband, who lives in Chicago. And about a broadcast of Cheerio's. I'll tell it to you just as Janet told it to me.

Her mother divorced her father when she was a tot. He, with a reputation not of the best, went west. For years they had never heard from him. Then recently he came to Paterson and told horrible lies about the mother to Janet and their friends. Janet felt she should tell her mother, who listened calmly enough and laughed it off. But deep in her heart she brooded over what had happened. Her husband had ruined her life; now he had come back and blackened her character to her daughter and her friends. He had tried to tear down what had taken her years to build up. She became obsessed with the idea of revenge.

She'd fix him, close his lying mouth forever. She would kill him. She bought an automatic, packed it in her overnight bag, and bought a ticket for Chicago. There was quite a time before her train pulled in. Someone's radio was on full blast in a car nearby. She was in no mood for programs, but she couldn't help hearing this one.

It was Cheerio. He spoke of the foolishness of revenge. Said that God, the Almighty Avenger, takes care of everything in his own way, manages to even up the scales of Justice. That those of us who seek revenge usually discover it's a boom-rang. We pay for one moment's satisfaction with years of regret.

WHY! the crime she was planning would turn out just that way. She'd kill her ex-husband, but what then? Years in jail

for her; notoriety for her loved ones; absolute ruin for her daughter. That voice over the radio brought her back to her senses. Blotting out all ideas of revenge from her mind, she returned home to seek peace and contentment once more.

Then there's the story of how radio mapped out the destiny of little Wendy Gay Perkins, even before she was born. Little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Wendy has ruled the Perkins' home for over two-and-a-half years now. She's the adopted daughter of Ray Perkins, comedian, songster and master of ceremonies at NBC.

Let's go back to April, 1932, when Ray was featured thrice weekly over the NBC network. He was having a swell time cracking jokes, singing and carrying on in general. So were we, listening in and laughing—all of us, except two young people who sat, lonely and heartsick, in a cheap, two-room flat in uptown New York. They certainly had nothing to laugh about. Life was a cruel joke to this young couple. Married. Broke. Jobless. With a baby due almost any day. They had become accustomed to privation, since the boy lost his job. But how could you bring a sweet, cuddly baby into the world to starve? They'd just have to find someone to take it. They couldn't bear sending it to an orphan asylum, like a common foundling.

To forget his troubles, the young man tuned in. They heard the studio audience laugh at Ray Perkins' sallies. "Darn that fellow," the young man muttered. "A lot he's got to worry about, with a gorgeous home, a nice son and plenty of money. I'm turning him off, Bale."

But the germ of an idea had been created in his wife's mind. Perkins had so much, maybe he'd be willing to take their baby. She sat down and wrote to Ray Perkins. So pleading and so full of heartbreak that he answered the letter, that he answered it in person.

WHEN the baby was a few months old Ray Perkins adopted it and he and Mrs. Perkins are raising it as they would their own. The real parents remain forever grateful to radio and Ray Perkins who has provided their child with a home, love and all the advantages of wealth.

Elsie Hitz learned quite recently, that radio does move in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. She knows a young man who owes his sanity to radio.

Awhile ago, when she was playing the lead in the "Dangerous Paradise" series, she began receiving hot love letters from a young man in Philadelphia. Let's call him Jim—obviously we can't use his right name.

Plenty of young men fall in love with Elsie Hitz's voice and send her love letters, so as with the rest, she disregarded this one. Came others. Each week this young man's notes became more burning. He evidently needed no encouragement.

One morning she received a letter from a physician in Philadelphia, this boy's family doctor. He explained that he was going to make a very unusual request, because he

saw no other way out. Would she please answer this love-sick boy and invite him down to New York for a day? The young man, he explained, was an engineering student who had had a nervous breakdown. In spite of everything his family tried to do, in spite of all he (the doctor) had done, the boy remained listless, extremely nervous and wanted to die. There was nothing for which to live. Except Elsie Hitz's dramatic programs. They were his one escape from reality and from the overwhelming sense of futility that oppressed him. He was the hero who rescued his lady fair from the clutches of the villain, who grabbed her to safety the instant before her horse leaped down the precipice.

The doctor felt meeting his idol, together with the thrill of meeting radio stars, might wake Jim up, shock him back into normality. Miss Hitz might even be able to persuade him to go back to school, convince him that life held something worth fighting for.

Elsie Hitz invited the young man down. Met him at the train with her car, drove him around all day, introduced him to big shots in radio. He was thrilled. She even slipped him the money to pay for the dinner, so he could feel like a big shot himself. And she spoke to him, straight from the shoulder. Told him to buck up. To go back to school. To forget his troubles. How could he dream of romance before he had a profession, before he could support himself and a girl?

He agreed to give it a try. So far, it has worked beautifully. He's well on the road to recovery. But he doesn't know till this day that the chauffeur who drove him and his beloved around all day long was Elsie Hitz's husband, who saw and heard all and said nothing.

I know of another time when radio proved a life-saver. Really more than a life-saver to an old, weary, heartsick couple in Glassboro, New Jersey. A Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Eisenhower. In Glassboro they had bought a modest home, and raised their brood of four sons. They planned to live out their days peacefully there.

Came the Depression—with a capital D. The old folks (they were married sixty years) mortgaged their little home. That was bad enough. But when it came time to pay off the mortgage, they didn't have enough to pay the interest on the \$1400 due. They appealed to all their sons. Three weren't in a position to help them. Their fourth son, Harry, hadn't even bothered to answer their tearful pleas. I think that hurt more than the fact that they were going to lose their home.

How could they know that Harry had moved to Middleport, New York, and had never received their letters?

The house was to be sold at a sheriff's sale at three o'clock September 27. After all these years together they would be homeless, outcast-penniless. Where could they go? What could they do?

But a little old battery-set radio saved the day. At noon their son Harry arrived with his wife. There was no sale of his parents' home that day. No sir. He saw to that.

"I didn't know anything about these goings on," he explained. "Ma and pa don't write very often. You know how it is. This morning, at breakfast, my wife tuned in the old set on a broadcast that described land being auctioned off over here. I almost swallowed my fork when I heard our old home was up for sale."

Now do you wonder that radio is considered a life-saver? As you see, one can never tell who will be next to encounter a tremendous problem. It may be you—with the far-reaching voice of radio to your rescue.





Yes, it's Kate and her manager, the clever Ted Collins.

By Bland Mulholland

THE BRIGHT NEW FEATHER IN KATE SMITH'S CAP

THIS FAMED SONGSTRESS BLAZES NEW TRAILS IN RADIO

WHEN you've listened to Kate Smith's Matinee from three to four on Wednesdays, that grand program which was inaugurated on September 12, you may have noticed that the merits of no commercial product were dinned into your ears.

And there won't be on any future Kate Smith Matinees. Because the program already has a sponsor and it's not for sale to any national advertiser.

The sponsor is the Columbia Broadcasting System and it's the first time in the history of radio that a star has been sponsored by a chain! Which means that William Paley, head of CBS, is willing to pay Kate Smith the big salary her popularity demands rather than allow some advertiser to take over the program and pay her that salary.

Why should Columbia spend all that money? Remem-

ber that usually such programs are built up with the hope that they will graduate from sustaining to commercial, thereby taking the burden of their expense from the shoulders of the chain, besides bringing in huge revenue for the sale of the time itself.

The reason for Mr. Paley's revolutionary move is his far-seeing effort to eradicate the most glaring and unfortunate weakness in the structure of the broadcasting business. And the fact that he has chosen Kate Smith to pioneer in the elimination of that weakness is a bright new feather in her already crowded cap. There's a story of struggle and perseverance behind Kate's victory.

Several months ago RADIO STARS told you about her vaudeville tour, which started out to last six weeks and ended up as a six months' (Continued on page 96)

MEN are SAPS

By Mary Jacobs

DEILAH made a monkey out of Samson. Josephine made a fool of Napoleon. Cleopatra greased the skids for Marc Antony, protesting all the time that she loved him. And a modern blonde and a brunette took the sweet-singing Everett Marshall for two of those buggy rides you read about.

You'd think that nowadays in the sophisticated world in which we live that young men would be too wise to allow a girl to make saps out of them, that they would weigh the little woman pretty carefully before they signed up for life.

But it isn't so—not with the majority of men. And it wasn't so with Everett Marshall, of opera, stage and radio fame.

The first girl to entangle his heart was Mary Ann, a blue-eyed, honey of a girl who'd make any man's heart skip a beat. If underneath those adorable blonde curls Mary hid a calculating nature, eighteen-year-old Everett was too naive about women to realize it.

Let's go back to the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, where freckle-faced Everett Marshall lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Bending over his back-breaking job of laying tracks in the chain gang of the Boston and Maine Railroad, he dreamed of the day when he would be a Metropolitan Opera star. And each Sunday he came one step closer to his world of golden dreams, for dressed in his finest he went to sing in the weekly concert at the Worcester Music Academy.

One day there was a new girl at the piano, a bright, blue-eyed bit of a girl, with a turned-up nose. She wasn't



THERE ARE SOME THINGS
WHICH MEN NEVER LEARN
FROM EXPERIENCE—AND
THAT'S ABOUT WOMEN.
TWICE EVERETT MARSHALL
HAS ALMOST SACRIFICED
HIS CAREER TO FEMINE
CAPRICE

(Left) Everett Marshall before the mike rehersing with Victor Young's orchestra for the recent "Spotlight Revue." The pretty Miss in the rocking chair with her knitting is Carol Deis, prima donna of the same show. (Insert) a closeup of the baritone.

slow in noticing this handsome, though gawky, young Everett in his stiffly pressed blue serge. He was such a shy and timid kid who had made no real friends, because he felt he didn't belong. When Mary Ann smiled, his whole world changed.

Together they walked home from the concert. Every look of Mary Ann's, every softly spoken word, told him the thing no girl had even hinted before. She liked him!

That Sunday marked the beginning of four long years of paradise for Everett. Now he had someone who cared. Someone besides himself to work for. Finally, when he was promoted to an office job at thirty dollars a week, he spoke to his sweetheart about plans for the future.

"Marv," he said, "you know how I feel about you. You're bound up with all my dreams of the future. Everybody's been urging me to go to New York and develop my voice. I've saved up enough to take vocal lessons for a little while, so why can't we get married now and go to New York, where I can get some sort of a chance at music? You know there's nothing doing here."

Mary turned blazing eyes on him. "Go to New York?" she asked. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to say you are ready to give up a good job with a regular salary to take a chance on music? Look at all the men with voices better than yours who never got anywhere! What makes you so sure you'd do well in New York? And what do you think I'll live on while we're in New York—peanuts? If you want to marry me we'll stay right here."

"I guess you're right," he (Continued on page 93)

Gadding about with

our candid camera



(Left) They look as if it's hard work, don't they? George Price, left, and Announcer Paul Douglas (right).

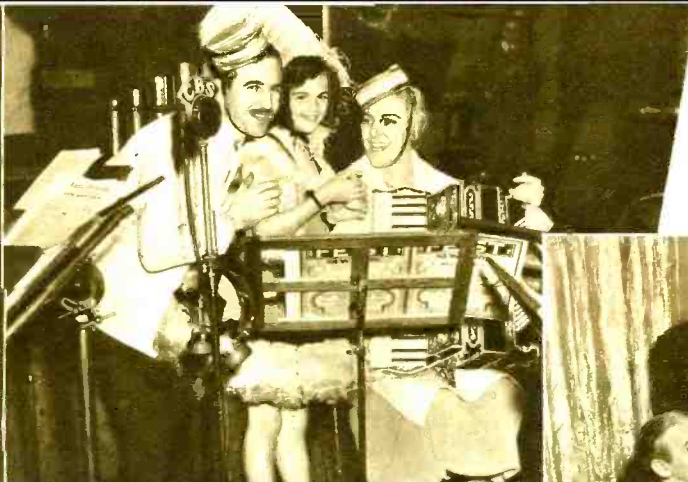


(Above, left) From Phil Ducey's expression, he's baritoneing a love song straight from his heart. (Above, right) "While Rome Burns" Woolcott, who, as you know, is an author and radio celebrity, now comes out in the movies. "Gift of Gab," a Universal production, is his first.

IF TELEVISION COMES—YOU'LL NEVER GET SHOTS LIKE THESE



(Above, left) Helen Jepson, of the Kraft program, is the latest radio songbird to fly to the Metropolitan Opera. (Above right) Dick Powell's leading lady of the air, Rowena Williams, victor in a nation-wide songstress contest. You hear her on the Campbell program, "Hollywood Hotel," CBS. (Right) We've heard that Grace Hayes is changing her name shortly to Mrs. Newell Chase. He's the pianist who accompanies her lovely soprano over NBC.



(Left) With these three on the air, you've got the Dixie Circus, a recent CBS program. Frank Novak, band leader, ten-year-old Betty Rice, and Clementine Heine-man, accordion player.



(Above) Who doesn't know them? Walter Winchell, Abe Lyman, Ruth Eting and Edward G. Robinson. (Below) Lennie Hayton, James Melton, Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen.



(Above) Ethel Ponce, WLW humming bird, visiting behind the scenes at Ringling Brothers Circus. (Below) Ralph Kirbary, the Dream Singer over NBC, after a long day of hunting.



(Left) Amos without Andy. These fish came from Alaskan waters, he says. And since it's Amos and not Andy who's telling the fish story, we believe it. Amos—Freeman Gosden to his missus—is back after his first vacation in eight years. Andy was galavanting around Europe while away.



(Right) A couple of black-faces gone white—Molasses and January. The handsome Molasses, left, is Pick Malone and January is Pat Padgett.



A COAT FOR A

Queen

By Helen Hover



THE PRIZE—is this luxurious black moire caracul coat with its imperial silver fox collar, modelled by Vivienne Segal. Notice the sleek, lustrous caracul made of selected pelts and the sumptuous silver fox collar. It has that svelte, fitted line that makes any girl look slim and chic for it has been fashioned by special design and with the expert workmanship which go into the creation of all I. J. Fox coats.

YOU CAN READ, CAN'T YOU? YOU CAN WRITE. THEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD CHANCE TO WIN THIS \$495.00 FUR COAT FOR YOURSELF!



Among models favored by stars are the coats on this page, also designed by I. J. Fox. (Above) Don't you just love the casual sportiness of this three-quarter length leopard coat worn by Ramona, of Paul Whiteman's program? (Below) Or this tricky silver kidskin Rosemary Lane prefers.



