

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

OCTOBER

10

CENTS

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The **SECRET STORY of SETH PARKER'S COMEBACK**

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"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? ... "How terrible" ... "How perfectly awful" ... And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction ... "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum dis-

orders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and

Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana awakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.



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ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better because you chew it



RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR
ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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RADIO STARS

Greta GARBO
Fredric MARCH



"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

F R E D D I E
BARTHOLOMEW

(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE
CLARENCE BROWN'S

Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

R. Wilson
Brown,
Director

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE

Gazette

NATIONAL
EDITION

Vol. 1, No. 5

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

October, 1935

LEAGUE TALK

By Wilson Brown, Director

Willing workers among our members have asked me "How can we be of service to radio and to the League?" That is a welcomed question for it is proof of the interest members have in the purpose of the League.

There is an article appearing elsewhere on this page telling how you can be of service in the matter of making suggestions and criticisms. Now let me suggest some other ways.

All of you have a favorite program and you can be doing a double service if you will try to interest your friends in it. First you'll be doing those friends a favor. Secondly, you will be contributing a direct service to the sponsor in increasing his audience.

If you like the work of an artist, or if you particularly like a certain program, let that be known. Write letters! Until our master minds of the studios figure out some way of registering your smiles and frowns, the letters you write are the only indication artists and sponsors have of their reception. Such letters may be addressed to the artists in care of The Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. and they will be sent directly to the sponsors or artists.

When a sponsor asks you to buy his product, he figuratively'll find it to be what he claims and maybe become a regular customer. So how about giving him a fifty-fifty chance? That is, try his product. You may find it exactly what you want. Too, you will be showing your appreciation of his program and the artists he has selected to feature on that program.

By doing these things, you will show your interest in radio by direct service. And when you serve radio, you serve the League.

What else can you do to help? Well, if you've found the League to be what we've claimed, maybe you'd be willing to boost it among your friends. Let them know about the work we are doing. Perhaps they will become members. As membership increases, so will the accomplishments.

MRS. CONNOR, BUFFALO, PRESIDENT OF LARGEST CHAPTER YET FORMED

She Got Together Sixty Persons to Form Chapter No. 1 of the Mariel Wilson Club

To Mrs. Ardisse Connor of 406 Elm Street, Buffalo, N. Y., goes the honor of being the president of the largest chapter yet to be formed in the Listeners' League of America. Mrs. Connor organized and was elected president of sixty loyal Mariel Wilson followers and being the first to form in behalf of the Showboat soprano, was granted Chapter No. 1.

The large majority of the members are Buffalo residents with other members being from Kenmore, Cheektowaga and Lackawanna, N. Y. Likewise, the majority are connected with the Kleinfans Company of Buffalo.

The second chapter to be formed for Miss Wilson is in Philadelphia, Pa., and has as its president Miss Anna Ryan. The secretary-treasurer is Miss Martha I. Townsend. This club was formed five months ago and shows promise of enrolling many new members now that it is affiliated with the League.

SHUT-INS WELCOME LEAGUE AS AN AID

There are many loyal radio listeners who, because of physical handicaps, were unable to take part in regular fan clubs or to organize clubs of their own. The League has changed that. To the shut-ins, the club of their favorite artists is brought to their bedside.

Many shut-ins have written the League, enrolled in various chapters, and are among the most active members. This letter from Miss Jennie Blane, Box 206, Duarte, Calif., shows what the League means to her. "Congratulations to the League of America. For a long time I have been wanting to join a Gino Lombardi club but it was impossible for me because I'm a shut-in. But now you have made it possible for me. And I appreciate it very much. Wishing the League the greatest success, I remain, yours gratefully."

RADIO PROGRAMS ON THE SPOT AS LISTENERS REGISTER CRITICISMS

LEAGUE INVITES MEMBERS TO MAKE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GENERAL IMPROVEMENT OF BROADCASTING

Are you convinced that your favorite artist is being given the full consideration he deserves by his sponsor?

Does his program present him in the way you would have him presented?

Are you satisfied that your favorite artist is doing his best—or could you make some suggestions that would improve his work?

And what do you think of these so-called "horror" programs? What programs, for example, do you think would be objectionable for children to hear?

What do you call a poor program—one that you wouldn't go out of your way to hear?

These are a few of the questions sponsors and artists want to know. These are the questions the League expects to answer by giving to our listeners the voice to make your likes and dislikes known. To this end the League will work to realize two of its purposes: (1) To champion the cause of the artists around whose talents the business of broadcasting is built; and (2) To protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs.

The League invites its members to give some serious thought to these and other similar questions and offer some good constructive criticism and suggestions. Listeners, as champions of the artists, will be doing a great service to those artists by making those suggestions. It is the only way the public reaction to their programs can be tested. Likewise, as radio's audience, you will be honoring the business of broadcasting by making your likes and dislikes known. You are the ones artists and sponsors want to please for you are the ones for whom programs are broadcast.

What is your opinion, for example, of the way singers are presented? Do you like Frank Parker's work as a comedian or do you think it would be to his advantage to

stick to singing? Perhaps you think he would make a good master of ceremonies on his own program in the manner of the Rudy Vallee type of show. Should Lanny Ross be in love with Mary Lou in the story part of his Showboat program? Would John Charles Thomas' program be better if it was confined to a straight concert as it was the year before?

So many actors and actresses say they are hidden in the background, so often merely being the speaking voice of some famous singer, or pre-

(Please turn to page 8)

MEMBERS PRAISE IDEA OF LEAGUE

As radio artists and executives have been generous in their praise of the League, so have many members from coast to coast. The following are but a few of many such comments received:

"I consider the idea of having a Listeners' League an excellent method of improving radio programs as well as building up one's favorite star."—*Fredrick James, Easton, Pa.*

"I am joining your League because anything sponsored by Radio Stars must be good."—*Edward Richardson, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I think the Listeners' League is the best idea any magazine has ever produced. I know I will enjoy being a member and I hope the League has the best of success."—*Helen Almond Fugittelli, N. C.*

"I think that Radio Stars magazine is one of the best radio magazines on the market. That is the reason I wish to join the Listeners' League of America."—*Bruce Kilham, West Rutherford, N. J.*

"Congrats to whomever the brain trust group is who thought up this idea. I think it must have come in answer to my most fervent prayers."—*Arnell Beyer, Union City, N. J.* (Please turn to page 8)

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TERMS AS LOW AS \$5⁰⁰ DOWN



PUSH-BUTTON TUNING
(Noise Suppressed)

Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button bushes out between stations... suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

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(Patent Pending)

Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispensing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful lace-work of the "bright" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles... and chassis... in four colors.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY
Brilliant Concert Tone



V-FRONT

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive, explain Midwest super performance and worldwide reception... enable Midwest to bring in weak distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. They prove why many orchestra leaders use Midwest radios to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and foreign orchestras. Only Midwest tunes as low as 4 1/2 meters... only Midwest offers push button tuning and Acousti-Tone V-Spread design. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog. Read about advantages of 6 E, A, L, M, H and U... that make this super deluxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios... offer wave bands not obtainable in other radios at any price.

Deal Direct with Laboratories

No middleman's profits to pad - you buy at wholesale price direct from laboratory. But... increasing profits are made to result in higher radio prices. Now... when you can take advantage of Midwest's seasonal values. You can order your 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog... as if you were to come straight in our great radio laboratories. You save 20% to 50% in 30 days FREE trial... as 1936 as 1935 price. Midwest radio is our lump-sum satisfaction guaranteed or money-back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia as now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

Two Strikes on Other Radios!

Chicago, Ill.—It's as big a thrill as smacking one over the fence to bring in distant foreign stations like locals. Midwest radios are best obtainable and have two strikes on any other make.

Bugs Harnett
"Gabby" Harnett (Chicago Club)



**England, Spain, Italy,
Most Every Night**

Washington, D. C.—We are more pleased with our Midwest every day. We tune in GSB, London—EAL, Spain—DIC, Germany—12RO, Rome etc., most every evening with loud volume.
Robert H. Gerhardt



SAVE UP TO 50%

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MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 17D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on any part, send for your new FREE catalog, complete with talk of our latest models FREE trial offer, and FREE! Minimum illustration (single leaf). This is NOT an order.

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 Check here, if interested in a 15-day Auto Radio.

User-Agency Make Easy Extra Money
Thank You
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DEPT. 17D CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.
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FIRST PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

A Picture With More Stars Than There

Are in Heaven!

Everything's ookie-dookie as Jack Oakie takes the air in "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon"

Mama Loves Papa? Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

"Knits, Gracie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"

Lovely Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth add the necessary romantic touch to "The Big Broadcast"

Amos 'n' Andy, sole proprietors of the great A & A Grocery Chain, Incorporated, seem to be in a pickle

The world's biggest chorus... LeRoy Prinz's dancing beauties, ten tons on the hoof

Jessica Dragonette, top soprano on the air today, sings... "Alice Blue Gown"

Lyda Roberti has two men...not time...on her hands as she goes into her song "Double Trouble"

Ethel Merman, who has scored such a tremendous hit this year in "Anything Goes" sings "It's the Animal in Me"

Roy Noble, composer of "The Very Thought of You" and "Love Is the Sweetest Thing", leads his orchestra in his latest piece, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

Bill Robinson, greatest of all tap dancers, moves his feet to the hot rhythm of "Miss Brown to You"

A Paramount Picture... Directed by Norman Taurog

Board of Review

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Joe Haefliger
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Foppo
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Ferenbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Bernes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

- **** Columbia Symphonic Hour—Howard Barlow conductor (CBS).
- **** American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (NBC).
- **** Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC).
- **** Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC).
- **** The Jergens Program with Cornelia Otis Skinner (NBC).
- **** Cities Service with Jessica Dragonette (NBC).
- **** Voice of Firestone with William Daly's orchestra and mixed chorus (NBC).
- *** Coty presents Ray Noble and his dance orchestra (NBC).
- **** The Shell Chateau starring Al Johnson; Guest stars (NBC).
- **** Lucky Strike Presents the Hit Parade with Lonnie Hayton, Gogo DeLays, Johnny Hauser and guest stars (NBC).
- **** Lux Radio Theatre (NBC).
- *** "Town Hall Tonight" with Jim Harkins and Peter Van Sterden's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Gulf Headliners with James Melton, Revelers Quartet, etc. (CBS).
- *** One Man's Family (NBC).
- *** House of Glass (NBC).
- *** Uncle Charlie's Ivory Tent Show featuring Charles Winninger, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra (NBC).
- **** Goldman Band Concerts (NBC).
- **** Bond Bread show with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (CBS).
- **** Lady Esther program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS) (NBC).

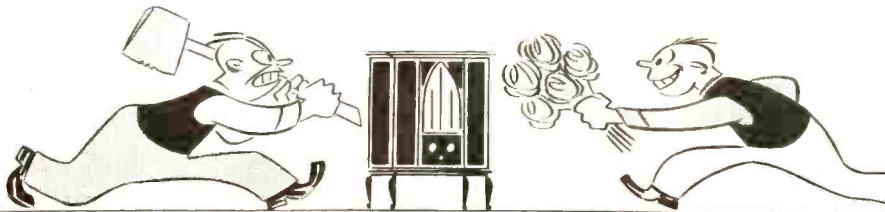
THE LEADERS

Here are the five most popular programs for the month as selected by our Board of Review. All other programs are grouped in four, three, and two star rank.

1. **** Major Bowes' Amateur Hour (NBC)
2. **** Ford Program with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Stoopnagle and Budd (CBS)
3. **** Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—guest artist: John Barclay, baritone; and others; Al Goodman's orchestra (NBC)
4. **** Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC)
5. **** Paul Whiteman's Music Hall (NBC)

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

- *** Kate Smith's Hudson Series (CBS).
- *** Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden's orchestra (CBS).
- *** The Fitch Program (NBC).
- *** Manhattan Merry-Go Round with Rachel Carlay, Andy Sannella's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Silken Strings with Charles Previn's orchestra (NBC).
- *** A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Contanted Program with Gene Arnold, the Lullaby Lady, Morgan Eastman's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Today's Children (NBC).
- *** Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC).
- *** Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman's orchestra and Phil Dwyer (NBC).
- *** Vic and Sade (NBC).
- *** Irene Rich for Welch (NBC).
- *** Death Valley Days (NBC).
- *** Roses and Drums (NBC).
- *** Boake Carter (CBS).
- *** Edwin C. Hill (CBS).
- *** Eno Crime Clues (NBC).
- *** Cimalene Carnival (NBC).
- *** One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (CBS).
- *** Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).
- *** Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (NBC).
- *** Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra (NBC).
- *** National Barn Dance (NBC).
- *** Major Bowes' Capitol Family (NBC).
- *** Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario (NBC).
- *** The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).
- *** Carefree Carnival (NBC).
- *** Campana's First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Ameche (NBC).



RADIO STARS

- *** Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).
- *** The Adventures of Gracie with Burns and Allen (CBS).
- *** Hollywood Hotel with Dick Powell and Loni Anderson (CBS).
- *** Heart Throbs of the Hills with Frank Luther, trio, Ethel Park Richardson (NBC).
- *** Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).
- *** "Dreams Come True" with Barry McKinley and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).
- *** Hal Kemp and his orchestra and Babes and her brothers (NBC).
- *** Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton, cooking authority; Martha Mears; Al and Lee Refser (NBC).
- *** Easy Aces (NBC).
- *** Dream Drama, with Arthur Allen and Parker Fenelly (NBC).
- *** Fireside Recitals: Sigurd Nilsson, Hardesty Johnson and Graham McNamee (NBC).
- *** Stories of the Black Chamber (NBC).
- *** The Story of Mary Marlin with Joan Blaine (CBS).
- *** Waltz Time—Frank Munn, tenor; Bernice Claire, soprano; and Abe Lyman's orchestra (NBC).
- *** The Garden of Tomorrow, featuring E. L. D. Gaymour noted horticulturist (CBS).
- *** Broadways of Romance; featuring Jerry Cooper, Roger Kinne and Freddie Rich's orchestra (CBS).
- *** Five Star Jones (CBS).
- *** Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook with B. A. Rolfe's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC).
- *** Home on the Range—John Charles Thomas and Wm. Daly's orchestra (NBC).
- *** Tony & Gus with Mario Chamlee and George Frane Brown (NBC).
- *** Lucky Smith with Max Baer (NBC).
- *** Rhythm at Eight—Ethel Merman, Ted Husing and Al Goodman's orchestra (CBS).
- *** Edgar A. Guest in Welcome Valley (NBC).
- *** Mexican Musical Tours—Angell Mercado and his Mexican orchestra (NBC).
- *** Sunset Dreams—Morrin Sisters, Ranch Boys, trios (NBC).
- *** Esso Marketeers present Guy Lombardo (CBS).
- *** N T G and his Girls (NBC).
- *** Evening in Paris (NBC).
- *** Lud Gluskin Presents (CBS).
- *** Soony Sketchbook—Johnny Green and his orchestra, Virginia Verrill and Christopher Morley (CBS).
- *** Willard Robinson and his Deep River orchestra with Louie Jean Norman (NBC).
- *** America's First Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper (NBC).
- *** Hits and Bits (NBC).
- *** Seth Parker (NBC).
- *** "Lavender and Old Lace" with Frank Munn and Gus Haerchen's orchestra (CBS).
- *** National Amateur Night with Ray Perkins (CBS).
- *** Voice of Experience (CBS).
- *** Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).
- *** The Gumps (CBS).
- *** Marie, The Little French Princess (CBS).
- *** Gigantic Pictures, Inc.—musical comedy starring Sam Hearn, Johnny Blue and orchestra (NBC).
- *** The Shadow (CBS).



Dear Mom
 I got to granny on Monday and after supper grandpa took this picture. granny is smiling but she was really kinda cross cause my clothes have tattletale gray she sed. She sed can't you see how gray your pyjamas are? they tell everybody they aren't really clean she sed. Wich mad me say my mother works like anything on washday but she sed the trouble is your soap doesn't get out ALL the dirt.
 So granny sed to tell you you ought to use fels-naptha soap like she does on account of it's got heaps of naptha right in the golden soap and it gets clothes white as moppies new baby rabbits.
 I'm bringing a rabbit home to show you how awful white that is. Billy

P. S.— Billy's mother did get rid of tattletale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!
 Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha

at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very faintest things—how easy it is on your hands!

© 1934 G. C. S. Co., Inc.



"What country is Ethiopia in?" asked Jerry Belcher. "What beautiful big, brown eyes you have," answered the sweet young thing—into the mike! Jerry gasped. "What do you want for Christmas?" he asked. "You!" said she very sweetly.



The idea sprang to life three years ago in Houston, Texas. Now it has come to New York.

Their Studio's on the

WHICH end of a cow gets up first?
 How many legs has an octogenarian?
 Whose picture is on a ten dollar bill?
 Can a chicken swim?
 A monkey sits in the center of a circular table. You walk about the table. As you walk, the monkey turns facing you all the time. When you get back to your starting point, you have walked around the table, haven't you, but have you walked around the monkey?
 Even if you are Professor Einstein's pet honor-roll student, this department offers odds that you'll not have a ready answer for most of those questions. Nor have most of the bewildered souls whose faltering answers probably have trickled into your parlors these recent, sultry months.

The program is called Vox Pop, the voice of the people. It consists of two microphones, a sidewalk, and two tall and energetic gentlemen from Texas named Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson. Plus, of course, whatever unwary citizens are captured by these restless man-hunters.
 If you haven't heard it, you've got a busy half-hour the next Sunday night you spend at home. It is guaranteed to prod, puzzle, and otherwise agitate your addled

brain until you swear you'll never listen to it again—and then you come back once more to see how little or how much you know compared to the ladies and gentlemen picked up by the unquenchable Texans.
 It all began early last July when certain staid New Yorkers were startled to find in their midst two of the most remarkable young men ever to lit the town. Young men who grasped you gently by the elbow and led you to a battery of microphones; or if you protested, who wheedled with such a show of Southern charm that you found yourself surprisingly saying your piece into an electric ear that reached south to Dixie and west to the Mississippi.

"Is Mickey Mouse a cat or a dog?"
"Can you swallow without moving your Adam's apple?"
"Which way does a pig's tail curl?"
"What's the difference between the words, ravel and unravel?"
"What sort of a weapon did Samson use to kill Goliath?"

It is questions like that the listener gets as he sits in

Street

his comfortable chair safely out of the line of fire. But think of the fellow who is doing his level best to be bright for Messrs. Johnson and Belcher.

They got one man the other night who was particularly out of his depth. Belcher gave him a knock-out punch with: "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"
 "Gray's Elegy?" said the questioner. "Um-m-m... I can't think right now who the author was."

The idea for these cute and crazy cross-examinations sprang to life three years ago in Houston, Texas. Listeners to Station KTRH still regret that their favorite half-hour up and left its birthplace for a trial in radio's capital, New York.

The idea was born on the very day Ted (Continued on page 78)

"Where have you been all my life?"



{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before... friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle... you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker... you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else... my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now..."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions... and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more

people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative, 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
 EX-LAX, Inc., 400 Broadway
 Times Square Station, New York 10, N.Y.
 50¢ in. Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
 Name _____
 Address _____
Off and live in Canada, write: Ex-Lax, Ltd., 7 of Notre-Dame St. W., Montreal.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
 THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspapers for station and time.

Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson put over a new idea

in broadcasting



KEEP YOUNG AND *Beautiful*

Wide World

Albani believes that rest and relaxation do more for one's appearance than do costly treatments. She finds that the atomizer diffuses the brilliantine more evenly over the hair. Her powder-box contains several different color-blends of powder to suit the occasion or the mood.

Olga Albani suggests to our beauty editor new hints for make-up glamour

by Mary Biddle

AS I SAT talking to tall, slender Olga Albani in the beautiful living-room of her friend Sophie Breslau's apartment, I was wishing that I might paint a word-picture of her. Blue is her favorite color. She was dressed in blue when I talked with her, and she posed for the pictures that you see on this page in the lovely blue and white boudoir that is always hers when she visits Sophie Breslau, former Metropolitan Opera star, with whom she studied music.

When Phil Spitalny gave his conception of the composite characteristics that an ideal Miss Radio would have, he chose the personal beauty of Olga Albani. And he might well have chosen her graciousness, her charm, and her glamour as well. Glamour is an overworked word, but I can think of none that so superbly fits this woman who was born in a castle overlooking Barcelona, but who is as modern in her convictions, her ambition, and her energy as any young American sports-woman ever was. She will never become a buxom, austere dowager laden with jewels.

Not this youthful person who swims, fences, dances, writes, cooks, and is an expert horsewoman. Her body has the grace and suppleness that afford adequate demonstration of the value of a trained body where posture and poise are concerned. She will always "keep young and beautiful."

Olga Albani qualifies for my conception of the adjective "glamorous", because she lives with color, verve, and assurance; because she has never lost the spirit of ambition, the spirit of adventure, nor the zest for intellectual curiosity. The real sophisticate is never bored. She finds life too interesting. Speaking with the voice of the beauty editor, I feel that we don't give enough importance to this mental attitude toward life. When you write and ask me how to be *different*, I want to suggest that you not just try a new make-up or a new exercise routine, but to develop new and different interests and activities. A woman must be interested in something before she is interesting. I sincerely believe that the reason a great many singers and ac-



tresses keep young and beautiful when other women get drab and old-looking is because they give more exercise to their minds than does the average woman. Olga Albani's personal beauty is not of features alone, but of expression.

She carries over her enthusiasms and her interests to her dress-making and wardrobe, too. Since she is devoted to blue as a color, her wardrobe is a study in blue and white. She likes white for evening. The blue that she chooses is the pale, sophisticated blue that the dark brunette can wear with more telling effect than the blonde who seems to have preempted it for her particular color. With her olive skin and dark hair, either white or pale blue are excellent foils. Most of us would profit by limiting our wardrobes in color, by finding those shades that do the most for us, and that we are happiest in, and then building up our wardrobes around them.

Albani loves blue eyeshadow. She blends it quite far out on her eyelids and thus makes her eyes look even wider than they are. For evening she finds it exciting to blend her blue eyeshadow with silver. It gives her a little extra "lift" when she is dressing for a glamorous evening. When she went to Hollywood to make a picture, the make-up man taught her to line the inner corner of her eyes with an eyebrow pencil, very lightly. She says it is amazing the illusion of greater width it achieves. (Remember, on just the inner corner of the eyes make a tiny V-stroke with your black or brown eyebrow pencil.) She grooms her eyebrows with an eyebrow brush and pencil rather than with tweezers.

There are color tones in music, and there are color tones in make-up. The Spanish songstress believes in getting all the emotional lift out of colors that you can. In the center illustration you see her using her revolving powder-box. Each section has a different color blend of powder in it, and she uses the powder according to her mood and her costume. A sports costume may call for a shade of powder with a peach-bloom tinge in it to emulate the golden health tones of the outdoor skin; an evening costume may call for a whiter powder with a slight violet tinge. Changing her powder amuses her. She believes that one of the greatest values of make-up is the satisfaction women derive from it in their need for change, for experimentation . . . for "being different."

Next to make-up in the order of glamour comes perfume. Olga Albani's favorite perfume is Gardenia.

(Continued on page 98)

"Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES,"

URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS



"Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine's dirty already!"

"Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. These Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SOU EEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. Do not rub, twist or let stretch.



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister-size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an impure soap!

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really pure—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

99-11/100 0/0
PURE



IVORY FLAKES

How NOT to Crash Radio

By Helen Hover



"I'm gonna have an audition now!"

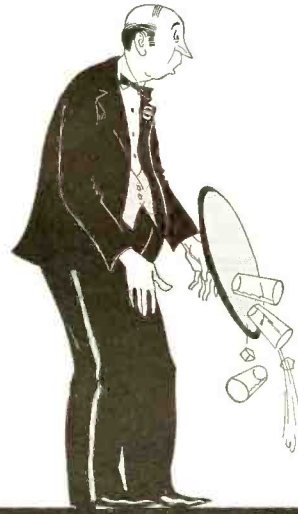


WE ALL know about the glamorous and successful star, with his four-figure weekly salary and his place in the glittering spotlight. But what about the ten thousand failures? What about the waitresses and mechanics and telephone operators and office clerks who leave home, and often jobs, to buck radio and get—where?

You'll find many of their stories hard to believe.

Such as the one about the young man who came to Eddie Cantor's office one morning and asked to see the button-eyed comedian. When he was told that Cantor was out for the day, he looked disappointed, and left.

The incident was forgotten until the end of the day, when the secretary went to the window to draw the shades. There, perched on the narrow ledge of



the building a dizzy twenty stories from the ground, his back pressed tightly against the wall, stood the young man. The secretary yanked him in and demanded: "Why did you do it?"

Then came his story. He had hitch-hiked from Ohio in order to get into radio and he was trusting to the soft-hearted Cantor to ease him on to the air. He thought the secretary was trying to keep him from seeing his self-appointed benefactor, so when he left the office he had managed in some ingenious manner to climb out on the ledge (these desperate radio crashers don't stop at a thing!) and had stayed in that dangerous spot *all morning and afternoon*, crawling over to the window every once in a while to peep in and see whether Cantor had come in!

Cantor shuddered when he learned of it. "But what can I do?" he said. "If I saw everyone who came to me I wouldn't have time for my own work. The great pity of that stunt was that it wasn't necessary. There are regular channels by which you can get auditions, and there's no sense in trying to sidetrack them."

But the over-zealous Ten Thousand don't want to believe that. They read that James Melton got his chance by singing in the corridor outside of Roxy's door until the great showman actually came outside and gave him a job; that Jane Froman sang at a party and was heard by a radio executive there; or that So-and-So got on the air by pulling a grand bluff, and they plunge right ahead and try to go them one better. So they attend public functions and benefits—or crash private ones—and select one prominent radio star in the midst and immediately make him a target for their impromptu audition. I'll never forget the time I attended a dinner benefit to which came some of the biggest stars in radio. Abe Lyman was sitting peacefully at one table with several friends, just minding his own business, when three girls suddenly swooped down upon him and without warning, launched into a loud and rather painful harmony of "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie," right before all the startled guests. It would have been funny—if it hadn't been so darned pathetic.

Genuinely heartbreaking is the story of the girl who



Abe Lyman was amazed when three girls began to sing!

HOWARD WILLIAMSON, CARTOONIST

You'll find these stories hard to believe—but all of them actually are true!



"It was the only way I could see him!"

appeared every afternoon at the cocktail hour at the swanky Ritz-Carlton where Richard Himber and his orchestra was playing. She came in alone every day and was quite shabbily dressed for such an exclusive place. She finally attracted Himber's attention and as he passed her table he would smile at her and exchange greetings until one day he felt that he knew her well enough to talk to her. That was just what she wanted. She told him that she had come to the Ritz-Carlton every day just to catch his eye. She could sing very well and didn't he want a girl singer for his band? As she talked, Dick learned that she was a stenographer out of work and that she practically went without food the whole day long, using up her frugal savings to come to the expensive Ritz-Carlton just so that she could get to know Dick! But all Dick could do was send her off with some money and good advice.