(Above) Shirley Howard, NBC songstress, brings out the full dramatic beauty of this mink coat fashioned on simple but elegant lines. (Below) This Manchurian ermine on lovely Frances Langford, warbler over NBC, achieves a gay nonchalance with its swagger lines and full sleeves.



RULES

1. This contest is open to all residents of the United States and Canada, excepting employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and I. J. Fox, Inc.
2. All entries must be mailed before midnight, November 30, 1934.
3. Each letter shall be 100 words or less in length.
4. First prize will be the \$495.00 I. J. Fox fur coat.
5. Prize winning entry will be that letter which gives the best answer to the question: Do I object to advertising on the air? Why or why not?
6. In case two or more letters are judged to be tied for first place, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

SOME lucky lass or lady will own it a month from today. Thirty days or less from the time you read these words, somebody's mother, sister, or daughter will be sporting a \$495 I. J. Fox fur coat just like the ritziest radio stars wear.

If you're on your toes, there is a good chance for that Miss Somebody to be you!

You! Actually! With the silver fox collar cuddling 'round your neck. With the moire caracul fur keeping you cozy on the coldest days. This is no run of the mill winter wrap, mind you. It is one of the glamor-styled creations from I. J. Fox, furrier, whose stores span the continent. Its the same sort of coat he sells to Radio Row's smartest dressers. And don't forget the flattering silhouette that's been designed into this marvelous model. You can use it, whether you're a perfect thirty-six, a Girl Scout, or a stylish stout.

Here is the way to win this \$495.00 coat:

Write a letter to the Coat Contest Editor, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Answer this question: Do I object to advertising on the air? Why, or why not?

Write your answer in 100 words or less.

Sign your (Continued on page 81)

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

This is the story of a man who loathed his work for twenty-two years.

And finally made the thing he loved pay him rich dividends.

I'm talking of Albert Payson Terhune, whom you hear on the air every Sunday afternoon telling his amazing stories of dog heroism. His job, you know, is raising dogs, writing about them, talking about them and loving them. And I don't know any other job in the world like it.

He knows more astonishing facts about dogs than any other human. For instance he knows that dogs have better memories than elephants, that they have a keener sense of intuition than women. A dog two years old has several times as much sense and education as a child of two. He claims that dogs can read your moods and work problems that call for reasoning. They can distinguish the engine throbs of a car a mile away.

Yet he has never known a dog that had enough sense to unwind his chain when he had tangled it or a dog with brains enough to lay a stick on the hearth when the fire

(Below, left) Albert Payson Terhune, noted author of dog stories that have brought thrills and throat catches to millions of animal lovers.
(Below) With two of his prize winners.

DID—UNTIL A DOG LED HIM TO CONTENTMENT AND WORLD-WIDE FAME

was dying. He doesn't know why dogs have this queer blend of super and subhuman intelligence, but he swears that they do.

But before I tell you some of his amazing experiences in dogdom I want you to know a little about this six foot two inch giant who has devoted his life to his four-footed friends.

As those of us who listened-in on one of his first radio broadcasts realize, Albert Payson Terhune wasn't always so thoughtful of dogs. Once he was a mischievous boy with all the unconscious cruelty of youth. Let's go back to an incident that took place over half a century ago, when Terhune, a child of six, was playing on the front steps at Sunnybank Farm. Romping in the gravel path before him were three pudgy, flop-eared pointer pups, blissfully content. Suddenly an idea struck the youngster. Grabbing the pup nearest him he took a firm hold on its ears and swung it back and forth, higher and higher. It was grand sport! The puppy emitted such loud yelps of pain and terror!

From nowhere the elder Terhune appeared. Without a word he released the pointer pup from his son's grasp and gently placed it back with its brothers. Then, turning quickly, he picked young Albert up by his ears and swung him back and forth, pendulum style, just as Albert had swung the puppy.

Three times he swung him back and forth through the air, the child's screams shattering the stillness of the atmosphere like a blast. Then, as unexpectedly as he had come, the father disappeared into the house, leaving his son sobbing with pain. And bewilderment, for his tiny world had collapsed. His kind, good father, who

had never harmed anyone, had deliberately tortured him and his young mind couldn't grasp the situation.

SUDDENLY, he felt something soft and warm nestling up to him, felt a hot little tongue licking at his hands and his feet, timidly touching his face. He heard a queer grunting sound of sympathy, accompanied by light pats of the forepaw. The pup, the very one he had hurt so dreadfully, was trying to comfort him, to ease his pain. In a flash he understood. It dawned on him that he was suffering what the little pointer had suffered; that he had tortured the puppy exactly as his father had tortured him. Why, he could learn more from that dog than it could learn from him. It forgave him his cruelty, was loyal even through abuse.

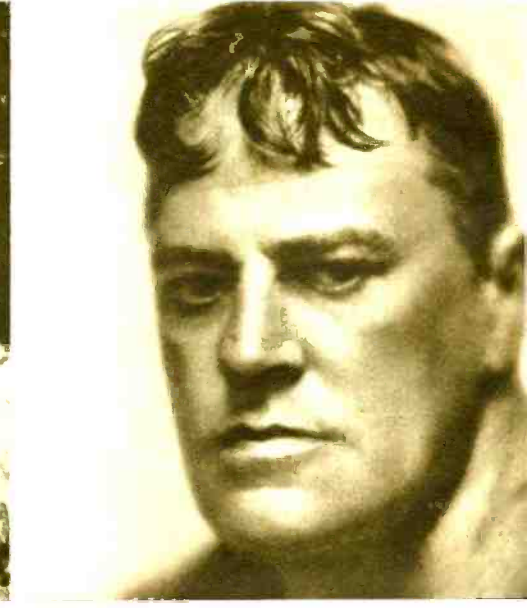
Since then he has been a dog-lover and student, but for twenty-two years he did not realize that he could turn his hobby into cold cash. Instead, he was pushed into a field he hated—newspaper work. When he was a young man of twenty-two, a friend got him a job as a cub reporter on the old *New York Evening World*, and there he stayed for twenty-two years, detesting it all the time. In fact, he might have been fired from his work early in his career except for an accident.

Mistaken for a detective by a group of strikers while he was still very green, he was beaten and assaulted. When they discovered their error, they were so ashamed that to square matters they gave him every scoop available and his editor marveled at the dumb cub reporter who so rapidly developed into a brilliant newspaper man.

Just before the War he got up enough courage to leave newspaper work, hoping to earn (Continued on page 42)

(Below) An early morning trek across the fields of Sunnybank at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where Terhune raises his blue ribbon collies, known the land over.

(Below) A study portrait of Albert Payson Terhune, who was delayed for twenty-two dreary years in realizing his life ambition. You can tune him in each Sunday afternoon at four over NBC.



... EIGHT! NINE! TEN! The Winnah! In fact Miss Ethel Sale of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has such a punch in her two straight forward questions about radio artists that she had Uncle Answer Man groggy for days at the sheer simplicity of her interrogation. Thus does Ethel win the \$5.00 from RADIO STARS.

And V. R. Behm of Waterbury, Connecticut delivers a nice telling body blow. So the \$3.00 goes to the Behm family.

Furthermore, that snappy little rabbit punch which is packed by Virginia Palmer-Ball of Louisville, Kentucky, isn't so bad either. That little sock, lady, is going to cost the Answer Man \$2.00 more and is he glad to give it.

Thus is RADIO STARS' Uncle Answer Man so pleased by people who do not: (1) Ask for personal replies to their questions; (2) Ask for addresses of radio artists; (3) Ask about non-network stars; (4) Ask their questions he answered in the next issue; (5) Ask questions which have been answered an issue or two before, and (6) Ask more than two questions. He's so pleased he's glad to fling money about to worthy inquisitors.

As for the Distinguished Service Award to Uncle Answer Man, the editor says, "No!" So that's that.

Looka! Here's how straightforward Miss Sale is:

Question 1. Does Marion in "Smackout" program impregnate all female parts?

A. You betcha.

Question 2. Does Jim in same program impregnate all male parts?

A. I'll betcha this time. Both do.

And here's the Behm conciseness:

Question 1. What happened to Tim and Irene of the "Carefree Carnival?"

A. Casually. Uncle Answer Man would suggest turning the tuner-inner of your set to any one of the NBC blue network stations which carry the program "Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show" Tuesday nights at 10:30. Sorry that the station list is unavailable.

Now for the clarity of Virginia Palmer-Ball:

Question 1. On what stations may the "Ivory Stamp Club" be heard?

A. That's easy. WJZ, New York, only.

Question 2. Where did first Byrd broadcast originate?

UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS



The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke, go into the kitchen.

A. If, Virginia Palmer-Ball, you mean the first sponsored Byrd broadcast, it was from the flagship *S. S. Jacob Ruppert* in the Pacific Ocean, en route to New Zealand. That broadcast took place November 17, 1933. But if you mean the first non-sponsored broadcast, of this series, it was from the *Jacob Ruppert* tied up at her pier at Boston, Massachusetts, about six weeks before the Pacific program.

And now, peepul, having seen how nice and easy questions can be made for your poor, tired Uncle Answer Man, we'll continue with the rest.

Q. Are any parts of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre or Campana's Little Theatre off Times Square, electrically transcribed?

A. You mean are they on records? Yup. But it's only the sound effects of the lobby in the first case and the street noises in the second case. So they tell me at NBC, anyhow.

Q. What are the names of Bing Crosby's twins?

A. Hey now, that ain't fair, two timing me by putting two questions into one like that. Oh, all right! They are Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, born in July, and just to forestall any

further questions about the Crosby progeny, his first baby was Gary Evan, born June 27, 1933. You bet Bing's proud!

Q. Is Tiny Ruffner of Show Boat fame married; A father of children; over six feet four inches? And how old is he?

A. Wow! Wotta order. Well, he's old enough to know better, which he does. He was born November 8, 1899. He has no children—yet. He is six feet four and one-half inches tall.

Q. What's happened to the Landt Trio and White?

A. Waddye mean what's happened to 'em? Don't you listen to them on the NBC, WJZ-blue network every morning except Sunday at 8:15? You don't, eh? Well rise and shine, folks, rise and shine.

Q. When was Annette Hanshaw born?

A. Betcha those who asked that want to cast her horoscope. Well, it was October 18, 1910.

Q. Is Carefree Carnival sponsored?

A. Nope.

Q. How old is Harriet Hilliard?

A. Twenty-three. July 18th is her birthday.

EXTRA! EXTRA! ANSWER MAN'S SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS COLLECT!

Lanny Ross

TURNS M. C.

**LADIES AND GENTS, ARE YOU HEP TO THE
HOT NEWS ON THE KILOCYCLE FRONTIER?**

IT concerns Lanny Ross, star of Show Boat and the new movie called "College Rhythm."

Briefly, Lanny Ross has turned m. c.

So what is an m. c.? Well, it's an important sort of fellow who keeps the ball rolling, the spirit soaring and the music on the up-beat. It's an important sort of fellow who can sing, soothe and satisfy with both hands tied behind him. It's a sort of important person who has what the girls call "them" and the boys call "schmaltz." An m. c. is a master of ceremonies . . . and that is Lanny's latest job on the jim-jammed ether avenues.

His sponsor is Log Cabin Syrup and his show is called "Lanny Ross and His Log Cabin Inn," featuring his Log Cabin Orchestra. And what an Inn. It's a sit-me-down hangout for the real blue bloods of society and the stage. With as bon-tonny an atmosphere as ever trickled through your loudspeaker, with a velvet-voiced orchestra and a brand new hatful of tricks, Lanny Ross bids fair to make all America Log Cabin Inn conscious.

If your Wednesday nights need needling tune in to the WJZ blue network of NBC and get that lift. Many a gay couple is making the Inn their radio rendezvous . . . and don't be surprised if you run into some of your old friends from RADIO STARS Magazine. We'll be there, too.

Here are the stations to tune to and the time to do it:

7:30 p. m.—WENR-WLS, Chicago;
KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO,
Des Moines; KOH, Omaha-
Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas
City.

8:30 p. m.—WJZ, New York;
WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL,
Washington; WSYR, Syracuse;
WHAM, Rochester; KDKA,
Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland;
KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los
Angeles; WCKY, Covington;
WJR, Detroit; KGW, Portland,
Ore.; (Continued on page 70)



(Right) No, this picture isn't indicative of one of those English games. Rather it's a means of preventing arguments and aims at perfect mike technique at the same time, for the carpets are squared off and numbered to remind performers of their exact positions before BBC microphones. (Below) Danny Malone, Irish tenor, who came over the seas to sing to you via NBC.



Wide World

"I LISTEN IN LONDON"



Wide World



(Left) Would you recognize this as a microphone? That's what they call it in England. And the dark musician is one of Duke Ellington's boys. Remember how the British warmed up to their Harlem jazz?

**By Hope
Hale**

SH-H-H-H... Turn down the wireless. Don't let the loudspeaker blare forth our secret to the cop on the beat. (Pardon me, I mean the bobby on point duty.)

No, I am not listening to the propaganda broadcasts in the English language from the U.S.S.R. I couldn't get them any more, if I tried. Somebody else has taken care of that little matter.

Why all the mystery, then? Isn't England the land of traditional freedom?

This is my secret and this is my crime: I have not paid my ten-shilling wireless license tax. I am a 'pirate.' I am one of two million who listen-in, very quietly, whose neighbors would thank the gods of piracy if they knew.

But they do not know. We have not even an aerial to point to our misled. People don't have outside aerials in London. It's not allowed. It doesn't look nice.

Six million people in England, though, are not pirates. They each pay their license fee of about two dollars and a half each year. And that's not all they pay. Radios cost important money in England. Twenty guineas—or about eighty-five dollars—is bottom price for wireless sets.

I didn't buy my radio. I rented it. Because of the high price of sets, renting is a popular system. I pay eleven shillings a month, or about two dollars and seventy-five cents. This includes service, moving if I move, and replacement by a new model as mine goes out of date. That comes to about thirty-three (Continued on page 74)

PEEP IN AT THE CAREFREE CARNIVAL



Senator Frankenstein Fishface—need we say more?

Berlinger

BARGAIN! BARGAIN! BIGGEST BARGAIN TO HIT THE AIR. FOR THE PRICE OF ONE HALF HOUR OF LISTENING A WHOLE ASYLUM OF STARS IS YOURS

By George Kent

If you had thirty minutes to spend on a radio program, and they were all you had, where and how would you spend them to get the biggest and best for your time? Speak up, you thrifty dial twiddlers, you demon hugglers and hugglers—where?