Another variant is the case of the two little girls, about ten and thirteen, who appeared at the audition office at Station WOR and announced that they wanted an audition. They were bedraggled little things and appeared so weak that Ted Fickett, one of the audition directors, drew them aside and got their story. They came, it appeared, from Florida, and their mother had skimmed and saved to give them singing and elocution lessons. With her last few dollars she put them on a bus alone and sent them one thousand miles to New York. The two children, penniless and bewildered, had been sleeping in the subways and living off the remaining sandwiches in their lunch kit. Fickett got in touch with the Travelers' Aid Society, who sent the children safely back home, and then he wrote a stern letter to the mother. He thought that had ended it, but several months later the mother wrote that now her children had improved a great deal and she was going to send them on the bus to New York again. It was necessary for him to get in touch with the Florida authorities and prevent her from subjecting those two little girls again to such a cruel experience. (Continued on page 94)

RADIO STARS



NEILA GOODELLE

18

Her first radio job was with Buddy Rogers. Her second is the gay from-me-to-you show you hear following Walter Winchell's Sunday broadcast.

For distinguished service to radio

The Voice of Firestone has been singing in our loud-speakers for so many pleasant evenings and with such a lack of drum-beating and cracker-box preaching that we come near to forgetting that this is one of Radio's most worth-while programs.

Readers of this page have recommended it for three reasons:

First, because of its distinguished singers; second, because of the splendid orchestral and choral support given under the direction of William Daly; third, for its thoughtful and considerate sales messages.

We can add more reasons of our own. The Voice of Firestone program has always been broadcast from a studio of moderate size. There are no visitors. The stars never commit the inexcusable error of "playing



to the audience." All America is their audience, which is undoubtedly one of the reasons the Voice of Firestone is all America's program.

The recent vocal contributions of such singers as Richard Crooks, Gladys Swarthout, and Margaret Speaks have endowed this hour with an even greater degree of enjoyment. Because this program gives unfailingly beautiful performances, and because its good taste and good judgment provide such unflinching musical fun, we extend to the Voice of Firestone this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell



Richard Crooks



Gladys Swarthout



Margaret Speaks



Photo by
Frenzich



Dorothy Page, Jack Benny

On the opposite page is Dorothy Page—and she needs no fine feathers to convince all hearers that she can sing like a bird! Dorothy won the 1932 Paul Whiteman audition. Then Universal Films bought her NBC contract. Above is wee Joan Naomi, little adopted daughter of Jack Benny. Jack just can't seem to check that smile of paternal pride as he holds her in his arms. Joan Naomi has just celebrated her first birthday.

Caught in Conference

Yessir, it's litt'rachured Budd has a book. True, the Colonel's home work looks like a road map—but he'll get the right answers! Teacher Fred Waring dons spectacles and a thoughtful mien. And don't think that is easy, either, what with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane and Stella Friend hovering sweetly close! But he will concentrate on the tome on his knees. Yes, the Pennsylvanians must be in the know!

Not Jamies — but Highbrows

On the opposite page, George Burns reports, Frances Langford cons it over, Gracie Allen meditates thoughtfully while orchestra leader Raymond Paige, of the Hollywood Hotel program, ponders portentously — at a National Amateur Hour. The four are sitting in judgment on some unseen but ambitious amateurs who have just given of their best and fondly hope for a break. Well, maybe the break will be made by gorgeous Gracie.



The Secret Story of

Seth Parker's Comeback

Real man and shadow man—

Phil Lord and Seth Parker—and a strange dilemma!

FOR two years, people have been asking the reason for Phil Lord's dogged determination to sail away on a worn-out ship.

They have wondered at the ugly rumors that followed the *Seth Parker* down the eastern seaboard like a wake, and at the publicity scandal that succeeded its wreck in mid-Pacific.

Now they are wondering because, though the press screamed this winter that Phil Lord was through, he's back! Though it shouted that no one could bulldoze the public the way he had tried to and get away with it, Phil is in again—as Seth Parker and as the narrator and author of a smashing "G-man" script!

What, they ask, is the truth about him? What were the real reasons for his departure and comeback? Does anyone know?

These, for the first time, are the facts. Get this picture of Phil Lord. It's important.

He is a young man who, six years ago, invented a radio character he called Seth Parker. Had the character been a baseball player, or a story-teller, Phil might have remained a smart, tremendously ambitious actor-writer, likeable and striving for all the money he could get. But as millions found a new Messiah in Seth Parker and began to pause each Sunday evening to sing—and pray—with him, Seth started putting upon his creator a mantle of godliness that was—frankly, a heavy burden.

Now to that picture of the man, put this series of candid pictures. It's an unknown incident in Phil's life and one that shows better than words how much greater than Phil Lord Seth Parker had become.

One Sunday evening, just before Phil started on his voyage, he and his wife were working in one of the NBC studios. They were about to go on the air when a page boy entered and drew Phil to one side.

Lovely Mrs. Phillips Lord, whose maternal solicitude inadvertently puzzled both press and public.



Phillips Lord is back on the air — both as popular Seth Parker and as director and author of "G-Man."



Phillips Lord, with Captain Fink (right), aboard Lord's ill-fated schooner, the *Seth Parker*.



Admiral Yates Sterling, USN, (left) presents Phillips Lord with his lieutenant's commission.

"Mr. Lord," he said, "there's a call from Brooklyn. A girl. Her mother is dying and she's asking for you."

During the program, and during the dash through the crowded streets that followed it, Phil was quiet, constrained, as though he faced some special ordeal.

In the quiet side street before the little house, he paused a minute to compose himself; then he and his wife went on in.

They were too late. The white-haired old lady was still and her face was relaxed and quiet.

Phil looked at the radio at the side of the bed. He knew it had been turned on only a short time before for Seth Parker. He looked from it to the peacefulness of the dead face. Then he came away.

When he returned to the studios, he said something that we who heard it will never forget. He said: "I'm glad she didn't see me. She was happier in that she didn't."

Later I asked him what he had meant. He explained: "She thought until the last she would find in me everything she had heard over the air. She wouldn't have gone so happily had she known what a little man I am beside Seth Parker."

Do you begin to see? Why, the insistence of Phil Lord upon his voyage was nothing beside the insistence with which Seth Parker dinned his superiority in Phil's ears and governed his life.

Have you ever spent any time with anyone who excelled you in all the virtues? Who wouldn't let you smoke because he didn't smoke, nor drink because he didn't, nor drive a hard bargain because it was against his policy? Seth Parker placed all those restrictions on Phil's life.

But we must continue to examine with cold precision the reasons for Phil's departure and the strange chain

of circumstances that presently caused his humiliation.

To go on . . . all that above happened some three months before Phil sailed away . . . and was one of the reasons. The others?

Phil was working too hard. He became intolerant in rehearsals; and his intolerance, so different from the kindness of Seth Parker, became increasingly apparent in raging outbursts that set studio tongues to wagging like metronomes. Few, however, knew that after his almost apoplectic blow-ups, he would work all night re-writing a script to inject into it some of the faith he didn't have in himself. His wife would awaken early in the morning and go to his study. He would be there, his head sunk in his hands; and she would lead him off to bed like a child.

Three weeks after his visit to Brooklyn, he lost more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a minor market sag, the greater part of his savings. I think that has been reported before, but only his closest friends know that, following this disaster, his secretary one morning walked into his office and found him lying unconscious on the floor.

He was all right, of course—as all right as a man can be whose heart had chosen this way of demanding a rest. The doctor who was called knew him and the ambition that drove him.

"He said, 'You won't rest, though you should. So you must have variety. Do a little playing for a change.'"

Lord's attempt to follow these instructions resulted in further public comparisons of his character with that of Seth Parker. It was sarcastically pointed out that the Maine hymn-singer would not go dining and dancing in the smarter New York night clubs.

So again Phil was stopped in (Continued on page 68)

by William
Stuart



Photo by Maurice Seymour



(Above) She was Marjorie Louise McClure till Jimmy saw her. Then he promptly persuaded her to become Mrs. James Melton. And can you blame him for it? (Upper Right) Friends wait to greet Jimmy after a broadcast.

That Melton Voice

by Jay Kieffer



THERE'S been a lot of fiction written about Southern boys. You know the type—handsome, soft-spoken, easy-going, slow of speech and action. What we mean to say (in a nice way, of course) is "lazy". The climate below the Mason and Dixon Line is supposed to encourage this sort of thing.

In fiction Southern boys always stay that way. Even when they get to be bond salesmen in Toronto, they still have all the earmarks. But the fact is, well, take Jimmy Melton, who isn't hard to take, either vocally or visually, as you know. Tall, dark and handsome, he has all the physical attributes of your favorite cotton cavalier. But there the parallel ends. Product of a deep South sawmill town and three of the most Southern of Southern colleges, he has a right to be the typical Southerner. Instead, he's a go-getter, a fighter—a dynamo of energy.

You'll never hear him say: "Pardon my Southern accent." Not that he hasn't one—but he doesn't throw

it at you. He hasn't time to drawl. His problem is to find enough work to keep his active mind and young body busy. The result is that he has long since passed the mark most people expect to reach when they are much older. Jimmy is thirty-one, and doesn't look it; he could "have fun" for a long time on the money he has made and the laurels he has won.

But that wouldn't be fun for him. "If you gave me a million dollars, I'd take a two-weeks' boat trip and then go right back to work," he says. Work is what he likes. Action is the breath of life for him.

It's always been that way, ever since his birth in a tiny house on the outskirts of Moultrie, Georgia. His family were real Southerners, and even Georgia was too far North for them. As soon as Jimmy was old enough to wear his first pair of pants they pulled stakes and started toward Florida.

Here, in a rambling old house surrounded by droop-

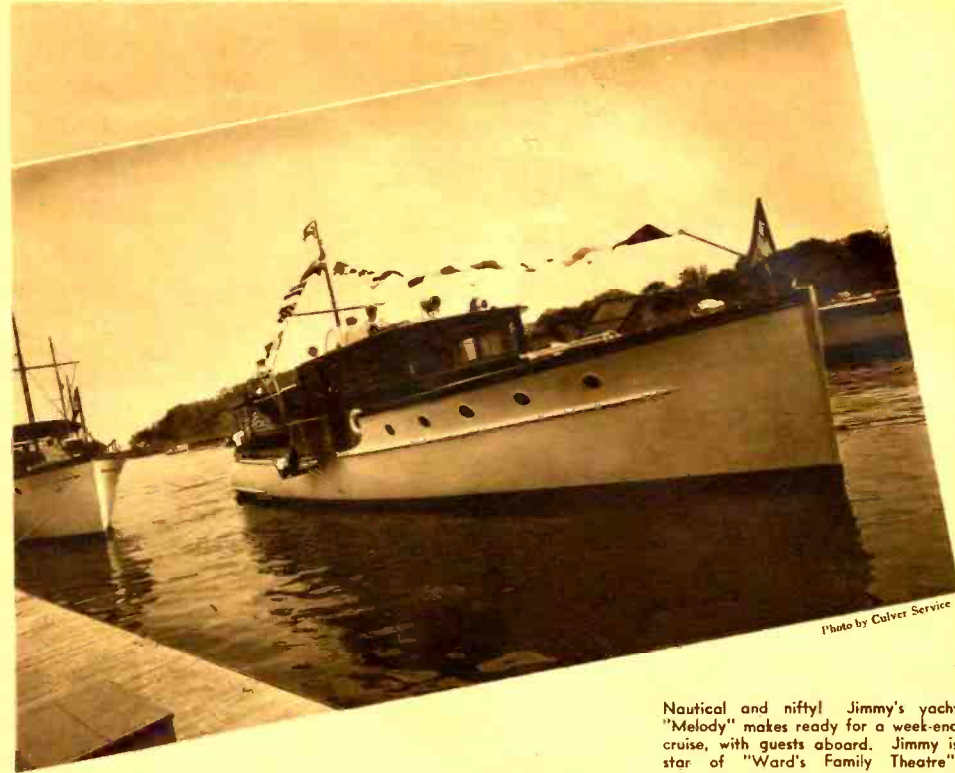


Photo by Culver Service

Nautical and niffy! Jimmy's yacht "Melody" makes ready for a week-end cruise, with guests aboard. Jimmy is star of "Ward's Family Theatre".

"You can't have everything," declares James Melton. But—reading the story of his career, one wonders . . .

ing trees and draped with honeysuckle vines, they made their home. Money wasn't plentiful, so young James went barefoot most of the time. He dug cypress roots out of the swamps, which sold for a cent a-piece, if they were long enough and unbroken; he repaired coaster wagons and roller skates, for spending money. He didn't have time to envy the boy next door who had a shiny new red bike sent down from Sears Roebuck. Jimmy went out and earned one for himself just like it.

"That," he says, "was every poor boy's life down there. And it was mine. I've never had an easy job."

Nor can he remember when he didn't have to work. His first steady salary came at the ripe old age of nine, when he donned one of his brother's "cut-down" suits to get a job in the little country grocery store. He was paid forty cents a day. His duties weren't much, he says. "I had to clean all the lamp chimneys with newspapers, every day, because there were no electric lights in Citra then. It was a country town, where Main Street ran knee-deep with mud after every rain. . . . I cleaned beneath the spigots of the molasses barrels

and kerosene drums, too—and after deliveries were finished I swept the emporium."

This lasted a year, until Jimmy was offered a better job, at a ten-cent salary increase—loading watermelons all day under the hot sun. Jimmy wasn't so husky in those days. That's hard to believe when you look at him today. But he was what they used to call a "puny" child—though he never realized it himself.

"When we got hot and tired we could always accidentally drop one of the very biggest melons and sink into it up to our ears," he recalls, grinning. "But watermelons weren't in season all year 'round, so that job didn't last long."

Neither did his idleness. It was all right for him to be standing behind the altar as soloist in the Citra church, holding a book that was almost as big as he was. But that was only Sundays, and singing wasn't work, anyway. So his father used him the rest of the week pulling a cross-cut saw in his sawmill. It was the hardest work Jimmy had ever done, yet there was no balking from the pale (Continued on page 83)

I Cover the

Studios

by Gadabout

NOT IN THE SCRIPT: Some lines not heard on the air.



That minute before the program goes on the air! What happens? What would you hear if the microphone were to be turned on? ... I've jotted down some of the things said just before the engineer held up his hand for silence in some of the studios. Here they are:

"PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL"

Paul—Okay, lads. Last chance to clear your throats. (Blast of throat clearing, followed by a rhythmic squeaking.)

Johnny Hauser—Hey, Lou. Your shoes squeak.

Low Holtz—Yes, my boy. But my jokes don't,

"EASY ACES"

(The accordionist is running through the theme, which is "Manhattan Melodrama.")

Goodman Ace—Hey, why do you play it so full?

Accordionist—I always play it full.

Jane Ace (she talks just as she does on the air)—Sure, honey; let him give it all he's got. ... We'll probably hear it all the rest of our lives.

Accordionist—It's your fault. You picked it.

Jane—Lucky I did. It's the only thing about the program I'm not tired of.

"LUCKY SMITH"

Peg LaCentra—I was thinking—and I still think—it



Hert Lawson

Virginia Verrill keeps fit by this practical exercise.



William Haussler

Mary Lou loves to stencil when not singing with Lanny.

would be better to talk more loudly, away from the mike. You know, I'm in the back seat of the car.

Max Baer—Anything goes, Pally.

Director—Well, let it ride. Everybody ready?

Mar (close to the mike)—All ah wants is one mo' chance, peepul. Ah'll bring home that title sho'. ... And, boy, will I! ...

"LET'S DANCE"

Kay Thompson—Golly! If people talked the way those lyrics go. ... Whoops!

Lennie Hayton—Gimmie my stick. ... Hey, where's my stick. ... Ops, sorry. ... (Heh, heh! It was right in front of him.)

"DEATH VALLEY DAYS"

Director—Instead of taking that alone, we'll have the orchestra for a background.

Ruth Witmer—Thanks. I felt lonely in there. After all, I'm kidding myself that I'm an actress and not a singer.

Director—Let's make it the public, too. Set?

"LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN"

Irving Kaufman (Lazy Dan)—Say, did I tell you fellows about ...

Orchestra—Yes!!!!

Kaufman—Sorry. Let it pass.

(Continued on page 64)

Gossip at a Glance

Gossip at a Glance

Birthday	Height	Weight	Hair
Feb. 14	5' 10 1/2"	167	Grayish

Jack Benny
The Bennys have rented Lita Gray Chaplin's home in Hollywood—and does it startle them! The other day Jack pushed a button to turn on the lights and got an organ recital instead.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Hair
Just 24	5' 3"	119	Golden Brown

Kathleen Wells
A few months ago, Kathleen was all ready to leave New York. She wanted to forget a busted romance. But then a nice singing break came along and Kathleen decided that broken hearts were best forgotten. The real name is McCloone.

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 9"	170	Sandy

Major Bowes
The Major is making a movie short, and it's a fact that the professionals who are extras in the picture are reported to be getting less money than the amateurs do for appearing on his radio hour!

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 6"	118	Brown

Ethel Merman
She has her own ideas about style. In New York, she wears nothing but town clothes; but in Hollywood, she wears nothing but sport clothes. It shows the difference, she thinks. Her name's Zimmerman.

Height	Weight	Hair
6' 0"	155	Whitish

Frank Black
His hair is whitish, all right, but it's turning back to iron gray. Why? Because Frank, an avid amateur chemist, blew himself up a couple of months ago with a mixture that turned his locks silvery. They are growing back in darker.

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 5"	120	Auburn

Cobina Wright
At a party, the other night, Cobina was looking for a thrill—to she smoked a cigar dear to her! She's doing well, thank you.

Height	Weight	Hair
6' 0"	205	Crisp Brown

Frank Crumit
Frank and his wife ace buying, after a number of years in the big city, a little home in his native town—Jackson, Ohio. They've been radio stars since the days of crystal sets.

Height	Weight	Hair
6' 0"	189	Gray

Lionel Barrymore
The old burper has been signed by Dick Powell's Hollywood Hotel to do Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol" every Christmas Day for the next five years. It's a record.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Hair
Nov. 4	5' 11"	180	Gray

Will Rogers
He's reputedly the only radio star who is now allowed to ad lib lines over the air. Jalson did, top, until a remark about a hotel almost brought a damage suit down on his sponsors.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Hair
May 23	5' 8"	139	Light Brown

Arthur Tracy
When the Street Singer went over to England, his wife started suit for separation here. Apparently England wasn't far enough away!

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 10"	141	Brown

Tom Howard
Tom now greets newcomers to Rudy Valle's star-studded show with a sympathetic query. He asks, "Hey, Pal. What you in for?"

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 7"	145	Dark Brown

Gray Lombardo
The Royal Canadian has just become a hero. He used his \$10,000 motor launch to rescue four persons from a watery grave.

Height	Weight	Hair
6' 0"	187	Chestnut

Ted Pearson
This announcer is looking for a new name! You see, he's going to become a baritone and poetry reciter soon—and he doesn't think the name he has fits. What do you think?

Height	Weight	Hair
6' 0"	168	What hair?

Edward (Ted) Husing
Loquacious Ted has been revealed as the culprit who steals full length pictures of Jean Harlow from the movie palaces. He has probably married Ann St. George by now.

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 10"	155	Black

Frank Parker
Out in Hollywood, Frank started the style of wearing a white dinner jacket with a black dress shirt. It went great—until Mary Livingston greeted him with: "Hey, Parker! Your shirt's dirty."

Height	Weight	Hair
5' 5"	120	Dark Brown

Jane Froman
Best news of the month is that Jane has lost her stutter. She did it by being shut in a room and not uttering a word for five days. On the sixth, she was introduced to a number of people who had been cured—and talked her head off, without a stutter.

If you would be in the know about your favorite stars

just glance at these candid columns of useful facts

Summer Show

A lively story of lively youngsters, who make up

TAKE just one single look at the line-up of Lucky Strike playing and singing stars and you notice it immediately. That is, if you know your radio.

Starting with Lennie Hayton, who plays piano solos and leads the forty-piece orchestra. And Kay Thompson, Gogo DeLys, Johnny Hauser, Charles Carlisle, the Rhythm Boys, and the Melody Girls to complete the attractive set-up.

They're young, that's what you notice. They're pert and saucy and cocky in their own melodic way and there's not a dull moment among 'em; that is, if you agree that the jazz-amaroo they dispense these sticky Saturday nights is worth cupping an ear to.

A great many people know how they sing together in the week's climactic "Hit Parade." Only a few know how they got together in the very beginning.

It is a yarn with its roots in California. To begin, let's pretend that we are the makers of a certain center-leaf cigarette and it is our desire to lure as many customers as possible into purchasing our worthy product. Our first need, then, is a satisfactory radio show.

What is a satisfactory radio show? Many people claim to know but actually no one does. In this instance, we desire to present something for the summer-time amusement of all America. A concoction of light airs and breezy melodies that will cool Johnny Public's fevered brow. A being bright, we look about to see what has succeeded elsewhere in the summertime. And

what better place to hunt in than that land where it is always summer? California! In California, we find exactly what we seek. It is a program which presents once each week the hit tunes of the last seven days. Broadcast locally, it has an enthusiastic following. Why not present the same idea in a national way? Why not learn the hit songs that Tallahassee and Bangor and Duluth are toe-tapping to?



Not a bad idea. But now we slam-bang into the mysteries of a mysterious business. Song publishing. We slam-bang into them because we want to learn the names of the hit-tunes from border to border and ocean to ocean. What do we find?

Nothing! Nobody knows what they are. Oh, plenty of music men will tell you what they think and they'll offer figures to prove it, but when the smoke clears away you'll find that they're trying to persuade you that it is their own number, published or written by themselves, that they want you to believe is the most popular. It is an amazing fact that up to the time the "Hit Parade" marched across the kilocycles nobody in America knew what the fifteen current outstanding music hits were. Not a soul; they only learned afterwards when all the sales records were in.

Our problem is to take a sort of straw vote of what America is singing and whistling. Our problem is to give the real low-down on the sky-top numbers. Being ingenious, we do what nobody ever has had the patience or time or money

the lively "Hit Parade"

(or could it, perhaps, be brains) to do before. First, let us split our problem into four questions:

- ONE: what sheet music is selling best?
- TWO: what phonograph records are selling best?
- THREE: what songs are played most often on the air?
- FOUR: what are the songs that dancers ask for in hotels, dance halls, and night clubs?

Amazing how a problem becomes simple when you split it, isn't it? Amazing, too, that it never has been done before. The experts have known what was tops last year or even last month—but now, never!

As for us, we've got it in black and white. Add one and two and three and four, take the average and we know we've got music that is Uncle Sam's day-to-day dish.

Next, who is to present that music? There's a problem for you. Imagine yourself with money—bags a-bursting and the whole milky way of stars awaiting your call. Whom would you beckon, keeping in mind the fact that you want this program to be the most popular on the air?

Perhaps it isn't fair to change you from a comfortable sitter-downer and listener-inner who never has to worry about his radio fare except to turn off Huey Long. So here is a tip. We can hire Rosa Ponselle—she's at liberty just now—or Bing Crosby or Lawrence Tibbett. They will attract a guaranteed audience, just as they have attracted audiences in the past. They are staple radio goods. When you present them to the customer, the customer knows what he is getting. Sometimes, that is (Continued on page 66)

by Peter Peters



(Above) Gay little Gogo de Lys, whose blithe voice is a feature of the program. (Below) Lennie Hayton himself, known as one of radio's outstanding conductors.



Wide World



Once Mrs. Ted Husing, the charming lady above now is Mrs. Lennie Hayton, wife of the conductor of the Hit Parade.



And this is Johannie Hauser in action! You have heard and enjoyed his voice on many a Saturday night program.

Walter Seigel



Winning a prize in a national radio contest brought Charles Carlisle to be the Hit Parade's popular young tenor.



Kay Thompson is considered to be "one of the best bets on the air". She made her radio debut while still in school.

CRAZY CAPTION

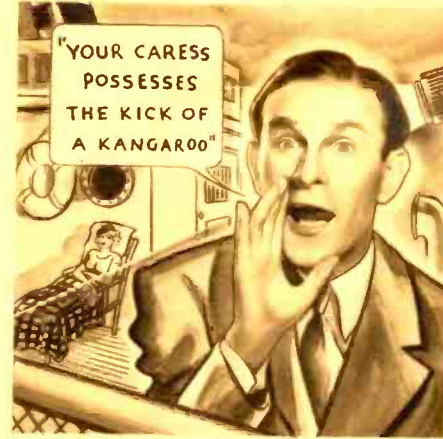


Bing Crosby



Ray Noble

CONTEST



George Burns



Ethel Merman

Do you want to win a prize? Try this dandy new contest!

PRIZES

- 1st Prize \$250.00 cash
- 2nd Prize \$100.00 cash
- 3rd Prize A \$75.00 radio
- 4th Prize A dressing-table radio
- 5th Prize Ten Max Factor MAKE-UP KITS to the ten next best answers.
- 6th Prize 100 \$1.00 bills to the one hundred next best answers.
- 7th Prize 50 Max Factor Lipsticks to the 50 next best answers.
- 8th Prize 50 Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Records to the 50 next best answers.
- 9th Prize 100 sheets of "Big Broadcast of 1936" music to the next best 100 answers.

RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada with exception of employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and Paramount Pictures, Inc.
2. Contestants must submit two sets of Crazy Captions and Pictures, one set to be printed in October issue and one in November issue of RADIO STARS Magazine.
3. Contestants must correctly identify captions with personalities as presented in "The Big Broadcast of 1936."
4. In fifty words or less, tell which radio star's performance in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" you enjoyed most and why.
5. Your letters and both sets of captions and photographs or facsimiles thereof must be mailed to Crazy Captions Contest, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., in one envelope or package, before November 1st, 1935.
6. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who most correctly connect the crazy captions with the photographs or facsimiles thereof of the radio personalities appearing in the motion picture, "Big Broadcast of 1936," and who tell most clearly and interestingly in fifty words or less which radio star's performance they enjoyed in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" and why.
7. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS Magazine.
8. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
9. Contest shall close the last day of October, 1935.

CRAZY Caption Contest is the easiest job of the month. Of the year. Of the Age! If you don't get in on it . . . well, this heat just has gotcha!

Do it like this, for instance:

Look at the four pictures of radio and movie stars spread along the top of this page. They all appeared in the great picture, Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1936." They all sang songs and spoke lines that you and you and that little fellow in the corner heard. Now look at the captions printed in the white balloons . . . and it's your job to see if they are saying the right things.

Just between the half million of us, they're *all* saying the wrong things; they're all saying lines or words of songs that somebody else used in "The Big Broadcast." The captions are topsy-turvy. That's why we call this a Crazy Caption contest.