The answer is—if I haven't taken the words out of your mouth—the *Carefree Carnival*. Broadcast Saturday nights from Station KPO in San Francisco. A California program that is big, that is practically perfect, yet has naught to do with the climate or the motion picture colony.

Radio's greatest bargain! And for the following reasons: The *Carefree Carnival* offers you, for your time, crooners and torch singers, a quartet, a fem trio and an orchestra on a par with anything in the East. It has

hill-billy singers headed by the best cowboy voice on the air. A harmonica player and a man with a "stummick piano" as good as Phil Baker. And that's not all. There's a lisping, baby-voiced innocent who recalls Portland Hoffa of Fred Allen's program, and a comedian who chews, hacks and strangles words better than Roy Atwell of the same Mr. Allen's program. The word mangler under discussion is billed as Senator Frankenstein Fishface.

There's more, too. The Carnival includes a dumb-dame and stooge who are Burns and Allen of the West, and another pair whose act is on a spot midway between Cantor, Wynn, Penner and Pearl. Finally, but by no means least, it has the flavor of a Rudy Vallee or Paul Whiteman seance, only lots more honey and informal.

Now is that a bargain or is that a bargain? The only

type of humor not represented is that of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs, but they'll come to it yet. For all of that, my friends of the great Eastern spaces, this program is no copycat. It has sparkle and ideas. It has a gusto all its own. And it is developing stars. Ryan and Nobilette and Tommy Harris, all three were stars on the *Carefree* hour before the wise men of the East spotted them. Nelson Case was the program's announcer. Now he too has crossed the Mississippi. Neither Case nor the others were known until the KPO feature pitched them into the limelight.

Back in 1933, month of June, the Carnival was born. It was brought into the world to be a summer fill-in, but fooled its parents. It knocked listeners into the aisles from Puget Sound to Palo Alto. It became the sensa-

tion of the West Coast. So it stayed. And stayed, with no time off. The letters poured in. The program crept East, with the permission of the engineers, getting as far as Chicago on the first creep. A few months ago it reached New York. Here it is today, a regular feature of the NBC networks—and the networkers are glad it's there. People like a bargain, whether it's time or money, they're spending.

The auditorium in San Francisco, where the broadcast takes place, is crowded on Saturday night when Ray Tollinger, master of ceremonies, opens the program. Ray is no iron-handed disciplinarian. The stars he presents interrupt him and sass him. The atmosphere is happy-go-lucky and reminds you of a house party in an amiable insane asylum. (Continued on page 95)

When beauty and talent go hand in hand the answer is petite Gogo DeLys, contralto.

Ben Klassen and Myron Niesley. When dressed up like this they're philosophers. Otherwise they're tenors.

The "lyre and lute man," big Charlie Marshall. Known also as the hillbilly and cowboy warbler.

Master of Ceremonies, Ray Tollinger, who has a terrific job. He's stooge for the entire cast.

The orchestra leader with twenty batons. It's Meredith Willson who provides the fast tuneful action.

Recognize this sailor? Yes, it's Pinky Lee, who learned to lisp proposing to the girl he married.





Crowds stormed New York's Central Park Mall when Jazz King Whiteman batoned the CWA's band, which provides music for free dancing.

Wide World

The BAND BOX

LATEST to join the ranks of Kentucky colonels is Abe Lyman.

Richard Himber, leader of the Studebaker Champions, has had his contract renewed for another year.

To Leopold Stokowski goes the honor of directing radio's biggest band. He batoned 1000 musicians in Yankee Stadium in New York at a benefit held as a gesture of sympathy to the Jewish refugees from Germany.

The reason Mark Warnow was relieved of his sustaining band spots on CBS was so that he could give full time to his two commercials, "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" and the Admiral Byrd broadcasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Goodman recently celebrated their twenty-third wedding anniversary. And he's directing more radio and Broadway shows than ever.

Last year Director Clyde Lucas, who batoned an ork at the University of Kansas a decade ago along with Buddy Rogers, announced his engagement to Frances Langford of the NBC Colgate House Party. But Frances, who was singing over NBC from Chicago at the time, went back to New York and nothing has come

of it. No reasons given. Frances now has a new beau.

Wayne King is in his eighth season as maestro of the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. At the sister ballroom, the Trianon, Jan Garber is playing his second season.

Arlene Sohr, vocalist with Ted Black's NBC ork, is really Mrs. Ted Black.

Victor Young is now general musical director of Decca, the new recording firm. He used to be the same for Brunswick.

The Jan Garbers have turned down an offer from Paramount to have their daughter Janice, five years old, go into pictures. Paramount spotted the girl on Catalina Island this summer and wanted to pit her against Fox's Shirley Temple.

Johnny Mercer, Paul Whiteman's song writer and scat singer, has another song out to follow his composition "Pardon My Southern Accent." The new one is "P. S. I Love You."

For those who've asked, the four original songs on the opening broadcast of "The Gilson Family" on NBC Saturdays are: "Absent Minded," "Cowboy, Where Are You Riding-a?" "Under Your Spell" and "Hi De Home Sweet Home." If any one of these turn out to be a hit,



(Above) Left to right: Ted Fio-Rito, Hal Kemp and Fred Waring. (Below) Ork leader, Harold Stokes and Alice Pattern, NBC girl singer.



(Above) Big Boy George Olsen needs no introduction. You'll be hearing him again. (Below) He looks like Mussolini, but he's Lud Gluskin.



Jimmie Grier, whose orchestra broadcasts from the Coast. (Below) Making up for the stage—Vincent Lopez of the Demitasse Review.



Wide World

give radio the credit, for they were written especially for this NBC radio program.

Carlos Molina, the maestro from Colombia, South America, who is now enlivening the Columbia network with rumbas this fall from the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, will carry his carioecas to the Miami Biltmore Hotel on Christmas Day and will play at the swank Florida spot for the winter season.

Buddy Rogers and his band are to be on the air this fall from the Arcadia in Philadelphia, a spot said to have the financial backing of Joseph Widener. Thus the Ward Family Theatre program featuring Buddy and Jeannie Lang has been moved from Chicago to New York.

Frank Simon, cornet soloist and bandmaster of the Arno Concert Band on NBC Sundays, is one of the few maestros to hold the degree of Doctor of Music.

Hal radio's most novel band—"The Knights of the Gray Underwear"—the home-made band of the Admiral Byrd Expedition in Little America.

Vincent Lopez is scheduled to play his first commercial program from the West Coast this fall. It's the Demitasse Revue, an NBC show going no further east than Kansas City. Lopez is to play at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in California this season in competition with Ted Fio-Rito

at the famed Coconut Grove. Ted, you know, also has a commercial, the "Hollywood Hotel" starring Dick Powell and Rowene Williams, Chicago girl who was picked in a national audition by CBS.

Old as it seems, Art Kassel has an NBC microphone at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago for his sustaining band programs, yet his commercial is broadcast three times a week over CBS.

Here is the personnel of Don Bestor's orchestra: Walt Payte, Walt Long, Jack Lynx and Harold Stargart, saxophones; Ed Dieckman, Buddy Harrod and Karl LaMagna, violins; Eddie Camden and Ducky Yuntz, trumpets; Bill White, trombone; Wayne Fuchner, piano; Tommy Whalen, drums; Hank August, bass; Billy Yates, guitar.

Like Xavier Cugat, the ork leader, Ulderico Marcelli, the South American conductor of the new NBC House by the Side of the Road, featuring Tony Wons, is a brilliant artist and caricaturist.

Why was Harold Stokes, NBC conductor, off the air for thirteen weeks? The answer: overwork. He suffered a nervous breakdown while conducting the Palmer House Promenade.

The director of the orchestra (Continued on page 81)

SHAKE TIME FROM YOUR FEET AND PEP UP YOUR LINDY HOP AND THAT

CARIOCA AND CONTINENTAL TO THE NEW TUNES OF OLD MASTERS

Radio Stars' Cooking School



By Nancy Wood

Thanksgiving and Rudy originated in New England.



Hour and as singer, orchestra leader and movie star, but also because Rudy, being from "down Maine" way, I feel that he is just the right person to give us some pointers for this particular Radio Cooking School broadcast. For this is not only "your time and my time," as the theme song suggests, but Thanksgiving time as well! And who better is there with whom to discuss Thanksgiving than a New Englander.

With this idea in mind, I started out to interview Mr. Vallee on the subject of Thanksgiving Day in the Vallee home back in those days before college and the exacting requirements of fame made reunions there difficult, if not actually impossible. Armed with determination, a pad, a pencil and a lot of preconceived notions of traditional Thanksgiving foods and customs, I sallied forth to find this native son of the State of Maine. I soon discovered that I needed both pencil and pad, for I had to copy down a menu for a Gargantuan meal and to write down some new ideas of what constituted a real New England Thanksgiving. I also found that I had even greater need for determination, since, in order to get these interesting answers for you, your scribe had to pursue the busy Rudy from rehearsal to office to broadcast, throwing breathless questions at him the while. Then when my informant finally escaped me to rush down to his job as orchestra leader in a smart Long Island restaurant, I asked Rudy's

GREETINGS, friends and radio fans. With the familiar words of this theme song, I introduce our guest star, Rudy Vallee. I am greatly pleased to have Rudy with us, not only because of his long-standing popularity as Master of Ceremonies of the Fleischmann

brother, Bill Vallee, to pinch hit for him in supplying the few missing details. This he most kindly did and as a result of this collaboration I am able to supply you with a very complete description of the type of foods that have made the New England observance of Thanksgiving Day famous the world over. I'm sure you'll agree that this feast had staunch and worthy advocates in the Vallees and furthermore that a dinner as perfect as theirs merits the flattery of imitation.

In the first place, Thanksgiving Day in Rudy's Maine home started off with a *large* breakfast. This was followed by a brisk walk. After hearing that the breakfast included such things as *pie*, I am inclined to believe that the walk was dictated, not so much by the esthetic thrill of viewing the lovely fall landscape, nor even by an enthusiasm for exercise *per se*, but by the necessity for shaking down the meal already partaken in order to create an appetite for the next one! And that next meal, of course, was dinner, prepared by Rudy's mother, his sister and various other helpers and proudly served at 1:30 after hours of cheerful, advance preparation.

(Courtesy H. J. Hunt Co.)

m-m-Mince Piel

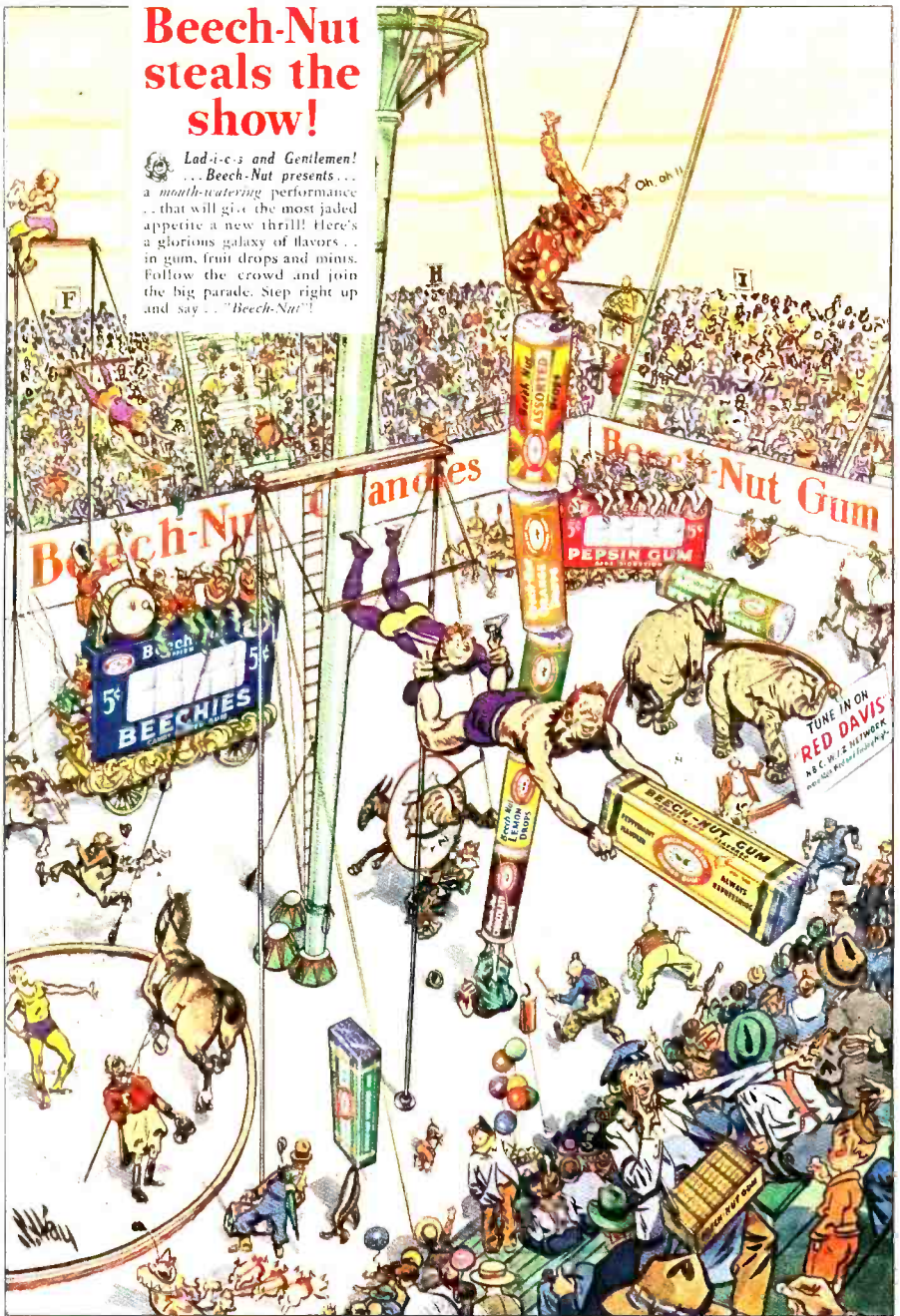
"Was there any Thanksgiving tradition observed at that dinner?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed, there was one tradition invariably adhered to," replied Rudy with emphasis. "We over-ate! And when you hear all the good things we had to eat you'll understand why."