Now, if you've a hunch that Bing Crosby didn't sing the words our clumsy artist put in his mouth, or that George Burns never mouthed: "Your caress possesses the kick of a kangaroo," just get to work with shears and paste or pen and ink, and put the right words in the right mouths.

Simple, isn't it? See "The Big Broadcast of 1936" or ask someone who has seen it. The rest is easy. That's the first half of your job. The second is this:

In fifty words or less, write a paragraph stating which radio star's performance you enjoyed most in "The Big Broadcast of 1936." And why you enjoyed it. Write as interestingly as you know how.

Next, get the second set of radio star photographs and crazy captions to be published in the November issue of Radio Stars (on sale October 1st) and hook those captions up with the right people, just as you're doing this month. Mail your two sets of photos with the captions all placed and your fifty-word paragraph to this address:

319 swell prizes!
9 simple rules. You can't help winning!

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST

Radio Stars Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York

There are 319 prizes, cash and make-up kits and radio and music galore. Say, you'll have to try hard *not* to win one of these grand rewards.

Maybe it's money you want . . . we've got \$500 in cash for the smarties who think fast and straight. Or how would you like a great big grand Max Factor make-up kit with everything in it from puff to paint? Or a Decca recording of Bing Crosby's marvellous voice singing his favorite song?

The contest is easy to enter and easy to win. Remember, it runs for two months—October and November issues of RADIO STARS—you've got plenty of time to get all the information you need.

... His Own Worst Enemy



Asme Newspictures

Ted Husing brings the mike to Eleanor Holm.



IF I may, I would like to stand the hour-glass upside down.

We are on our way up Broadway. It is night, and Al Jolson's name is scrawled across the sky in letters that are taller than a six-foot man. There's a guy named Frisco in *The Follies*. He's a wise guy, dancing the town crazy with his grotesque rhythm. There's a girl in town, and her name's Ann Pennington. There's a fool in burlesque. His name is Bert Lahr. Alice Brady is the number-one dream-girl of the critics. Pearl White approaches the end of her pursuit after a cowed killer who always turns out to be someone she didn't even suspect.

Why is Ted Husing so
Here is the answer

We hurry through Harlem, and now we are outside of a dance-hall in The Bronx. It is the night of a dance contest. There is a guy by the name of Georgie Raft, a dark and dimly delinquent fellow with patent leather hair. He stands in the doorway, idle and suspicious, and watches as two couples flash by in the hoppy rites of the Charleston.

The judge banishes one couple from the floor. The winners dance alone.

They move jerkily with an angry quickness. They are grim, and they seem unhappy in their moment of glory. The crowd applauds. But they stay aloof from the cheers. Conquerors must be stern.

They dance as though they were crazy slaves of the orchestra. Their fun has ceased to be fun. It's a badge of superiority, it's a tin crown, tarnished, lop-sided.

They walk up and get their cup. They go home in the subway. Their dreams came true in the heat and glare of the dance-hall. They wear their victory like a medal. The girl was Helen Gifford.

The boy was Ted Husing.

They were married.

Now they are divorced.

It might help you to understand Ted Husing, who is always misunderstood, this blurred typewriter mural of

often misunderstood?

... by James Cannon

a young man who danced morosely in a Bronx dance-hall.

His dance of life is as mechanical and without humor. He courts applause, but ignores it. He thinks he is a king, but frantically conceals his sceptre in a jester's bladder.

He is a little man with a big talent. The boy who was the best dancer in the Bronx auditorium today is the tops of his trade of radio announcing.

He has made more enemies than any other man in radio. But his worst enemy is himself.

I didn't speak to Husing for a year. I hated him more than any other man on the kilocycles. I am very fond of him now. He is a bore and a pompous wind-bag in a crowd. Sitting alone, he is a tender and sympathetic friend and a great companion. He is contemptuous of the throng, but seeks to wear its cheers like a garland to prove he is a great man.

Ted was a frequently unemployed furniture salesman until he answered an advertisement and became *W/H/N'S* star announcer. The way was slow for a while, but soon he was the zippiest talker in his big league.

He is made to order for his racket. There is no one who can talk faster, describe more clearly, interpret action the way he does. It is as if he thought aloud. There does not seem to be any pause in the passage of thought



Joseph Melvin McElliott

Ted is often seen with Anne St. George.

from his brain to his tongue. I have sat with him in press boxes all around the country. I have studied him. He hasn't time to think what he is saying, he says it so quickly. The words are on his tongue—and off they come.

One night in Boston Ted was master of ceremonies. I might add he is not a good act introducer. He knows it. He boasts he isn't. But you can't keep him off a nightclub floor. There was a radio editor sitting at a ring-side table. The newspaperman spoke loudly. "Husing wheeled on him in his windy, forked-tongued anger."

"Keep still, bum," he said. "Just because you're in here on the cuff is no reason why you should holler."

They fought. Husing won. (Continued on page 60)

She got what she wanted

FRANCIA WHITE says she has no business being on radio. It wasn't at all what she started out to be—but now, look at her! Star of "Music at the Haydn's" and most of the "Palmolive Operettas." So she's turned into a downright, out-and-out fatalist.

By all the laws of circumstances, she should have been a movie star. Lived near Hollywood, had a figure like a cigarette ad model and a thrilling soprano which was already making the White name a pretty famous one in the California local operas.

So what? So naturally with all of these attributes, Francia came to the attention of the movie moguls. They took one look at

her, heard that voice and saw before them the newest menace to Grace Moore. But first the formalities of a movie test.

Francia took one look at the finished test—and ran from the projection room weeping. It seems that she had broken her nose as a child, and while it's not noticeable in person, it was exaggerated in the films.

Flop went the movie star ambitions. But a girl has to eat, so she gulped back the disappointment and hung around the studios doing bit rôles and voice doubling for the stars.

But what did we say about Fate? Some force was slowly but decidedly steering Francia on



Ray Lee Jackson

Francia White

a different course. Anyway, with the filming of "The Mighty Barnum" (Continued on page 81)

He said "No", Just like that



Wendell Hall

WENDELL HALL is probably the first radio artist ever to dare to thumb his nose at his sponsor.

What with the depression and everything, that's enough to make anyone's eyebrows shoot up. This momentous event occurred in June when he said fare-thee-well, ta-ta and toddle-oo to that hair tonic company after having been the star on their program for almost three years.

Why? Well, to begin with, Wendell is a rebel through and through. You can tell that by his paprika-colored hair, the under-slung jaw and the energetic movements of his long, gaunt body. But more than that, Wendell knows his radio, and to him that break was a case of darned shrewd showmanship.

In order for you to understand

this Hall person and realize that he's not just talking through his Stetson when he gives his strange reasons for throwing up a perfectly good commercial, get a peep at his background.

He's just a natural-born pioneer. Must have taken after his great-great-so-on-and-so-forth grand-pappy, who was a feller by the name of Daniel Boone. Anyway, when this newfangled thing called the wireless came along, Wendell did a bit of trail-blazing on the air with his uke. That was back in 1921, and with just an occasional interruption now and then, he's been on the air ever since. Blame him for that infectious ditty. (Continued on page 97)



OVER Charlie Winninger's impish white head is raging one of the bitterest wars in radio. It all started when Charlie left the helm of "Captain Henry's Showboat" and floundered about in stormy seas until he was picked up by another sponsor. Charlie and his new sponsor got into a secret huddle and emerged with their new program idea.

Well, you could have knocked over the whole "Showboat" company with one of their calliopes when they learned just what the new program was. "Uncle Charlie's Tent Show!" Get it? "Captain Henry's Showboat." And the cast! Take a look: Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett as the lovers, two colored comedians, Ernest Whitman and Eddie Green, and all headed, of course, by the amiable Uncle Charlie. On "Showboat," Lanny Ross and Mary Lou are sweethearts, Pick and Pat the colored comedians, and all headed, of course, by the equally amiable Captain Henry. Compare Uncle Charlie's catchline, "I'm just a-warmin' up, folks, just a-warmin' up," with Cap'n Henry's "This is only the beginnin'. o-nly the-e beeginnin'." Whew! Were the Showboat people sore? "Copycat!" they cried, and the meanies pointed an accusing finger at good old Charlie Winninger.

But to all of this, he turned his beaming, cherubic face. "Why, as a child I've travelled around in a tent show, and always in the back of my head was the idea of creating my own tent show for radio," he said. "When this chance came, I just grabbed it. It's my own idea, no matter what anybody says."

So there we are. But are we? What are a person's property rights on the air? Can anybody come along and copy something almost exactly and get away with it? To date, there is no answer but a lot of people are saying goodnatured Charlie violated one of Broadway's unwritten laws.

Of course, the Winninger background does bear out his claims. He was six when he toured the middle West with Mom and Pop Winninger and brothers and sisters in a tent show called the "Winninger Family Travelling Theatre"—always a show of quality. It was in the old days of barnstorming.

For a time he did leave "The Winninger Family Theatre" for a shot at the old "Cotton Blossom" showboat troupe but he left it—just as he left "Showboat" some thirty-odd years later—to return to his first love, the tent show.

After trouping about with the family some more, he got the itch to try New York and there he found fame and success on Broadway in such shows as "No, No, Nanette," and the immortal "Ziegfeld Showboat," and he found a wife and happiness in the person of vivacious Blanche Ring, the singing star and toast of New York.

Winninger went from tent show to show boat to Broadway. Then, with his career firmly planted on that pinnacle he went exactly backwards, from Broadway to "Showboat" to "Tent Show." "Just reverting to type," he explains with his famous chuckle.

And that's the answer Cap'n Henry—er—I mean, Uncle Charlie flings in the teeth of his critics.

Old Tent Showman



Ray Lee Jackson

Charles Winninger, amiable Uncle Charlie of the Tent Show.

Southern Belle on Broadway

by Ethel M. Pomeroy



Ray Lee Jackson

Here is Helen Claire herself—the Southern belle on Broadway.

Helen Claire, star plays a dual rôle



YOU know her as Betty Graham of "Roses and Drums."

Betty is a lovely young Secret Service agent, working in the sector between the Confederate and the Union forces during the period of the Civil War, and the drama of the conflict between the North and the South is echoed in the drama of romance between Betty Graham and Captain Randy Claymore of the Confederate Army and Captain Gordon Wright of the Union forces. Both of these young soldiers are graduates of the Virginia Institute, and both are deeply in love with Betty.

To you, listening to the weekly progress of this radio drama, Betty Graham is a real person. A charming little lady of the old South,



Ray Lee Jackson

And here she is in her rôle of Betty Graham of Roses and Drums.

of Roses and Drums Here is her story

with all the gracious loveliness those words suggest, in a situation far removed from the natural background of such a girl. Yet, despite the stirring scenes in which she figures, she remains essentially true to type, the Southern belle, the glamorous darling of inherited chivalry and romance.

You love this Betty Graham—and you hesitate, perhaps, to know the real girl behind the voice you hear over the radio, lest it shatter the glamorous image she has created in your heart.

But, rest assured, you won't be disappointed when you meet Helen Claire—who is Betty Graham.

Helen Claire, like Betty, is a daughter of the old South, with that heritage of charm which reaches back through generations of South- (Continued on page 79)



"HOW do you do it?" women all over the world ask of Irene Rich. They mean how does the amazing Miss Rich, a woman in her forties, the mother of two marriageable daughters, a hard-working radio and screen actress, manage to keep that Ziegfeld figger and that boarding school giggle. At the time of life when most women are conveniently put on the shelf, Irene Rich can still steal the boy friend from under any woman's nose without half trying.

"Don't be age-conscious," she advises. "Plunge yourself into a round of activities, surround yourself by friends and forget your birthdate." It's a prescription that Dr. Irene herself takes.

She adores people and her genuine enthusiasm for them gives her the dash and vigor which make her a popular playmate, and the culture and poise which make her one of the most sought-after dinner partners in New York City.

She's utterly miserable at least, so we're told by her loyal secretary, if on entering her modern New York apartment, there aren't a half-dozen telegrams and messages waiting for her and a flock of friends already shaking up cocktails. And, take it from her harassed social secretary, she's had very, very few miserable moments. Her vitality can put to shame a whole crop of eighteen-year-old debutantes. There are daily parties in her blue-and-white living-room with Irene, the chic, cosmopolitan hostess, presiding over the fun. And in the evening the number of suitors who phone for dates would turn the head of the most popular co-ed. Yet every morning she's up at sev-

en-thirty to start all over again! Not even a dark circle under those large brown eyes as penalty for the night before.

This constant whirl is one of the reasons for her total lack of avoirdupois or that dreaded "past thirty hip spread." And also one of the reasons why she is still a "friend" to her grown-up daughters. Oh, not the affected and ridiculous sort of "friendship" many puffing mamas try to inflict upon their suffering daughters. Frank-

ness, freedom of thought, independence of each other and no infringing upon each other's careers is the credo of Irene and her girls.

Her diet secret is rather odd, but judging from her five feet six, one hundred and thirty pounds of symmetry, there's no doubt as to its effectiveness. "Don't starve yourself. I eat about four or five times a day, but very lightly so that the stomach is never crowded."

Looking at her today, wealthy, popular, well-groomed, with an envied place in society, it's hard to picture her as ever facing hardship—difficult to believe that at twenty-six, poor and with two children to support, and two unhappy marriages behind her, she had to go out and earn a living. She turned to movies. After almost twenty years of successful movie work she tackled radio. After a year for Welch's Grape Juice every Friday on NBC, she's just been handed another contract!

Irene Rich can very well take her place alongside of Eleanor Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart and other great ladies of the day, because to the millions of women who see the heartbreak in their first gray hair she is the inspiring example that "life does begin at 40."

A Most Amazing Lady



Ray Lee Jackson

Irene Rich, a success of the stage, movies, radio and society.



Summer weather lures the Penthouse Sere-
naders, Maestro Charles Gaylord, Script-
writer Sandra Michael, Singer Don Maria.



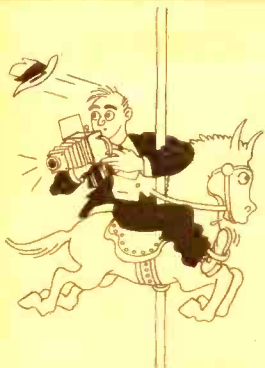
Speechless, for once, Fibber McGee (Jim
Jordan) listens while his spouse, Molly,
(who is Marian Jordan) does the talking.



Cyril Pitts (left), tenor, and Morgan L.
Eastman, musical director of the Carnation
program, on Mr. Eastman's 42-foot cruiser.



You've read of Nils T. Granlund and his
girls. Here is lovely chorine, Fay Carroll,
rehearsing with Nils for their broadcast.



RADIO'S

Swinging around the circle with radio's whirling stars,
the camera-man brings you new glimpses of your favorites

merry-go-round

Victor Young, busy
orchestra leader of
Al Jolson's program.

Alyce King, blues
soloist, with Horace
Heidt's Brigadiers.

Hoosier Songbird,
Edna Odell, of the
Galaxy of Stars.

Wilma Deering (Adele
Ronson), Adventuress
of the 25th Century.

Virginia Haig, of
California, sings
with Tom Coakley.

And here is Tam
Coakley, now in the
East with his band.

An announcer who
might also be a
singer, Norman Barry.

Paul Whiteman's
pianist-vocalist,
popular Ramona.





Upper Left, Irma Glenn organist of the "Galaxy of Stars". (Above) Showboat's Captain Henry, Frank McIntyre, broadcasts.

Brilliant young baritone Igor Gorin came from Vienna to New York, then flew to Hollywood to sing in "Hollywood Hotel".

His diction is termed "the finest American accent on the air". He is Barton Yarborough of One Man's Family.



Beauty adviser, Miss Dorothy Hamilton, of Hollywood, now broadcasts on the "Penthouse Serenade" show.



Wide World

One of radio's most popular masters of ceremonies, Al Pearce won his fame out on the West Coast, won it again when he came East with his gang.

(Above) They plan to wed soon! Frank Parker famous radio star, and lovely Dorothy Martin. (Below) The Voice of Experience is godfather to the son of Manager and Mrs. Elmer Rogers.



Helene Dumas appeared in stock, then was heard in many rôles on the air before she was selected by Gertrude Berg for the House of Glass.





For Better Not Worse

by Elizabeth Walker

How Marge and her husband triumph over the radio jinx



World Photos

In the upper picture, Donna Damerel, "Marge" of the team of "Myrt and Marge", with her real husband, Gene Kretzinger, also a radio star. And above, Jack Arnold, with his team-mates, Myrt and Marge, before a broadcast.



IF you were an air diva and one of etherland's eligible bachelors persuaded you to accompany him to the altar, would you consider your chances for marital happiness above the average? Would you assume that success in a field whose rewards are gold, glamor and a certain sort of highly pleasurable excitement should exempt you from the problems and pitfalls besetting less famed, less fortunate brides?

Before you answer, glance over this account of the

obstacles which Donna Damerel has had to surmount to insure the permanence of her marriage to Gene Kretzinger. See why it hasn't been all orchids and oysters for this air-famous young matron whose performance as Marge, the sweetly unsophisticated stepping sister in that back-of-Broadway serial, "Myrt and Marge," has helped make radio history.

Observe the scrap which her strapping, six-foot other half—the Gene Kretzinger of Columbia's popular Gene and Charlie Melody team—has been putting up to insure his rights as a husband. Note, too, how in this struggle for wedded bliss, they've been battling, not each other, but the invisible forces to which they are indebted for their chance for happiness. Radio!

They'd have you believe, would Marge and Gene, that radio performers who fall in love and marry are exposed to a brand of trouble unknown by the average bride and groom. Especially is this true when the r.p.'s belong, as they do, to different air teams.

No combination of mothers-in-law, it would seem, can cause so many headaches as membership in diverse air units. For example, last summer when Marge was on vacation, Gene felt a sudden urge to cluck the commercial that was keeping his nose to the microphone and follow his bride to California. It was a normal impulse. Still, he dared not obey it. Why? By doing so, he would have jeopardized not only his own radio future, but—and this was the catch—that of his team-mate and brother, Charlie Kretzinger.

Nor is Marge immunized against this sense of obligation. One afternoon a year ago, while she and Gene were blithely cantering along a bride path in the forested outskirts of Chicago, his horse shied and he suffered a nasty spill. So

(Continued on page 72)

What did George Burns tell Gracie Allen? See our CRAZY CAPTIONS contest, Pages 32-33.



Redhead, mother and radio star, and Carol Deis.



The apple of Carol's eye is her son, Donnie.

"Forget your past," they said But Carol chose to remember it

by William L. Stuart



THIS IS an untold story—the never-before-printed truth about Carol Deis.

It tells why the red-headed singing star, whom you hear three times a week over an NBC network, has kept the existence of a little seven-year-old named Donnie—her son—a secret.

It might even point a moral for other radio stars who are victims of the same situation that was shaped for her five years ago.

Five years ago . . . Carol's story doesn't actually start there. It begins with that breathless, emotion-charged moment three years earlier in the living-room of a tiny bride's house in Oakwood, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio. Yes, it was her house; but I'll tell you about that later. For the moment, five years ago must do.

That summer, Carol won the national Atwater Kent auditions. It was the biggest award radio could give then—a sort of a glorified amateur contest in which the prize was not fifty dollars and a week's engagement at the Roxy, but a five-thousand-dollar scholarship and the promise of a spectacular future on the air. As in the amateur contest of today, butchers and clerks and dressmakers and models were entered. Carol, who won, was a stenographer.

Exultantly Carol accepted her award and the admiration of an audience that had been as delighted with her sparkling green eyes and undeniable attractiveness as it had been with her roaring voice. This was the perfect climax to two years of devotion to an almost hopeless task—the perfect present to take back to a two-year-old tyke who, with childish conviction, had said: "Mama win," when she had left home two days before.

However, Carol had reckoned without publicity, the little engine that keeps the wheels of radio whirling. And she was not aware of some still prevalent moss-covered ideas, which should have been abandoned with crystal sets and bustles. She arranged for her inevitable interview for the press and the bland executive who conducted it started off with a favorite question: "To what," he asked smilingly, "do you owe your great success?"

And Carol was off on her favorite subject. "To my little boy," she exclaimed. "He's got brown eyes. Big ones." The executive frowned. "Then you're married?"

Carol hesitated. "No. I'm divorced"—and she told about the breathless moment.

Three years before, she had come back to the little bride's house, after having left it for good. She had come into the room built for happiness and she had wondered if this event—this blessed event—that had brought her back would dispel the despair the room had known. For that one, breathless moment, she had wondered. Then she had decided it might.

"But it didn't," she told the executive gravely. "For a while, after Donnie was born, my husband and I got along. We would laugh together at him in his crib and let him play with our fingers. But it didn't last.

"There are a few arguments for divorce and many against it; it's a dreadful thing. Ours had to (Continued on page 91)

Carol Deis Confesses

What's Behind Joe Cook?

Joe can laugh away every hardship he has known—except one

by Bland
Mulholland



TWO little boys gazed at their father in his coffin. Holy candles, casting fitful shadows on the plaster walls, sputtered light across the face of their weeping mother. Two days before her husband had been brought home dead—and a hero. He had taken his painting class for an outing at a lake near Grand Rapids, Michigan. They were having a gay time in the water when suddenly there was a frightened cry. One of the boys had gone out beyond his depth. Joe Lopez forgot that most of his pupils could swim much better than he. He forgot that he had a wife and two children at home; he forgot everything except that a boy was drowning. And when others got the two out, the student was revived—but Joe Lopez was dead.

Joe Cook can't remember any of this. He can't even remember how he felt two months later when he sat in the cool, candlelit church as an old priest read the same solemn service over the body of his mother. He was far too young to realize what it meant to be an orphan. He only knows today what people have told him: that when his mother's funeral was over, he left the cemetery with his older brother, Leo, and an elderly retired couple named Cook.

The Cooks never had any children of their own. They liked boys, so they adopted Joe and Leo Lopez. They tried to guard the two youngsters against the world as once they had shielded them from the prying eyes of small-town neighbors in a graveyard at dusk. They hid, as though it were some deep disgrace, the fact that the boys had slept for two years in the pulled-out drawers of a worn theatrical trunk, back in the days when their parents were vaudeville troupers. They planned for them to grow up far removed from the atmosphere of footlights and grease paint.

But the theatre had been born in Joe Lopez' children, too strong to be overcome by environment. The urge to perform ran through their veins. By the time Joe was seven he was using his foster-mother's clothes-line to walk tight-rope in the most approved circus fashion. She objected strenuously, but in her fondness she allowed him to continue. And within two years Joe Cook was proprietor of the biggest backyard pin-show in the outskirts of the then steadily growing town of Evansville, Indiana. He sold penny pink lemonades and hot dogs; he remodeled the old barn to resemble as closely as possible the Evansville opry house—and he brought more song and laughter to that neighborhood than it has ever seen since.

Today his happiest hours are the occasional ones spent in walking quietly about the scenes of his childhood, back home. The very roots of his life are there. In a public square stands a monument to Joe Cook—the only monument ever erected to an actor while he was still alive. Nobody was allowed to donate more than two dollars to it; it was made possible by dimes, quarters and half dollars given with full hearts by oldsters who remember the days when an elf lived in Evansville, and by youngsters who laugh up their sleeves at Skippy and would give up their new red wagons to be like Joe Cook. There he can have not only the keys to the city but the city itself, if he should happen to want it. He always could.

"The glibbest cajoling I ever did was to persuade my foster-mother to install fifty electric lights in that barn, when the old homestead got along as best it could with merely gas. And that was some cajoling," he sighed, sinking into a comfortably upholstered chair at the Educational (Continued on page 75)

He became
an idol, and
he still remains
the salt of the
earth. Everyone
loves Joe Cook.

William Hausler



The Man Who Lost Everything

by Peggy Wells



IT WAS eleven o'clock on a Tuesday evening in Studio 3B of the National Broadcasting Company. The final note had been sung on the Palmolive Theatre of the Air, the last straggling musician was tucking away his instrument and the walls still held an echo of

the wild applause given the entire cast. Gladys Swarthout, regal in a gold cloth wrap, was walking out of the studio on the arm of her handsome husband. Rosaline Green, the actress, flushed and excited, was giggling like a schoolgirl as she rushed out of the studio to meet her date. Al Goodman, the leader of the Palmolive Orchestra, in full dress, bowed and smiled to the people who swarmed around him. He was signing autographs; he was laughing and talking to some of his mink-coated, top-hatted friends nearby and presently he left, the center of an admiring, noisy throng. You couldn't miss the aura of glamour, power and gaiety that surrounded him.

I heard a man next to me say to his companion: "Gee, he certainly is lucky! He has everything. How I envy him!"

Envy him? Listen to this.

In the last year Fate has dealt Al Goodman three staggering blows. How he has stood them without collapsing, I don't know.

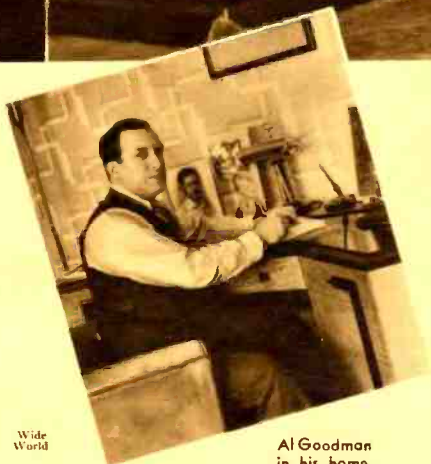
In the summer of 1933, Al Goodman once said to me: "I'm the happiest man in the world. I have everything to live for."

In the fall of 1934, Al Goodman, crushed in spirit, broken of heart and looking ten years older said: "I'm the unhappiest man in the world. I have nothing—absolutely nothing to live for. I would gladly exchange my life with that of a miner."

And Al Goodman meant it. If you think you've had tough luck, wait till you hear his tragic story.

In spite of the fact that Al Goodman is, and has been

Al Goodman still laughs, but there is a feverish tinge



Wide World

Al Goodman in his home.

for twenty-five years, a definite part of the Broadway scene, he has always been a "home man". Throughout those years when he was musical director for the Ziegfeld shows, and in spite of the gay parties, the beautiful show-girls and the whole mad scramble of backstage life, Al would go home every night after he was through working and take that same homely pride and joy in his wife and family as would any small town bookkeeper.

He was very happy and terribly proud. They had told him, when he first wanted to marry Fanny, to wait until he was older. He was only eighteen! And Fanny had been warned that musicians don't make good husbands. Such unsteady work, and the life they lead, you know.

And now they had the laugh on all of their friends



[Above] Musical director of the Otto Harbach show, Al also has the Bromo Seltzer and the Palmolive programs. (Right) "I'm the happiest man in the world" Al Goodman said. And then Fate took up the challenge! (Below) When he is at home, alone, then the desolate despair shows on his face. Only in work can he forget the tragedy and the incurable heartache of his life.



Photo by Rudolph Hoffman



Wide World

Al was getting along fine, and they had two children whom they adored, Rita and Herbert. If they could have been accused of having a favorite at all, it would undoubtedly be Herbert. For he was taking the place of the other little boy who had died. Their first boy had died when he was a child, and just two years later Herbert had been born.

"He's my good-luck kid," Al would often say, half-joking. It seemed that way, too. For, from then on, every year brought more happiness. There was his work, for instance. Day by day his reputation in show business grew. Ziegfeld was bidding for his services. George White. Earl Carroll. They all wanted this quiet, reliable un-Broadwayish fellow who knew his music so well. And with the increasing bid on his services each year, Al could afford to build up a solid trust fund for Rita and Herbert.

And it meant, too, that his family could enjoy more advantages. Fanny could have two maids to take care of their beautiful, large home. Rita could wear pretty clothes and was in a position (Continued on page 62)

to his gaiety. And now we can understand the reason

A man who wouldn't take advice—and a man who came back



"DON'T take advice!" These startling words came from the sensitive lips of Mario Chamlee. And Mario isn't talking through a cocked hat, either, for his whole career has been built on defiance to those who have told him, "Don't do this!" "Don't do that." Three times he was given advice by men older, more experienced and wiser than himself. In those three crossroads of his life he had the audacity to turn a deaf ear to their advice and thus heaped upon his impulsive head the coals of criticism and hardship. But if he had listened—well, today he'd be anything but the delightful Tony of NBC's "Tony and Gus" series.

It was his father who issued the first "don't." A strict Methodist, he was shocked when he learned of his son's plans to become a singer. "No child of mine will become connected with the stage!" And Mario, who had been reared to abide by the rules of his parents, for the first time let his father storm and rant and threaten and then did exactly as he pleased. He continued at the University of Southern California, near his home, but he took singing lessons in secret.

It was when he thought he was ready for the opera that the second "don't" was flung in his face. It was delivered by a famous English voice teacher to whom he had come for an audition in Los Angeles. After hearing him the teacher said, "You have a nice parlor voice to entertain your mother's friends. An (Cont'd on p. 74, Col. II)

Mario Chamlee—"Tony"

Ray Lee Jackson



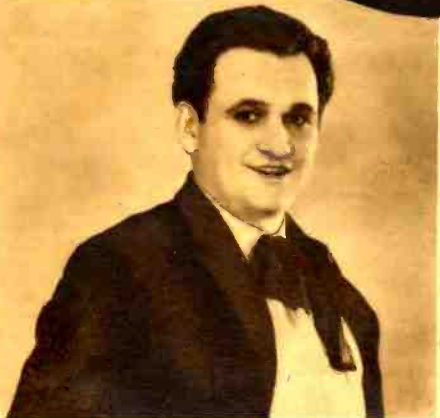
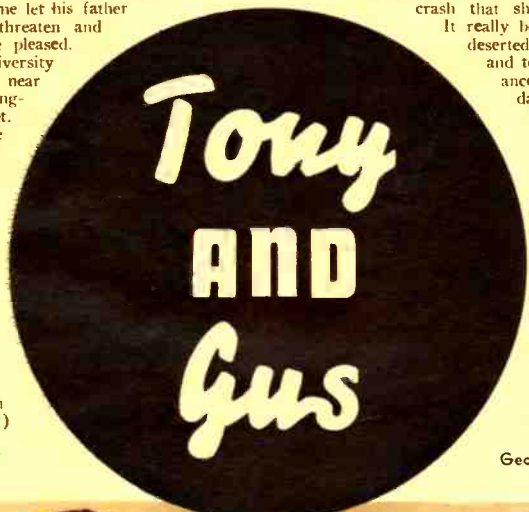
MEET Gus, of "Tony and Gus." He answers to the name of George Frame Brown, but in intimate radio circles he's spoken of as "the man who came back." Ask any one of the army of broken-down actors, and he'll tell you that the "rockiest road in the world is the come-back trail." But Brown, who saw himself suddenly careening from top position in radio to oblivion, made it!

If you're a radio fan of any standing, you surely remember Luke Higgins in "Main Street Sketches," and later Matt Thompkins in the equally famous "Real Folks" series. Well, not only were these two lovable old hicks played by Brown but he also authored that homely classic. Everything was hunky-dory, the stars were bright, there was money in the bank, *tra-la* and Brown's feet were on the uppermost rung of the radio ladder. Then some imp of Fate tripped the ladder and down to earth tumbled Brown with a crash that shook the show business.

It really began when "Real Folks" deserted the air after a long run and took to a personal appearance tour. All fine and dandy so far. It was booked through the country and theatre managers were actually fighting for the privilege of showing this popular radio act.

But who had figured on the thunderclap? The first week Brown opened was in that memorable time in 1933 when the banks had a nasty habit of closing. Remember? The theatre was already paid for, so Brown and "Real (Cont'd on p. 74, Col. III)

George Frame Brown—"Gus".



The "Copy Cap
tions" Contest is
on Pages 32 and
33.

Radio Stars Junior

Have you listened to the Musical Rag Band? (Mondays, WSM, 5:30) Marjorie Arnold entertains all youngsters from four to forty-four years of age with her merry music and her delightful nursery rhymes.

Design & Display Associates
C. F. Clark, Inc.

Here we are again with pages just for the juniors

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

- 9:00 EDST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. (Sundays only.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WBRM, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WJBR, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WTD, WLBB, KFLA, WFEA, WRFC, WLAC, WBSU, WBLJ, WMAA, WIBC, WYTA, WSPD, WORC, WDNC, WHP, WDDO, WNAC, WKRC, WRK, WJAS, WBIG, WBRB, WICC, WBNK, CKAC, WRBC, WTCO, WJBS, WSPA.
- 9:00 EDST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting. (Sundays only.)
WJZ and associated stations.
- 9:30 EDST (¼)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater. (Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.
- 11:00 EDST (1)—Horn and Harbart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program. (Sunday only.)
WABC only.
- 4:30 EDST—Our Barn—Children's Program with Madge Tucker. (Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.
- 4:45 EDST—Adventure in King Arthur Land. Direction of Madge Tucker. (Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.
- 5:15 EDST (¾)—Grandpa Burton—humorous sketch with Bill Haar.

- (Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WEAF and network.
- 5:30 EDST (¾)—The Singing Lady—nursery rhymes, songs and stories. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WHAL, WBZ, WBLA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, CRTT, CPFC, WFIL, WMAL, WSYR.
- 5:30 EDST (¾)—Jack Armstrong. All American Boy. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRB, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WMAA, 6:30—WBMM, WCAO, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WJSV, WOVG, WHCC, WFBL.
- 5:45 EDST (¾)—Mickey of the Circus. (Friday only.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHCC, WDRB, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WDBO, WDAE, KHL, WGST, WPG, WLBB, WICC, WBT, WBIG, WBSU, WQOA, WHCC, WJHX, WKRC, WTOC, WDNC, KRL, WHNS, WMBR, WHI, WOC, WYOR, KTSB, WSBT, WDDO, KDH, WHC, CKAC, KKKO, WACO, WNOX, WHAS, KOMA, WFBL, WDLI, KMBL, KLT, KRID, WFAE, WALA, KMOX, KTHH, KJRN, KPFY.
- 5:45 EDST (¾)—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet. (Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WRB, WBA, KDKA, WBAL, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WJAX, WHAM, WJZ, WCTY, WMAI, WFLA, CRTT, CPFC, 6:45—KWK, KOIL, WKFB, KSTP, WEBC, KFYH, WSM, WMC.

- WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KTHS, WAVE, WRMB, WBAB.
- 5:45 EDST (¾)—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—children's program. (Tuesday.)
WEAF and network.
- 6:00 EDST (¾)—The Little Old Man—children's adventure story. (Thursdays.)
WJZ and network.
- 6:00—EDST—Orgets in the Air. (Saturdays only.)
WEAF and network.
- 6:00 EDST (¾)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKDW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBNS, WHCC.
- 6:15 EDST (¾)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talk. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHZA.
- 6:15 EDST (¾)—Bobby Benson and Nunny Jim. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WDRB, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WHCC, WMAA, WLIZ.
- 6:15 EDST (¾)—Winnie, the Pooh—children's program. (Tuesdays.) (6:10 EDST—Friday.)
WJZ and network.

JUNIOR JOURNAL



Billy Idelson



Pat Ryan



Walter Tetley

A "regular guy" is Billy Idelson, who plays "Rush Meadows," the boy whom Vic and Sade Cook are bringing up. Billy is fifteen years old and is a student in the High School in Maywood, Illinois.

Ever since she was six years old, Pat Ryan has been on radio programs. She is eleven now, so she has been a successful actress for five years. She wrote the fairy play entitled "The Silver Knight."

A clever actor and good trouser is fourteen-year-old Walter Tetley. Once he cracked his knee-cap, just before broadcasting, but went on without faltering. Hear him with Buck Rogers, and other programs.

IN KING ARTHUR LAND

(You who have listened to the Magic Hour on your radio know how the children gather around the Lady Next Door, while the Hidden Knight transports them to King Arthur Land. There, though magic makes them invisible, they can see and hear what happened long ago.)

This is what they saw and heard in one of those Magic Hours. It is a story of the brave King Arthur and the lovely Lady Guinevere.)

You remember how King Arthur came to Camelard, to the Court of King Leodegrance. By means of a magic cap which Merlin, the Magician, had given him, he was disguised as a gardener's lad, and he worked in the gardens of the Lady Guinevere in order to be near her, because he loved her. And he thought that no flower in all the gardens was as beautiful and as fair as she.

Lady Guinevere thought him strong and handsome, and often her eyes followed him as he worked.

Once she pulled off his gardener's cap—and at once he changed into a knight! But quickly she gave him back his cap and asked no questions, for she was a proud and gracious lady.

Yet she knew that there was magic being wrought, for twice when she and her father, the King, were in sore distress, a brave knight, whom they called "The White Champion" because of his white and shining armor, had saved them. Once he even had slain the villainous Mordant, Duke of North UMBER and cousin of their enemy, King RYENCE, who had demanded the hand of the Lady Guinevere in marriage.

And Guinevere marked that when the White Champion came, the gardener's lad disappeared. And when the White Knight went away again, the gardener's lad came back. But she resolved not to speak of this mystery, but to wait and see what might befall.

And now once more great! (Continued on page 54)



Lady Next Door



THE CLUB ROOM

Clavin Mickey O'Day has been in the club room for three years. Here he is as Christopher Robin, with faithful Pooh.

Dear Fans:

On this page you will see a picture of the club pin. And don't you want to own one? All you have to do to get it is to write me a letter and say that you want to join Radio Stars Junior Club. There are no dues to pay. It costs you nothing.

Watch for these pages in Radio Stars Magazine each month. They are just for you. A story. Pictures. News about child stars. Write and ask me anything you want to know about anyone on the children's radio programs.

Our club already has a fine list of members. We welcome these children to Radio Stars Junior Club. The club pins have been delayed, but each child will receive his or her membership pin as soon as we can get them.

Here are the first to join:

- Barbara Strickland, Charles Strickland, Box 32, Marlton, New Hampshire.
- Gertrude Cohen, 3200 North Smedley St., Philadelphia, Penna.
- Clara Waller, P. O. Box 39, Clinton, Conn.
- Virginia Lee Guratorelli, Vera Jean Guratorelli, 2850 Clay Ave., Fresno, California.
- Milton Kadmalberich, 1820 Thirtieth St., San Diego, Calif.
- Robert Jamonico, Albert Caradonio, 14 Hillside Place, Tuckahoe, New York.
- Luellie McKechnie, 139 Second Avenue, Glenview, New York.
- Frances Fox, 128 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, New York.
- Florence Gardner, 553 Charles St., Fall River, Mass.
- Adeline Rosinski, 580 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, New York.
- Byron E. Farr, Jr., Pontotoc, Mississippi.
- Mollie Kranner, 112 Wilson Ave., Newark, New Jersey.
- Betty Best, 314 Heather Road, Upper Darby, Penna.



by Peggy Lee

- Ruth H. Strickland, 58 Bruce Road, Waltham, Mass.
- Ida Mae Riesberg, Box 11, Grassy Sound, New Jersey.
- Lillian Medo, 20 Douglas St., West Warwick, Rhode Island.
- Virian Frates, Norma Frates, Edmund Frates, 15 Douglas St., West Warwick, Rhode Island.
- Edith Green, R.F.D. No. 1, West River Road, Fulton, New York.
- James Gladney Rogers, Apt. 316, The Bryson, Chicago, Illinois.
- John Joseph Frenet, 433 West Market St., Harrisonburg, Virginia.

(Continued on page 56)

I want to join Radio Stars Junior Club because:

1. It will help me to get the programs I want to hear on the radio.
2. I can write and tell the players how I like their programs, and see my letters printed in the magazine.
3. It will bring me a club pin to wear.
4. It will help the editors to print in these pages things I want to read about child radio performers and their programs.

The letters from these first members are most interesting. I am happy to know that you enjoy this Junior section. And I am glad to know what pictures and stories you would like to see in these pages of yours each month. I shall try to fill each request in turn.

Here are some letters:

Dear Peggy Lee:

Your new "Radio Stars Junior" is a grand idea. I am a girl of thirteen and I always enjoy your magazine. I especially like the stories concerning my favorite radio stars.

I'm sure the fans would enjoy stories and the life experiences of such young stars as Mary Small, Billy Halop and Florence Halop. They also like to have pictures of them and of the casts of "Buck Rogers," "Robby Benson," "Billy and Betty," "Jack Armstrong," et cetera.

Please do count me in to join your fan club. I hope you will send me the club pin. I am a shut-in and would love to hear from other members.

Here's hoping to see my letter among your pages. And best luck to you and the club.

Very sincerely,
Clara E. Waller,
P. O. Box 39, Clinton, Conn.

Dear Radio Stars Junior Club:

I would like to join your new club so I can enjoy all the good times that you are going to have.

Won't you please print some time a story about Little Orphan Annie? She's my favorite.

Respectfully,
Florence Gardner,
553 Charles St., Fall River, Mass.

I would like to print other letters in full, but as I haven't space enough in this issue, I will just quote a few lines from some of the other letters.

Ellen Bobst (Route 5, Box 139, Vancouver, Washington) writes:

Dear Miss Lee:
My sister Clara and I would like to join the Radio Stars Junior Club. Clara is 7 years old and I am sixteen. Is that too old?

NOTE: Anyone who enjoys the children's programs, or enjoys these pages devoted to them is welcome as a member. Among our new members are children from three to sixteen.

PLEASE: (Please turn to page 56 for other letters and news.)



It's an old Southern custom, to work magic with the kitchen range. And the Pickens Sisters know their kitchens. Yes, that's Southern Chicken Pie in the pyrex baking dish—and biscuit crust!

Radio Stars' Cooking School

Wide World Photos

Courtesy Pyrex

Um-um! Southern Cooking! Quick, Watson, my coupon!



AS our Cooking School, this month, features the Pickens Sisters (from *G'ategia, suh*) I suggest that we start this broadcast with

by Nancy Wood

*"Down south we still have chivalry
Old fashioned hospitality.
Time will never change our ways
Even in these modern days."*

a song of the Southland—a gay tune in honor of those states below the Mason and Dixon line, famed alike for charming women and delicious cooking.

The verse of that amusing popular song, "It's an Old Southern Custom," seems to me to be particularly appropriate. It goes something like this:

And certainly neither time, Radio fame, Northern "ways" nor a New York apartment have changed the atmosphere of Southern hospitality that one meets the moment one enters the Park Avenue home of the Pickens family.

First to greet your Cooking (Continued on page 70)

MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER

**"For Flavor and Mildness I've never found
a cigarette that compares with Camel"**



Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.



At home or abroad, Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer smokes Camels. "Once you've enjoyed Camel's full, mild flavor, it is terribly hard to smoke any other cigarette," she says. "I can't bear a strong cigarette—that is why I smoke Camels." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos than you get in any other popular brand. Camels are milder!

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALAEDI, Chicago



Mrs. Van Rensselaer at Palma de Mallorca. She says: "Americans abroad are tremendously loyal to Camels. They never affect my nerves. I can smoke as many Camels as I want and never be nervous or jumpy." Camel's costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference!

**Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand**

© 1933, H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Better take off those dark glasses! Here's something to rest your eyes. Lovely Barbara Jo Allen, NBC dramatic star enjoys a sun-bath on the beach. Barbara Jo plays Rosemary, in the Thursday eve Winning the West series.

Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN



Miss Ann Keeble, New York: "Pond's not only cleans—It keeps away lines, blackheads."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM reaches down— keeps common Skin Faults away

Mrs. Douglas Robinson

grandniece of the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and granddaughter of his famous sister, the late MRS. GRADINE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look clearer—tired lines disappear."

1 LINES FADE when wasting under tissues are stimulated.
2 BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents clogging.

3 BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads that cause them are prevented.
4 PORES REDUCE when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions from within the skin.

5 DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils sink in, fueling oil glands grow active.
6 TISSUES WON'T SAC when *underskin* fibres are toned up and stimulated.

UGLY LITTLE LINES... dreaded wrinkles... don't "just happen" overnight! Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start *under* your skin. Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you do see fell into little creases.

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your *underskin*, when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down and tightens those lines and blemishes *where they start*.

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, parted briskly, Pond's rouses the *underskin*. Circulation

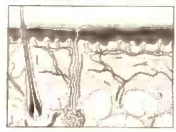
quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lodged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened by this deep-reaching cream!

One creaming shows how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it's wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-lodged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin re-

Where Skin Faults begin: Below the dark layer is the *underskin*, where tiny glands, blood vessels nourish your outer skin—if you keep them active!



freshed, invigorated to its depths.

Every morning... reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft and fine that powder goes on with a smooth, all-over evenness. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube
Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away

POUND'S, Dept. R-128, Canton, Conn.

Enclose 10¢ (two-cent postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

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In King Arthur Land

(Continued from page 48)

trouble had come upon them. King Leodegrance had received a message from King Ryence, demanding that Leodegrance deliver to him at once the White Knight who had slain his cousin, the Duke Mordant, and also to surrender to him certain lands which he desired.

As he told his daughter of this message, Lady Guinevere's eyes flashed.

"The White Knight, father?" she cried. "Thou canst not deliver him to King Ryence!"

"I would not, even though I could. And I cannot. I do not know where he is," King Leodegrance said. "And I have sent word to King Ryence, also, that I will not deliver unto him so much as a single blade of grass."

But he sighed, for an answer had come from King Ryence, saying that he himself would take by force what Leodegrance would not deliver. Unless the White Champion again should come to their rescue, their lands and castles would be taken from them. He asked his daughter to tell him, if she knew, where the White Champion might be found—for it was known that the brave knight wore the Lady Guinevere's necklace, which she had given him.

But Guinevere said: "Verily, my lord, I cannot tell you—"

And then the King spoke seriously to his daughter of the peril that threatened their kingdom, and of his fears for her safety.

"It would be well if thou didst give thy liking unto the White Knight," he said, "for he doth appear to be a champion of great prowess and strength. And," he added, "he doth appear to have a great liking for thee."

A rosy flush crept into Guinevere's face, and her eyes looked troubled. "Aye, father," she said. "But—my lord and father, if I give my liking unto anyone in the manner thou speak of, I will give it only unto the gardener's lad."

King Leodegrance looked shocked. "Verily, there is more in this than I understand," he said.

"Send for the gardener's boy," Guinevere begged. "He knoweth more concerning the White Champion than doth anybody else."

The gardener's lad came when the King sent for him. Respectfully he bowed to the King and to the Lady Guinevere. But he did not remove his cap. When the King ordered him to take it off, he refused.

But Guinevere spoke: "I do beseech thee, Messire, to take off thy cap unto my father."

"At thy bidding, your Ladyship. I will take it off," said the gardener's lad. And bowing again, he removed the magic cap. And stood before them, a tall and handsome knight.

Guinevere felt her heart beat fast. And then she heard a gasp from her father, the King.

"'Tis my lord and King!" And King Leodegrance fell to his knees. "'Tis my Majesty, King Arthur, himself!"

"King Arthur!" Guinevere repeated, overcome with wonder.

"My Lord," King Leodegrance cried, "it is then thou who hast done all these wonderful things for us!"

"Rise you, good King Leodegrance," said Arthur. "Have no fear. My knights soon will rout once and forever King Ryence and his threats. Thy kingdom will not be harmed. Thy daughter—is safe."

Guinevere spoke softly: "Lord, I knew thou wert the White Champion. I did not know thee for our great King Arthur. I am afear'd of thy greatness." And shyly she bowed before him.

"Nay, Lady," King Arthur said gently. "Rather it is I who am afear'd of thee—for thy kind regard is dearer to me than all else in the world, else had I not served thee as gardener's boy in thy garden, all for thy good will!"

"Thou hast my good will, my Lord!" Guinevere's eyes shone softly.

"Have I thy good will in great measure?" he pleaded.

"Aye, thou hast it in great measure."

"In such measure that thou wilt marry with me, Lady Guinevere?" King Arthur asked, very tenderly.

And very softly she spoke back: "Aye, Lord, an thou dost wish it." He took her in his arms. "More than anything in the world, dear Lady!" And he kissed her.

And so the Lady Guinevere gave King Arthur her promise. But first, before the wedding-day was set, he summoned his knights, and together they put King Ryence to rout. Then he returned again to Camelhard and in the Court of King Leodegrance there was great feasting and rejoicing.

And then the wedding-day was set. And, on the advice of Merlin, the Magician, King Leodegrance gave to Arthur, for a dowry with his daughter, a table which had been made long ago by his father, King Uther-Pendragon, for his knights.

It was called the Round Table.

And so it was that King Arthur received the Round Table, which became famous in song and story because of his brave knights who sat around it with him.

But his choicest gift was the lovely Lady Guinevere, whom he loved with all his heart, and who became his wife and Queen when they were married in Camelot.

* * *

(This story was written by permission of Mudge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door*, from one of the episodes in her "Adventures in King Arthur Land," given in the Magic Hour program on W.E.A.F.)

The children who took part in the play were Peter Donald as King Arthur, Ethel Blaine as the Lady Guinevere, and Jimmy McAllon as King Leodegrance. Others in the cast were Billy and Bobby Munch, Nancy Petersen, Charita Bauer, Micky O'Day, and Johnny Mast.

**"I'D SOONER DIE
THAN GO TO ANOTHER
PARTY"**

Pimples were
"ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!"



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

**Don't let adolescent pimples
spoil YOUR fun—**

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

The Club Room

(Continued from page 49)

Esther Berman, of Brainerd, N. Y., writes:

"I would like to join the Radio Stars Junior Club. I listen to many of the programs. Baby Marie is the one I like best of all. In other programs which I like almost as much is 'Let's Pretend.'"

And here's a line from a letter from Grandpa Burton:

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for the recent version of the radio script of Grandpa Burton which appears in the August issue of Radio Stars. . . I feel honored to have my name appear first in your children's radio version of the magazine. . . The illustrations to the story are very good. . . Very truly yours,
Bill Haar,
"Grandpa Burton."

Frances Fox (14) of 128 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, New York, writes that she would like to see a picture of the Horn & Hardart Children's Program. We will print one soon. . .

Gwendolyn Withers, of Putnam, Conn., also asks for the same picture, and for a story based on the Bobby Benson series. Gwendolyn is thirteen. . .

Ruth Strickland of Waltham, Mass., writes us an interesting letter, listing the programs she enjoys. Ruth also is thirteen and hopes to be a radio star herself, some day. . .

And here are a few lines from a letter from one we all know and love:

"The children of the radio audience have been the source of great joy and help to me, and I am ever certain they will be just such big friends to me in our new radio undertaking. Working you the great success the Junior Journal deserves.
Most cordially yours,
Deane Barker
"The Singing Lady."

Errors will creep in! We apologize for a mistake in the August issue, in which we said that Baby Rose Marie was eight years old. Baby Rose Marie, herself, very kindly corrects us in a sweet little letter. Here is her letter:

Dear Miss Lee:
"You I like, this means to sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for our nice story about me in your August Radio Stars magazine.
I really is friends like you that keep me in a mood with all my dear and many radio fans, and I know it's friends like you that I use all my own best.
Believe me to be with many thanks,
Yours in Song,
Arlene,
Baby Rose Marie."

Who I let you know my real age? (in August 1934 I will be eleven years old, and I would like to become a member of your club.)

We might add that Baby Rose Marie's success, in our opinion, is due to the fact that she is a natural, unspoiled and lovable little girl, whose sweet singing cannot fail to delight any listener to her programs.



There's a new man in One Man's Family! One of the youngest actors ever to read a rôle before a microphone, Richard Harold Svihus (you pronounce his last name "Swiss") made his début in One Man's Family as Pinkie, one of the two grandsons of Henry Barbour. Richard is four years old, and can read words of even three syllables without hesitation. The program is heard on NBC-WEAF and network.

News Notes

Michael James O'Day, Jr., who was Mickey on the Lady Next Door program, thinks he would like to be a radio control engineer when he grows up. . . Malvin Torme (9) and Lucy Gilman (10) play Jimmy the Newsboy and Mary Lou in Song of the City. . . The children on the Let's Pretend program meet for their first rehearsal at 8:30 on Saturday morning. Miss Mack thinks they play their parts better if they haven't rehearsed them too many times. . . Milton J. Cross, announcer for the Children's Hour, brings a pocket full of lollipops to the studio for the children, every Sunday morning. . . Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady", has composed more than 6,000 songs for children.

She writes all the songs she sings and all the stories she tells. . . Captain Tim Healy, director of NBC's Stamp Club of the Air, has lived on every continent. He was born in Australia of Irish parents, but he now is an American citizen. . . Janet Van Loon, the Sick-A-Bed Lady, tells children who are ill in bed how to make animals out of corks, bits of string, or paper, and tells of puzzles and games that may be played in bed. If you are ill, tune in on her program and learn new ways to amuse yourself. . . In "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Estelle Levy is European and Pat Ryan is Asia, Andy Donnelly plays Billy and Amy Sedelle is Australia. . .