It was then that he suggested that I really ought to write down the menu, since it was a long one and we would not wish to omit one single item. Thinking this advice excellent, I brought forth my trusty pencil and note book and that is how I now happen to have this simply grand Thanksgiving (Continued on page 72)

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Ladies and Gentlemen!
... Beech-Nut presents...
a mouth-watering performance
... that will give the most jaded
appetite a new thrill! Here's
a glorious galaxy of flavors...
in gum, fruit drops and minis.
Follow the crowd and join
the big parade. Step right up
and say... "Beech-Nut!"





A satisfying entertainer and a divine crooner — ingratiating Dick Powell, whom you hear on "Hollywood Hotel" over CBS each

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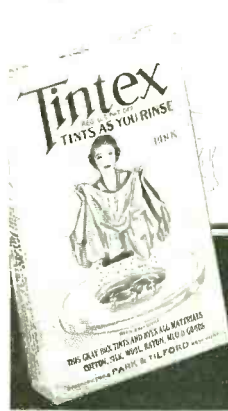
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Accept this amazing offer on a brand new Remington Portable No. 5, direct to you from the factory. No one before could we offer it on such easy terms that it actually costs you but 10¢ a day to own it. This machine formerly sold for 25% more than its present price. The price and the terms make it the greatest bargain in typewriter history.

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FREE a 19-page typing course. Teaches the Touch System. It is simply written and well illustrated. Even a child can understand it. During the 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER you should dash off letters faster than water pen and ink.



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sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains.



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TORCH SINGER

(Continued from page 27)

knew it. "I can't, sweetheart." His lips moved against my bare shoulder. "I love you too much. Isn't it going to be you and I always, pretty soon?"

"Yes," I whispered.

I ACQUITTED myself very well at the audition Mr. Blake had arranged for me, the next afternoon. I was too much in love, too rapt in my own private paradise to be nervous. And once inside the sound-proof studio where I was to sing, I didn't even mind the presence of Mr. Blake, and the thin, grizzled man, my accompanist told me, was Mr. Paxson, of the Paxson Drug stores, behind the plate glass of the sponsor's gallery.

I just sang my love and longing for Cass into the mike—and it was enough! Then Mr. Blake and his client came out, and we went into one of the executive offices where Cass was waiting. I left all the business part of it to him, and when we left the building I had a thirteen weeks contract at a hundred a week tucked in my purse. Cass was pleased, though he had tried to raise the ante.

I was only to broadcast over a local station, but it had chain affiliations. "And when this contract runs out, they'll be bidding for you, Baby!" Cass promised exultantly. "Good publicity—the right sort of build-up—and you're going to be all set! Leave it to me, sweetheart."

I almost asked him if my singing was important at all. And then I smothered the ungracious impulse. He was right, of course.

That night, I cooked dinner for the two of us on an electric grill in his apartment, pretending that we were married. I had me, infelicitously, when Cass laughed at me for liking to "play house." But I turned the chops and laughed too.

"You'll be glad I do, when we're married!" I told him. "I don't just want to be a successful radio star, Cass. Singing to you isn't enough. I want to darn your socks and cook your meals and be the one you come home to, darling."

He drew me out of the hole-in-the-wall kitchenette and I forgot all about the chops, the hashed brown potatoes. But the lovely feel of his arms wasn't enough. Why didn't he say something? My heart skipped a beat.

"I want all that as much as you do," he said after a long minute. "But we've got to be smart, honey. You've got your start now; you're going to show 'em.

Myra Gorman is going to be the biggest attraction on the networks six months from now. That's what you want, isn't it, Baby?"

Was it? There was something else I wanted, even more.

"But marrying anybody would hurt your chances, sweet. Until you're established, famous. Ask anybody. Marriage takes the glamor from a radio star; radio fans don't want to think of their favorite torch singer darning socks and cooking meals. For your sake, wouldn't it be a whole lot better to wait?"

I think, crazy about him as I was, wanting to believe his specious argument as I did, my disillusionment was complete as it was ever to be, in that anguished moment.

"Had he ever really meant to marry me? I knew I couldn't bear to know the answer. Not then! I turned away, and turning, I knocked a goblet from the table. It shattered to a thousand bits. Like my happiness that Cass had held in his two hands! "I never thought of that," I said in a small, flat voice. "We'll wait, Cass."

So we waited

II.

The misery of that evening which should have been the happiest of my life, didn't stay acute, of course. Rapture and heart-break both settle up and down like a temperature chart. And now that I was singing on the Paxson Drug Hour, and making good, my life was full, even pleasant. I loved Cass De Voe as desperately as ever, and no one could have had a more devoted lover. If he was going to fire of me later, and isn't that the secret terror of every girl in my position, he showed no signs of it in the busy, hectic weeks that followed. There were nights when I didn't see him, of course. But he was building me up, getting me the publicity that every newcomer to radio needs. And I was busy too. Our relationship seemed as close, as perfect as ever. (If it had ever been either outside of my enthralled imagination!) But I couldn't bring myself to go to his apartment again. So I took a small, furnished place, and made it as attractive as possible, and he came there.

We had to be careful. I couldn't afford a breath of scandal, and I was touched and grateful to Cass for protecting me from any studio gossip.

(To be continued next month)

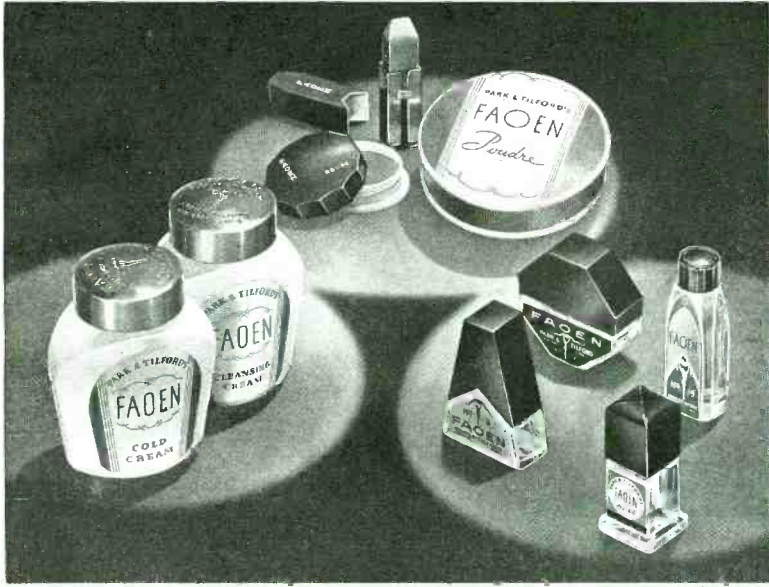
Lanny Ross Turns M. C.

(Continued from page 58)

KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane;
KFSD, San Diego.
9:30 p. m.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt
Lake City.
10:30 p. m.—WKY, Oklahoma City;

WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth;
KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio;
KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot
Springs.
Tune in and hear him.

FAOEN *makes Loveliness
cost so very Little!*



Beauty Aids as fine as Science can produce—yet they cost only 10¢

THE greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids ...for they know that no greater

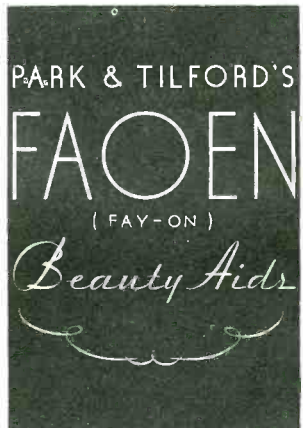
purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

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

You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the best. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

10¢ Each at the Better 5¢ and 10¢ Stores



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

RADIO STARS Cooking School

(Continued from page 65)

Dinner Menu is outlined for me by the Valleys, Rudy and Bill. I am going to give it to you here and now.

THE VALLEY THANKSGIVING DINNER		
Roast Turkey		
Golden Gravy	Chestnut Stuffing	
Mashed Potatoes	Squish Peas	
Scalloped Onions		
Succotash	Turnips	
Cider Jelly	Cranberry Sauce	
Homemade Bread	Salted Nuts	
Celery and Olives		
Mince Pie	Pumpkin Pie	
Milk	Coffee	Clear
Candy		Risins
Fruits		Nuts

If you are the type to get hungry at the very sight of this menu, if the thought of these dishes makes your mouth water, you'd die of starvation on the spot to hear Rudy and his brother describe the how truly delicious everything was. For, according to both the Valleys, their mother was a marvelous cook.

"In what type of cooking was she most proficient?" I asked, to which Rudy replied, "It would be impossible to say that she excelled in any one thing because everything she cooked was superb." He then went on to describe the dinner table, laden with good things to eat flat, "there was no room for my doubts except food!"

EVERYTHING was put on, "family style" before the folks were called in. And such a vision of plenty as met the eye—the turkey, crisp and brown and HUE, holding the place of honor in front of "Pop" who always carved. The traditional Thanksgiving bird would be fairly *bragging* with a chestnut stuffing the like of which Rudy claims he has never tasted anywhere since. Then there was a sumptuous array of serving dishes of vegetables and an immense bowl of mashed potatoes piled high in snowy peaks.

The Cranberry Sauce—always the untrammeled kind—was a great favorite of Rudy's, while brother Bill declared himself an enthusiast over the Cider Jelly. Besides these there were smaller dishes of celery and of olives, of salted almonds, candy and the like. Bread boats overflowed with thick slices of fresh homemade bread and were flanked by plates bearing mounds of freshly churned butter. The table, Rudy assured me, seemed early to groan under the accumulated weight of this array of foods, but bore up nobly under the task before it, as did the partakers of the feast.

And now we come to the dessert course at last—that part of the meal for which young and old always save a little room, and, because of which, the water comes again from any third helpings of turkey! If you'll glance at the menu you will see that for the Valley Thanksgiving Dinner two kinds of pie are called for. Naturally that would be the case for we are speaking of New England where pies reign supreme. With the pie, coffee was served to the grown-ups while the children were given their choice of milk or sweet cider.

After dinner the Valley family betok themselves to the library where the older folks tucked the young folks danced and played games. The party did not break up until late and before folks left to go their various ways there was *more food*, apples, cider and pumpkins being featured.

So there, my friends, is a description of Thanksgiving Day in the Valley home in Maine and I am pleased to say that I have, for you, recipes for several of the dishes of outstanding interest in the Valley menu. But, before giving you one of these recipes and telling you how easy it will be to secure others, there are numerous important points in connection with this Thanksgiving dinner I should like to take up with you here.

In the first place you have doubtless noted and been surprised at, the complete omission of a first course. When I expressed my conviction to Bill that this omission was unintentional he replied, "Who wants to have anything before turkey?"

WELL, Bill I to be sure. And something less than I know would prefer something light with which to start the meal—an introduction to the feast, so to speak. For this course I suggest that you serve a clear soup such as bouillon or consomme which will stimulate the gastric juices for the most overpowering task ahead of them. You will note that the said course is also omitted. With this I am in complete agreement, since I feel that everyone is too full at this point to do justice to a salad. Besides, too many green vegetables are included to make a salad necessary. And after all there is always dessert, for which we must preserve the two remaining vestiges of our appetite.

Let us now take up this important question of dessert. There are several reasons for including two kinds of pie, Mince and Pumpkin, on our menu. In the first place (big hint) are grand examples of culinary art in everybody's hands. Then, too, whereas a small slice of Pumpkin Pie will not burn any on the very tinniest toes, Mince Pie is far and away too heavy for youngsters. Even the kids in their teens will have to clamor insistently for their share of the Mince Pie because it is always so popular that the grown-ups are likely to insist upon prior rights.

A true Thanksgiving Mince Pie should be *inches* thick, with a thin flaky crust its edges having a slight crumble made by the tines of a fork, its inner threatening to break through at any moment. On the top of the pie a large letter M, made with short jabs with a sharp knife, serves the double duty of proudly proclaiming its name and of allowing the steam to escape during the baking. This being our first Reveal Thanksgiving there may be many of you who will wish to include a little "spirit" in your Mince Pie. Most of you, I imagine, will purchase your Mince Meat ready prepared instead of going to the bother of making it. After emptying this flavorsome Mince Meat into a bowl, add a little bit of any or other liquor in sufficient quantity to flavor to your taste. By that I mean that you'll really have to *love* it. I hesitate to

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TO PARTY FROCKS
IN THE NEWEST SHADES
WITH **RIT**



Take that
"old" dress,
give it a
smart new
color with
Rit—and
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costs almost
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IT'S fun to dress better and SAVE MONEY with Rit Tints and Dyes—bring your wardrobe up-to-date each season with the new colors that every one admires! • Rit contains one patented ingredient that makes the color soak in deeper—last longer. • 33 Sparkling Rit Colors. 15c at all drug stores and notion counters.



give you more definite directions because, when adding a stick of butter, it is preferable to vary amount to the liking.

Don't get into "Mince Pie" until Pumpkin Pie is ready to be served. If you are giving more than 10 pies—a golden-brown treat, minus its place on a menu and more than 100 other "pie" description given it by a Quaker pie on another day.

"What monster the lips and what brightens the eye."

What each ticket is called "Pumpkin Pie."

SMALL slices of American Cheese are the true heart of the enjoyment of Pumpkin Pie as you know. But let it ever be said to you that a cheese crust would be equally fitting and with more novel? I have tested out this suggestion with complete success in fact so enthusiastically and I that I have included the recipe for a Cheese Crust in my Radio Stars Cooking School and together with many other lovely Thanksgiving Feasts successful by Rudy Vallee. Naturally, I wouldn't think of giving you a recipe for a crust for Pumpkin Pie without giving you the ingredients for the pumpkin filling itself, a recipe that can be followed easily, whether you use fresh or canned pumpkin. Another recipe in the folder is one for the Scallop Omeurs which played an important part in the vegetable squad of the Vallee menu. Still another is for Chestnut stuffing as Rudy Vallee Feasts—light, fluffy, tasty, and delicious as well.

You will want to have these recipes in your files. I am sure, because they will enable you to serve many dishes like those Rudy remembers having had in his own home in Maine. Therefore you will be glad to know that by just filling out the coupon and mailing it to me without delay you will get these recipes a "shiny free." And let me assure you that not only will you get a copy, but also a free Thanksgiving card, but you will find the card really good to serve at Christmas, too. Among the festive wishes, I give you the necessary steps to add the recipes to your collection so that you may be one of the Pilgrims when preparing the feast Thanksgiving. You may after a more special purchase now.