More Members

of

Radio Stars Junior Club

- Jeanne Mosher, 251 Main St., Hudson Falls, New York
- Kath Kurland, 203 Cooke St., Waterbury, Conn.
- Ellen Babst, Cleo Baker, Route 5, Box 129, Yaucover, Washington
- Marie Hodges, 202 K St., South Boston, Mass.
- Jeanmarie Erickson, 520 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, New Jersey
- Gertrude Betts, 227 Harwood Ave., Elyria, Ohio
- Maxine Blakeslee, 64 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
- Betty Jane Carr, 112 West Miller St., Ellettsville, Indiana
- Gwendolyn Withers, R. F. D. No. 2, Putnam, Conn.
- Donna Eberly, 325 Castalia St., Bellevue, Ohio
- Carolyn Keer, 848 Kilsyth Road, Elizabeth, New Jersey
- Jayne Elaine Reeder, 209 Preston St., Hartford, Conn.
- Elizabeth Ann Lukowski, 2122 North Klumball Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Lorraine Brackmann, 106 Seventh Ave., S. W., Fairbault, Minn.
- Thomas M. Hancock, Floydsburg, Kentucky
- Mary Ann Hilder, 257 10th Ave., Irvington, New Jersey
- Betty Jean Miller, Mary Jo Miller, 621 S. W. 10th Ave., Okla. City, Okla.
- Charles G. Willette, 49 Gold St., Springfield, Massachusetts
- Mary Ann Marie, Apt. 32, 601 West 13th St., New York City
- Anne Olfner, 27 Grant Ave., Grantwood, New Jersey
- Margaret Marie, 16 Oak St., Troy, Ohio
- John Levisky, c/o Boss's Boulevard Villa, Rockledge, Fla.
- Esther Berman, Brainerd, New York
- Sydelle Wasserman, 207 Park Ave., Union City, N. J.
- Thomas Martin, Jr., 1124 Wells Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio
- Ruby Rose Marie, 45 Clearmont Rd., Patuxent, New Jersey
- Norma Seebach, Route No. 1, Box 96, Good Hope, Minn.
- John Luter, New York, New York
- Charles Evans, 424 Grandall Ave., Youngs Bay, Ohio
- Elmore Park, Steeple Rock, 1065 Banks St., New Orleans, Louisiana
- Elmore Park, 51 Raleigh St., Chatham, N. Carolina
- Bernice Richer, 423 Stockton St., Ripon, Cal.
- Flourace Alice Hall, 433 Highland, Toledo, Ohio
- Russell Carroll, Elaine Carroll, is Dartmouth Street, Everett, Massachusetts

Join Radio Stars Junior Club now!

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl
who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply*—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all

you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"



Let my death be a warning to all other CORNS, young or old!

"Every corn that ever stabbed a human toe should beware of that arch enemy, Blue-Jay!"—wails this old patriarch, in death-bed testimony

<p>(1) "For 23 years I was the power behind the throne in the Briggs family. Mrs. Briggs had tried in many ways to get rid of me—even tried to murder me with a razor—but this old corn always won out."</p>		<p>(2) Time after time I almost wrecked that family! I made life so miserable for poor Mrs. Briggs that she became cranky and cross—and Mr. Briggs would get mad and leave the house in a huff.</p>	
	<p>(3) A kindly neighbor woman, Mrs. Allen, was the start of my undoing. One Jay when she found Mrs. Briggs crying, she whispered to her. "My dear, why don't you get rid of that corn with this Blue Jay?"</p>		<p>(4) Blue-Jay struck me like lightning! In just a moment I was smothered in soft, felt prison walls. My cries were unheard and my stabbing went unnoticed. My 23 year racket was over. I was a doomed corn.</p>
<p>(5) When Mr. Briggs came home that night, he found a happy wife. They went out and danced just to celebrate! And I was forgotten. Now, 3 days later, my lifeless form will soon be lifted out. My dying words are: Corns, beware of Blue Jay!"</p>		<p>Corn suffering ended safely and easily with this scientific method</p> <p>● Only a corn sufferer knows how painful a corn can really be. Yet this suffering is absolutely unnecessary. A visit to any druggist—and the purchase of Blue-Jay (the scientific corn remover) for 25¢—will bring blessed and lasting relief.</p> <p>Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the special Wee-Prut adhesive strip (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking). In the meantime, without your knowing or feeling it, the safe Blue-Jay medication is gently undermining the corn. After 3 days, you take off the pad and the corn lifts out completely.</p> <p>If you have a corn—even a tiny one—remove it right away with Blue-Jay. Don't be satisfied with temporary relief. Insist on Blue-Jay.</p>	



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CORN PLASTER



EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet "For Better Feet" contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. *Posting coupon on government postpaid stamp preferred.*

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Street _____ City _____



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A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLs—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.



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SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

His Own Worst Enemy

(Continued from page 35)

The next day Husing apologized. But it was too late. The damage was done. He was a target once again for journalistic knives.

The best liked guy on Radio Row is a sweet, young guy in Columbia's press department. He asked me not to mention his name. So I will not. Husing, who has no sense of humor, insulted him before a crowded room. They went down to the cellar of the broadcasting building. The kid is as big as Husing and very handy with his dukes.

But again Husing won. He was filled with remorse the next day, when I met him. He confessed he really liked the guy, and was sorry it had happened. But his worst enemy was getting in his lies. Husing was fighting himself.

At the Kentucky Derby, he met Jack Foster. If there ever was a right guy, Foster is it. He was a radio editor before he became an important executive on the New York World-Telegram. Jack is famous for his severity and his honesty.

to my table in Billy La Hoff's Tavern where we all hang out. He struck out his hand.

"Come up to the house for breakfast tomorrow," he said. "You haven't a radio column now. I don't need you."

There is a strange man. He insulted me when I could do him some good. He made a friend out of me when my days of boosting and bad notices were over.

So now you can understand why you read about Husing being a wrong eye in the newspapers. He doesn't want to, but he always manages to annoy the critics. It all comes down to the lack of humor in the best announcer in the world. His former wife is a remarkable woman, a fine cook and a generous hostess who is one of the handsomest women on Broadway. I do not know their secret sorrow. They parted with fine dignity, still friends but concealing their difficulty. I have been around with them many times, separately and singly, before and after their divorce.

When Mrs. Husing married Lenny Hayton, the Micky Mouse of orchestra lead-

STOP!!! Wouldn't you like to win a prize?

On Pages 32 and 33 of this issue—319 prizes! Yes, sir! **LOOK!!!** Three hundred and nineteen of 'em—just waiting to be won!

LISTEN!!! Read the rules—put on your thinking cap—and go in and win one for yourself. It's a cinch!

"Sit in my booth," Ted asked Foster. "I can't," explained the mild klobyckle commentator. "I promised Clem McCarthy I would sit with him in the NBC coop."

"So," sneered Husing, "you're subsidized!"

Foster winced, and walked away. They are mortal enemies to this day.

Husing pulled the same thing on me. I was the guest of CBS at the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Husing, Ted Glover, CBS news manager, Quentin Reynolds, of Collier's, and I shared a suite.

Husing came home. There was a party going. The room was thronged. There were people there I didn't know.

"Screw," shouted Husing to me as I sat on his bed, "you got to leave. You're subsidized by Columbia!"

I think the only thing a newspaperman has is his honesty. Naturally I resented Husing's remark. We almost came to blows. The fight was stopped. I thought Husing had done a masterful job in reporting the oath-taking. I said so in my column the next day.

I had hardly got back into my office in New York when a letter came. It was from Husing. He was sorry he had been so crude. But that was the last good notice he got from me. I roasted him every day for a year.

But he proved to be a bigger guy than I was. I was going to Washington to write a political column. He came over

ers. I washed them happiness. I am sure Ted did, too.

The ladies like Husing. I have seen him and sat with him in the Broadway deadfalls with Estelle Taylor and Peggy Hopkins Joyce. His name has appeared in print with that of Jean Harlow.

But lately he is often with Ann St. George, a blonde and beautiful choir girl from the Hollywood Restaurant covey. I sat one night with Ted and Ann. A reporter asked them if they were engaged. "That's our business," Ted said.

There is not a guy in our town who plays more benefits. He is making money, and likes to spend it. You see him around and about, staking guys whose luck ran out, picking up checks for friends and scowling at pests.

That's Husing the man—I like him, and I hope he likes me.

He stands alone as a radio announcer. Other politics has robbed him of the excitement of news broadcasts he likes so much, and now he does only sports.

The guy who took him off the big jobs says he has no change of pace. I have heard the flabby substitutes who have taken his place where the headlines are needed. They don't belong in the same studio with him.

The guy is a stand out. He is at the peak of his profession. But there's only one guy who may trip him up, who may run him; who may shatter his pedestal.

The guy's name is Ted Husing.
THE END

The PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE

changes its broadcast hour to
FRIDAY NIGHTS
NBC BLUE NETWORK

NOW you can listen to this delightful radio program at a more convenient time. Palmolive's famous series of one-hour musical dramas is now on the air every FRIDAY night. Over a coast-to-coast NBC Network. (Please see Friday listings in this issue for your local time and station.)

Look forward to the same wonderful performances you

have enjoyed on Tuesday nights. The same clever adaptations from favorite stage productions. The same brilliant all-star cast of radio, concert and opera headliners . . . Francia White, James Melton, Theodore Webb, Jan Peerce, Florence Vickland, etc. . . . together with the Palmolive 30 piece orchestra and the glorious Palmolive Chorus of 20 voices.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre is brought to you by **PALMOLIVE** — the Beauty Soap made with gentle Olive and Palm Oils to keep skin lovely.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

COUNTESS MARITZA
STUDENT PRINCE
MISS SPRINGTIME
BLOSSOM TIME
THE RED MILL
NEW MOON
DU BARRY
NATOMA

Thrilling new
**PALMOLIVE
CONTEST!**

"FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE"
EVERY WEEK \$1000 IN CASH
1000 other prizes!

A contest so simple, so easy, and such fun to do! In addition to the first prize of \$1000 in cash, there are 1000 other prizes. Don't fail to listen in for complete details.

Much more is expected from women today



These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that Zonite is the ideal combination of strength and safety needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles at 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, \$1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE, THE OBJECT OF ADORATION 108-510
 1000 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me the following booklets free of charge. I will pay for the balance.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

In Canada: Salsbery Dispensary, P. O. 1

The Man Who Lost Everything

(Continued from page 45)

to meet and out-train the young boys and girls. And Herbert—well, there wasn't a thing Herbert couldn't have. But don't think he was spoiled. Far from it. He was a fine, handsome boy who had a grown-up mind and a wholesome personality.

And his son would talk and argue for hours at a stretch about anything. Very often, the boy would get the best of his father in this battle of wits, and Al would beam with delight and paternal pride. You could see the great admiration and companionship father and son shared. The boy already had displayed a remarkable talent as an artist and music professional artist, to whom Al proudly had shown his work, prodded a great future for him. "Great kid, that boy," Al Goodman's eyes betrayed his feelings for his son every time he looked at him.

The preceding years brought those dramatic little episodes that round out a family drama. There was the day when Rita married Irving Prager, a musician. And the time when Herbert was calculator of his class in High School. Then Evelyn's baby. And the excitement the day that Herbert won the scholarship. When Al became music director of one of the most important radio shows.

His happiness was mounting in a rising crescendo. Then in that fatal year, his whole world crashed around him.

The series of tragedies started with the day last summer when Al bumped his leg against a piano during rehearsal. Like a forecast of what the rest of the year was to bring it started out as an inconsequential accident, and suddenly turned out to be a horrible nightmare.

When he reached home, the pain in his leg increased and Fanny called a doctor.

"You've got to lie flat on your back, without moving," the doctor told him.

At length he was kidding.

"It's phlebotomy," the doctor warned him. "You got the main artery and a blood clot developed. One tiny move will break that clot and send it to the heart, and then instant death!"

For three months Al Goodman, an active, strong healthy man in his early thirties had to give up his work, and he had to stay in bed with it dragging in his leg, even a fraction. Can you picture the ordeal he went through, with the dread thought that death might catch him in various any moment? Added to that was the fact that it was during the day he had to give up his work, and he had to be in bed for the rest of his life. His wife, Fanny, was a devoted nurse.

Fanny's mother, the doctor, visited him, and he was a constant medical and a total jerk of the body. It was three years Al Goodman who made peace in his life. He had to give up his work, and he had to be in bed for the rest of his life. His wife, Fanny, was a devoted nurse.

Finally the leg healed completely. Al went about trying to make up for the time

he had lost. It was in the fall seasons were bearing new programs, and Al was auditioning for several of them. He was busy and happy.

There was one program he was particularly anxious to get. The Palmolive Theatre, a radio orchestra leader. The best known musicians tried out for the job. The prestige behind it, the money, the opportunities—it was one of the most valuable catches in radio.

Then the big day last October, when Al was to audition for that show. "If I get it," he told Herbert excitedly, "we'll go out and have a swell celebration."

He was in rare form that day. His expressive hands whipped his musicians into action and they played with the verve and beauty that distinguishes the Al Goodman orchestra. He was half way through the audition when he was interrupted by a police call.

"It's important," he was told.

His hands trembled as he put down his baton. He had a certain feeling that disaster lay at the other end of the receiver.

"Herbert is very sick. He's calling for you. Come at once!"

He stood dazed. It took him a full minute to get the meaning of that message. Then he uttered a terrible cry and rushed from the studio. His violinist picked up Al's baton and the audition went on.

Al reached home just before they placed the boy on the stretcher and trundled him off to the hospital for an emergency operation.

It was internal paralysis, the aftermath of an appendicitis operation. It had struck suddenly, without warning.

All night long he and Fanny stood outside that operating-room praying, too tense even to cry. Finally, hours and hours later, the white door opened slowly to let the doctor out. Al's hopes gave a frantic jump. Then he looked at the doctor's face. He didn't have to be told.

Herbert was dead.

That night he was told he had got the Palmolive job.

It never occurred her and Al's plans of it were to start that Al's father didn't think.

That he still carried on and masked his emotions in a calm exterior, Pauline's stuff you know.

But she was over the age.

Al Goodman's wife, Fanny, had been married to him for three years. He wanted a divorce, but she wouldn't give up their son.

What does all this mean to me now?" asked Pauline. "I'm sure matters concerning the divorce are all settled."

Herbert's mother, the doctor, visited him, and he was a constant medical and a total jerk of the body. It was three years Al Goodman who made peace in his life. He had to give up his work, and he had to be in bed for the rest of his life. His wife, Fanny, was a devoted nurse.

(Continued on page 64)



Tintex

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The Man Who Lost Everything

(Continued from page 62)

was the half-naked drawing. And that was the corner where he and Herbert used to sit and talk.

He couldn't stand it any longer. He and Fanny made plans to move out of the house haunted with happy memories, and live in a hotel room.

But during those awful dark hours was to come another cross to bear on top of all his sufferings. His father was so overcome with grief that his health became affected. The older Goodman wouldn't eat or sleep. His weakened condition and lack of resistance caused gangrene to set in his leg. One thing alone might save him. The leg would have to be amputated.

And for the second time in one month, Al Goodman, terrified and grief-stricken, stood outside of a hospital door praying for a loved one inside. The leg was amputated to the thigh, and today the tailor is a wreck of his former self.

Al Goodman returned to his work. And in it he has found some satisfaction, some small measure of peace. Many people say that he is a man of iron. They can't

understand where he gets the energy to do much work. As musical director of the Otto Harbach series and the Bronson Seltzer program besides the Palmolive show, he is one of the busiest men in radio. He shouts and laughs and talks excitedly and rushes from one rehearsal to another. We who know him notice that he laughs a little too hard, and there is an hysterical tinge to his gaiety. It's not natural.

"Why, the man probably doesn't get more than four hours of sleep," say his observers. He doesn't. How long he can stand it, I don't know. But he is thankful for that, because only in the whirlwind pace he has set for himself can he forget for a moment that terrible ache in his heart. It's when he is at home, alone with Fanny that the desolate despair shows on his face.

And that's the story I wanted to tell the man who stood next to me in the Palmolive studio and said, "Gee, Al Goodman certainly is lucky. He has everything. *How I envy him!*"

THE END

I Cover the Studios

(continued from page 29)

PEOPLE BEHIND VOICES YOU'RE HEARING

David Ross. Sure he reads poetry, but you should see him! He's a cocky little banty who walks around as though he were about to kick the head off of Jimmy Braddock—and maybe he could. At the microphone, while his silky voice reels off the rhymes, he looks as though he were going to bite the top off it. In a word (and you'll doubt its adequacy):

Jessica Dragonette. This lovely little lady should be called the trapezoid—she's that cool. No matter what the excitement or how funny the joke, she neither trembles nor laughs. Her sister does her worrying for her, often approaching hysterical nervousness in the dressing room before a program, but Jessica's only show of emotion before she goes on the air is devoutly to cross herself. As an example of how like a child she appears, they tell about one of her recent visits to a convent.

On her way out with two of the sisters, a nearby abbot exclaimed: "Wow, but they're dressing their kids up in clothes!"

Mat Meadows. He has to control his face a labor of love, but to me he is most astounding. He has been all my wishes for a memory. Probably the next best thing to a delusion, except to win over the air, would be to see him in person. Charles DeMunnich is a radio prophet who had respected the radio's reputation to so well that he took up DeMunnich told me that about one of who came to him one time about a part in a play and how it became one of our greatest dramatic acts. That 20th Century

included, "was the fine actress you all knew as Margaret Hillington." For almost a minute, the great network was silent, and you who listened may have thought something had gone wrong. But nothing had. The Major had been unable to speak. Margaret Hillington had been his wife. One more thing. They tell me that he and Mrs. Bowes would slip into the Capitol Theater lounges almost every day and hold hands during a long performance, paying no attention to the screen. Since her death, the Major has not been in them once.

SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

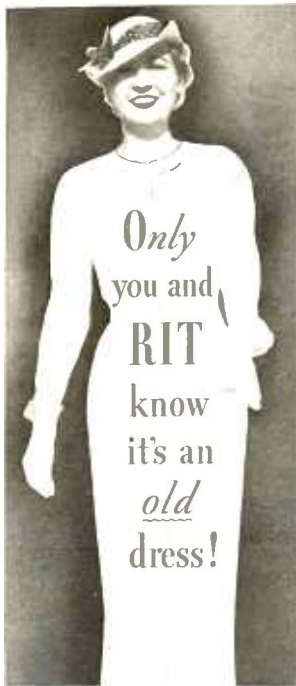
NBC kindly sends me some information on its Kathleen Walks. "Kathleen," the little girl reads, "is an expert swimmer and only gets out of her bathing suit when she comes to Radio City for her song programs and rehearsals."

Unless you have seen the shapely Miss Walks, you have no idea how interesting a performance that could be.

PHONEY SIGNATURE

It was a different story, on a whole. I had a chance to see the Dick Humber signature party about get us Motels at 47. As a result, I've already got one out.

One of the things I had been making sure that I got the state of affairs and I got them to the point of where they were. I had a chance to see the Major all right. He was on the radio. I had a graph and one it was certainly good. But the check book of a card it pinned the light had into a cell because Humber's secretary had been signing his own graph all along and her writing is not like his.



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it's an
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dress!

...and *only* RIT offers

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

CHANGE the color—and you change the dress—make it new, modish, flattering again!

Unless you've tried Rit recently, you've no idea how easy it is. Rit contains a patented ingredient that makes the color soak in deeper, set faster, and last longer—WITHOUT HARSH BOILING THAT WEAKENS FABRICS and tires you out.

Rit is a blessing too for curtains, draperies, lingerie, children's clothes, linens—bringing bright, cheery color to anything at such small cost.

Rit is a concentrated wafer, quick-dissolving, scored for easy measuring—won't sift out of the box. Not like other home dyes because patented. Be sure you get RIT. At all stores.



RIT

TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover... takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

AT ALL DEALERS

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY

Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, is Rudy Vallee's guest star, so you and I have dropped in to see him. Bill Robinson, the King of Taps, is there, too, watching over his protegee. After Silent Joe rehearses his bit, Bill is asked if he would like to audition right there for a spot on a future show. Bill beams and says he would. Then our eyes pop! . . . From under his coat, Robinson takes an enormous pistol, lays it on the piano, and places his hat over it. The studio execs go into a huddle, the outcome of which is that Bill is asked to unload his gat.

Later, we learn that Robinson was presented with the pistol and a permit by the police some time ago. Once in Detroit, he had occasion to use it when a bandit staged a robbery as he was passing. Bill tumbled out of his car and gave chase. A cop, seeing him running down the street, slipped out his own pistol, fired—and got Bill right in the leg.

Now you and I are in Leo Reisman's rehearsal. Carol Deis, the red-headed lovely, and Phil Diney, get up on the stand to try out a duet and, after grinning at us, go ahead. However, no sooner are they down again, word comes from the sponsor that he didn't care for it and that they are to do a number from "The Desert Song." Carol and Phil sigh in unison. It is the fifth time that the sponsor hasn't liked the song they chose and they have had to fall back on the old standby.

You and I are now killing two birds with one stone. Although the guard at the door objected, Mark Warron has got us into one of the Columbia studios for his Wednesday evening show. But, you say, we're watching Emery Deutsch's program which stars Tito Guizar! Well, keep watching . . . The program nears its end. Emery steps down from the stand, still waving his baton, and Mark steps up, his music under his arm. Tito Guizar moves from his microphone and Benay Venuta takes his place. Now comes the end, the station announcement—and ten seconds of violent tuning by the orchestra. Mark waves his baton and we have—the same band, the same studio, but different stars on a different program.

TEACHER

Last month, I told you about Norman Sweetser, NBC production man. This month, I'd like to tell you about Martha Atwell, CBS director.

Martha is a slim gal with blue eyes and naturally curly, red-brown hair. She is one of the very few women directors in radio—a lady whose voice you seldom hear, but whose judgment influences every word used by the actors in "Just Plain Bill," "Five Star Jones," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Broadway Varieties," and others.

She was born in Bellevue, Pa. Bellevue is really in Pittsburgh, but she thinks it doesn't sound so dirty. She lasted a year at Mt. Holyoke College before she joined the American Opera Company at Rochester as a soprano. She still thinks it was enough of an education.

After her two years as a diva, Rowden Mansoulin, who later became the fair-haired boy of both Hollywood and Great Girls, told Martha she would make a better actress. Martha, hoping that man-

Powder shade too light —skin looked chalky



Miss Maralyn Tankersley's fair skin is enhanced by Pond's Rose Cream (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, creamy blonde, uses Brunette

Science finds true cause of many "dead-looking" complexions

Look at this girl. Decidedly blonde, with glorious fair skin—yet her skin seemed "dead-looking"—like the chalk-marked streak above. Her powder had taken the liveliness out of her skin!

The Color Analyst wiped it off—"Here's the color for you," he said, and applied Pond's Rose Cream. Amazing, the change! Pond's hidden color notes brightened her whole face. Brought out her true bloneness. Gone—that dull, pasty look!

B LONDE OF BRUNETTE, Pond's Face Powder can work the same color miracle in your skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the skin of over 200 girls. They discovered the hidden tints that give different skins their beauty. In blondes, a hint of bright blue gives that transparent look. In brunettes, a touch of green brings out that creamy enchantment.



Over 200 girls' skin color analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond's new Face Powder.

Now, Pond's has blended these tints into entirely new shades—invisibly. Yet you see the difference at once! These shades add beauty's own color notes to your skin. They tone up pallid skin—tone down ruddiness—give each skin what it lacks.

Don't stick to old-style deadening shades. Try these new Pond's shades. Find the one which will bring out your unusualness!

Rose Cream—gives a blonde radiance
Natural—lighter, a delicate flesh tint
Brunette—gives clear, velvety tone
Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

Pond's fluffs on with a feathery feel, yet clings with lasting freshness. Never clogs or cakes.

*New Reduced
Prices—*

55¢ size now 35¢
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5 Different Shades FREE!—Mail Coupon Today

(This offer expires December 1, 1933)

POND'S, Dept. K.L.D., Clifton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different sizes of Pond's new Face Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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Street

City State

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chicken farmer. Really. Born in New York twenty-four years ago, he first learned to sing by doing solos at Corn Beef Dinners for a political club.

Paul Whiteman has always been his idol and getting a job with Paul last year was the ambition of a lifetime. He thought he was set for life until the "Hit Parade" came along and offered him a featured spot. He wanted to stick to Paul but the jazz king said the same magic words that have boosted many another star into the heights. Those words: "Get off my program and act on over at your own."

Johnny got, and you and I are liking it. About those chickens, he raises Leghorns . . . a thousand of 'em . . . at Northvale, New Jersey. His folks run the place when he is away. Or courting. He is quite a courtier, by the way, always addressing the cheery dumplings of his eye as "The Duchess." Just a whim, probably. There's a new Duchess every week. Just another whim. When excited, thrilled, stomped or stymied, he always says, "Yeah, man!"

Gogo Dellys has the darndest name. If you haven't heard it, pick yourself a nice cool spot and start reading. It is Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Belzemyre Belanger. She's called Gogo because her baby sister couldn't pronounce Marie-Jeanne or Gabrielle or Germaine or Belzemyre. Or do you care?

She is another California product, coming to the University of Southern California from Edmonton, Canada, where she made her professional debut at the age of seven. Jimmy Greer's band first provided the *thumpa-tumpa* behind her canarying. Next, the "Larette Carnival" signed her to sing and "carry on." She loves to "carry on" and she'll do it at the drop of a hat, particularly Lennie Hayton's.

It was Phil Baker who brought her east for his last winter's show and New Yorkers and other foreigners got their first good look at her. Strange fact is that the first twelve maids who worked for her quit their jobs after one week. Couldn't put up with her hobby, it seemed. Her hobby is wringing things out of blocks of soft wood. Cute, eh?

Charles Carlisle is doing what the wisacres call a comeback. Several years ago Charlie won a singing contest on the radio and decided that he might get somewhere on the air if he applied himself. What with his good looks and his high tenor voice, he did right well until the prankish nabobs of the business began to bet that he was one of the best bets on their air. Result: he didn't get much business.

But now the picture has changed. Young Mr. Carlisle, who is one of the snappiest dressers on Kibocyte Alley, is very much back in the radio framework. He is featured on the "Hit Parade" and they do say he is one of the reasons the girls' schools in the East dismissed a week earlier than usual this year.

Carlisle, who is also a New Yorker—Glenn Falls is the village—is another reformed piano player. He learned the knack at the age of eight and still insists on "chording" after the third Martini.

THE END

If you need money—and who doesn't—see Pages 32-33.

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"

"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."

"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger...I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me...and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."



Johnson & Johnson
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

The Secret Story of Seth Parker's Comeback

(Continued from page 25)

**NOW—QUICKER RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION**



Science finds DRY yeast far more abundant source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in Vitamin B content if eaten dry!

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from dry yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract!

Experiments indicate that the digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B.

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful in correcting constipation. These tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found richest as a source of Vitamin B.

At a leading clinic, 83 1/2% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and freer.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM 1935

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City..... State.....

an effort to be himself. It was just as well, perhaps, because his nerves had continued to tighten anyway. That's the way things stood. His bankroll was badly deflated, his faith in himself was shot, and his health was shattered. Mrs. Lord offered to economize if he would leave the air. They had enough money to last a while. Phil said he wouldn't. It was not his way.

Those were the reasons why his family looked upon the cruise of the *Seth Parker* as a God-sent opportunity.

Phil came home one day with his eyes shining for the first time in months. He was actually gay, Mrs. Lord says, for it seemed he was to begin a great adventure that would smooth all his difficulties. He had arranged to buy, for a little more than five thousand dollars, an old lumber schooner that had plied ocean waters in the Australian trade. NBC would pay him to broadcast each week on a round-the-world cruise, and an ice box manufacturer would pay him for broadcasts down the East coast. Beside the five thousand, he would need ten thousand more for his share in outfitting the boat, but his home could be mortgaged and it was.

Details were arranged with scarcely a hitch. Mrs. Lord and their two little girls would join the *Seth Parker* at Singapore and it would give the whole family a two-year vacation while making scads of money.

"Money," said Phil. "We'll make lots of it, I hope. It's a good thing, too, because the kids will need it some day. . . . But do you remember the time we went to Brooklyn and I was glad because the old lady hadn't found me out?"

"Well, I'm afraid the whole world is going to find me out this time. It may even finish me as Seth Parker, because people have violent objections to saints who step behind counters and sell ribbons and groceries."

Advised and abetted by editors, they objected almost immediately.

They said his programs were fakes, though every program he put on was absolutely true to the announcement he made of it.

They said the ice box manufacturer cancelled his contract in disgust, though the manufacturer actually offered Phil another and better contract, which he didn't feel he should accept. It meant his continued appearance in American ports, and Phil turned it down, with smug thanks, because millions of Americans expected him to leave on his world cruise.

They said the progress of the *Seth Parker* down the East coast was parodied in "Popken's gig," though Phil, as a result of a fool's errand, so far had not injured his reputation of his wife and family.

In spite of these vicious rumors, he continued on. The reason is not hard to see. Everything he owned was sunk into the

venture and he couldn't let it flop. The *Seth Parker* moved to Haiti, through the Panama Canal, to the Galapagos and to Tahiti. The months passed.

Then, in three vivid scenes came the strange denouement to a doomed cruise.

The first is aboard the *Seth Parker*, weeks out of Tahiti. A hurricane is raging through the rigging. Tons of water smash angrily at the decks and tear at the men clinging to life lines. Phil Lord is clinging, too, as the radio operator makes his way to his side and screams, "I sent it. The SOS!"

"Any answer?"

"Yes. The *Australia*, a British ship."

"Good. I hope she gets here in time!"

The second scene is in the mortgaged home of Phil Lord. Mrs. Lord is about to answer the phone. Two little girls who have been making the house ring with their laughter have tagged along behind her and are at her knee.

"Your husband," says a voice, "has sent an SOS for help. He radios that the *Seth Parker* is in the path of a hurricane. Have you anything to say?"

The children look at their mother eagerly. Anything to say? *I cry myself to say!* But she must control her impulse to scream, for the children must not be frightened. Her answer must be casual, non-committal.

The third scene is a newspaper office. A worldly-wise correspondent has just hung up the phone. He is surprised. He had expected a cry, then a torrent of aguized questions. Instead, he had heard an almost indifferent voice accept the fact of possible death to a loved one. It doesn't make sense, he thinks. Accordingly, he decides that the SOS was a stunt. Mrs. Lord had known about it in advance, he concludes, and therefore wasn't worried. He didn't know, as you do now, about two little girls.

That is the absurdly simple reason for the debacle of the *Seth Parker*. It supplied the mortar that held together the ugly stories circulated about Phil and editors jumped at it, even though three days later they were forced to retreat in the face of a complete exoneration by the captain whose ship took out the crew.

Phil and four others stayed aboard the *Seth Parker* after the *Australia* had taken off. They were wise to do so, in that it would have meant that anyone could have salvaged the responsive NBC equipment aboard.

Soon after that, Phil sent his wife a letter. It ended:

"I'll be home soon, honey, since it appears we will be able to salvage some cargo from the ship after it gets hit in my thought. We'll see what we can do about this awful mess when I get there. We'll have to start upon the bottom."

Never, I think, did Seth Parker himself get a more painful letter than that his creator sent home, nor one that spoke be-

Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS . . .

tween the lines so eloquently of shattered dreams.

He had been right when he wrote that he would have to start from the bottom. He tried for more than a month to get under way—without success. He borrowed more money—this time on his life insurance. He tried and discarded idea after idea. One, which was to replace "Music at the Haydn's" and get as far as the audition rooms, was a dismal flop.

He was flat broke. The one ray of sunshine was the fact that during the two years he had been away, and in increasing numbers when it was learned he had returned, requests for the renewal of "Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's" had trickled into NBC. Those letters were the deciding issue.

I was there the afternoon things looked most discouraging—the afternoon he called NBC. "I've got to have something," he told them. "I've got a wife and two kids and they've got to eat. If you have nothing—I'll have to try some other work."

His plea brought action. Time was cleared for the return of the kindly old Maine philosopher. Although the reward did not compare with the princely sum Seth had once commanded, it did something better than that: it gave Phil something with which to steady himself.

In two weeks later Mrs. Lord and he went to see Jimmy Cagney in the movie, "G-man." As they came out of the theater, Mrs. Lord said suddenly: "It would make a good radio series, wouldn't it?"

An idea! It might be the thing to start him off again. Phil knew there were already a number of "G-man" scripts floating around the studios. He also knew this: that Chevrolet, whose best program had featured Jack Benny, was looking for a new series; and that NBC had given up a hope of getting the account. He went after it!

He phoned one of the directors and explained his idea. The director liked it and called a special meeting for the next morning at nine.

"We're for it," was their verdict, "but we must have the okay of the president. He's camping up in Wisconsin."

That afternoon, a fleet of high-powered cars carried a search party deep into the state. Men on horseback combed the territory in which the executive was supposed to be. They found him and took him fifty miles to a phone. He heard Phil's idea.

"It's fine," he agreed presently. "Go ahead with it."

That is the story of how "G-men" got on the air. That is the story of Seth Parker's comeback.

I remember the last time I visited Phil and his family. Mrs. Lord and I sat and talked. Phil was in the room. I could see the top of his head over his big chair as he polished his script for that Sunday night broadcast. He was busy and happy.

On Sunday nights, at least, the old saintly Seth who sold ice-boxes in the radio market is reformed. He has come out from behind the counter.

But can Seth Parker's kindly voice and gentle philosophies renew the faith thousands upon thousands lost when he turned salesman and globe-trotter?

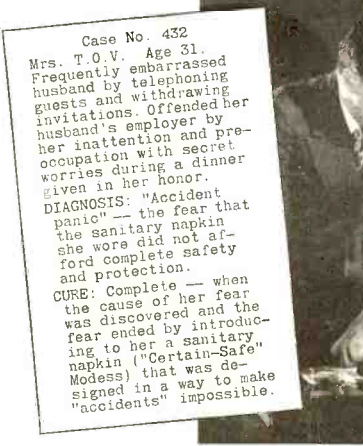
I wish I knew.

THE END



Case No. 296
Miss O. H. F., Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.



Case No. 432
Mrs. T. O. V., Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and pre-occupation during a dinner given in her honor.
DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.



N.O.O... the new double-powder. Cloning—demonstrating... for the fastidious woman.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you . . . protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story . . . and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases . . . Modess can't pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad . . . Modess can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE

Why Gamble

WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF Marriage Hygiene



Says MRS. L.C.K.
 "I'VE BEEN A SATISFIED USER FOR OVER 20 YEARS"

Free Sample

Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? "Not at all," say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Furm in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness alone soon won coast to coast popularity! Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perishingly brief. Boro-Pheno-Furm Suppositories give **DOUBLE** effectiveness—**IMMEDIATE** effectiveness on application and **CONTINUED** effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no titillate anti-septic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing! Mail the coupon below for a liberal **FREE SAMPLE** and informative booklet.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. P 30
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Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

The Pierre Chemical Co.—Dept. P 30
 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me **FREE SAMPLE** of Boro-Pheno-Furm and Free Booklet.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

school director when I went to interview the Pickens' recently was Mrs. Pickens herself, a young appearing dark haired woman with the marked Southern accent and slow speech so characteristic of Georgia folk. A remarkable woman, Mrs. Pickens is her expressed desire to remain very much in the background of her daughters' professional lives. But I feel sure that her touch, delicate but sure, can be felt in the girls' every decision and I know for a fact that it is she who, with a firm hand directs the running of their home.

It is a lovely home too. Fireplace books and picture-shelves give the living room some of the charm of a Southern interior, supplying a fitting frame for the gay young faces of the Pickens girls, Helen, Jane, Patti and Grace.

Maybe you didn't know about Grace? Well, she's the fourth of the Pickens sisters. Originally one of the singing trio (before Patti "grew up") Grace now acts as business manager for her better known sisters and substitutes as singer if one of the others is ill. Certainly Grace is less well known to the Radio Audience, but she too contributes (as does the Mother) to the Pickens' success.

There is another member of the Pickens family who is bound to get a share of attention in any article dealing primarily with things culinary. That's Elvora, the colored maid brought from Georgia (along with other "Old Southern Customs") to preside over the kitchen, boss the other servants and watch over the interests of the family in general and with that mixture of adoration, loyalty and jealousy so characteristic of her race.

Yes indeed, although Mrs. Pickens will tell you what her daughters like to eat and the girls if enclosed will inform you that they amuse themselves occasionally by making up some special dish (and to her, an Ekra) it is to Elvora we must go if we are to know detailed directions for making their favorite foods, "Miss Helen's Ambrosia," "Miss Jane's Fried Chicken and Southern Chicken Pie" and "The Baby's Brown Betty."

Oh dear, oh dear, I'd give seventeen-year old Patti Pickens' soul (obviously she is not) for telling her that the hotel was Elvora's. She says "The Baby" as well expresses her love and loyalty that I can't resist quoting her. The fact that Patti, Jane and Helen are now famous (because of their photograph recording and musical comedy appearances as well as their success over the air—they are now on the Paramount program—has not changed Elvora. She still goes on serenely, catering to her "colks" and fixing up day in day out, the delectable Southern foods "the Pickens" like.

So, let's go into the Pickens' kitchen and look over the culinary secrets which have made Southern King and Southern maids famous over the world.

The first thing to give our attention (and rightly so) is chicken, to which as you will have noticed, Elvora Pickens is especially fond. Let's begin with the secret of getting perfect fried chicken

in the Southern style. "That goes on from noon to breakfast, and in the picture at the beginning of this article is one of the most beautiful people ever before an outstanding culinary accomplishment. There are important 'do's and don'ts' in cooking fried chicken in the Southern style, according to Jane.

"It's really very easy," Jane declared, "but there are certain rules that simply must be observed. In the first place you need a large enough skillet to cook the chicken cut up in crowding. Then you need enough fat to cover every piece. You'll be wise to use lard."

And what about the oil? I remarked, wishing to get my knowledge and having always done just that little thing myself. "But at this point I was the recipient of several approving, I might even say scornful, glances.

"You must emphatically do not cover the pan!" Jane persisted to correct me while I took a shock her head in a manner that indicated her low opinion of Northern cooking in general.

"No, sreee!" said Elvora as we listened with the respect that should be given to authoritative information of any sort. "You'll don't want to stick your chicken, you want to fry it!" And certainly that's what we'll want to do! And we'll follow the Pickens' recipe too, if we are wise. Later on in the article I'll tell you how to get it.

When it came to the subject of Southern chicken the Jane left the matter in Elvora's capable hands at the outset. Oddly enough Elvora turned out to be splendid at giving directions—not at all like the usual colored maid who professes to cook with a complete disregard for measurements and quantities. Elvora knows exactly what she is into her *chicken Pie* and furthermore she is most explicit about directions for making the biscuits, the form its tempting golden brown crust. Under these fluffy biscuits nestle such treats as baby carrots, small onions and bread chicken, all smothered in a rich chicken gravy. (But that's *simpsa*!)

You'll find the recipe at the end of this article. Be sure to cut out and save it so that you can make the Pickens' Biscuit Trust for the Pickens' Southern Chicken Pie. And the way to get the latter recipe? Well, as always, all you have to do is fill in and mail the coupon.

The ideal dessert to follow a meal that features a rich chicken Pie, according to Helen Pickens is Ambrosia. Here is a "fresh fruit" one of which Helen made up the menu as I watched her. This "dressing" is not at all "fruit" as it was thoroughly and the results achieved (when they were carefully blended and sweetened) were surprising. And then, too, the idea of it also is that by combining one fruit and substituting another for a portion of the year around. The Ambrosia recipe also is included in our Cooking School leader this month.

Another recipe in the leader will tell you how to make Patti's pet sweet, Brown Betty. This is a cook of the very

In the first flush of romantic realization this was a cunch. Gene has a swell sense of humor and when letters began pouring in to his wife, berating her for "two-timing Jack" and "chasing around with that dark stranger," he laughed long and loudly. But gradually his notion of fun changed until one evening, shortly after Marge's microphone marriage to Arnold, it did a complete somersault.

That evening the Kreisingers were seated at a table for two in a local night club when a pretty young thing detached herself from a nearby party and approached them. Falsely she introduced herself as one of Marge's constant listeners, and begged for an autograph. Obligingly Marge scrawled her name across the menu the fair stranger handed her and, as she returned it, graciously asked: "Wouldn't you like to meet my husband?"

The girl would, of course, and, grabbing up a second order card, thrust it toward Gene, asking: "Can't I have your autograph, too?"

"Ardantly pleased, Gene signed, but his pleasure was short-lived.

"Aren't—you—Jack Arnold?" demanded the fair stranger accusingly, her gaze fixed reproachfully upon his signature.

"No. I'm Marge's real husband. Gene Kreisinger."

"Ohhhhhhh."

His wife's pulehritudinous public made no effort to conceal her dismay and, as she rejoined her own party, Gene saw her surreptitiously slip under the white-clothed table the card on which was his John Hancock.

Still another complication, unique to radio newtyweds, which temporarily threatened the comical calm of the Kreisingers was that of leisure. Gene had to be at the studio by nine every morning and remain there intermittently until two or three o'clock, Marge's working day. On the other hand, began with her four p. m. rehearsal and continued with long breathing spells through her seven and ten o'clock broadcasts. The question, therefore, of how to utilize pleasantly and profitably these crazy chunks of in-between time became a puzzler.

The story of how they solved it is so typical that I think it bears repeating here. Although the Kreisinger ménage has always boasted an excellent housekeeper, Marge is so proud of her culinary skill that she seldom allows anybody else to do the cooking. And on this day of which I'm about to speak she was in the kitchen, blissfully preparing luncheon, when Gene for lack of anything else to do wandered in.

With the fortitude of a Spartan wife, Marge watched him open the oven door to see what was baking inside, sample the salted outs for the salad, do slight-of-hand tricks with her pet paring knife. But she said nothing. Then he started to mop up with one of her best linen glass towels some cream he'd spilled, she ex-ploted.

"Gene Kreisinger!" she wailed. "Can't you find anything else to do besides wreck my kitchen?"

"Why Cupcake, I—" Gene started to explain, but Marge cut him off.

"Before we were married," she went on hotly, "you were the busiest man I knew. There were always a dozen things you had



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"Don't I? I signed here! I do, and a lot! But you know, A. I. it settles it. I'm not such a fool that I'll leave you alone while I live, or copy my self!"

"And that brings us to the drafting of the Krosingers' new design for leisure, the coming point in their married life."

"Oh, the other day, I was chatting with a friend of WBBM, a veteran in sports clothes dressed across the reception room. It was Thurg. She had the musical re-

hearsal and was born in the early middle where Gene was writing in their car. "We're heading for the gym club in Lincoln Park," she called back to me. "We're going to play some tag, and we're in the lead!"

"The other day, I went to see the movies more frequently than I do, with the successful working girl at their own person of play. At the same time it vividly depicts the new Marge, the vocal, vibrant young married woman in the telephone who, with eyes as well as a voice, lets a key to her marriage. There's a new Marge, as I've said before."

THE END

Tony and Gus

Continued from page 10

operatic career—no!"

"It was a knockout punch to his hopes, but he bowed right back. Some where in a smoke up is the refusal to concede defeat. It's apparent in the looks, heavy set frame of his body. At any rate, burdened Faun with the load of two heavy "don'ts," Maria Chamblee still set out to become an opera star. There was no money coming from his well-to-do father, no encouragement in the teacher, so he took on any job at all to pay for lessons. Singing in a saloon one week, in a one horse stable the next. How his father's ears must have burned!"

"But he made it. In spite of a horrible interlude spent in the World War, he finally made the Metropolitan opera—the goal of every set in singer. Now Maria had his feet on the glory road. There followed a series of successful opera and concert tours. Always Chamblee's name was connected with the hottest brackets of the musical and opera world."

"Then suddenly—his decision to co-star with George Frazee Brown on the "Tony and Gus" air show! It was the news which had the music crowd reeling. Opera star turned comedian! His friends raised a horrified wail, "Don't do it! You'll kill your reputation. You'll make a fool of yourself. Don't! Don't!" But Chamblee, who had heard this mournful chant before, let the warnings trickle past him and went straight ahead. He always had an aptitude for details and he saw in this program not only increased money for himself, but a chance to bring good music, daily into the homes of the average radio-listeners. And now with "Tony and Gus" already an established hit and with his success as an actor-comedian singer already assured, he has gained a new fan base for the program."

"An actor, in spite of his Latin eyes, that dark, handsome face and the lyrical name, is not Italian but of Dutch and English parentage. He has been happily married for about fifteen years, and his wife is a former opera singer who gave up her career to be his and raise their children. "Will you let your wife return to the stage. Do you want your son to be a singer?" To these questions Chamblee laughs. "That's up to them. Who am I to give advice?"

"Look! Just to trot you on the stage for the four or five people who had conveniently tucked away their money in an old sock. For a year had to go! Brown's life is vent into his own pockets to make up the solar. It was the first time to set off the fireworks. He'd tried to open at theaters contracted for or else he sued by the local managers, there were actors to be paid, scenery to be transported."

"Hopefully he wrote his New York brokers for more money, but they beat him to it by writing for more margin."

"But back in New York, the unimpaired hero stumbled into the fact that news of his unfortunate tour had already hit the town, and he was labelled a " flop." Now business has to use the talents, whatever they have. He tried to peddle some ideas he had written, but the finger was turned. Where before he had been isolated into private offices, it had become a matter as a star now he found himself warning the chairs of the outer offices waiting hours for an interview."

"On the verge of bankruptcy, sick and harassed in spirit, he quit exercising and fled to a little farm in Connecticut."

"At the insistence of friends, Brown attended a house-party nearby. He got into the swing of the fun and went into a comic Swedish dialect for the amusement of the guests. One of the men in the crowd returned with a rapid fire stream of Italian gibberish. That startled them and in a minute at all were was the whole party listening in on the first performance of a hat was to be "Tony and Gus." The other man, of course, was his future radio partner, Maria Chamblee. Her own wife a whole batch of "Tony and Gus" kids and in the first quarter deal in the world the fact that he was a radio star, a man who in a week's time had a record work for over at 75,000 copies of the NBC's net."

"So there we have the happy ending of the "has been" who came back. Brown writes for a rapid besides playing Gus, and

"By the way, he looks somewhat like the "has been" of the previous. He had the "has been" spirit, and that of a "has been." But a wife and all-potent agent in it. He was born in Seattle, Washington, some twenty odd years ago, but has still an "able."

THE END

THE END

What's Behind Joe Cook

(Continued from page 13)

Studios where we finally located him. "We called the place 'Pleasure Park' and we had the best backyard show in town. We charged a nickel admission right off the bat, when all the other kids were afraid to charge more than twelve pins. But then, we gave them their money's worth.

"I used to juggle and do stunts on an oval-shaped wooden ball that I got for two bucks from the Evansville Planning Company. Mother bought an extra clothesline so we could walk tight rope and slack, too, even when the family washing was out. Once we needed piping for a trapeze frame, so we sneaked over to the gas plant and hooked some that was lying around loose. A cop caught us but we didn't care because the chief was one of our best customers. 'Leave those kids alone,' he said. 'They're O. K. and I'm for them.'"

Joe likes to boast of his juvenile performances in the show business, but he never talks about the real difficulties of those early days. Yet the silent, unseen progress of childhood gliding into youth did not bring with it a life of ease for him. He worked every night after school, driving a delivery wagon for a department store, for two dollars a week. He'd like to make one think that was more fun than work.

"A man came to town and established a baking department in the basement of the store," he says. "I never had tasted anything but chocolate cake at home, so when I delivered my first angel food I turned it over and scooped out just a little bit at first—and then a little more, until I finally delivered the shell. That lady never reported it, so I got a little bolder; the next time it was a lemon meringue pie, and I just ate it all and signed her name to the slip. This time I was fired.

"On the way home I passed 'Dr. Johnson's Elixir of Life Company,' a traveling medicine show that had stopped to water the horses. The old Doc had twenty-dollar gold pieces for buttons on his coat, and ten-dollar gold pieces on his sleeves. His remedy was supposed to be an old Indian herb secret. Actually, it wasn't much more than quinine mixed with whiskey. Anyway, he took me along because I could drive the wagon and do three good acts on the backboard. When I quit at the end of the week he called me over and said:

"You're a fine fellow, Joe, and I'm going to be very generous with you. I got a dollar a bottle for this medicine and I'm going to give you not two bottles for the two dollars I owe you, but six of 'em."

"I was spellbound. I believed so in the darn' stuff. I left the tent show dizzy with success, with seven Elixirs of Life clutched to my chest. That was my real initiation into the art of show business. I went proudly home, but Mother didn't seem to be much impressed with the Elixir. . . . Not long after this, my brother Leo

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Yes, she used powder, rouge and lipstick, wore a seductive perfume, but neglected her eyes—her lashes were so skimpy that her eyes looked dull, lifeless.



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and I started to try to crash New York." Two orphans trying to battle Broadway! The little money they had was invested immediately in a second-hand juggler's table with a green-spangled top and a runner of glistening red sequins spelling out the name "Cook Brothers." But even with accentment such as this, the Great White Way wasn't extending open arms and jobs for two kids under fifteen years old from the corn husking country.

They slept in packing boxes along Thirtieth Street rather than return to Evansville admitting failure. They could have pawned their table for a meal but with stomachs hollow and minds determined they still clung desperately to their pros. They walked miles to save a nickel, they did odd jobs in restaurants and stores in return for food or rehearsal space in some cluttered back room.

After two years of this they were ready—ready to become amateurs. At a burlesque house on Eighth Avenue the Cook Brothers put on their first "strong man and juggler act" on Amateur Night. But the glib audience wasn't interested in Indian clubs and bouncing balls. They knew nothing of the two long years of suffering and privation as they hissed the Cook Brothers off the stage to bring on five minutes' sooner the twenty girls with tinsel and dimpled knees.

"We cried a lot, but we didn't give up. And we took in another fellow named Curly, who had been hissed off, too. Curly could get us three stiff white suits for the act because his father was head waiter at the Hoffman House. Four months later we all went back to the same theatre and they hollered 'ringers' at us, thinking we were too good to be amateurs. But when they held the prize up over our heads it was the Cook Brothers who got the most applause and came in for the ten bucks offered as first money. And," he winked and reached for a cigarette, "we played amateur shows from the Bowery to the Bronx after that. A skinny little tap dancer known as George White and a gawky Jewish girl named Fanny Bruce and—oh, lots of other people you hear a little bit about today, were amateurs right along with us."

The boys didn't always get first money, but Joe had a trick by which they always got *some* money. When Leo was in the spotlight, Joe would manage to reach into his own pocket and get out a few pennies and throw them over his shoulder. "Sort of a decoy," he explains, "Somebody would always bite, and after that the mob spirit would take care of us."

When there was no shower of coins and they were hungry, the three boys would walk past Bowery saloons where free lunch was served. Joe and Leo were obviously too young to partake, so they waited outside while the taller and more mature Curly would swagger in, to return with his arms full of loaf, buns, cheese and sardine-o-rye sandwiches.

"The night very late we were scuffling up the Bowery, juggling our heavy saddle-billed with Indian clubs, when a policeman saw us. Even when Curly implored from his under-suit the ten-dollar bill we had just won, the cop wouldn't believe we hadn't stolen both the clubs and the money. But we just have looked pretty honest because he unlocked a further slip

and told us to do our act if we weren't lying. We sprang into our insect-cased position; the clubs gleamed green and crimson as they flashed back at 110 North. We outdid ourselves, and when we finished the cop gave us two bits apiece and told us to send him some tree tickets if we ever got a job that wasn't 'amateurish'."

Reaching Curly's house, they had little chance to say good-night and divide the spoils before a stern, moustache-tattled grizzled his son by the shoulder. He, he demanded, could he do his week at the Hoffman House when he has three best shirts appearing in a juggling act at some Bowery theatre? It was his turn for Curly to put this foolishness and get a regular job as a waiter, or else get out of his house. The Cook Brothers wined outside in the bleak shadows of the gas-gas light while Curly pulled his two handkerchiefs and tooth sticks. Joe and Leo took him home to their room, where he slept on the floor—but he didn't sleep much.

Two days later we worked at the Alcazar in Brooklyn. Curly kept dozing off on every piece of furniture back-stage. I warned him for the last time to stay awake, just as our act went on. Leo and I were juggling away as our lives depended on it. "Right!" I yelled. This was the signal for Curly to start his part of the routine. Nothing happened. "Right!" I repeated. "Right, right, right!" By now the audience was roaring. I looked around to see what they were laughing at, and there was Curly, fast asleep on a divan in front of the whole house.

The Cook Brothers certainly weren't in the money that night. When the act was over they carried their stinging complaint from the stage. In the dismal hall room they held a candlelight conference that lasted until the early morning hours, when Curly shuffled dejected toward home to tell his father that he was ready to leave the theatre and be a waiter.

The next afternoon when Joe and Leo returned to the Alcazar to retrieve their spangled table they were greeted by good-natured laughter from the professionals on the bill. "But among the jokers and I smiles there was one who had a heart of gold," Joe says, "and she was Elsie Janis. She had suddenly grown quite hungry, but she didn't feel like eating if we wouldn't accompany her to lunch—as her guests, of course."

After that first night the three got along famously. Smothered laughter echoed from behind the closed doors of her dressing-room as Elsie Janis planned a career for two boys who years before had work-shipped her from a hard-earned gallery seat in an Evansville theatre. Stories of the lean and lively years which she coaxed from them were soon forgotten in tales of breathless seas of juggling. Her personal agent, Jack Levy, the best in the business at that time, might not have believed Joe if he had come to alone. He might not have believed Elsie Janis if she had not told him about the act. But from beneath the spangled table top Joe procured a photograph which pictured him juggling, balancing sixteen balls in the air at once time. When he left with a contract in his pocket, Joe still neglected to tell Elsie or her agent that a kindly photographer had painted out the wire on which the six-

teen balls were strung!)