This is from Rudy Stars Cooking School, a complete collection of recipes, and you will receive it free of charge. The only cost is the postage and handling charges, which are included in the price of the recipe folder. The price is \$1.00, and you will receive it free of charge.

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Enclosed is my check for \$1.00 for the recipe folder.

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COME HOME WITH ME FOR LUNCH AND I'LL SHOW YOU A BETTER BARGAIN STILL



WHAT A DELICIOUS LUNCH I NEVER TASTED SUCH WONDERFUL SPAGHETTI

AND IMAGINE IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED FOR JUST TEN CENTS A CAN



IT'S FRANCO-AMERICAN YOU SAY? I'LL GET SOME THIS VERY DAY, THE SAUCE IS MARVELOUS

ISN'T IT? WE WOULDN'T GO BACK TO HOME COOKED SPAGHETTI FOR ANYTHING

"Far more delicious spaghetti than I could cook at home —and it actually costs less, too!"

I USED to get many a compliment the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American Good as my sauce was, there is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready cooked.

How much easier, too! No cooking or fussing with

Franco-American You simply heat and serve. Skilled chefs have done all the work concocted a matchless sauce containing eleven different ingredients...

garden fresh perfect tomatoes... zesty Cheddar cheese... subtly blended seasonings...

More words can't tell you how good it is. You must taste it yourself. Why not try it today? Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents at any grocery.



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



a long gain for
THROAT COMFORT!

Black those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLs! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLs are mildly mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the heavy flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"I Listen in London"

(Continued from Page 50)

dollars a year for the entire cost of having a radio in the home, which is considerably better than I've ever been able to do in America. No new radio, no new tubes, no replacement of "cone," whatever that is, no mulling and suspicious acceptance of a mechanic's word for the necessity of new parts and service, those are the things in the English system that eliminate Leaches. And when an English company promises service, it means exactly what it says, which is an embarrassing discovery for an American who starts with an American attitude of self-defense, an American expectation of being gypped.

RADIOS are shockingly expensive to purchase in England. And they are also shocking in design to American eyes. Here they apparently regard the wireless as a legitimate child of modern times, not stigmatized with the bar sinister of Orand Rapids "period" design, if you get what I mean. Anyway, the sets are neat little cabinets that look like what they are, something modern and something practical, which is a great relief and the first step in making a radio Anglo-phile out of me.

The next step in that process of Anglo-philia is due to the "laughs I get" out of listening-in. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean the humor in the "variety" programs. I haven't got a laugh out of them yet. If I could understand the language, I might understand the jokes. But it will take some time, and the results are extremely dubious.

No, I get my laughs out of the things they don't intend to be funny. Just as an Englishman in America would get his radio laughs not from Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor but from such thin songs as "All the dirt, all the grit. Hoover gets it, every bit!"

Take cricket, for instance. (You may have it, I do not want it.) I've just been listening to the crucial moments of one of the most important test matches between England and Australia. To see why I laugh you have to realize that these matches are not only the focal point of English living for the whole population all the time they are going on, but they can even cause a political crisis. And do.

The new "leg theory" introduced by one of the English players has almost severed diplomatic relations between England and Australia. I doubt very much if they worked up more national feeling during the war. It was a headline in all the papers, every corner newsboy holds posters screaming out the latest word on it, half an hour of the newscast in every cinema is devoted to shots of it.

JUST a minute till I tell you what the "leg theory" is. You see, in cricket, it is a bowler (pitcher) hits the batter's leg he puts the batter out. Now comes an English bowler who gets the idea that if he aims at the batter's leg he gets him out quicker. That is heresy. That is almost treason. For centuries the British have been aiming at the cricket *behind* the bat-

ter's leg and it, by a voice of KOOL, of good sportsmanship, the leg *should* intervene. They think it's very nice. The leg theory just isn't cricket, so the Australian, want to go home, they don't want to play any more. Why, it's almost *American*, as though one played a game to win. Horrible thought.

But it is not as terrible a thought as it might be to certain many English hearts, which bear to cricket. They have a sneaking, shameful wish to see the home team win. So they defend the leg theory. The result is bloody noses in the best clubs as well as in our pub on the corner. And politically the two islands foam at the harbor.

With all this, here is what comes over the radio in the most crucial moments of this cricket game, this game of which the fate of nations hangs. "Whatever we may say about it," the announcer says helpfully, "this test match is keeping us interested. Now," he goes on, "the English team is fighting grimly to save the situation. Before tea," he explains, "there was proper hospitality."

I swear to you, that's as best as I get. But that's England, after all, as well as the British Broadcasting Company. It is no matter if every Earl in England is beating for the outcome of the cricket "the day, the team they've down their hat" and hats at the stroke of tea time and have a nice, leafy, cozy tea. Nothing in sport or commerce is important enough to make any Englishman, be he clerk or cricket player, forget his tea. And nothing in sport is exciting enough to make an English radio announcer forget to cross every "t" and "d" every "ll" and observe all the rules of grammar, pronunciation and syntax. Not forget his manners—we can be sure that an Australian player has a single mind we'll hear about it in the most generous, gracious, beautifully turned sentences.

I laugh, yes. But do you think I love Graham McNamee? Well, . . .

Now the cricket game is over, at least to the radio audience. The sport reports last just a few minutes three or four times during the course of the match.

"The next part of the program follows at once," says the announcer.

We wait.

And wait.

And keep on waiting.

By and by it comes. Nobody minds the delay. I was amazed at first, so I asked around. I asked them up at the "Broad-casting House." I asked all the heads of the different branches of broadcasting.

The answers all came to the same thing. The first you put onto like this is that when the program does come, it is a satisfactory program, which deflates it to a certain program they could nation, but don't. We'll let that one pass. Another answer is that they have consciously and intentionally conditioned their public against an impatient attitude toward the radio. They've taught them that they can't expect to get anything real good,

getting just by turning a dial and waiting for something to reach right out and snatch their attention and hold it at no matter what point they tune in. They say they have educated their public to a careful, thoughtful, attentive approach to the radio, made them realize that they must expect to give time and even prolonged concentration to programs in order to get the most out of them. And that in return they'll get something better than anything that could be swallowed in hasty, careless doses.

Once conditioned to that idea, they say, the people are not likely to be impatient at a few minutes' delay. That's the reason they give you why the BBC doesn't suffer the acute, refined torture that we do over the exact timing of programs. As a matter of fact, the delays are usually at the most a matter of a very few minutes. It just *seems* long to American ears. And a few minutes more or less don't matter so greatly in the life of an English person. The English don't make a fetish of shaving split seconds off their personal routine.

THEIR attitude to time is much like that of the English guest of an uptown New Yorker who was being taken by subway to his host's office. The bewildered Brit-her followed his guide back and forth in frenzied leaps across the teeming platform, from local train to jammed express, from express to local again. As they emerged he asked, "I say, why the dash in and out of trains?" The American answered, "Why, we saved two minutes on the trip that way." The Englishman considered. "What," he asked quietly, "are you going to do with the two minutes?"

The English listener sits happily and smokes his pipe and looks into his fire and reflects. England is a great nation of ponderers. One thought can last them a long time. They don't feel that the act of the broadcasting company in leaving them to a few minutes of their own undiluted company is necessarily an insult. Being English, they rather like their own company.

Some of the pauses are by artistic intent. Val Gielgud, the brilliant young head of the drama department of BBC, says that any play good enough for him to give his audience is good enough to call for a couple of minutes of reflection at the end; that if he builds a mood up to a climax, he feels it would be barbarous to jerk the listener out of it suddenly. So he purposely delays giving the signal to the engineers that the play is over until the audience has had a moment to recover before the next act on the program. I thought of some of our more famous Rude Awakenings and was glad that twelve-minutes-or-symphons-and-three-minutes-of-cigarettes was already a part of unflinching memory.

But there are other reasons why the BBC can be lax in its timing. And they are probably the really significant ones. The chief one is that there is no competition. No other broadcasting company can lure away the tuning finger. The BBC is a government fathered monopoly of the ether. And it is not commercial. Even though I do tune in to Paris or Stuttgart or Milan, the BBC doesn't mind.

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?... Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*



● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!... Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*



● *"Oops! Something wrong with that ideal! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming..."*



● *"... Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder... Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or arsis-root in it either."*

Send tin in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Dept. 100, New Branch, Johnson & Johnson, Newark, N. J.



JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER



Visiting New York means living at the HOTEL MONTCLAIR

in the new smart center
of New York

Lexington Ave., 49th to 50th Sts.

Come to New York now. For this is the time of year when New York is at its gayest! The Great White Way is ablaze with lights. The theatrical world has scored hit after hit. The proudest names in opera are singing at the Metropolitan. The shops are crowded with temptations.

And when you come, make your trip completely successful by living in the new smart center of New York at the Hotel Montclair.

The Montclair is modern, attractive, comfortable. It is convenient to all railroad terminals, to the fashionable shops, to the theatres and to Radio City. And the service is in the finest traditions of the Continent.

800 Outside Rooms
With Bath, Shower
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Single from
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Dine and Dance here every evening
in the city's smartest restaurant

CASINO MONTCLAIR
New... and beautiful. Featuring a famous orchestra and stars of the entertainment world

They won't lose the Pepsodent account.

These foreign stations of course help to make radio really worth ten bob a year to English listeners. I can't describe the sensation of sitting in my own armchair and picking around among the best music in the world from Munich, long-distance wireless from Vienna, rowdy exports from Budapest, the naughtiest songs and jokes via the *Radio-Baroque*. Much I don't understand, but I enjoy the music, but I catch the accent. And what I don't understand is—from Barcelona, Copenhagen, Rio de Janeiro, Warsaw and to mention St. Petersburg and a local station KDKA.

IN England there is no doubt if we want to listen to foreign stations. On the contrary, The BBC rushes in on it. Running a remarkable business of publishing on the side, including compilations of all the BBC programs in book form they publish three magazines: one for the time listings of all programs, one for the general high-brow interest based on the BBC programs and another called *World Radio*, which helps anyone who listens to foreign stations to know how to get them and how to understand them when you do get them.

The English feel pretty superior about their broadcasting. Partly because they are English and hence feel superior about everything. Partly because they have been put on the defensive by American criticism which grins them more than they'll admit, and partly because they really do have something to be superior about.

There is no question that BBC is free to hold its programs to a definite higher standard, aesthetically, ethically, and—God help us educationally. Not having to sell anything but their programs, they can afford to give people programs whose appeal is not to the lowest common denominator of public taste.

The program buyers are not faced with the unhappy necessity of finding an inflated radio program a meter along because it is entirely full swears on the theory of each sponsor that swears are the most popular item on the bill. They don't have to ply down to the quickest reaction and the laziest response. They can even afford to take time to hold on a few tests on the public pulse. They have definitely done a real educational job. They have taught the people to get a kick out of good plays put on at full length. Some of the BBC's own off-the-air lessons are bug-time stuff not worn down or dressed up with cloverleaf sauce.

Art does not have to be colored with sentiment, and medical subjects do not need censoring for the benefit of patent medicine advertisers.

Censorship does not seem quite the big bad wolf it's painted. They have stiff moral necks it's true. But so have they in America. One colored devil rule is that marital morality must not even be suggested in any terms. That rules out a great many scenes from plays I've heard in America. On the other hand I listened to one play late in which the heroine made a practice of posing in the nude, a practice and a model to which I think would be frowned on in Dublin.

The English listener for all his respect, feels very proprietary about his radio. He has opinions about what it gives him and he does not hesitate to let the BBC know how he feels about it. Not only to the BBC but by letters in the papers, does he express himself in no uncertain terms. Because of this the BBC's system of telling time is apparently about to die an early death. When you read this, the announcers will probably not be saying "A variety program will go on at 20:35," but just plain 8:35 p.m.

Occasionally I'm tempted to make the high, wide and handsome statement that the English wireless means more to the listener-in-town than the American radio does. I think of the "Time to Spare!" series which have shaken the National Government at its very foundations. It's just a simple little broadcast every week, in which an actual unemployed man or woman tells the cruel facts of their existence—how they use a threepence army overcoat to cover the cold bed on which six sleep in midwinter, how they put the children to bed early, because otherwise the bread and margarine will not last until the morning. Very simple, very calm and matter of fact. But it has taught the public what it means to die ten million people's lives to live at the dock with an allowance of ten shillings a week for each of his six children. And this three shilling series of broadcasts may eventually set up the government. That's what radio does in England.

Then I think of how the radio is used in America. I think of President Roosevelt's finding the people mainly in the hollow of his hand by the sound of his voice in all the country's parlors some "My friend." And I am almost provoked. I don't know. I guess it all comes down to this: Radio is Power. I wonder what will happen when we learn to use it?

Things Always Happen to John Barclay

(Continued from page 13)

lowers over theirs. Many comment on it.

When you're that tall, you have to be careful of every step you take, of everything you do. So what was John Barclay doing? At the Harrow School he was taking part in every athletic competition, and especially in the cross-country races. The doctors warned him, "If you don't stop, you'll get an athletic heart. You ought to take things easy." But did he

heed them? You can imagine how much

One day a group of boys decided to race eight miles across the country. "I'll race with you," said John. And race he did, manly, his feet flying ahead of them, till the world spun and his heart beat like some strange engine!

The next thing he knew he was lying in a sickbed, and the doctor was bending over him and shaking his head gravely.

His mother, that Spartan woman, was trying to look unconcerned. Faintly John could make out her voice as she said, "The boy will die unless you take him to Bad Nauheim." And his mother's answer, "We'll go around the world. That will be much more amusing." And around the world they went.

Thus the first great adventure of his life came to John because he took the golden sands of his life, scooped them up in his hands, and started to fling them away. He took a chance and flung caution to the winds.

The boat they chose to sail on was a Japanese ship. So dangerous was the boat that Lloyd's old banker had refused to insure it. In this insane vessel the boat reeled backwards, narrowly missing some rocks as it went into the harbor. The mocking face of death was everywhere, but there was no real fear in the boy's heart. To him death has always seemed only an interlude, so he doesn't give a "damned damn" about it.

At last the boat ended its perilous journey. John Barbey had faced death and had not been afraid.

SHORTLY after the hot breath of death and danger blew once more upon the boy's cheek when he was lost with several friends in the Chinese city of Kinkang on the Yantze River.

Thronged with beggars and lepers closed in on them as they walked in single file along the narrow streets. Unbearable was the stench of those torn, soiled beggars and horrible lepers, who gazed and came up close to them, and remaining a while.

In the group was a badly wounded man Oxford, and when the lepers touched him with their foul hands, there was a moment when it seemed as if he would strike out at them. John knew very well what the result of a strike would be. The beggars would all join to get their hands and knives be stuck into unprotected backs.

It was madness to stand there doing nothing. Madness not to try to get hold of that hot-headed boy and tell him to stop his hands to himself. But John simply stood there, arguing in the teeth of death, and Death came along, saw how he was taking things, said "Hello, boy. See you some other time," and they lay away again. With an effort the Oxford boy kept his hands off the lepers and the party escaped death.

Finally the world fair ended, and John went to Cambridge. Here his life might have flowed along in peaceful channels, an England joined the World War, and so did John.

He enlisted and was made a commissioned officer with the London Territorials, where he was under the direct line of fire. But within a fortnight his weak heart was discovered and he was compelled to take a job behind the lines.

Even then he just couldn't sit still and do nothing, so he originated the 69th Division Concert Party, which entertained the men who were going to the front. And it was here that he decided that if ever he got a chance, he'd cultivate his voice in earnest and go on the stage.

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! OPPORTUNITY!
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 offers you these and more



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MAIL THE COUPON— Find out about the spare time and full time opportunities in this giant, new industry. Many different types of opportunities— both on and off the air.



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are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read fast, talk fast, read prepared, speak quickly at home in spare time for your future in broadcasting. That's even so now.

Broadcasting is a new, live field—full of opportunities for practically every type of talent and ability. Just think of the breadth taking speed with which this vast industry has grown! It's only about 13 years since the first broadcast—only 8 years since the first chain program. And now America has over 100 radio stations. Broadcasting thousands of different programs every day. Now Americans spend approximately seventy-five million dollars a year to advertise their products and services over the air.

Think of the thousands of good jobs involved in selling, planning, writing, directing and broadcasting these sponsored advertising programs alone. Not to mention the hundreds of additional opportunities on sustaining programs put on by the radio stations themselves.

INVESTIGATE—GET THE FACTS ABOUT THIS NEW INDUSTRY

Where do you fit into this picture? Let's see: Do you have a clear speaking voice? Can you tell funny stories? Do you take part in neighborhood entertainments? Can you sing? Play a musical instrument? Can you talk interestingly about sports, news events, hobbies, cooking, child care, home decoration or other popular subjects? If you can—mail the coupon below and learn about present day opportunities "on the air."

ALL OF THE OPPORTUNITIES ARE NOT BEFORE THE "MIKE"

There are plenty of opportunities in Broadcasting "off the air," too. There's good money being made writing Broadcasting news, gossip and comment for newspapers and magazines. There's good money being made writing Radio Dramas, Comedies, Skits, Advertising Announcements and Continuities. There's good money being made in the many managing, directing, selling, operating, publicity, advertising and talent-hunting jobs of the great Broadcasting industry.

GOOD PAY OPPORTUNITIES—PART TIME OR FULL TIME

You've read and heard a lot about the tremendous

salaries, paid the big "Stars" of Radio, and much of it is true. But remember this, too, for every "star" whom you can name. Broadcasting has hundreds of men and women on its payroll whose names you have never heard, drawing from \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year and up for jobs both on and off the air. And Broadcasting gives profitable part time employment to hundreds of others who devote only a small amount of their spare time to this fascinating work.

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There are opportunities such as these in Broadcasting stations in every city of any size. And the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting stands ready now to give ambitious men and women a thorough training in the Fundamentals and Technique of Broadcast writing. And you get this training right at home, in spare time. The training is complete, practical, written in fascinating style. It is easy to understand and entertaining in itself. It gives you the inside "feel" of Broadcasting right from the start.

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Mail the coupon today for the interesting free book which tells the whole fascinating story of the Broadcasting industry and the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting's method of training men and women at home in spare time. You never know your own capacity until you make the effort. Give your talent or ability the test of training. Now, thanks to the Floyd Gibbons School, you can obtain that training quickly in your spare time at home. Send at once for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting."

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Kills a COLD "Dead"!

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4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

JOHAN knew about romance, too, or thought he did, for he had found love early in life. It was one of those hectic war marriages, which was destined to end in divorce. When the war was over, he didn't know exactly what to make of his life. His marriage was a hollow jest, and his life, though it had been filled with adventure, had not exactly trained him for making a living.

Once again, John Barclay turned his back on the road to safety. With a small family pittance he came to the United States to begin the struggle for success in music.

After years of concert work, he got a chance in radio. But such a slim, unimportant chance! Sustaining roles, hack roles in radio dramas, in which he played exactly nowhere. Even when he got leading parts on the Collier's show, hardly anyone knew he was alive. When he saw radio wasn't getting him anywhere he checked radio altogether and went to St. Louis to appear in Municipal Opera.

The next step was easy. When John came back to New York, he was featured in a Broadway play, "Champagne, Sec." and was a glittering, glamorous success in it. It was here that one of the Benton and Bowles executives noticed him, and when the agency started looking around for an actor capable of playing leads for their Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, this man thought of John Barclay.

Romance, too, has again come to John Barclay, as it always comes to the John

Barclays of the world, and this time, I believe, it will be lasting. In the home of a friend in Philadelphia he met the woman he's married to now, Madame Dagmar Rydner Barclay, the pianist and composer. Distinguished in the musical world and the friend of such glamorous figures as Rachmaninoff, the famous pianist. She has taught music to such silver-throated radio orioles as Jane Pickens and Conrad Thibault.

Always John is an incurable optimist. For instance, he never believes that it is going to rain, no matter how many times the Weather Bureau assures him it is. Recently he planned a trip to Fire Island when the newspapers said it was going to rain the next day. "Oh, I'm sure there will be just a couple of light showers," he said blithely. And just because the gods favor such cuckoos as John, by the great heavens, the day turned out fair.

Once his mother told John that she was going to consult a brother-in-law of his about some question or other.

"You'd never think of consulting me, would you, mother?" he asked.

"Of course not," she told him cheerfully. "You know you have no judgment."

But good judgment or not, I only wish that someone could plant a little of John's recklessness in all our hearts. When the reckless way of doing things gets a man so far, what price caution?

Laughing Lovers

(Continued from page 29)

dreamy-eyed and blissfully happy, nodded her head.

Two days later, they stood in the town courthouse, waiting their turn to be married.

"Just a minute, honey," Tim whispered. "I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Irene waited. And waited. She was growing panicky. She looked up at the clock, clapping and unclapping her long hands. He was gone an hour already! A dreadful fear clutched at her heart. What if—what if her mother was right. What if he had left her then and there, waiting at the altar? She started to wail.

Suddenly she heard a lot of noise. She wheeled around. There was Tim rushing in, pulling her mother with him.

"Sorry I'm late, honey," he said excitedly to his red-eyed bride-to-be. "But it took me all this time to get your mother to agree to our marriage. You see," he added boyishly, "I wanted to marry you the right way."

Funny, isn't it? And that's how they have been careening through life. Right after their marriage, when there were more serious things to think of, such as careers and finances, they bumped their impulsive heads against so many of Life's hard knocks that they still carry the bruises.

Leaving the stock company they toured in their own vaudeville act all over the country. They were doing nicely, thank you, but were too busy joking and playing to see the trend of the times. It hit

home, though, suddenly and forcibly. Tim and Irene woke up one bright morning to find themselves with no more vaudeville bookings. Vaudeville, they discovered, was definitely on the wane. Radio was the thing. But did that daunt them? Say, you don't know this pair!

They hopped on a train for San Francisco, their home, with no prospects but enough hope and self-confidence to conquer the world. They were going to tackle radio!

WHEN they stood before their first microphone they were so excited that they could hardly hear their own voices. Irene forgot some of her lines, Tim's voice cracked, but wonder of wonders, they passed the audition! The program director sent for them. Tim threw out his chest, Irene powdered her nose, and they both strutted into the office.

Fifteen minutes later they emerged, downcast and dejected, the wind taken out of their sails. Sure, they could go on the air. At ten dollars a program! How could they be expected to live on that? They had heard there was money in broadcasting. Where was it? Tim and Irene went home to do some more waiting. Their lift became one call after another—with no ensuing job.

After the ninth audition they gave up. "I never want to see another microphone!" Irene cried in despair. "Let's go to Hollywood." (Continued on page 99)

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 23)

• For the first time in history, a state government is sponsoring a radio show. The New York State legislature has approved Robert Crisp's plan to broadcast a CBS network designed to reduce the consumption of food and drink. Peter DeLuca, author of "Radio Power," writes in the show.

• Mr. and Mrs. David Friedman, who writes the plays for Eddie Cantor, expect the stock this month.

• Tenor Phil Regan, who left a good spot in radio for a bad bit in movies, is soon to be joined in Detroit by Brooks Brown.

• Mural Wilson, Steve Allen's Mary Lee Corby looks like a former sex addict who had a moment of sanity when she had added a few pounds and called it charming self.

(Continued on page 23)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY TITLE 47 OF THE CODES OF FEDERAL REGULATIONS, SECTION 77.101, OF RADIO STARS, INC., DATED 12/31/54.

1. Name of the organization: RADIO STARS, INC., 200 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

2. Issue date: 12/31/54

3. Issue frequency: Weekly

4. Issue month: 12/31/54

5. Issue day: 12/31/54

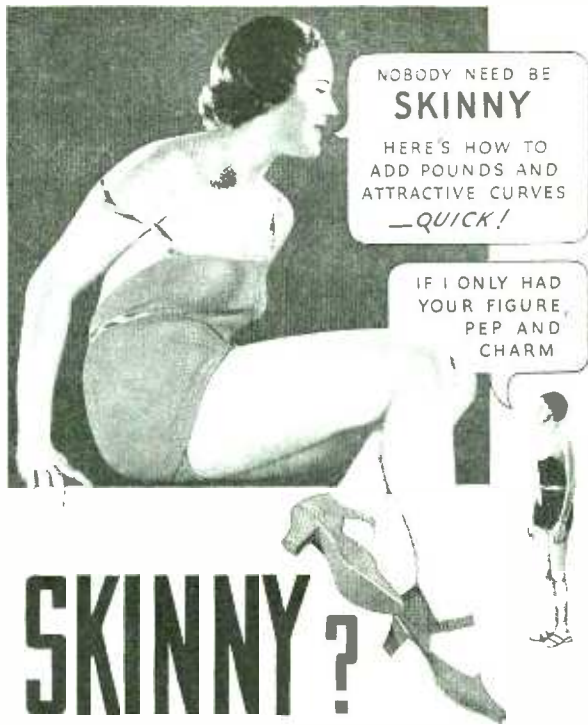
6. Issue time: 12/31/54

7. Issue place: 12/31/54

8. Issue address: 12/31/54

9. Issue city: 12/31/54

10. Issue state: 12/31/54



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5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times, iron added

health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron. Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded. Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time!

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

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Name _____
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City _____

Programs Day by Day

5:00 EST (2)—National Veterans Visiting Missions, Music and novel program. WJZ 101.1-101.2

5:00 EST (2)—Charles Spurgeon, tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Dattos, baritone; Rochester's orchestra. (Hollywood) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:00 EST (2)—Walk in, folks. It's Back's Open House. Permit us to introduce you to Terrell Martin's Orchestra, Edmer Feldkamp, baritone; Terry Shott, blues singer; vocal trio; and the two piano team. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:00 EST (2)—Horse and Hounds. Fragrance of romance mixed with the thrill of a gallop as in Civil War dramas. (General Radio) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:30 EST (2)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Croft. (General Radio) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:30 EST (2)—Tom Amis, "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:30 EST (2)—Hill adventures high with a thrill mixed with the Radio Explorer's Club. (Hoch) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

5:45 EST (2)—Humorous on River. Albert Dawson Terhune talks about dogs. (Spratt) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:00 EST (2)—"Music to Gerstwin's." Louis Rutzman's orchestra, Dick Rector, conductor. Rhoda Miller, soprano; Thelma Peterson, soloist. Male vocal and Harry Von Zell, Master of Ceremonies. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:30 EST (2)—"The Iron Master." Life's great band, great artists; Bennett Chappell, narrator. (Carmen) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:30 EST (2)—"Smilin'." Ed McConnell, singer. (Carmen) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:45 EST (2)—"The Iron Master." Life's great band, great artists; Bennett Chappell, narrator. (Carmen) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:30 EST (2)—Boddy Rogers and Jeanne Lang. (Mair) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

6:30 EST (2)—Wooded Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Litch) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

8:00 EST (2)—Lorraine & Sunburn Hour with Samozitz Turano. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

8:30 EST (2)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Tamara, blues singer; David Perry, organ. (How About That, He, L. Watkins) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:00 EST (2)—Walter Knapp's Radio Hour. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—All-Old Time. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Hansons in Harmon. The voices, Oscar Bradley's Orch. (The Hedding Club) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Eunice Allum of Easy River Music, Frank Minn, tenor; Arthur Rupp, soprano; Orlan & Arden, pianos; Jerome Horowitz, conductor. Hansons Concert Orch. (Hayes) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Wayne King, Lady Esther. W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Hall of Fame. (Litch & Pink) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Hank Rogers, Adventures in the Outdoors. (Carmen) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—Tom Meehan, Western drama for the country. (Hoch) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

9:30 EST (2)—The Shadow, Mystery. (Litch & Pink) W 101.1-101.2 W 101.3-101.4 W 101.5-101.6 W 101.7-101.8 W 101.9-101.10 W 101.11-101.12

A Coat for a Queen

(Continued from page 55)

can mail address and mail before midnight, November 30, 1934.

Simple, isn't it? The best answer wins, of course. Neatness counts, too, but you can use pen or ball or typewriter, whichever you prefer. In case two or more entries are a pretty good duplicate prizes will be awarded. Every one is eligible who lives within the boundaries of the United States and Canada with the exception of employees of Radio Stars Magazine and F. J. Lee, Inc.

The Band Box

(Continued from page 63)

of Lanny Ross' new program Wednesdays over NBC at 8:30 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. EST is Harry Salter who batoned for Hanson Mahon's best waiter.

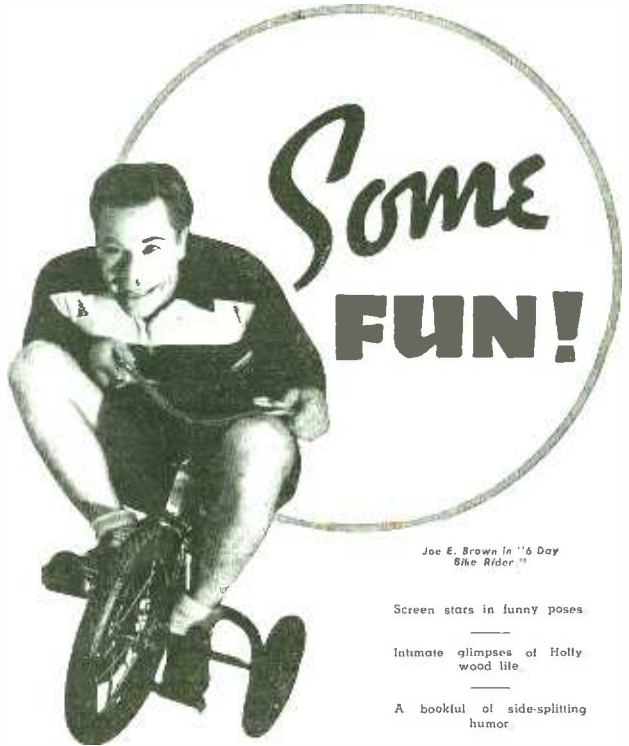
After three years at the Blackhawk Restaurant, made famous by Cowd-Sanders in years gone by, Hal Kemp's orchestra is scheduled for the Hotel Pennsylvania this winter. The Blackhawk is casting about for another long term winner.

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees are scheduled to go back into the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway December 1.

Ruby Wright, On the Day's singing stress, has said to work with Barney Kapp's orchestra.



Jimmie McCallion, young NBC actor, poses in his first long trousers.



Screen stars in funny poses

Intimate glimpses of Hollywood life

A booklet of side-splitting humor

Completely out of control, rounding the curves on three wheels, Joe is out in front and having a grand time. Before starting this, the greatest and latest laugh-ride of his career, he went in training with a fresh copy of Film Fun and thereby added two more inches to his smile. Normally Joe's mouth is just like anybody else's, but due to constant reading of this hilarious magazine he now has a monopoly on the biggest smile in history. We dare you to keep a straight upper lip after seeing the

DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

FILM FUN

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST SCREEN MAGAZINE

New Charm with this amazing NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish — transparent or creme — made to harmonize with your natural coloring
—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

Nr wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in Vogue are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubbles or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 12c sizes at "five-and-ten's." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—sold at a special low price. "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—47¢ x 12¢.

Enclose 1c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent or Creme Polish. I am True Blonde... Ash Blonde... Light Brunette... Chestnut Brunette... Dark Brunette... Titan Red... Silver Hair... Black Hair... Black with Silver... Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. 1)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

problem in keeping your skin for its general tendency is toward a coarse, rough appearance. Yet, for all of this, the very fact that your skin is oily will prevent it from becoming wrinkled and so will remain young longest. And if you will follow a thorough cleansing routine there's no reason why your skin shouldn't be of fine texture. Use all the cream you like for cleansing plus lots of soap and water. Contrary to the idea that much cleansing causes a greater secretion of oil, it actually stimulates the circulation and enables the pores to throw off sebaceous secretions, thus eliminating blackheads. Of course, use common sense and don't go to bed with cream on your face. Rather finish off with a good astringent to remove every vestige of cream.

Dry skin might be the most beautiful while it's young, but beware! It ages fastest of all—unless you determine right now to prevent it. And you can. The burning question is whether to wash or not to wash. If you don't feel clean unless you do, then by all means wash. But use cream and more cream both before and after. The skin is pretty tough for all its seeming fragility and it's going to take plenty of downright soaking in cream to penetrate the top layer and reach your "inner skin." If you use an astringent, choose one that is tightening without being drying; they work a tissue or nourishing cream into it and leave a slight filmy layer on over night. A powder base of some good cream or lotion is advisable before applying your makeup.

Today, with the excellent line of cosmetics to fit everyone's purse, there is no reason why we all should not have a smooth, healthy skin. Certainly it's worth striving for, since a lovely skin can cover a multitude of defects—regular features are not so noticeable, a feature not quite a la mode is overlooked. Even post-juve-

naled for her beautiful skin is said to have had very poor teeth.

JUST think of your mother's friends, who have retained possible figures, but whose faces show the ravage of time and neglect. One can always disguise the age of a shapely figure, but it's impossible to mask wrinkles.

Incidentally, hands, too, as I've mentioned before, are indicative of the years. Keep yours out of the age category by giving them a good creaming each night. And give more than a passing thought to grooming. You can depend on the numerous new shades of nail polish to add that final touch of smartness. The color you choose depends on your costume and the color of the skin on your hands.

Hands of yellowish tint require polishes of the orange tones—corals and orange reds. For fair and rosy skin—pale, natural medium, rose, blood red and sarmin.

Natural and pale shades are always suitable for sportswear and whenever it's wise to be conservative. These are also safe when you're wearing brilliant costumes of purple, orange, red and emerald green. With delicate pastel colors, keep to the natural and pale.

The deeper shades of polish—the reds—are effective with black, white, dark green and blue, pale gray, beige, sand and neutral.

If you have any individual skin problems use Uncle Sam's nails and you will get a personal reply from me pronto.

Since Christmas isn't many moons away, it occurred to me that perhaps some of you are wondering what to give your girl friend or your mother or even the kids. If you are trying to buy within a budget and you want suggestions in gifts that are inexpensive yet tricky, the kind you like to receive as well as give—I can tell you about some.



The Modern Choir of the National networks. You hear it on many of the big programs.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from page 80)

at Russ's feet. As a singer, he was at the top of his radio profession because it is not possible to go higher than he was. As an artist he was finding a new medium of expression in motion pictures, crowned by the ultimate achievement of Hollywood stardom. As a man, I believe he had found the one real romance of his life! Is it cruelty . . . or is it joy that these great gifts were never dulled for him? He sat in the midst of his happiness with his friends, whose counsel and affection had enriched his life, and never knew the loss of the great joys life had given him!"

As Kusch talked, my thoughts, like a flashback in a movie, recalled that tall, slender, colorfully-handsome Italian boy I met seven years ago in the studio of our mutual friend, Lansing Brown. At that time "Lans", our genial, witty host was by far the most prosperous of our little stag trio. He had just opened an exclusive photographer's studio on Wilshire Boulevard (the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles) and at night, when the day's work was over, we three would gather, sometimes with my wife, to play the studio piano or victrola and drink some of Lans' good red wine. For hours we'd sit around

(Continued on page 85)



Ralph Morgan

Muriel Wilson shown as she boarded a United Air Lines plane at Newark, N. J., to visit Lanny Ross in Hollywood.

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fluffy filler . . . soft, surgical gauze . . . and just underneath the gauze a special layer of soft down. Only Modess has that! There are no sharp edges in Modess—nothing to cut and chafe.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

Continued from page 58

talking, recounting stories, airing our hopes and ambitions and discussing life in general. Of the entire group, Russ was the youngest and most retiring, had the least to say. We used to tease him about his soft name. Bugarski learned the Russian alphabet so we could tease him, too. It was on January 14, 1938, in San Francisco, California, his first place. He told us he put the name "Russ" because his Trisco playmates could not pronounce Bugarski.

RUSS was always the first to be home. He had the habit of coming to the club and playing until the very last moment, even if he had just had to get out early to work. The only deviation between Russ and his mother occurred in his entire family, including his father and the seven remaining brothers and sisters of a family of twelve, is to be spoken of with reverence. Every dime he made, every dime he ever hoped to make, was for the sole purpose of increasing the happiness of his devoted family. Long before Russ turned out to be a great success, he had given the heart and center of his family life. Everything

(Continued on page 62)



NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

WITH YEAST IN THIS PLEASANT MODERN FORM

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas

or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to *look better and feel better.*

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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.	
<small>Please send free sample and descriptive circular.</small>	
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Address _____	
City _____	State _____



Lou Holtz

Lou Holtz, the funny man, made a one-shot appearance on Rudy Vallee's show and remained as a permanent fixture.



Why radio artists have secretaries—Lew White, NBC organist, and Leon Belasco, Columbia maestro, with theirs and a gift from a fan.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from page 85)

his mother plan to travel to and Russ. Nothing pleased her more than for him to bring home his friend, Larsen, to a spaghetti dinner cooked by her own hands. She thought her sons' violin music sweeter than Krusch's. Once, Fanny Hurst wrote a novel about a Jewish family that was akin to the life of this warm, Italian family. It was "Hun-Resque."

At that time, Russ was between dance bands and gigs in Los Angeles. He had just finished his first real job with Leonza Hubbard and his band at the M. Star Hotel, where he had played the violin. Strongly, that soft voice of singing talent that was to fit him to American Broadway play along with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee, was as far as he was from his mind as pole vaulter.

The nineteen-year-old Russ was not long in getting another Hollywood orchestra. When Professor Moore went into the new Roosevelt Hotel on a grand gala evening, Columbo and his violin were hired. All the movie stars of Hollywood were gathered to welcome the new band and the new supper room. But the night of the opening, a minor catastrophe occurred. The featured soloist came down

(Continued on page 89)



Above is photo of Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet."

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Radio City, 1270-6th Ave.
Dept. 412, N. Y.

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The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from Page 89)

Call It Love, because as well as "Crosses," "I Surrendered, Dear," and "Valley's My Time Is Your Time." America and some "Crosses" and those three compositions of pianist and guitarist, with head and shoulders above all contemporaries. They even covered a song about them, "A Rosie, Columbo and Vallee."

While Russ was in New York, gossip columns were filled with items about him. That he was engaged to Harlow Williams, later Mrs. Jack Donaghy. "The Columbo Song," "Now I Know It's Love" was supposed to have been dedicated to the late Dorothy Dand and on one occasion the columnist became very excited by two popular Columbo legends: that there was a real feud between Russ and Bing Crosby, and the other that he had sent Greta Garbo \$200 worth of orchids.

HE I thought I did not mention about both of these stories, the day I met him at the air station. Bing Crosby's first "little son." He was amused at the rivalry told tale. "I wouldn't likely be attending this christening if Bing and I were on the outs," he explained. "As for that Garbo story, I guess I'll have to admit the laugh is on me. I didn't know until later that a couple of my friends had cooked up the story that Bing had listened in on my broadcasts every night. She was staying at the hotel where I was playing, you know, and of course I was flattered when a columnist printed the story that I was her favorite singer. I thought it nice to say 'thank you with flowers.' And that's what I did. On the reverse it was just a rib."

That day Russ was receiving many congratulations over a major contract he had just signed to appear in "W. for Win" and "Broadway Through a Keyhole." He was certainly excited about his picture work and wanted very much to succeed in it. He struck me as being about the happiest person I had ever seen. "Why not," he said, "Everything is breaking for me." He was with Sally Bane, and a newspaper writer came up and wanted to know if there was romance at it. Russ made a peculiar observation. "I guess I should have been a poker player. I must be in by at cards, but I'm not in love."

He scored an outstanding hit in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and before the picture had been generally released Carl Lamumbo, Junior, signed him on a starring contract for three pictures yearly in Universal. The next thing he did was to buy a beautiful home in "Outpost Estates" where he immediately settled himself and his seventy-one year old father and seventy-year old mother (now so ill that she does not yet know, as this is being written that the boy who was her very first love is dead).

FASTLY the water life crowded Russ and then he met and married a lovely blonde, the daughter of a very Artie Judge

and Wesley Ruggles.

There is good news in anyone's mind that Carole, the beautiful movie star who had just received her divorce from William Powell, was the crowning love story of Russ' life. He worshipped the ground she walked on—and made no secret of it. He was constantly in her company. He confided to someone very close to him: "I am so happy I have made a financial success, because of the happiness it can bring my family. But I didn't begin to live until I met Carole!"

It is believed that so deep was her influence on Russ that she was almost the manager of his professional affairs. She accompanied him to every broadcast he made. Sitting in the monitor room she would give signals that would actually control his tonal expressions. It was Carole who advised, and coached him in his picture work and she was largely responsible for several story changes made in his first starring film. She inspired in him a devotion to no other woman, except his mother, had ever aroused. When she heard of his death, she collapsed. They say that as soon as his contracts allow Carole Lombard is leaving Hollywood for a long vacation tour, during which she will struggle to forget the tragic memory of Russ' death.

As you know the courts held the official gesture of acquittal. The verdict: "His jury finds that Russ Columbo came to his death by a gun wound accidentally inflicted by Lansing Brown. Brown is absolved of all blame...."

Funeral services were held in the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard in the Hollywood district. It was necessary for the interment in one of the Universal Studios to use an expense to get the body out over the dead Russ' eyes. There was no credible demonstration (as there usually is at a celebrity's funeral) from the crowd of 3000 persons who stood behind, as Bing Crosby, Gilbert Roland, Walter Lang, Stuart Peters, Lowell Sherman and Sheldon Keare Callaway bore his body under the blanket of gardenias, Carole had sent to the cemetery altar.

Inside the church there were many torn and bleeding hearts of those who were near and dear to him. They sat together, the brothers and the sister, who as he was carried into the church, had hysterically screamed that "no one will ever know how much we loved him." But far back in the last row, unnoticed, alone, knelt a man whose heart was wracked with bitter questioning that no prayer could silence, a man who will live with the tragedy in his heart forever... because he is that kind of a friend... Lansing Brown.

And somehow I can't help but believe that if it had been given to Russ Columbo to speak but one comforting thought to anyone of those whom he so deeply loved, that "that thought" would go straight into the heart of Lansing. "My life is always"

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have. Well, his memory is short, unless in comparison with a dog's. A dog can harbor no grudges against his master, but let a stranger offend him, and he'll better beware to his dying day.

Back in 1928 Albert Payson Terhune was taking his merry six-mile hike through the fields at Pompton, when he was struck by an automobile going fifty miles an hour. "Sure, I was walking at the rate of four miles an hour," he told me dryly, "you can imagine what I looked like. Lots of independent republics. I resembled a hamburger steak more than anything else, and the doctors were afraid I wouldn't pull through."

"Throughout my illness my dog Gray Dawn lay near my bed, his large sympathetic eyes following my every move. When the doctor came to set my right leg, he had to twist it, and I grunted in anguish. Quick as a flash, Gray Dawn was up and at him. The doctor was torturing his master, that was all he needed to know."

"Down, Dawn," I managed to gasp, and growling and howling, Dawn obeyed. After that I didn't dare make a sound when the doctor was around. And somehow, Gray Dawn always managed to squirm his way between us so something was done to harm me. He'd snarl suspiciously at the doctor's black bag while ever the doctor came.

The dog was suspicious of him ever after. Terhune and the doctor became the best of friends. But to his dying day Gray Dawn hated and growled at him whenever he came to call, even without his medical kit. "That man kept my master," it was all he murmured.

A dog seldomly understands, Terhune insists. Better that most humans do. You still doubt a dog's power of reasoning, of understanding. Then listen to this.

SEVERAL years ago Mrs. Terhune fell ill with pneumonia, so terribly ill that the doctors despaired of her life. For ten days she lay motionless, becoming weaker and weaker. Dad was only a golden colt, but he insisted. All that time he lay beside her. Followed his nose pressed to her face. A hundred times a day the master stirred him away to feed him, but he never touched a morsel. Back before the dog would let him outdoors or the people who stumbled over him, and there he stood, his self-appointed eyes as guardian of his mistress's door.

One time the doctor pronounced her out of danger. With one

jump, found he was at her bedside, snoring and barking for all he was worth. "Quiet, Boy," the master ordered. Instantly Dad fell silent, his trembling body and wagging tail the only signs of his excitement. All of a sudden he sprang from the room and disappeared all the time. About a quarter of a mile from the house there rose the first plantations of dog-eat-the-meat trees, and in all his years of experience in tussling over a thousand dogs.

They would have awaked the dead, those pants of dog praise. Then, quite as suddenly as he had disappeared, Sunny-bank Dad returned to his home for the first meal and nap he had had in ten black days. The danger was over, now he could rest.

"Doctors have been known to desert babies when holding was tough," Terhune remarked, "and many are the humans who will not risk their lives for their dear ones. But a dog never hesitates, it always stands ready and eager to gamble its life for the sake of the humans it loves. I myself have watched three hundred and seventeen instances of dogs throwing away their lives for humans."

For a strike, he told me, Little Gene, Boston's dog, gave today, because Boots his storied, Dobberman Pinscher dog, was willing to sacrifice his life for his little charge.

Dog and child were romping together in the Backman yard when little two-year-old Gene decided he wanted that red rose blooming on his mother's rose bush. With Boots at his heels he started toward the bush. Albeit to his surprise and chagrin, Boots jerked him back by the seat of his trousers. Once more he started for the bush and was again pulled back by the dog who had set up a furious barking. This was too much for the tot. Little Gene slipped Boots soundly and kicked him away as the dog tried to pull him back for the fourth time.

The child never realized that just as the dog jumped on the bush, so his sharp teeth bit into the neck of a red snake, and he could proceed in. The sting of the venomous snake pierced Gene's person into the dog's body, but hanging on for all he was worth Boots didn't relax his grip till the snake was dead. Then he toppled over dead, but that didn't matter. He had saved his young master's life.

Do you wonder that Albert Payson Terhune devotes his life to the lives of dogs and their owners?

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and swelling so quickly that you can wear smaller, neater
shoes with ease and comfort. Free 10¢ on your own money.
Just write and send 10¢ to Fry Pododyne Co., Dept. 122-20,
Pododyne Co., 160 N. Wacker Dr., H-210 Chicago, Ill.

PSORIASIS — ECZEMA
and other obstinate skin eruptions

It is necessary to suffer from these unsightly skin
irritations? **PSORICINE**, a wonderful new medicine,
now relieving many stubborn cases where other
treatments failed. Try it no matter how long afflicted.
Write for sworn proof and free information.

EDWARD W. KLOWDEN
519 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill

**BACKACHES
NEED WARMTH**

Four of thousands of folks who used to suffer from
non-rheumatic backaches, shoulder pains and chest con-
ditions have put on an Allow's Famous Plaster and have
found the most satisfying relief. It's simple and restful
for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis,
arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The heavy-duty Allow's Famous Plaster is the
new glow of warmth that makes you feel good right
away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws
the blood to that spot. It treats the backache
where it is. No stinging, no pain. You use Allow's
Famous Plaster. No fuss or mess, either. Allow's
is the original plaster. In almost 100 years
no other plaster has ever been made that goes on
and comes off so easily, or that does so well.

Be sure the driestest 25¢ box ALLOWS 8 25¢.

Since then, by his own efforts he has made a success of his radio career. You've heard him recently on his own program, the Everett Marshall Broadway Varieties, and as the featured headline on the Schlitz "Spotlight Review."

Now he's in two-time, Strangely enough, it's with a woman who's career as a dancer has been the guiding star of her life. But this time he's so sure that this woman comes in for him and in for her work.

I would it would seem almost to be true if she took his arm down. It will be interesting to see what the future brings, whether it's past experience with a woman has so far taught him to tell the rest of the world. But here you feel superior to him perhaps you'd better take another look at the thing if you're your prop of yesterday. Other men have been just as sure as you have that they were not making a mistake. Perhaps you too are an Everett Marshall.

Laughing Lovers

(Continued from page 78)

you remember, we once met the production manager of Warner Brothers and he promised us a job if we ever came to Hollywood. Let's see him. He'll surely give us a job."

The day they were leaving for Hollywood, their phone rang. It was the station director. "Say kids," he yelled excitedly, "I have a great spot for you. It won't pay much, but it's a grand opportunity."

Tim caught the warning look in Irene's eyes. "Sorry," he answered, "we're going in the movies."

Early the next morning, Irene dragged Tim to the Warner studios. They waited hours for the production manager to see them. Finally, they were ushered into his office.

He greeted them warmly. "Sure, I remember you," he said. "But we're not hiring anybody now."

Outside again, Irene looked at Tim. Tim looked at Irene.

"Well," he remarked, "that radio offer doesn't look so bad now, does it?"

They rushed into the nearest clear store and called the station. "If the offer still holds," Tim said, "we'll take it."

Thank heavens, the job was still open. Next week they were members of the California "Carefree Carnival." Their plugging hadn't been in vain.

This past spring, John Royal, program director of NBC, happened to hear Irene's funny, piping voice and Tim's suave humor. That was all they needed. Inside of a week they were heading for New York at Royal's order.

What does the Big Town hold in store for them? Well, right now their chances look very good. Several sponsors are dickering for their services. And I'm betting they'll come through in Big Time. Tim and Irene have emerged through their trying ordeal with flying colors. And they will do it again.

CONSULTATION
began
at 40!

Years of Suffering
Till She Found
This Safe



ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF

TODAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—All-Vegetable Nature's Remedy—NR Tablets. She noticed the difference in herself. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. In other one-pilful spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or chemical derivatives, only natural inactive elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they worked gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—See how thorough they are—yet so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.

FREE 1934 Calendar—The most beautiful, designed in color and gold. Also sample TUMS and NR. Send stamp for mailing and covering to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14871, St. Louis 20.

Nature's Remedy GET A 25/BOX
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn Only 10¢.

LEARN
Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet
EASY HOME METHOD—new, fast way for beginners. 30 lessons completed in amazingly short time. 90% enthusiastic students. Low cost—no forms. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog given—full details.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 601 1525 S. 56th Street, Chicago

Gray Hair Pencil
Instantly gives GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color. Sifts out the gray to keep gray from showing at roots, temples, and parting and keeps Gray from spreading. It is detected by light, both men and women. To Quickly Introduce Full Size full size Pencil given for only 25¢ coin. Lasts many months. Satisfaction guaranteed. 404 W. Erie St., Dept. 3-18 Chicago, Ill.

IF MY HUSBAND HAD ONLY KNOWN \$100 WOULD HAVE KEPT US FROM WANT

My husband meant to insure his life—but he kept putting it off. Now we are left penniless."

Tragic—but now unnecessary! Postal Life Insurance Co. has issued a new policy to make your family a dollar a month for \$1000 worth of insurance at age 25—\$548 and 30¢ a month, age 15 to 20. Old Line Legal Reserve modified life insurance, with full cash and loan values, paid-up and extended insurance privilege. Premiums for first five years are one-half the ordinary payable after five years; reduced by sixths until at term.

Only Postal's Thrive-15! Mail sending plan can give you insurance value like this. No tax has to be paid—no agents or agents' commissions. Now 25 years old, at more than 20 million dollars has been paid to policyholders and beneficiaries. Send coupon today. www.postal-life.com

Postal Life Insurance Co., Dept. 703, 511 5th Ave., New York
Please send free information about your \$100 policy.

Exact date of birth _____
Occupation _____
Name _____
Street and number _____
City _____

Globe Trotting to Glory

(Continued from page 41)

commercial by the Chesterfield Cigarette Company on KUOK, the chief radio station. Now she was going places! But her great joy turned to disappointment, for the hotel management to whom she was contracted wouldn't allow her to accept it. Why? Because, they reasoned, no one would come to hear her at the hotel if she were on such a popular radio program.

She tried to tell him that it would work just the other way around. Tried to tell him that in America people flocked to see, as well as hear, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith and a host of other air favorites when they played at theatres or hotels. She fought and argued with them for hours. But her bosses merely folded their arms and continued to shake their heads calmly in the face of her forceful pleas. The Chinese, she discovered in that heart-breaking experience, have very definite ideas of their own. It was such a heavy blow to her hopes that she left Shanghai in disgust for Hong Kong.

With her ever increasing repertoire of foreign songs she was naturally a great hit. But she had one hair-raising experience to add to the glamor of her success. During an evening trip to Macao by boat, the vessel was suddenly invaded by pirates who still infest the Chinese waters. Brandishing a pistol over her head, a heavy-eyed fellow robbed her of all her jewelry and money, then thrust her roughly into a stateroom and locked the door. She

crouched in her room petrified with fear as to what would happen next. After hours of waiting, she finally fell asleep from exhaustion. It was daylight when she was awakened by a strange Chinese sailor from whom she learned the horrible details of the night before. The borders of pirates had locked all the passengers in their rooms, killed the purser and carried their prize down the coast to a hide-out, where they stripped the vessel and then turned the hulk loose to drift until help arrived.

DID that terrifying experience discourage Rita from staying in China? Not a bit. Chalk it up to thrills and adventure! It was only when she decided that opportunity in China was too limited that she packed her trunks and caught a boat for Honolulu. By now the world was becoming a small place to Rita Bell.

In Honolulu she had little difficulty obtaining a singing job over Station KGU for the Chinese broadcasts were heard in Honolulu, so she already had a certain amount of fame and popularity. Do you see how this exciting trek around the globe was giving Rita Bell the thing she wanted—a buildup in radio!

Then some enterprising Columbia official in California heard her singing from Honolulu and wired her an offer. "Come to Hollywood. We've a spot for you!"

That was just what she had been looking for! An offer for a big American

network! When she hopped on that boat for the U. S. A. again, she knew she was on the last lap of her journey.

From then on it was comparatively easy. All those thrilling, adventuresome years spent in quest of a radio career hadn't been in vain. "New York or bust," became her motto. Yet to her the wilds of the jungle and strangeness of the Orient were easier to pierce than the scepticism of New York. But now she was armed with a good weapon. She didn't have to storm the studio doors the way thousands of unknowns do. She had something. She had *experience!* She had to go to France, England, Germany, Africa, China and Honolulu for it—she had to spend five years jumping from one strange city to another—but she got what she wanted! Entrance to a large broadcasting network!

Now she feels she's just starting. Whether or not she really becomes a star, remains to be seen. But at least she's "in." And because she did it all by herself, without trying to pull strings, without getting bitter and slamming radio the way a lot of unsuccessful aspirants do, I like to tell her story to the thousands of other boys and girls trying to crash radio. It holds a lesson and a warning. It shows how tremendously difficult it is to get started on the air, but yet it shows, too, what an original mind and a lot of spunk and daring will do.

Tell me truthfully, have you the grit to do what this girl did for a career?



Paul Whiteman believes in encouraging young America in musical pursuits, so he accepted the invitation to be guest of honor at a band concert to be given by this group of Boy Scouts on Christmas morning.

COURT MARTIALED FOR LOVE



14 Complete Stories in This Issue:

FLIRTATION WALK with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell; THE PAINTED VEIL with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent; BELLE OF THE NINETIES with Mae West, Roger Pryor; WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS with Helen Hayes, Brian Ahearne; PART TIME LADY with Carole Lombard; PERFECT WEEKEND with James Cagney, Patricia Ellis; THE FIREBIRD with Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez; GAMBLING with George M. Cohan, Wynne Gibson, WEDNESDAY'S CHILD with Frankie Thomas, Edward Arnold, Karen Morley; CHU CHIN CHOW with Anna May Wong; THE LEMON DROP KID with Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy; I'LL SELL ANYTHING with Pat O'Brien, ANN DUNBAR; TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW with Neil Hamilton, Miriam Jordan; GIRL OF MY DREAMS with Eddie Nugent, Mary Carlisle.

To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at the Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world" . . . that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet, Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature . . . but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

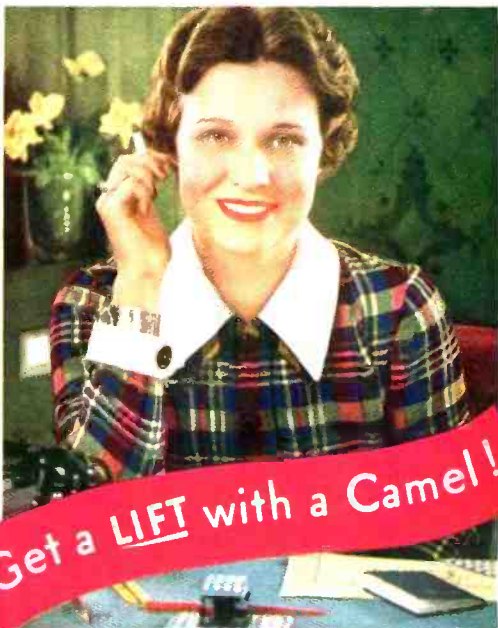
Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Flirtation Walk."

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen on sale at all newsstands



**ENERGY
USED UP?__**



Get a LIFT with a Camel!

**FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT
ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS**

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels

because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."
Camels are milder—a marchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep...take away that tired feeling...I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."



BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:
"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!