When he stopped on the stage for his first non-musical performance it may seem incredible but Joe Cook's props were lost in transit. Those sixteen spectacular balls could not be found anywhere. So he began to talk. He started with a description of his great sorrow that he was unable to show the audience his brilliant prowess as a muggle, coming with a rapid, ludicrous narrative which left his hearers weak from laughter.

But he was a success. Engagements in small-time vaudeville, important parks and tent shows followed rapidly. He never had a lay-off. And he emerged as one of the biggest one-man shows on the vaudeville stage. Everyone yielded to the breathless spell of his very human antics. He could quietly, unobtrusively, go through an incredible lot of wretched drama, juggling, juggling or master yarn-spinning and "bring down the house."

Backstage it was the same. Actors and actresses never seemed to leave theatres between shows when he was on the bill; they could always be found with the boys from the corner barber shop, sitting in Joe Cook's dressing-room, listening to ghost stories that first found hearers in an Indiana hay-loft. Every hardship Joe has known he can laugh away—but one. And that one hangs heavy above his head. His brother Leo's death caused Joe to shut himself away from friends, managers, critics, and to give up the theatre.

He hid from the plague of comedy he had created. He could be found at home, spending quiet evenings with his family—playing billiards with his sons, or swimming far out into the lake with his daughter, or making up stories about being the youngest drummer boy in the Civil War, when friends dropped in for dinner; but when bedtime came it was he who had aside his levity and carried the weary children in his arms to bed.

When Earl Carroll motored out to Lake Hopatcong, to "Sleeping Hollow," where Joe lives, he expected to be met by liveried footmen two miles down the road, or to talk into a telephone which squirted water into his face. He anticipated being made uncomfortable by any number of weird inventions and costly contraptions, of which he had heard so much gossip. But when he rapped at the bell pull of the panelled room door a friendly porch light winked on above his head, and his friend led him into the serenity of a quiet house, where a huge log burned hospitably in an open grate.

For friendship's sake Joe emerged in his retirement. To please Earl Carroll he went back to Broadway, co-starred with Pezzy Hopkins Joyce, a girl whom he termed "that somewhat different virgin making her professional debut." His long absence from "nightlights" had only caused his fame to burn more brightly. Broadway recognized him as a comedy genius, in a class with her beloved Charlie Chaplin. Crowds swarmed his dressing-room after each performance—happy people glad to see him back.

Among these many well-wishers there were always a few who had come to ask for help. Joe Cook could be a very rich man today if he had ever succeeded in adapting his custom of getting money to everyone who asks. Then came the disorderly, panicky days of 1929. So that



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See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets-out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most-flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under surface dirt.

You can paste this on a postcard and mail it!

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me, by return mail, your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FREE

CHEMAMY
April
Showers
TALC



28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite...but
not Expensive

one chill October evening in 1933, when Joe Cook entered the NBC studios for his first broadcast, he was a comparatively poor man.

"When I barged into this broadcasting business the only thing that isn't queer was keeping still before the mike," he told me to-day. "I tried tap dancing; it made too much noise. I favored tight-rope walking, but NBC officials said that would require too much temporary engineering, whatever that is. So I picked up my rolling ball and stood on that. I had to give them six re-actors before they believed I could stay in front of the mike on it. I guess Roosevelt had the same trouble holding confidence in Huey Long."

He had overcome sadness by making others happy, now on the radio—as on the stage he played, as his brother Leo would have liked, to the kids in the gallery. Crowds of small boys follow him down Broadway in New York, or Main Street in Evansville, until he feels like the Pied Piper. In his wide black hat—and there is no black hat in the world quite

like Joe Cook's—he seems like a padre striding through his neighborhood toward church. "Everyone knows and loves him, not because he is a clown but because he is still the country boy, the barefoot orphan who became an idol. I still remain the salt of Broadway's earth."

I have watched him broadcast in his first series with B. V. Roth, forgetting always that he is in the studio, playing only to an imaginary gallery of chuckling children. And I thought it was good. I have seen him sit on a box, a guitar in his lap, and play a few "Lester" tunes, and hear "miss a note" or "hear" him to die with "The Preacher." I think that was grand.

But the grandest thing I ever saw was Joe Cook standing on the edge of Lake Hopatecong, picking Indian slabs with his electric ear-aid, son Leo. The slabs glinted in the bright sunlight, but all the brightness and kindness in the world seemed concentrated in the eyes of that man and boy.

THE END

Their Studio's on the Street

(Continued from page 13)

Husing walked a lapel microphone into the pre-Election crowds on Madison Avenue and asked just one question: "For technical reasons, you gonna to die?"

In Houston, Messrs. Belcher and Johnson heard this interesting experiment and decided to do something on their own. They didn't have a lapel mike but they had a pair of old carbon ones that had stood up through many a sports broadcast. They marched their mikes into the open and pitched camp at a bus stop corner. In no time at all a crowd had gathered, curious, unaware that it was seeing the birth of a bright idea.

Red-headed Jerry Belcher asked the first question, just a grudge. Not serious questions about politics or religion, but about little things out of which our lives are laid out.

"When you go through a red, red, red door, do you try to go through on your body, or do you push?"

"If you walk up in the morning and you feel the water in your shirt collar, what do you do?"

"When you spend a night out, what do you tell your wife the next day?"

Houston is a neighborly city, and many of its citizens know each other. Hearing your friends and acquaintances on the radio doing their dogged best became the town's favorite indoor sport.

One night a prominent banker was called to the mike and asked: "Do you ever see a woman's face?"

"Sure sure." He was certain of his ground. "I milked eight of 'em every morning for ten years."

"Don't speaking as an authority on cows, are her horns in front of or behind her ears?"

"They're... they're in front... no! They're behind. No, they're in front."

The poor fellow, for all his ten years of intimacy with cows, couldn't tell where their horns were. He is still trying to live it down.

These brash young men from Texas need their wits about them, you may be sure of that. Usually, they need their wits about them when they interview one of those remarkable female creatures best described as a "sweet young thing." Parks Johnson brought one to the mike one warm evening and broozed through a bright list of questions. It was just before Christmas and he thought to top off the session with a little "Belcher do you love for Christmas?"

The "sweet young thing" blushed and Parks repeated: "Do you love for Christmas?"

"She looked him full in the face and said: 'You!'"

Will, my dear, what does a modest, unmarried man say under those conditions? Or these?

Jerry Belcher had a debonair on his elbow. "What's your name?"

"She gave it."

"What's her address?"

"She gave it."

"What country is that in?"

She took a breath and Jerry was already thinking of his next question when his astounded ears heard her say:

"Mr. Belcher, what beautiful brown eyes you have."

He hastened into "If you divided an apple in half and gave me the red part, give me a whole..."

What beautiful big, brown eyes you have!"

Parks Johnson was nearby with another subject ready. Jerry saw him. "Help, Parks! Come and get me," he said not very brightly, dragging the young lady away to in the make.

And that was that, so far as the broadcast was concerned. But every time Jerry Belcher tried to get serious with anyone for the next six months, at home, at business, or at play, the answer he always got was: "What beautiful brown eyes you have!"

Before these boys could put their show on a network they had to convince broadcasting officials of just one thing: That they could keep it clean. With an open mike in a catch-as-catch-can crowd, somebody would surely be tempted to spill a swear-word or so. Up to date just one little damn has got out.

When queried why, they explained that the questioner was too busy trying to answer to think up any mischief. Try it yourself:

"Should a ship's captain always go down with his ship?"

"Where is Singapore?"

"Can you describe the wall paper on your bedroom walls?"

"Can a chicken stoop?"

"If you bought a horse for seventy dollars and sold him for ninety, then bought him back for ninety and sold him again for one hundred dollars, would you make or lose money?"

Yes, indeed, you're much too busy for profligate thoughts, especially when the world is waiting for you to give the wrong answer. But if it is wrong, you'll never learn of it from Messrs. Johnson and Fichter. They're too kind—and too canny—to infer that they are smarter than any single one of their sidewalk geniuses.

THE END

Southern Belle on Broadway

(Continued from page 37)

ern fishes and gentlemen. You meet her, too, amid circumstances far removed from those of her native setting. For Helen Claire, too, dreams summon to battle for her ideals, while roses whisper of romance. And through it all she, too, is undeniably the little Southern lady.

Being by choice an actress, she can and does play many parts. She has created notably successful roles on the Broadway stage and in Summer Stock companies. But the type to which she was shaped by generations of her forebears is neither altered nor eradicated.

Helen Claire was born and grew up in the little town of Union Springs, Alabama—a town of approximately five thousand people. Her father owns plantations and other property. She is an only child. She went to school and college in the South, graduating from Randolph Macon college with a degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key.

And, having finished her schooling, the natural expectation was that Helen would marry one of her young suitors and make a home according to tradition. The suitor was ready and waiting. In fact he, and dozens of his ilk, had long been saying it with flowers, whispering it in impassioned words, "heart's Southern moon, where love is warm and tender."

Southern girls mature early. "I had my first serious romance at twelve," Helen confessed, with a twinkling smile and softly glowing eyes.

But romance was as familiar, as natural as breathing. Helen Claire needed more to challenge her wit. The



(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

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YOUR HOUSE
serve **Drip-O-lator**
Coffee!



• What is the admiration of your friends worth to you? They expect a GOOD cup of good coffee. You can eliminate all worry about YOUR coffee by using a Drip-O-lator. It brews perfect coffee always—requires no attention. Get one of the new models today! Look for the name Drip-O-lator stamped in the base. Accept no substitutes.

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Address _____

world beyond Union Springs was thrilling and strange and alluring. There were dangers to be met and mastered. There were careers to be achieved.

Helen Claire wanted a career. She wanted to be an actress.

She came to New York. Not with zilted introductions to open friendly doors, but with the power of ability and courage. With self-reliance, and with pride. And she took whatever work was offered, to help her along her chosen way. She was a good Settlement worker. A good waitress. A good usher. And she became a good actress. Whatever Helen Claire does is well done, with intelligence and with an unmeasured passion for perfection. Summer Stock companies gave her invaluable experience toward achieving her desired career on the stage. And a trained and eager mind taught her how to use it.

And, as she went along, there were so many new and interesting experiences. And amusing ones. That time, for instance, when, with a company starring Henry Hull, they played "Springtime for Henry" in a factory town near Boston, for audiences that missed the subtle comedy and wondered, in dwindling numbers, what it was all about. So that, at the end of a week's engagement, they found themselves minus salaries and owing the theatre management eighty-five dollars!

Or that time when she played on Broadway in "Jezebel," under the management of Gulliver McClintic, and—the only Southerner in the cast—was chosen for the role of the only Southerner in the play!

"I didn't tell Mr. McClintic till it was too late to fire me," Helen said, with her merry smile. "Then he laughed, and said, 'There's an example of true type casting!'"

Then one day Helen decided to seek an audition for radio work. The audition was successful, and shortly afterward she was assigned the teller role in *Roses and Drums*—a role which she has admirably filled during the four years that this war drama has been on the air.

Hilberto *Roses and Drums* has closed during the summer months and Helen has gained increasing acting experience in the out-of-town stock companies. But this year the program continued without break throughout the summer, so Summer Stock lost one of its loyal recruits.

But with all her gratifying success, Helen Claire remains an unspoiled and charming young person. Poised, but natural. She wears no make-up. She dresses simply and in quiet taste. Her voice is low and pleasantly modulated. And she has blue eyes and softly curling blonde hair.

There is, in her conversation, one noticeable lack—the absence of the pronoun "I." A most refreshing and unexpected lack of egotism! There speaks the Southern lady—not the career girl.

And Helen Claire, whether or not she realizes it herself as yet, is truly the Southern belle, and not the career girl. However successful she may be, she is not selfish enough to insist upon the career at any cost. With a nice sense of values, she will reckon the proportionate worth of the elements that enter into a balanced way of living. And her life

will be a happily rounded one, with the career of her choice conditioned by the standards to which she was born.

In proof of this is the fact that though she came to New York to make her own way, she did not break with her family, nor did she indignantly cast her lot. At least every week she writes long letters home. And from home come letters even oftener. Sometimes daily. Last Christmas she was given a two days' vacation between performances, and she hurried home to spend it with her family. Recently her father and mother came north to visit her.

Southern boys, too, come north to pursue their interrupted careers. Northern sweethearts are ardent in their efforts to contact her, that a northerner would make a good husband. And, secretly, Helen is beginning to think that a certain one would!

But for the time being she continues to find the career all that she hoped it would be. She enjoys her work as star of *Roses and Drums*. She likes to study the technical problems of broadcasting. She looks forward to the new developments to come in radio drama, with plays written definitely for the radio and employing a technique better suited to its needs than are stage plays. She studies the art and mechanics of voice production, and listens with an eager ear for anything in even the casual conversation of passers-by that may aid her in her work.

This ambitious young person also is a successful writer. You undoubtedly have listened to many a radio program for which Helen Claire has written the entertaining script. Acting, however, remains her first love, the writing of secondary interest.

Books are her friends. Though you need meet her but once to know that she is not dependent for companionship upon books alone. She is, however, an avid reader, with biography her favorite field of exploration. Just now she is reading the life of General Lee.

But acting, broadcasting, writing and reading do not occupy all her time, nor all her active mind. Helen loves to swim. She plays a good game of golf. And she is, as one would expect of a girl who grew up on a spacious Southern estate, a lover of horses and an expert horsewoman. In the city, however, she prefers the car, with long drives into the country for recreation and refreshment.

Her apartment in New York is charmingly furnished with things from her own home in the South, providing the familiar atmosphere and background which she loves. Another proof that roots deeply sunk in tradition are not easily transplanted.

"Wherever I live, of course I always will have my permanent home in the South," Helen says.

With her costume for the role of Betty Graham, Helen Claire wears about her neck a miniature of her Southern grandmother. And, looking at it, you will be struck by the resemblance between the two. Perhaps that grandmother, too, defied tradition in her own way, and handed on to her little granddaughter the glowing torch of individual adventure and achievement.

So our Southern belle on Broadway

plays her rôle with dual success, on the stage and in her personal life. Clever and talented actress, and lovely lady.

Nevertheless we believe that she is inherently the home girl and not the career girl. So perhaps when Betty Graham decides between Randy and Gordon, the Southern and Northern Captains, Helen Claire, too, will come to a decision that will make one man happy—and direct her career along new lines, and with equally gratifying success.

THE END

She Got What She Wanted

(Continued from page 34)

while Virginia Bruce played the rôle of Jenny Lind, Francia was selected to do the voice doubling for her. And that started everything!

If you saw that picture you must have marvelled at how perfectly Miss Bruce played, and apparently sang, her rôle of the immortal Lind. Over in New York an advertising executive saw the picture and rushed a wire to the Coast: "Get Virginia Bruce as smart for my new radio program. Must have her at any price."

But when he finally got a record of Miss Bruce's voice, a look of disappointment settled on his face. It was *not* the Lind voice he had heard!

He promptly forgot about the matter and went about looking for another singer. Meanwhile Francia, who knew nothing about this comedy of errors, hung around the movie lots looking for more work and prayed for an opportunity to act her Big Chance. And here was the B. C. being shuffled around in a mass of mistaken identities.

Well, like the climax of a mellerdrama, the program was just about to go on with another singer, leaving our heroine out in the cold, when a Hollywood agent suddenly remembered little Miss White and shot a wire to New York to hold everything.

Everything was held. Francia grabbed her toothbrush and hopped a plane, hit New York and got the job. It was as Barbara Haylin in "Music at the Haybox," and the first step in a sensational radio career. Since then, she's taken over Gladys Swarthout's much-fought-over place on the Palmolive operettas and—listen to this—the movies are after her now! They're going to employ their photographic magic to eliminate that teeny bunup.

And, oh, yes, in the excitement and rush of dashing to New York, one perfectly good California boy friend was lost. He had objected violently to Francia's leaving the Coast to go on a wild chase half-way across the continent "just for a career." A year ago that loss would have worried Francia, but looking back at the dizzy, unplanned workings of her career, she dismisses it with a toss of her sleek brown head—"It was meant to be that way, I guess. Fate must have different plans in store for me, as fate always goes."

THE END

"THE AVERAGE CHILD NEEDS ONE QUART OF MILK PER DAY for normal growth and development"

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CHEMISTRY OF FOOD AND NUTRITION
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THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK PROVIDES *almost twice* THE FOOD-ENERGY OF MILK ALONE

DOCTORS, dieticians, pediatricians agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day. For milk gives the most valuable nourishment for strong bones, sound teeth, straight legs and active muscles.

Unfortunately, many children do not receive sufficient milk as part of their daily diet—either because they dislike milk—or because a quart a day, every day, soon becomes monotonous.

Doubly valuable, therefore, to growing children is Cocomalt. For not only does Cocomalt make milk delicious, but made as directed, it almost **DOUBLES** the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Add 5 vital food essentials

Cocomalt is rich in five important food essentials. It supplies *extra* carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies *extra* specially valuable proteins that help replace used or

wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Doctors advise busy adults and convalescents to drink Cocomalt in milk every day because it is easily digested, quickly assimilated and because of its high nutritional value. A hot, non-stimulating drink, helps to induce restful sleep. Cocomalt taken hot at bedtime helps you to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious **HOT** or **COLD**.

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Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is made by an exclusive process under patents and is composed of purest, skim milk, selected cream, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. Irradiated ergosterol (Vitamin D₂).

That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 27)

youngster. He liked to work for his dad, who often took him out prospecting for lumber in the woods and swamps. Besides, around the mill, Jimmy could always find just the right sized piece of oak or mango wood he needed to build his boats.

When his first ship was finished he painted "La Roca" (the title of his favorite musical composition) on the gunwale and went sailing. He never has forgotten the thrill of that first sail. Boats still are his hobby. From the window of his East River apartment he watches them for hours at a time as, with lights winking in the dusk, they pass through Hell Gate into the murky Harlem River. And he wishes now for a sawmill close by, because he still builds ship models and miniature trains—and his wife claims he's right handy at putting up a kitchen shelf.

But in his youth it was not only the cross-cut saw that kept him busy. Singing in the choir, running errands, school work and various other activities kept him out of mischief and quite out of breath, till he emerged from High School with a diploma. Immediately he began working his way through the University of Florida, with the idea of becoming a lawyer.

He was still a Freshman and only sixteen when his most embarrassing moment occurred. He blushes even now when he tells the story—but it brought with it the beginning of his unexpected professional career.

"It was a sort of tug-of-war," he explains, "to find out which could sing louder, the students in the balcony or those in the assembly. The song was 'America the Beautiful,' and I was on the balcony team. I guess I felt especially good that day—anyway, I sang louder than the whole bunch of them. Suddenly President Murphy stopped us.

"Who is the Chapel Caruso?" he demanded, looking straight at me.

"I hid behind the bench, but finally I had to show myself. And believe me, I was scared to death. Fellows had been 'slipped' for less than that."

But the President didn't expect Jimmy; instead, he ordered him to sing a solo before the entire student body. Jimmy did, though he was petrified, and when he finished, he admits shame-facedly, "Everyone applauded. Good!"

From that day on President Murphy took a special interest in the Melton boy. He mapped out a course for him in languages and music, and the law studies were forgotten entirely in the new scheme of things. Jimmy plunged into work with characteristic enthusiasm, yet he found time to join a fraternity—Delta Tau Delta. Trust him not to miss a thing.

"For initiation," he recalled, "they tied me to a big tombstone out in the cemetery, seven miles from town. I was supposed to stay there all night. But it was too cold and creepy, so just as soon as the fellows were out of sight I pulled that tombstone up by the roots and walked

(Continued on page 85)

She fell in love . . .



with her boss!

Behind a screen of matter-of-fact efficiency, Julia Scott tried to conceal her love for the man who was her boss. But that didn't work. She had to leave. When she told him, he made her a proposal—a proposal which was very different from one that was due a beautiful girl.

What was the outcome of this strange bargain? You will be surprised to learn what happened to Julia in "She Married Her Boss," the story based on the Columbia Picture starring Claudette Colbert.

Other complete stories and features in the October issue include "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" starring Wally Beery . . . "The Dark Angel" with Merle Oberon and Fredric March . . . "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Lionel Barrymore . . . "The Irish in Us" with James Cagney . . . "Two for Tonight" with Bing Crosby . . . "Harmony Lane" with Douglass Montgomery . . . "The Last Outpost" with Cary Grant . . . "The Clairvoyant." These and many other special features in the October issue, now on sale.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 53)

back to town with it still tied to my back."

That's characteristic of Jimmy Melton. He didn't like it in the country, so rather than stay, he simply toled a hundred pounds of granite back to town with him.

Prodigiously he studied with the vocal teacher at the University. He was active in the Masqueraders, the dramatic club of the school and soloist of the college orchestra, besides being on the football team. But this was not enough—he also wanted a job in the band. So he locked himself in a room for three days and learned to play the saxophone. "I didn't play well, but I guess I played well enough, because they took me in."

When funds ran low he organized a dance orchestra, playing all night, studying and attending classes all day. Then, working his way Northward by degrees, he left Florida to attend the University of Georgia. His dance orchestra there became better known; proms and fraternity parties were his specialty, and his genial smile was to collegiate audiences from Miami to Washington a trademark for good music.

Then he heard about a good voice teacher in Nashville, Tennessee. There was a University there, too—Vanderbilt. So Jimmy disbanded the orchestra, determined to spend his Senior year at Vanderbilt. That he was broke when he arrived made no difference to him; he wanted to be an opera singer. He enrolled immediately with the expensive instructor, found a job in a night club—and with the money he earned singing hot choruses by night he began earnestly to study operatic arias by day.

At this time not even Jimmy himself knew which road his career would take. He might continue to be an orchestra leader and singer, or he might go into opera. He could sing both types of songs well. He still can, and this versatility has stowed him in good stead on radio.

After graduation he stayed on in Nashville for two years, playing and singing at the Hermitage Hotel, studying with Gaetano Cappuccini. Then suddenly he decided to go to New York. He was ready, he thought, for musical comedy: Broadway was the place for him.

When he arrived all of New York's six millions seemed to be out—but not to meet Jimmy. A young man named Lindbergh was arriving in town that day, too—from Paris. So Mrs. Melton's little boy spent his first lonely, bewildered day in the metropolis without speaking to a soul. "Just trying to cross Luit's Avenue."

The next morning he discovered the painful truth. The managers, while of course they didn't mind his coming to Broadway, didn't quite seem to recognize the name. Yes, the Schuberts knew who Lindbergh was in fact Mr. Lee Schubert had presented that young man with a diamond-studded pass, good at all of his theatres. But, "Who is Mr. Melton?" he inquired.

All the other czars of musical comedy

(Continued on page 87)

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN



ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.



NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing*

woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 87)

were busy likewise—or else out of town. Jimmy knew what that meant. If he didn't like it, he could go back to Tennessee. Or else get a job playing saxophone again. No, he was all through with that sort of thing; he wanted to sing. If the Shuberts wouldn't listen, he would concentrate on some one else. Roxy—he liked the name. It had a lucky sound.

But Roxy, it seemed, had other ideas. Erno Rapee, his maestro, was also busy. At last, grown desperate, Jimmy decided on bold strategy. They had refused him an audition—well, he would stage one for himself. Outside Roxy's office door he bellowed at the top of his lyric voice—not in one language, but three. It worked like magic; far sooner than it had taken him to cross Fifth Avenue a few days before, the young tenor was a member of Roxy's famous Gang.

Everyone fell in love with him immediately. Listeners called him the "Golden Voiced Tenor"; audiences melted under the spell of his dark eyes and engaging grin. He was modest but not too modest—a balance which is most trim. And his great ambition never had made him offensive to anyone.

His success soon won for him the recognition of the same important theatrical producers who had repeatedly refused him a hearing before. Now they came and sat "out front" listening, charmed by a voice they could not buy. Over four hundred telegrams poured into Roxy's office the first day, congratulating him on his new find. Within two months, Jimmy had been offered parts in a score of Broadway's biggest shows.

But now he began to realize the potentialities of his voice. While he had learned to love the stage, he also had learned to fear it. The constant strain of singing loudly day after day might ruin the rich quality of his singing. And his ultimate goal was still the concert platform. The more he thought about the future, the more he wanted to study again. He was making over a thousand dollars a month, New York was at his feet, but he began to look around for another job.

This time he had no difficulty. He was still captivating base Broadway by his singing of "Charmaine" and "Diane" when NBC offered him a contract. Radio—that was just the thing he wanted. So he quit the stage and celebrated his first day on the air by attending the theatre—at Roxy's.

He became top tenor of the Revelers' quartette. And he upset the first rehearsal he ever had with his keen Irish wit. The breezy wisecracks of the touse-haired "kid" endeared him to the group. It was after one of these rehearsals that Jimmy stepped into an airplane and sped toward Akron, Ohio. The pilot encountered fog nearly all the way but that wasn't why Jimmy looked so serious. He knew his whole future in radio depended on that trip. He was go-

(Continued on page 89)

MILLIONS NOW USE FAMOUS NOXZEMA for Skin Troubles

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BURNS
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CHAPPED SKIN
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SHAVING IRRITATION
PIMPLES
(from external causes)



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If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

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FIVE COMPLETE NOVELS

Western

What the trouble was Cleve Allison didn't know, but it broke the second he loped into the little cow town of Burney, an ever-present menace to him and to the girl who so desperately leaned on him for help. **Thunder in the West**, L. P. Holmes' splendid romance of the range.

Adventure

It was a dead man's hate that sent Kurt Reid on a strange quest for gold in a land from which no white man could take gold and live. But Kurt took up the challenge of the grandfather who despised him, and undertook the quest. **Forbidden Gold**, a stirring adventure-romance by L. Ron Hubbard.

Sport

Joe Mallon's first fight in the Garden was a flop. But Joe was no poltroon... he knew that sometime he'd come back, knock Bull Bentz out of the running, and show New York where to get off. **GRUDGE FIGHT**, Philip L. Scruggs' gripping story of a fighter's defeat and his courageous struggle to stage a comeback.

Mystery

SIX HOURS TO LIVE—Paul Ernst has written a breath-taking story of an attempt to rescue an innocent man from the electric chair. A mystery story with superb action, speed, and—naturally—a hair-raising suspense.

Romance

Bob Cunningham finds himself caught in the barbed meshes of Ethiopian intrigue, with every man a potential enemy, not only to him but to the girl he loves. He knows that peril dogs every move he makes, and the shadow of death hovers over Gloria Lancaster. **THE DEVIL'S LAIR**, Zachary Cook's romance of Abyssinia.

FIVE NOVELS

October issue on sale Sept. 13th

That Meltin' Voice

(Continued from page 87)

ing to meet a prospective sponsor—and, though he did not know it, he was going to meet his future wife.

Marjorie Louise McClure was in Akron, on a vacation from Bryn Mawr. In spite of the fact that he is as gallant with the ladies as any Southern boy, Jimmy had never been in love—not until the moment he saw her. Then he was, hopelessly. He didn't wait any longer for marriage than he waits for anything else. He threw himself into courtship with the same impatience which marks all that he does. The next night Marjorie heard him sing an aria from "Romeo and Juliet" for her alone, and she knew he was proposing in song. The result—well, she got her mother's consent while he got the license, and, reader, he married her.

To celebrate, he bought a yacht and christened it with champagne. Then started a series of concert engagements all over the country. On his return, he accepted another radio program which makes him today one of radio's busiest singers. He arranges and scores all his own music, and wishes there were more. When his manager contracts for a personal-appearance tour or special performance as guest star, Jimmy claps him on the shoulder and says: "That's great. But what'll I do next week?" He and Marjorie jump in a plane at half an hour's notice with the greatest of ease, if there's work for Jimmy at the other end of the line.

Still this is not enough. He never has stopped studying for opera. He has learned the scores of three operas recently, "Madame Butterfly," "Manon" and "La Traviata." He is seldom seen without a text book in which he is immersed, French, Spanish, Russian—he'll know them all before long. For he believes that with international broadcasts becoming more frequent, it soon will be necessary for American singers to know foreign languages. And as usual, he wants to be at the head of the class. By the time you read this he will be in Hollywood, at work on a new picture. But he'll still be doing all his other jobs; this will be just one more.

He is full of enthusiasm, but valeting comes first. Spring found him painting his yacht *Melody* with its two 150-horse power motors; the first warm breeze of summer found him far out in cold waters, enjoying in the wondrous of air and water and sun. Both he and Marjorie are excellent sailors, and Marjorie knows almost as much about boats as he does. They have had many experiences while racing the white-capped billows of Long Island Sound, or sailing down to Washington. Once they were caught in a bad squall and couldn't radio for help because the wireless was broken.

"But the grimmest thing of all happened when we were right in dock. I'll never forget it if I live to be a hundred," Jimmy says.

He was on the deck of the *Melody*, talking to his friend, the captain of another

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The Whitney Family Ensemble, after having been on concert tour for three years, now is heard regularly from Chicago over NBC networks. Robert, the eldest, first entered radio in 1922 as pianist and announcer at WMAQ, Chicago. His sisters joined him to form the present group in 1927. The girls (left to right) are: Edith, second violin, Edna, viola, Noreen, first violin, and Grace, cello.

yacht which was anchored a few feet away. Suddenly the old man opened his mouth oddly and toppled overboard. Jimmy is six feet three inches tall, and built like a football tackle, but just the same he was scared that day. He stood still for a second, stupefied, then plunged into the icy water to save his friend.

"I got him out," Jimmy told us soberly, "but he had died from heart failure before he ever fell off the boat. He was a good old tar and I liked him. I'll never forget the expression on his face. . . I've been helping support his family ever since. It's the least I could do for a friend."

Jimmy has a lot of people who look to him for aid. He has been taking care of his family ever since he first made good. He returns to Florida every Christmas to go "possum hunting"—that's his story. Actually he goes to make sure things are all right at home. Last year, for instance, he didn't see a "possum" on the whole trip—but he did see a nice beast, and bought it for his three sisters who are his wards. He has managed their affairs for years—another little side job we forgot to mention.

The number of yachting magazines he reads would seem to us to supply a full-time job. Even Jimmy admits it doesn't leave him much time to read the daily newspapers. He also devours mystery and adventure stories by the dozen. He likes "the kind where the band comes around the door—you know, the real hair-raisers." . . . He has almost a small-boy passion for movies, and he has been known to sit through a picture as much as three times. His favorites are Edgar Wallace pictures,

with gangster stories as second choice.

Lawrence Tibbett lives in the apartment below him and is perhaps his best pal. Often these two pack up for some deep-sea fishing and start out alone; or, they take their wives and friends aboard the *Melody*, so as to have some one to heat at deck tennis. Guests on the boat usually means that Jimmy has prepared a huge batch of his famous spaghetti or baked beans. He has an number of culinary specialties. His wife claims their honeymoon was really a sort of "cook's tour." He likes food, and he likes cooking. "There's something elemental about preparing a good broiled steak," he says. He also can cook a mean meal over a campfire.

But no enthusiasm can reach such a pitch that it interferes with the Melton music. When his fondness for food had reached the point where he was getting, well, plump, Jimmy tightened his belt and his lips and reduced twenty-eight pounds. It was hard work, but it was worth it. He is better looking now, and can look any movie camera in the eye without flinching. His figure is that of a boy, his muscles hard from daily exercise.

He takes excellent care of his person without being a health fanatic. He doesn't smoke or drink; he rises daily at nine, and always gets from eight to ten hours sleep each night—so you can figure out for yourself that he's no night-owl.

"You can't have everything," he says. "If you want to be a singer you have to keep your whole life to it."

You can't have everything . . . one looks at Jimmy Melton and wonders.

THE END

Carol Deis Confesses

(Continued from page 12)

come—for the baby's good. It would have been unfair to raise him in a house that knew only unhappiness."

So they had separated. Carol took the baby. She went back to her folks and set about being both a mother and father to her child. During the mornings and evenings, she was mother, caring for Donnie and loving him; during the day, she was daddy, going to work to supply the things Donnie needed—and at night, after ten o'clock, she was Carol Deis, going out for her singing lessons and practicing against that day when a chance might come.

"Interesting," admitted the executive; then he brought up that intertidally ancient idea: "but we must keep it quiet. You've got a voice and the looks, so we mustn't let out anything like marriage and divorce, that would impair your chances. Like scandal, for instance. We'll publicize you as a young stenographer some place. . . . Just forget your past and go on from here."

Forget her past!

Why, her past was the grandest thing about her. It was the only thing that made this new world desirable.

Still, she did not know but what this immensely stupid move was one of the sacrifices she would have to make to assure her son the things every mother wants her boy to have.

So, little Donnie, whose teeth were just completing their debut and who was just beginning to walk without falling down every ten steps with an amazing lump, stayed in Dayton with his grandmother while his mother went to Philadelphia to study.

"It was a lonesome, homesick existence," Carol says, "and one constantly beset by a thousand little fears. The most recurrent was that Donnie would forget me. After that, I was practically frantic with the thought that he might swallow a button or become ill—and I wouldn't be there to thump him on the back or nurse him. If it hadn't been he who was benefiting, I think I would have handed the prize back—with thanks!"

For a full month, Carol continued woefully her rounds of study and work. Then, one day, her teacher called her in for a conference.

"Carol," he said gently, "your voice is grand and your technique is excellent. But, my dear, you must—you must sing as though the song were worth the effort of opening your mouth."

"I know," Carol replied humbly, "but—" She said no more. She thanked him and went to her lonely room. Miserable place, she thought, how different would be if Donnie were here. *He'd* brighten you up. If only I could be tucking him in bed over there and scrubbing off his chin after luncheon here. No one would have to know . . .

She dropped everything and fled to Dayton.

One Grand Fudge!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and beat over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nuts and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- If others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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It's too bad that someone who knew could not have told her she sat at home that next day and bounced a dejectedly happy little boy up and down on her knees, that this was the stuff America loved—that everyone would be glad to know of something as touching and tremendous as her affection for her child... But no one like that was there, so when she did finally say what was in her mind, only her mother could answer.

"Mother," she declared, "I have to leave him there with me or give it up. I nearly go mad, so far away from him."

Carol's mother thought for a moment. "Probably," she said finally, "the man knew best. He has seen them fail often, I suppose, and knows why they do. But after you've gone into radio—got your job—I don't think they'd care. You could surely have him then."

"Of course," Carol breathed. "Why hadn't I thought of that? When I've got my contract, why, there's no reason they should object. I'll be able to afford a nice place, too."

Carol went back to Philadelphia, all buoyed up. She went at her work with a new interest, sustained by secret flying trips home. Even the three months she spent studying in Paris were happy ones; for, though she was a long way from home, she knew each day that passed prepared her for a triumphant entry into her chosen field. And that meant that *Domie* would be hers—for all the world to know!

When she returned to America, she went directly to Dayton for a week of rest and then returned to New York, where she set in motion that machinery that would make her a radio star.

"I had never," she says, "been happier than I was those first few days. There was

so much to do. I had to find an apartment and a good nursery school. I had to buy dishes and furniture. I felt the same excitement I knew when Earl and I finished that little bungalow, only this time I was sure nothing could go wrong, because—well, it didn't seem that anything could. I auditioned and signed contracts and met people. Then, when everything was prepared, I arranged for the story that would tell about *Domie*."

She went in for the interview with a light heart. She told everything, just as she had told everything after she had first won her right to this future. "He takes awfully cute pictures, too," she concluded brightly.

"We can understand how you feel," her sponsors answered, "but you must consider this. If the young men in Podunk and Oskaloosa think you are free, they will set you up as their dream girl. They will propose marriage by mail and send mash notes. They'll vote for you in popularity contests. If they know about a son, they may not do that, so maybe we'd better just let your post-stay in the background."

The stupidity of this is apparent to anyone who knows that Bing Crosby has married and is raising a family and that other stars have adopted children without in the least impairing their romantic appeal over the air. It's even more apparent when one considers the jubilation of the fans over Jane Froman's marriage and the birth of Tim Conzar's little daughter. But, apparently, the moguls didn't see that. And Carol had no one else to advise her.

What did she do?
What could she do?
Carol was new to the world of en-

entertainment and the thought of those millions of persons passing judgment on her frightened her a little—especially since the millions had been falsely represented as scandal-mad hordes aching to tear a newcomer to bits.

She told the renting agent she wouldn't need the apartment. She told the nursery school that things could wait. She became so certain that her career—and with it, the things she had planned for her son—would be ruined if the slightest hint of his existence leaked out that she bent over backwards in her efforts to keep it a secret. Her frequent moods of depression she overcame by carefully masked "business" trips to Dayton, where she snatched a moment of peace and rest.

But it's all over now. This year Carol decided that she had had enough of that! She brought her mother and Donnie East and had a swell time finding an apartment and a school. She went on a furniture and clothes buying spree that lasted two weeks. Then she asked me if I would tell the real story about him—if, and her eyes were anxious, I thought it would not hurt.

I said it wouldn't. I said so because, at the moment, Donnie was sitting on the other side of the room and a ray of sunlight from the window was brightening his hair as he hoisted a small, red car up on to the sofa—and I didn't see how in the world anyone could hear their story and not love them for it.

THE END



What? Put a hooper on the air? To Fred Astaire that just didn't make sense! But NBC insisted. Fred has a most attractive natural voice. He will be heard on the popular Lucky Strike programs.

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How Not to Crash Radio

(Continued from page 17)

If only these people would heed the wise and experienced advice of the stars and executives who say, "Stay away unless you have experience, money and superhuman patience," they would spare themselves so much heartache and physical pain.

But they prefer to undergo inquiries which may leave them physical wrecks, if by so doing they would get that big Chance. Such as the chap who crept in the rear spare tire of Fred Waring's car one evening after a broadcast, and rode all the way in this back-breaking position to Fred's home. What he probably hadn't counted on was the fact that Fred lived in Bronxville—a good two hours' ride from the studios—and that the roads were bumpy and muddy. When the car stopped, he hopped out of the tire and flung himself before Waring, begging for a radio job. "I wanted to see you alone and this was the only way!" There was nothing for Waring to do. He was touched by this display of courage and ingenuity, but the boy had no experience and obviously no talent. He led him, gave him fare and sent him home.

One of these would-be stars was the cause of a panic in the studios. You may raise a sceptical eyebrow when you hear it, but take it from the guards in the building who had a hand in the final stages of this strange episode, it actually happened.

A huzzed six-footer strode into the reception studios of Columbia and asked the

hostess, Doris Sharpe, for an audition. That wasn't unusual, since this floor is the floodgate to all the individual studios and is always overflowing with musicians, singers and others, and Miss Sharpe is used to getting requests for anything. She started to explain that she couldn't give him an audition, when suddenly he pulled out a gun and twirled it around. He had come all the way from Wyoming, he growled, and he was doggone tired of being pushed around. He was gonna get an audition now else he'd blow the place plumb to hell. He looked mad enough to carry out his threat, and with that big gun being brandished about, it wasn't exactly healthy to go near him. But Miss Sharpe wasn't a hostess for nothing. She took a deep gulp, smiled at him and spoke gently, as a mother to a child. "Why, you can get an audition now—." Slowly she won him over, the fingers on the gun loosened their hold. While he was listening intently, two studio guards pounced on him from behind, wrestled away the gun and led him out. He was taken to the Bellevue psychopathic ward, but surprisingly enough, was found perfectly sane. "Radio madness," would you call it?

Many stars have told me that they get letters written on expensive stationery from young men and women, many in college, who want to come to New York and act as personal maid or valet to the star solely in the hope that it will provide a stepping stone to a radio career. Always a letter is sent back warning them



And why not a beauty contest for men? Here is Jerry Freeman, with his line-up of beauty contestants. Jerry, orchestra leader on WOR, maintains that he has the very best-looking, as well as the most harmonious orchestra.



A romance which defies the saying that you can't have a career and a happy home life. Xavier Cugat, Tango King, and his lovely wife and singer, Carmen Castillo, long have been noted both for their artistic success and for their mutual happiness. Here they are with two of their pets, in the charming garden of their apartment near the East River.

that such a step is foolish and useless.

The manager of one of the leading employment agencies for domestic help told me that this is getting to be an increasingly difficult problem. On several occasions American boys and girls have drifted into the agency asking for jobs as cooks, maids and butlers. "They lie about their experience and tell me they are willing to work for nothing, but on one condition: the job must be in the home of a radio star or executive. One girl fooled us so completely that she was actually sent out as a nurse's helper to the family of a well-known radio personality. Within a week she was returned because the family got wise to her when she neglected the baby to show off her talents before her employer."

They pose as window washers, hair-baton salesmen, flagpole painters—these desperate Ten Thousand, if only it will gain them entrance to the Broadcasting Powers. One aspirant paid a hotel elevator operator fifty cents for a lesson in elevator manipulation. Then he applied for and got a job in Radio City. But his wrathful and wealthy father stormed to New York and brought the boy home before he had a chance to put his wild plan to work. "I have thirty elevator boys working for me in my buildings," said the father, puzzled. "What made my boy run away to New York and get such a job? I can't understand it!"

John Royal, vice-president in charge of programs in NBC, must surround himself with a horde of secretaries to keep out persistent crashers. But once in a while, one of them will get the better of him. A man claiming to be a salesman

marketing a new hair-restorer treatment, finally gained an audience with Royal. In the midst of his sales talk he switched to talking about his own vocal ability and then let out a few lusty notes for good measure. But it availed him nothing.

Probably no group in this vague Ten Thousand offers as many headaches as the mamas and papas of undiscovered baby stars. Pity young Paul Douglas, the shining spirit behind the Horn and Hardart Sunday morning children's shows, who is the victim of most of these ambitious but misguided parents.

"Somehow or other, they manage to find out my phone number and call at all hours of the day—the more unusual the hour the better, they reason, because then they can catch me napping. Phone calls at one or two in the morning are not unusual. They give all sorts of excuses. One woman, I remember, wouldn't tell me what she wanted. 'It's a case of life and death,' she said. 'I must see you about someone close to you!' That last got me because at that time my mother was very ill, so I dressed hurriedly and rushed off to meet her. Well, you can imagine my disgust when I learned that I had fallen for a cheap gag to get me to hear about her prodigy who did a wonderful imitation of Jimmy Durante!"

At another time, Paul was leaving for Philadelphia. He was seated in the train and was settling down to enjoy a good book when the conductor came to collect tickets. "What about your wife and child?" he asked. Paul, twenty-eight and blissfully single, looked up. There was a stout, middle-aged woman, with a pale

WHAT?

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Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women, Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch on the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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little girl hanging on to her skirt. The woman fell to her knees and clasped his hands fervently. "Oh, please, forgive me! I just had to see you alone. I heard you tell someone in the studios you were going to Philadelphia, so we hung around the Pennsylvania station all morning until we saw you board this train. You must listen to my girl now. There were tears in her eyes and a scribblebook under her arm which she insisted upon showing him. The passengers were snickering, but the tears and the scribblebook won, and anyway Paul had to get rid of his newly-discovered family, so he promised to hear the girl when he returned, if only they would please get off at the next station and go back to New York. Which they did. The child appeared on the program once but was not good enough to be repeated.

A violinist, whose best days in vaudeville were over, had tried unsuccessfully to break into radio. Finally, to gain his end, he turned street minstrel and played for pennies in the neighborhood of NBC. In hot weather or cold, rain, sleet or shine, he took his place on the sidewalk and played daily. He soon got to know quite a few of the stars and told them his sad and hopeless story until, moved by sympathy, they recommended him to the program officials. And then what? Yes, the officials decided to try him on the air. The rise was very well planned, you must admit, and smoothly carried out. He got his chance . . . But unfortunately he never broadcast a second time. Constant playing out of doors in ever-changing weather had made his fingers swollen, thick and strained, and had ruined that sensitive violin touch!

Then there was the tall, gamut woman

who strde into the office of Ernest Cutting, audition director of NBC, wearing a white, flowing robe. She claimed to have received spirit messages from Jenny Lind, and through spiritualism the immortal Lind voice had been conveyed to her. If NBC would provide her with a microphone, she would perform a service to mankind and radio by allowing the re-incarnated Lind voice again to thrill the public. She was turned away dozens of times; always she came back with a new "message" for the radio listeners. Finally she was barred from entering the studios altogether. I don't know whether she was just plain goofy, or whether the outlandish costume and that absurd claim was just another method of attracting attention. Knowing how determined these aspirants are, I'm inclined to bank on the second guess.

But no matter how you warn these Ten Thousand, no matter how often you recount the tragedy, the heartbreak and the perils waiting for them in New York, they still break their necks to get there. Their boys are as high as their chances for fame are small. Because it's not the suffering they remember, but the inspiring stories of the Valleys the Dragettes and the Kate Smiths. And each one of the Ten Thousand, deep down in his own heart, thinks that Fate has singled him out as the next favored child to bask in the spotlight as Radio's New Overnight Star.

10,000 to 1. And still — with these overwhelming odds—they take those foolhardy, those suicidal, those desperate chances. Is it worth it?

Ten thousand voices cry, "Yes!" But they are mistaken!

THE END



Before leaving this country for stage and radio engagements in England, the famed Boswell Sisters, Martha and Connie and Vi, lunched with the noted English composer and orchestra leader Ray Noble, and his drummer, Bill Harty, and singer Al Bowley. Left to right, Bill, Martha, Ray, Connie, Al, and Vi Boswell.

He Said "No," Just Like That

(Continued from page 35)

"It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," which swept the country some years ago and had lali the population going *gaga* thinking up new lyrics for it. Yes sir, that's his brainchild and he made enough on it to get married and set up a whopping trust fund.

About that marriage, it created a sensation in 1924 because the entire ceremony was broadcast over the air. There were about four million guests, and Phillips Carlin was best man with a stopwatch in his hand. That ironomatic stopwatch so unnerved the bride that she fumbled on her "I do's." Some people thought the wedding was a publicity stunt. No doubt it was—but there are Wendell, Jr., aged seven, and Lowell, five, to prove that it's been a success.

With his feet planted so firmly on radio soil, Wendell's naturally had a chance to nab most of the radio's "firsts" for his scrapbook. He was the first to have a sponsor. It was the old Eveready program. He was the first to appear on a "network." In those days there was no radio chain, so he created his own by touring the United States in an auto and visiting the principal stations as "the Eveready Entertainer." Which makes him, then, the poppa of radio advertising.

ONCE MORE

Let us remind you:

The smartest people are entering
The Crazy Caption Contest
See Pages 32 and 33.

So when he gives a bonafide sponsor the air, his reasons are worth listening to. "I've been associated with my sponsors for almost three years," says he, "and I was getting into a rut. If I didn't get out in time, no other company would want me.

"Then I was on a fifteen-minute program once a week, and my contract stated I was to sing exclusively for them. There wasn't enough work to keep me happy and that short time on the air was like a drop in the bucket. I was in danger of being lost.

"But most important, lengthy commercial plugs were killing my program—and eventually my popularity. Imagine, on a fifteen-minute program the commercial took up about eight or nine minutes. It was annoying the listeners, and I was the one who was getting the blame. I had to wage a one-man fight and when I couldn't gain my point I just upped and left."

It takes a lot of nerve to leave a sponsored program and all the security that goes with it, for the uncertainty and lower pay check of a sustaining morning series. But well, you'll find the explanation in the fiery map of hair and the Boone blood.

THE END



What Secret Power Did the Ancients Possess?

Are the stories of the great miracles of the past legend or fact? Is it possible that once the forces of nature were at the command of man? Whence came that power? Starting is the revelation that the strange wisdom they possessed has been preserved for centuries and today is available to all who seek a MASTERY OF LIFE.

Send For Free Sealed Book

Those today who have acquired these Cosmic truths find them simple, forceful, and the instrument by which they fashion a new and abundant life. Write the ROSICRUCIANS (not a religious organization), who have carefully guarded these age-old principles, to send you the free Sealed Book which tells how YOU, too, may acquire this personal guidance. (The curious not invited). Address: Scribe O.N.S.

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GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPOO-KOLOR." Takes few minutes, keeps hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Mowser, L. P. Volppert, Dept. 11, 114 W. 21 St., N. Y. C.



Nina Tarasova, internationally famous interpreter of folk songs, whose voice is heard in melodies from many lands, with Emyr Deutsch's String Orchestra.



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Compare Lander's with other talcum powders. Compare it for quality... and economy! You save money without sacrificing quality. The big, over-size tin costs only 10¢ at any dime counter. And, if you want variety, ask for these other scintillating Lander's blends:

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The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 8)

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- PRISCILLA LANE, Marconi, Paul Booth, 11 Bldg., 1116 Rosemary Lane, Miami, Fla.
- ROSEMARY LANE, Marconi, 1116 Rosemary Lane, Miami, Fla.
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(Continued on page 99)



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NEW GRIFFIN BLACK DYE

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Over 950,000 Satisfied Users 35 Years in Business Write for FREE Catalog

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 15)

She prefers the light, illusive floral bouquet perfumes to the heavy, and/or oriental scents. Always perfume should be illusive, never obvious, says Albani. The Spanish glamour exponent uses an atomizer for spraying perfume on her skin, and an atomizer for spraying brillianine on her hair. She finds that the atomizer diffuses the brillianine and prevents the oily look sometimes achieved when brillianine is rubbed on with the hands.

Albani's favorite hair beautifier is the hairbrush. And her hair has a lovely sheen that is the natural result of the hairbrush rather than the use of oils and brillianine. She always wears her hair very simply. It is fine and glossy enough to be a coiffure in itself without the aid of curls or artifice.

In general, the beautiful Oke's beauty routines are very simple. Perhaps therein lies their wisdom. She amazed an expensive beauty consultant when she said that she thought a few days of relaxation and plenty of rest would do her more good than the costly beauty treatment he proposed. Simple, thorough creams, and a gentle skin freshener in the nature of an astringent are her favorites for the skin cleansing routine. At night she uses cleansing cream, cleansing tissues, and her skin freshener-astringent. In the morning she washes warm water over her face, then cold. Next she puts on her skin freshener, and she is ready for powder and make-up. She likes the frequent use of a mild skin freshener because it makes her skin feel so refreshed and stimulated.

Like all singers she believes in the efficacy of deep breathing exercises for relaxation. And her beautiful throat may also owe some of the fitness of its development to the deep breathing exercises,

too. But whether you have singing aspirations or not, try taking at least ten deep breaths in front of your open window every morning and every night. At times when you feel all tense and "tied up in knots," remember Albani's recommendation of deep breathing exercises for perfect relaxation.

While the famous Albani's tastes in beauty routines are very simple, her tastes in food are a bit more elaborate. She is simply one of those rare and fortunate beings who can eat what they choose, and yet remain the same ideal weight. But the rest of us must stick to our spinach.

From spinach to glamour isn't such a large stride. There's certainly a lot of glamour about perfect health and vitality. But even the sparkling eyes and red lips of health call for the added glamour of make-up. Perhaps these dressing table pictures of Oke Albani will inspire you to clip the coupon and send in for the "Hints for Make-up Glamour" that I've prepared for you. You'll find included some of Albani's hints for make-up.

MARY BIDDLE RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your bulletin on "Hints for Make-up Glamour".

Name.....

Address..... Street.....

City..... State.....

Please include stamped addressed envelope. Personal beauty problems will also be answered if desired.

Last Minute News Reel



The last pose of Summer! But not the last rose, though fair enough, say we! She's Kaye Kernan, Cincinnati society girl, vocalist of Johnny Hamp's orchestra. *Lower left*, What thanks does Red Barber get for teaching two fair pupils, Flora Fern Blackshaw and Mary Alcott, to swim? Only a ducking from the budding mermaids! *Lower right*, Beautiful Betty Winkler dares the sun in a beach-chair. Betty is twenty-one, 5'3" tall, weighs 107 pounds.

Autumn will soon be here. Let's dip once more in sunny deeps!





Natural Lipstick
Natural, Rose and
Maive Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish



Cardinal Lipstick
Cardinal Nail Polish



Ruby Lipstick
Ruby Nail Polish

The
New "Must"

MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

Lips and finger tips *must match*—that's the latest rule for make-up! And you'd better follow it because you'll look pretty scrambled if you don't.

It sounds like more work, but it isn't. You can be all matched up today without wrinkling a brow or lifting a finger. Because Cutex has brought out a complete range of harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes.

6 smart harmonizing shades

Just pick the smart shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that will best accent your costume—you can choose from Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

Cutex is a polish that flows on evenly, leaving no rim or streaking of color. It won't chip or peel off. Cutex finger tips—and toe tips, too, if you want to be *very smart*—will stay marvelously smooth and gleaming.

Now, you simply complete the color ensemble with the Cutex Lipstick that matches or tones in with your nail polish. Natural Lipstick goes with Natural, Rose and Mauve Polish. Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Lipsticks match Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Polish.

And remember—the new Cutex Lipstick shares the famous Cutex quality. It's creamy and smooth—never greasy. It goes on with the greatest ease and stays on. And it positively won't dry your pretty lips.

You'll find Cutex Liquid Polish at your favorite store. Crème or Clear, with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in rightly. Be sure to get the Cutex matching Lipstick, in its smart black enamel case!

NORTHAM WARREN • New York
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Smart Young Things say —

"Once you've seen yourself perfectly made up with Cutex lips and finger tips all in one smart color key, you'll wonder how you ever went around in ordinary clashing shades of make-up!"



● MRS. FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, JR., wearing Cutex Ruby Nail Polish and smart matching Cutex Ruby Lipstick. Mrs. Robbins is a beautiful and popular member of Long Island and New York society.

CUTEX *Nail Polish and Lipstick*

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I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies