

RADIO STARS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

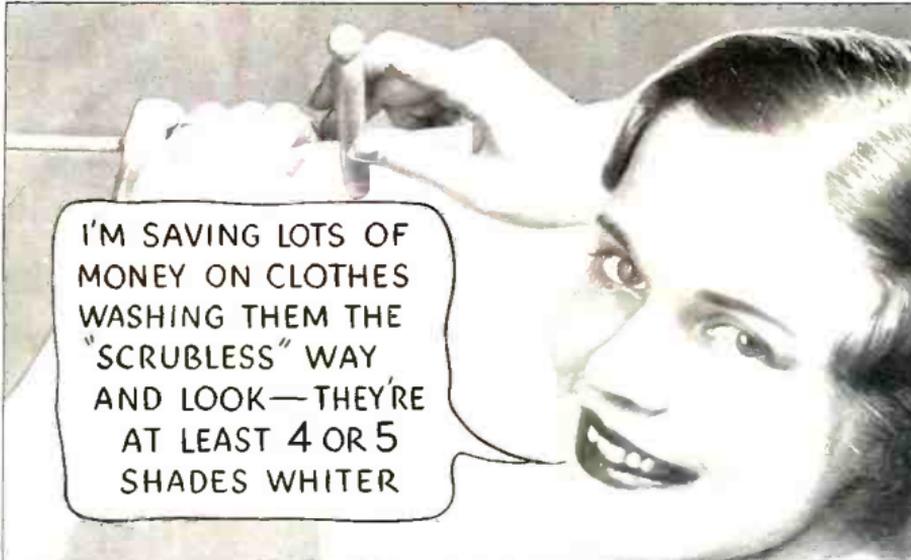
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CENTS

NOW
100
PAGES
WITH
PROGRAM
GUIDES

Posed by
GUY LOMBARDO

• • • **HOW HOLLYWOOD MENACES
CROSBY, ETING, WYNN, PEARL, BURNS and ALLEN**



I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY ON CLOTHES WASHING THEM THE "SCRUBLESS" WAY AND LOOK—THEY'RE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

JIM, MY HOUSEHOLD LINENS LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

I'VE NOTICED MY SHIRTS DON'T GET FRAYED THE WAY THEY USED TO



IT'S BECAUSE I NEVER USE A WASHBOARD ANY MORE! WITH RINSO, DIRT IS SOAKED OUT INSTEAD OF BEING SCRUBBED OUT

THAT SOUNDS EASY —



IT IS MUCH EASIER, JIM! I DON'T NEED TO SCRUB OR BOIL... YET MY WASH LOOKS WHITER THAN EVER! RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING EASY, TOO

YOU'RE SMART, DARLING!



These "no work" washdays
save clothes—save you—save your hands

WHY STAY over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter just by soaking?
Save work, save your hands—change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white—so sweet and clean—they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as light-weight, put-up soaps—even in hardest water. One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .
But her Teeth are Dull...her Gums Tender
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

This young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about their tarnished look?

She cleans her teeth. Of course she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough.*

Her gums are flabby, touchy, un-

healthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziralol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



**VISIT THE IPANA EXHIBIT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS**
General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

R A D I O S T A R S

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editorial Director Curtis Mitchell, Editor
Associate Editor: Mary Burgum Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

WATCH FOR—

The thrilling inside story of why Al Jolson came back to radio after his wife, Ruby Keeler, scored a hit in the movies. . . . A glamorous tale of two singers in love with each other and their careers—Jane Froman and Don Ross. . . . "Is Love a Laughing Matter?"—a load of good advice from the lips of radio's funny fellers. . . . And the most revealing account of Smiling Ed McConnell ever published. And pictures, pictures, pictures of all your favorites.

“Follow our Hollywood way—

We keep frocks
smart looking with LUX”

says Joan Blondell



**Official in all
the big studios..**

“We’re wasting almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, blouses, even draperies,” says N’Wae McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. “Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box.”



● “The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux,” says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in “Footlight Parade.”

“My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I’ve learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux.”

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there’s no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck



TRUST TO LUX

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RADIO STARS

magazine takes pleasure in presenting its Constant Board of Review and Five Star Roll-Call.

We hope you like it.

In our effort to serve both radio listeners and broadcasters we have invited a group of newspaper radio editors who live all across America to act as a jury in selecting and grading the air's outstanding offerings.

These men are experienced, expert radio critics. It is their business to listen to programs, and to comment on them. We feel that they bring to Radio Stars magazine a volume of expert opinion that cannot be matched anywhere else.

It is with a great amount of pride and thanks that we enter their names as judges of today's radio fare.

The Five Star Roll-Call is the result of their judgment.

We have tried to make our symbols simple enough to be understood easily. A program rated a five stars (*****) wears the highest praise we can give. From that high point we descend until one star (*) indicates a program that the Board does not recommend.

Now about the comments beneath the listing. Quite often a three or four or two star ranking does not convey the whole story. This month we have the case of Chesterfield's program with Lou Holtz and Grace Moore. This program, if Miss Moore's singing were to be used as a basis for judgment, would certainly have rated five stars. Unfortunately, Lou Holtz who is such an expert consultant on Broadway, has not yet found the type of material that convulses broadcast listeners. So we compliment Miss Moore's singing in the brief comment.

Please remember that such rating as may be given any program is not the individual expression of opinion of any one member. Rather, it is the average of the vote cast by all Board members.

FIVE STAR ROLL-CALL

Symbols

- ***** Excellent
- **** Vary Good
- *** Good
- ** Fair
- * Not Recommended

- COLUMBIA SYMPHONY WITH HOWARD BARLOW
—grand staff for various listeners.
- BLACK RIVER GIANT WITH JOHN HENRY
—stimulating story plus excellent acting.
- WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS AND ALLEN.
—good humor plus Guy Lombardo's music.
- CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE
—here is radio's "sweetest voice"
- BORACH MINEVICH AND HIS HARMONICA RASCALS
—amazing harmonics.
- OLD GOLD WITH FRED WARING
—five stars without that comedy.
- NINO MARTINI, TENOR.
—radio-theater's gift to the opera.
- A&P CYPSTES WITH HARRY HORLICK
—enabling splendid rhythms.
- AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC
—uniformly pleasant tunes.
- AMOS 'N' ANDY.
—three courtroom technique is fine.
- PAST BLUE RIBBON WITH DEN BERNIE
—but a little less plugging please.
- FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH REEVE VALLEE
—irritant, hostile entertainment.
- EDWIN C. HILL
—colorful behind-the-scenes staff.
- MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT.
Thanks to Lammy Rusk voice.
- COEN PRODUCTS WITH WILL OSBORN and PEDRO CORDOBA
—high-class day-time entertainment.
- SINGING LADY.
—singing love hit.
- LOWELL THOMAS.
- VANITY FAIR POND'S PROGRAM.
—it should click but doesn't.
- THE LYONS' PROGRAM WITH GENE RODEMEHL
—usually it's the humidity.
- HUDSON-ESSEX WITH B. A. WOLFE
—quality programs keep this at three stars.

- ** FORD PROGRAM WITH LUNA AND ARNER
—solid stuff that may grow.
- ** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER.
—three old eggs again.
- ** BLACKSTONE PLANTATION WITH SANDERSON AND CRUM-IT.
—pleasant but undistinguished.
- ** CHASE & SANBORN TEA WITH FANNIE BRICE AND GEORGE OLSEN.
- ** BOAKE CARTER, Philco News Commentator.
- ** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND BERT LAHR.
- ** CLOUQUET CLUB Eskimos.
- ** GULF PROGRAM WITH IRVIN COBB.
—too short to get interesting.
- ** GULF PROGRAM WITH ARTHUR BRISBANE.
- ** LUCKOO PROGRAM WITH MRS. PENNYFEATHER.
- ** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH FERDE GROFE.
- ** ENO CRIME CLUES.
- ** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHARLES HUGHES.
- ** CHESTERFIELD WITH LOU HOLTZ AND GRACE MOORE
—superb singing by Miss Moore.
- ** GLEE PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS.
- ** HORLICK'S ADVENTURES IN HEALTH.
- ** LA PALINA WITH KATE SMITH.
- ** REAL SILK WITH VINCENT LOPEZ.
- ** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND.
- ** GYPSY NINA.
- ** SETH PARKER.
- ** POET'S GOLD WITH DAVID ROME.
- ** REA-CUNNINGHAM WITH COL. HOWE.
- ** THE GOLDBERGS.
—probably only a summer slump.
- ** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS.
- ** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.
- ** TEXACO PROGRAM with ED BYRNE was on.
- ** EVENING IN PARIS.
- ** HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD WITH ABE LYMAN.
—the band is good, though.
- ** LADY ESTHER SERENADE.
—beautiful music but too much advertising.
- ** YEASTFOAMERS.



● I couldn't go through a winter without HINDS to heal Junior's chapped knees



● Hanging out wet clothes on cold mornings always meant chapped hands until—

How nice it makes my
ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS *feel!*

"I'm a busy woman just as you are. I've a house, a husband, a 5-year-old boy. I'm cook, laundress, family chauffeur. My hands must be in and out of the dishpan, the washtub. They used to get terribly chapped and rough—until one lumpy day I discovered HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

"I'd been using some of those quick-drying lotions! But none of them ever brought me the relief HINDS does. HINDS seems to go deep down under the skin and draw out all the soreness. I can almost *feel* the chapping and roughness healing—almost see my hands getting smoother and whiter right before my very eyes.

"Of course I use HINDS regularly

now. I only wish someone had told me about it long ago!"

Quick relief—sure protection

HINDS isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "shellacs" the surface of the skin with a temporary smooth coating. It is a delicate, fragrant cream in liquid form that penetrates! Its soothing, heating ingredients sink deep into the tender, inflamed tissues, bringing instant relief.

After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. It pro-

TECTS against chapping and roughness—keeps hands comfortably smooth and soft in spite of work and weather. Quickly heals children's chapped hands and knees. Get HINDS today!

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream. Made by the makers of HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Light and delicate, the type used by costliest Beauty Salons. Liquefies at skin temperature; *heats out* dirt; won't clog or stretch pores.



HINDS Products on sale at S. S. Kresge Co., S. H. Kress & Co., W. T. Grant Co., C. C. Murphy Co., McLellan Stores Co., McCrary Stores, F. and W. Grand Silver Co., F. and W. Grand Silver's Stores, Metropolitan Stores, and at all drug stores and department stores.

RADIO STARS

You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.



For more than a Century—as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



www.americanradiohistory.com



Kleinert's
THE RIFT
COLUMBIA
MAY 1933

TAKE A TIP FROM
HOLLYWOOD • •

GIVE YOUR DRESS *Kleinert's* GUARANTEED PROTECTION

Young and warmly emotional women—not only in Hollywood but *everywhere*—have discovered that, even in the *coolest* weather, under-arm moisture is immediately increased by any intense and stimulating emotion. It's the truest kind of economy to guard

your pretty frocks from fading and under-arm friction with *genuine Kleinert's* dress shields. And there's no need to gamble with inferior substitutes when you can buy real Kleinert's shields for as little as 25¢ a pair *in the store where you bought this magazine.*

PROTECT YOURSELF
—INSIST
ON THE GENUINE!

Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

as low as 25¢ a pair

THOSE HOLLYWOOD MENACES



No, these aren't the menaces Miss Fletcher speaks about in her fascinating article on page 14. Baron Jack Pearl Munchausen (above) is surrounded by what is known as a bevy. The Baron, you know, is busy doing "The Big Lie" and "The Hollywood Party" for M-G-M. (Right) Bing Crosby and Judith Allen in a scene from Paramount's "Too Much Harmony." Bing's next film. (Below) "Oh, Graham, don't you wish you were with me now, Graham!" Ed Wynn and a brace of Albertina Rasch dancers, getting ready for work on Wynn's M-G-M picture, "The Fire Chief."



News Flashes

BABY Rose Marie is a radio star, but just the same she likes her dolls. She has received dolls from Irene Rich, Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, Will Rogers, Norma Shearer, Graham McNamee, Jessica Dragonette, Ruth Etting and hundreds of other noted stars.

EVERY so often there are shooting stars in radio just as in the heavens. Willard Robinson, deep river folk singer, recently packed up his bags and moved from NBC over to Columbia.

YOU Golly and Dusty fans will be interested to know that the two Columbia black face entertainers have been signed for an additional year on the air.

FOR being on the minute, so to speak, Lowell Thomas takes first place among NBC talkers. Thomas never runs over his time, never runs short, and has never been late to a broadcast.

IT'S not every radio performer who is able to go on the air after being stepped on by a horse. But that's what happened to Robert Simmons, NBC tenor. Simmons was playing polo that is, until he found himself flat on his back with his horse over his neck. In spite of his hurts, Simmons went on the air that night as usual.

OLD Gold stays on the air. Fred Waring and his entertainers have had their contract renewed for another twenty-six weeks. And this program by the way, has the largest network of any commercial in the history of radio and also the largest visible audience of any New York broadcast. It is broadcast from Carnegie Hall before 3000 spectators.

BEFORE long you'll be hearing the blended voices of the Mills Brothers. John Mills, who was so ill a few months ago, is entirely recovered, and now the boys are playing in various Eastern theatres.

EDWIN C. HILL is a busy man these days. He's doing radio talks several days a week, appearing on theatre stages about the country and also writing for newspapers daily.

RAYMOND K. STRONG, control engineer of WGY, NBC station in Schenectady, N. Y., is passing around cigars—three at a time. Mrs Strong recently gave birth to two girls and a boy.

MURIEL WILSON is one of those unusual persons, a real New Yorker. She's still living in the same home in which she was born.

EXCITEMENT reigned in an NBC studio one afternoon last summer. The Sisters of the Skillet had not arrived for their broadcast. Eddie Dunham, the production man, and Alan Kent, the announcer, found themselves

(Continued on page 91)

A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE
AMONG THE GREATEST...



★★★★
4 STARS AWARDED BY
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

"It's grand entertainment!"
says Screenland Magazine.
"You will scream with delight!"
echoes Photoplay.

"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!" *predicts* The New York Daily News.
"Only one word can describe this picture... It's swell!"
adds Screen Play and gives "AAAA"

See this great story of love and romance—of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

WARREN WILLIAM
MAY ROBSON

GUY KIBBEE NED SPARKS
GLENDA FARRELL BARRY NORTON
WALTER CONNOLLY JEAN PARKER
Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A
FRANK CAPRA
Production



A COLUMBIA PICTURE



These radio headliners are—or will soon be—off to maveland. (Up this page and across the top) Jack Pearl—you recognize Baron Munchausen—leaves with Cliff Hall. Lanny Ross—they're trying to get him for a full-length feature. And Jane Froman. What about her famous slither? Of course, Ruth Etting and Bing Crosby are movie veterans. Etting and Bing Crosby are movie veterans now. And James Melton, chatting with Will Rogers, has his eye on Hollywood. Here is Bing again, this time with Lana Andre and Dallas Dexter in a scene from "College Humor."

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HOW HOLLYWOOD MENACES OUR RADIO FAVORITES

RADIO stars are flocking to Hollywood. Musical pictures are popular again.

And in the radio favorites, in Lanny Ross and Jane Froman, in Bing Crosby, in Ed Wynn and Ruth Etting, in Buddy Rogers and Eddie Cantor and Jack Pearl, the movie producers have sure-fire musical-comedy headliners. And they know it!

The producers themselves can't lose on this arrangement. The hundreds of thousands who have been clamored by these stars on the air are certain to go to see them on the screen. Once, anyway. Out of curiosity.

But what about the radio stars? They can lose on this arrangement.

Headed for Hollywood fluttering contracts in their bags, surely the radio stars have iridic dreams, dreams of two careers instead of one, dreams of movie stardom

and movie gold, dreams of fame greater than that which they already possess.

The very least they hope for is a pleasant month or two in Hollywood and a screen performance for which they need not apologize, even if it doesn't win stardom for them.

However, whether or not our radio stars achieve even the last and least of these things is up to them. The motion picture people, depending, as they do, entirely upon themselves for entertainment and diversion, are quick to welcome visitors and eager for the news and stimulating ideas they bring with them.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, in spite of the hospitable way the film colony receives them, many people arriving in Hollywood get started wrong. Socially and professionally. Whereupon the tide swings against them.

Whereupon they turn unhappy and antagonistic until their natural charm fails them and their work itself suffers.

Arriving in any new place, becoming part of any new group, it is well to be forearmed, to know about the little prejudices and tabus which exist there.

Buddy Rogers could tell his radio confrères, about to stake their claim to screen popularity, a thing or two. Valuable things. Invaluable things, in fact. Buddy's been through the mill. He was so very young when he graduated from the Paramount School of Acting. And they made such a fuss over him. They rushed him into stardom before he was ready for it, really. There are so many things you can't learn in any school, that only experience can teach you. Buddy made some of the mistakes about which he is now in a position to give warning. It was, as a matter of fact. (Continued on page 68)

Celebrities of the air may lose out

if they don't watch their steps on the camera coast + + +

GET OFF THE AIR!

What's immoral about a vitamin?
What's immoral about humming?
Radio censorship taboos—some-
times baffling, often inconsistent—
will certainly amuse you

HOW'S your moral
standing today?

If you don't think it's
strong enough to stand
reading about things
broadcasters are forced
to consider suggestive or
otherwise dangerous to
your morals, then you'd
better stop right here.

But if you can bear a
glimpse at the forbidden
fruit of programs and
radio announcers fully
whether the radio powers
keep too much or too
little of life and its
foibles from you and
yours, then read on.

For instance, let's look
at this song: "Young and
Healthy."

I'm young and
healthy.

And you've got
charms:

It would really be a
sin not to have
you in my arms.

I'm young and

healthy.

And so are you.

When the moon is
in the sky, tell me, what am I to do?
If I could hate you,
I'd keep away;

But that ain't my nature.

I'm full of Vitamin A, say
I'm young and healthy.

So let's be bold:

In a year of two or three,
Maybe we will be too old.

Now before you read any further, you tell me what,
besides the effort to rhyme "yuh" and "mature," is
immoral about that. Well, the broadcasters, reasoning
from past experience, decided that someone might protest
about singers of this song being full of Vitamins A, say,



By JOHN
SKINNER

and also about their being too old to make love in a year
or two or three. Anyhow, here—how Messrs. Winzok
and Sons, publishers of the song, had to change it before
certain radio executives felt it would be acceptable to
every listener.

To forestall potential furibac per listeners, "I'm full
of Vitamin A, say" was slashed out, and into the wound
they poured the soothing "You'll understand me when
I say, Hey." Then, so that people might not be too con-
scious that youth must love, ". . . So let's be bold. In a
year of two or three, maybe we will be too old." was re-
placed by "You're superior, I'll grow younger every day
if you'll only say you're mine."

Would you have been offended by the deleted lines?

Do you realize that anyone who is seek-
ing suggestiveness in a song can find it in
many of those which have been broadcast
without question and accepted in decent
homes for years. Perhaps I should
strengthen this point by quoting the
famous last lines of "My Wild Irish
Rose," which may be taken as you like.
I've been told, according to the way your
mind works:

"Some day for my sake,
She may let me take.
The bloom from my wild Irish rose."

BE that saughty-nice as it may, what's
in the *Mm—s* that bother the censors
so much. Any implication of indecent
gongs on? "Aye," say the censors. Fact
is, these well-meaning little *Mm—s* have
been subjected to some strange and ap-
parently inconsistent hating about.
Remember Nacio Herb Brown's "Para-
disc" of about a year ago?

And then she (he) holds my hand.

(Mm—)

Then Cupid takes command.

(Mm—)

Her (his) eyes reveal a love that's
real.

And the sweet smile I see

Brings heav'n to me!

And then her (his) lips meet mine,

(Mm—)

With kisses so divine. (Mm—)

Her (his) love, each fond caress,

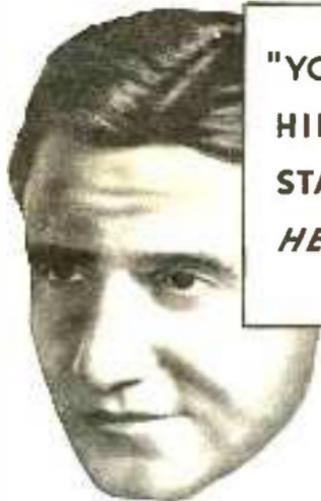
They lead the way to happiness.

She (he) takes me to Paradise.

Well, take the *Mm—* as you will, one
network refused to permit this song to
be broadcast through its facilities. Be-
fore I go into some of the more question-
able things which have been clipped of
any possible taint before being put on the
air, I would like (Continued on page 61)

Illustration by
Floherty, Jr.





**"YOU CAN'T JUDGE
HIM BY ORDINARY
STANDARDS
HE WAS TOO BIG"**



**. . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS**

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in **NARRATAGE**—talking pictures' newest wonder—forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for **FOX FILM**. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

**THE
POWER
AND THE
GLORY**

**SPENCER COLLEEN
TRACY • MOORE
RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON**

A **JESSE L. LASKY** PRODUCTION

Directed by **Wilham K. Howard**

Story by **Preston Sturges**





SUCKER FISH

IN the ocean, there is a sucker fish that attaches itself to a shark's belly and rides up and down the seven seas without having to swim a lick. When the shark makes a kill, the sucker fish breaks away long enough to gorge himself. Then he fastens himself to the shark again, ready for another free ride.

Come to think of it, radio listeners, you and I are "sucker fish."

What do we ever do, speaking candidly, to help along the business of broadcasting? Precious little, I tell you. We ride the airwaves with this star or that, stuffing ourselves with the choicest entertainment

money can buy. Not our money, though. Is it fair?

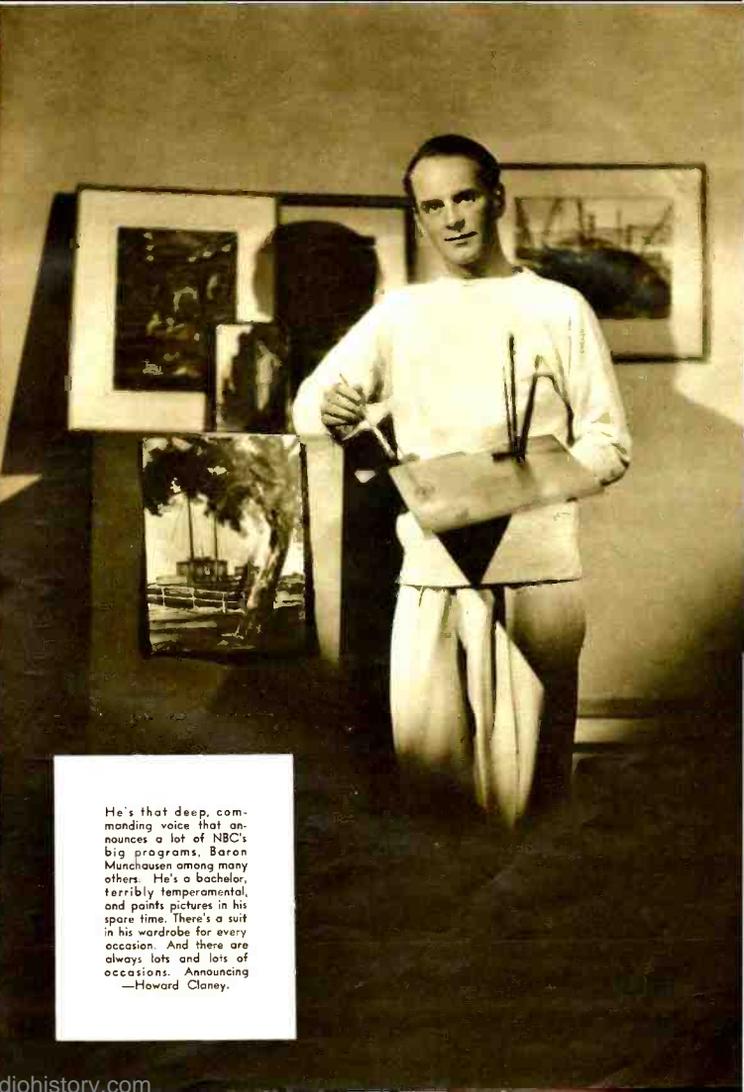
There are two answers. Yes and no, depending on your point of view. But I look at it this way: my life would be a lot duller than it is if Ben Bernie and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Lowell Thomas didn't come into it every week. I don't want to lose them. So, when I'm in the market, I go out of my way to buy whatever products they sponsor. That's my way of thanking them for the pleasure they give me.

And, somehow, it makes me feel less like a "sucker fish."

Curtis Mitchell



This is the reason you always tune in on NBC at 9 P. M. Sunday. She's Jean Sargent, torch singer on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program, the vivacious daughter of a prominent Philadelphia family who has arrived at radio stardom by her ability and personality. Jean was featured in "Face the Music" and "Flying Colors."



He's that deep, commanding voice that announces a lot of NBC's big programs. Baron Munchausen among many others. He's a bachelor, terribly temperamental, and paints pictures in his spare time. There's a suit in his wardrobe for every occasion. And there are always lots and lots of occasions. Announcing
—Howard Clancy.

She's dreadfully weary. She longs for a rest. But, on the other hand—



Wife World

WILL KATE QUIT?

Last March, Kate Smith was operated on for blood poisoning. She went to her program that night just the same. Jack Dempsey was doing an act with her.

KATE SMITH, one of the most amazing personalities ever to chant into a microphone, may quit the air this fall.

So run the rumors along Radio Row, with usually reliable informants insisting that Kate will emulate the swallow and hie herself south when the autumn leaves begin to fall, to do her singing in her own home . . . forsaking all others.

When I heard the rumor, I went to Kate. "Are you going to quit?"

You don't have to know Kate Smith long to know that she doesn't lie to you. This time, she said, "I'm going to quit just as soon as I start slipping, Jerry."

Which got me nowhere. Is she slipping, you ask? Is she about to tumble out of the top flight of broadcast favorites. Some say yes. I think not. Next, I went to Ted Collins, the astute little Irishman whose management skyrocketed her to fame.

"Is Kate going to quit this fall?" I demanded.

"What does she say?"

I told him. And he grinned like a boy with a secret. "Then what can I say?"

Next, I went to her mother. Kate's father is dead, but her mother is her closest confidant. "What about these rumors that Kate is going to quit, Mrs. Smith?" I demanded. "Are they true?"

"I hope so," she said, and that is all I could learn from her.

So what? Let's take the entire Kate Smith situation and analyze it. Let's break down Kate Smith, the individual, and see whether we can determine her course of action.

Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South, who will be twenty-five years old next May 2, has made about five

hundred thousand dollars out of radio since she began broadcasting some three years ago.

Her rise to fame was meteoric. Her sustained stay at the top of the heap was and still is phenomenal.

Throughout her entire professional career, Kate has nursed a desire for privacy which has been long denied her. It is impossible for her to don dark glasses, or otherwise disguise herself while visiting some public dining place, as is done by many of the other microphone men and maids. Her highly publicized figure would give her away. Not that Kate minds her obesity, remember, in any way except that it prohibits any attempt to do things or go places, incognito.

I know Kate Smith, and in order that you may know her, too, I'll tell you that her ambitions are as simple as your own! All she really wants out of life, now, is a home in Neponsit, Long Island (where her manager, Ted Collins, lives), a lot of quiet and its accompan-

ing rest, and freedom to enjoy the company of the mother and sister whom she adores.

Her views on marriage are the same as those of any other normal girl. She'd like to wed very much. However, the demands of radio, stage and screen engagements during the past few years, not to forget night clubs, have banished any serious matrimonial situation. She is a girl without a boy friend!

Of course, this is no fault of her own. You can readily appreciate this when I take you through an ordinary day with Kate. She's up at nine-thirty, dresses, breakfasts and is off to an early recording date at the Columbia Photographic Company. Following the completion of the date, she is rushed over to the (Continued on page 92)

By JERRY
WALD



GIVE US A LULLABY TITO!

By HOPE HALE



He's immensely good-looking. His voice is the purest and truest of tenors. And his wife says he's never, never disagreeable. What a man!

Have you, too, noticed a change—a new happiness—in the voice of Tito Guizar lately? Well, there's a four-month-old reason for it! Read this sweet, human story of Tito and Carmen Guizar and the important "bambilita"

THE first time I looked at Tito Guizar, I noticed two things.

One was that he was just about the best looking young man I ever saw. Tall, broad of shoulder, narrow of waist and hips, lithe and sinewy, he is what we like to think of as a typically American college boy. Yet he is not American; he is Mexican. He is not a college boy; he is a tenor. You'd never believe it, if you are thinking of Latin opera singers.

Another thing I noticed was that he seemed worried.

His was a special sort of worry, full of fear and expectancy. The whole room radiated suspense.

I knew that suspense. I had reason to know it well.

But I couldn't believe it in Tito Guizar. He seemed too young. I think that is the most appealing thing about him—his youth. So I decided to probe it.

"Are you married?" I asked.

He was accustomed to that one. Every woman he meets, and thousands he has never met at all, want to know the answer to that question.

"Yes," he replied, and if his politeness hadn't been based on a thoroughly gracious and kind personality, he'd

have let the intense preoccupation in his mind show through.

Suddenly a friend of his, who was sitting there in the dressing-room at the Capitol Theatre, volunteered, "And the stork is going to visit him any day now."

So I had been right. It was true. He was wearing the unmistakable fearful look of the man whose best beloved is in mortal danger.

Tito dropped his mask. "I am scared," he said. "My wife—she is so lovely. She, too, is scared."

Here are Tito and his wife, Carmen, with Señorita Nena Guizar, born on May 18, 1933. Will she sing—like her papa? Or will she be a great dancer, as her mama was before she gave it all up for the absorbing job of being Señora Guizar?



"Nonsense," I said briskly, embarking on my favorite subject. "It's a cinch. I've just done it myself, and I know. Why, it's fun."

Tito rewarded me with the most radiant lighting up of countenance I've ever seen transform a human face. "Listen," he said eagerly, "will you come to see us and tell my wife that?"

HE had been very winning in his handsome, abstracted courtesy of a minute before. Now he was devastating. If he had suggested that I go to the stage of the theatre and give a lecture on obstetrics to the crowd who were expecting to hear Tito sing, I'd have started right down the stairs. That's what Tito Guizar does to you.

As it was, I agreed to a luncheon appointment with what is known as alacrity.

Naturally, I discounted a husband's illusions about his wife. But I learned that Tito's ideas of his wife's charm were no illusions.

It was Señora Guizar's poise that so distinguished her as she walked across the lobby of the little Spanish hotel to greet me. It was not just that she bore her heavy

burden with beautiful ease. That might have been expected of a woman who has been a dancing headliner.

It was not just her beauty, either, though she is so astoundingly lovely that it hardly seemed right for two such beautiful people to make one family.

No, her poise was composed of more than the grace of an intelligently trained body; more than the assurance of a woman accustomed to her own beauty. It went far beyond that.

It was the serene, proud dignity of happiness.

This was not a fair time to measure her charm. It is the most trying period of any woman's life, that time of waiting. The anticipations and hopes, the dreads and the doubts, the discomfort and the weariness—it's a stout soul that does not sag under that load sometime.

Yet I am sure, though I had never met Señora Guizar before, that she had never been more charming, more vibrantly, electrically alive, in her life.

She was so very young, too, to be bearing this adult burden. It gave her the look of a merry child, pleased with the adventure and importance of the rôle she was play-acting. Above the (Continued on page 70)

RADIO STARS' birth-day! We're one year old this month. And look at all our lovely presents! Just what we needed. To buck us up no end. And help us make next year better still

REPRODUCTION REQUESTED TO AVOID THE LIABILITY OF INFRINGEMENT

WESTERN UNION

Class of Service: This is a Regular Telegram...
 Registered at Flatiron Bldg., New York City
 WK10 49 NL 3 EXTRA'S NEWYORK NY 18
 RADIO STARS*
 100 5 AVE NYK4
 6953 JUL 18 PM 4 43

THE EXPANSION OF RADIO STARS MAGAZINE SUPPLIES ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE OF THE INTEREST OF LISTENERS IN THE LIVES AND THOUGHTS OF THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN THE NATION THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF RADIO COLUMBIA CONGRATULATES YOU ON YOUR NEW FORMAT AND WISHES YOU EVERY SUCCESS!
 WILLIAM S PALEY PRESIDENT
 COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

REPRODUCTION REQUESTED TO AVOID THE LIABILITY OF INFRINGEMENT

WESTERN UNION

Class of Service: This is a Regular Telegram...
 Registered at 40 Broad St., (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. "508"
 SW142 60 NL4HD HOLLYWOOD CALIF 11
 CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR RADIO STARS MAGAZINE*
 100 5 AVE NYK4
 6953 JUL 11 PM 10 45 B

CONGRATULATIONS ON RADIO STARS FIRST BIRTHDAY STOP WHEN A BABY HAS PASSED ITS FIRST YEAR WITH ITS MEASLES TEETHING AND ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS IT HAS A SWELL CHANCE FOR LONG LIFE STOP WILL YOU PLEASE SEND ME A PICTURE OF THE BABY MONTHLY AT REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO ONE FORTY FIVE CENTRAL PARK WEST NEWYORK BEGINNING AUGUST FIRST REGARDS*
 EDDIE CANTOR.



Would that we could pack as much punch into twelve episodes as has Radio Stars in the first twelve episodes of its life stop heartiest congratulations to everyone from the editors to the office boys and please please keep the good work up
 MYRT AND MARGE

REPRODUCTION REQUESTED TO AVOID THE LIABILITY OF INFRINGEMENT

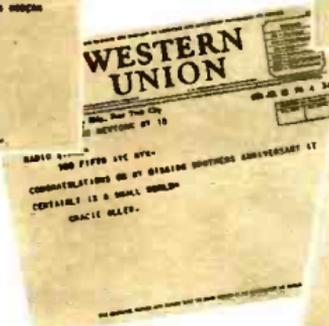
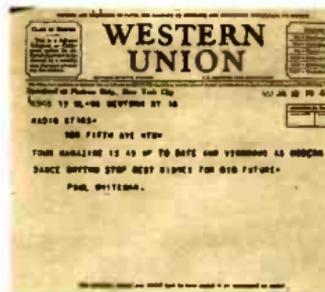
WESTERN UNION

Class of Service: This is a Regular Telegram...
 Registered at Flatiron Bldg., New York City
 WK16 50 NL4MS NEWYORK NY 18
 RADIO STARS*
 100 FIFTH AVE NYK4
 6953 JUL 18 PM 4 31

MY CONGRATULATIONS TO RADIO STARS FOR THE WAY ITS FAME HAS SPREAD AND THE GOOD WILL IT HAS BRED FOR ARTISTS STOP WITH EACH ISSUE IT GETS BUTTER AND BUTTER*
 ED BYNN.

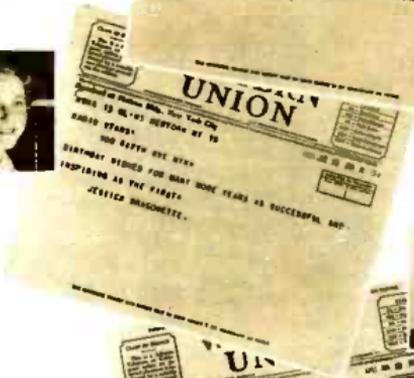
In the ten years I've been leading bands in front of these funny looking microphones I've welcomed many a newcomer in the radio field but none has better lived up to expectations than Radio Stars stop congratulations on your first birthday
 FRANK WESTPHAL





My best wishes to Radio Stars for many more years as successful as the one just completed stop may it grow with the most thrilling industry of our generation
GRACE MOORE

My fraaaand Radio Stars is the huskiest one-year-old I've ever seen stop from present indications it ought to live to be a hundred stop Shavon-sky joins me in extending congratulations to a grand publication
LOU HOLTZ



The boys will now rise and play happy birthday to you and the Dorsay Brothers will please stay in key
LENNIE HAYTON

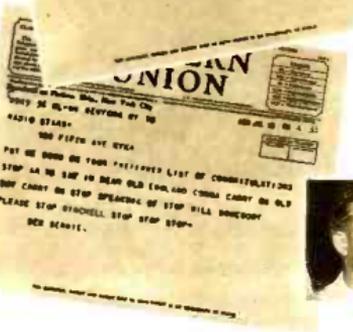
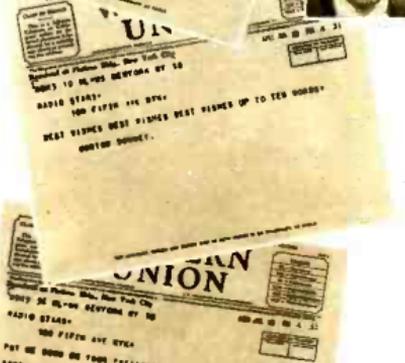
Sincere congratulations to Radio Stars on the success it so richly deserves
NORMAN BROKENSHIRE

You have my sincere felicitations on the completion of your first year in radio stop may each successive one be even more successful stop Radio Stars is a best seller at our Hotel Taft newsstand
GEORGE HALL

Just to tell you that Radio Stars is the healthiest and best looking one-year-old around these parts stop congrats on your milestone
MARK WARNOW

On behalf of Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd those two funniest fellers on the air who certainly are peachy wae wish the best of luck to Radio Stars
COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD

Congratulations stop I attended the christening of radio her graduation and ascension to fame stop
 (Continued on page 93)



YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM MAD - NOT MUCH

By DONALD COPPER

It had to happen.

I mean Rubínoff's playmates on the Chase & Sanborn coffee hour couldn't go on calling him names without ruffling the violinist's temper.

Eddie Cantor started it. On Broadway the boys call it "ribbing." When you kid a fellow, when you play a joke on him, that's ribbing. The first time, maybe, it is funny; afterwards, it becomes a nuisance.

For a long time, Dave Rubínoff smiled when he heard what they were calling him. Eddie Cantor and Jimmy Wallington smiled, too. Which was probably a good thing for them. When you're ribbing a fellow it is just as well not to know that he resents it.

So the word went around that you couldn't make Rubínoff mad. The Sunday night programs grew to be an almost continual "roast" for the violinist. I asked Cantor about it once.

"Why, I'm building the guy," he said. "I razz him and the whole country rushes to his defense. You ought to see the mail I get."

"But what of Rubínoff? Think how he feels."

Cantor laughed. "You can't make him mad."

That night he put this on the air:

"Jimmie, I'm going hunting on my vacation. I'm going to hunt for skunks and I'm going to take Rubínoff with me."

"To help you hunt?" asked Wallington.

"No, for bait," said Cantor.

Another night, Rubínoff had this line. "I was shot in

the head more than twenty years ago. Today I had a spell of coughing and coughed up the bullet."

Cantor pranced up. "That just goes to show, he chortled, "how long it takes for anything to go through your head."

SOME nights they called him dumb. Here is a sample. Cantor was telling Wallington about Rubínoff. "Rubínoff is so dumb," he said, "that he can't read. He got a letter from his sweetheart one day and he asked me to read it for him. Then he put his fingers in my ears because he didn't want me to hear what she had written."

Rubínoff heard that and went about his business with an enigmatic smile. A star's life is measured by the extent to which he is talked about, you know. Probably, he wondered if this sort of talk going into millions of homes was hurting him or helping him. But he said nothing. Just smiled. The guy they couldn't make mad.

The ribbing continued. Once, Cantor was flying over Russia and his airplane crashed. He smelled something. . . Limburger or spoiled onions or something. He looked around. . . and found Rubínoff.

In a fake court scene, Cantor was brought up for libel by Rubínoff. The judge read the charge accusing Cantor of having called Rubínoff a liar, thief, cheat, nuisance, etc. The judge gave Cantor a chance to avoid the suit. "Retract what you have said." (Continued on page 72)

RUBINOFF CAN TAKE A JOKE. AND DID! BUT ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) At the Paramount Café in Hollywood, Blond Wynne Gibson takes Marge of "Myrt and Marge" to lunch. You can look forward to seeing "M. and M." in a picture soon. (Right) B. A. goes fishin'. See what the jovial conductor of NBC's Saturday Night Dancing Party actually caught!



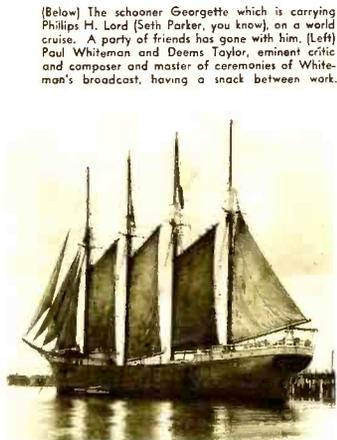
(Left) Ben Bernie snapped during the Tuesday night Pabst Blue Ribbon broadcast from the Blue Ribbon Casino of Chicago's World's Fair. Looks as if he's just getting off a nifty about Winchell. (Above) Paul Wing, NBC's story man, at the wheel of his sloop, Nereid II. Thinking up stories, mebbe.

Marge in Hollywood! Jimmie Wallington at a reunion; and other shots

OF YOUR FAVORITES



(Above) Jimmie Wallington went to the reunion of the Union College class of '28 last summer. They all had to wear a "beer suit." Jimmie's right of the chap who's using a beer mug as a boutonniere. (Right) Jessica Dragonette of the sweet face and lovely voice, vacationing at the shore.



Wile World



B. A. Rolfe and a fish story; and the Old Maestro doing his stuff

Newsman Ed Hill in Washington. Romance for Art Jarrett?
Phil Baker and pretty Frances Upton in informal shots



International

(Above) Edwin C. Hill and no less a personage than John Pierpont Morgan. Taken at the Senate Investigation, where Hill was newsgathering. (Below) This is Frances Upton, who has been in many a Ziegfeld show and who now helps Lou Holtz put over his comedy—CBS, Friday at ten p. m.



Wide World

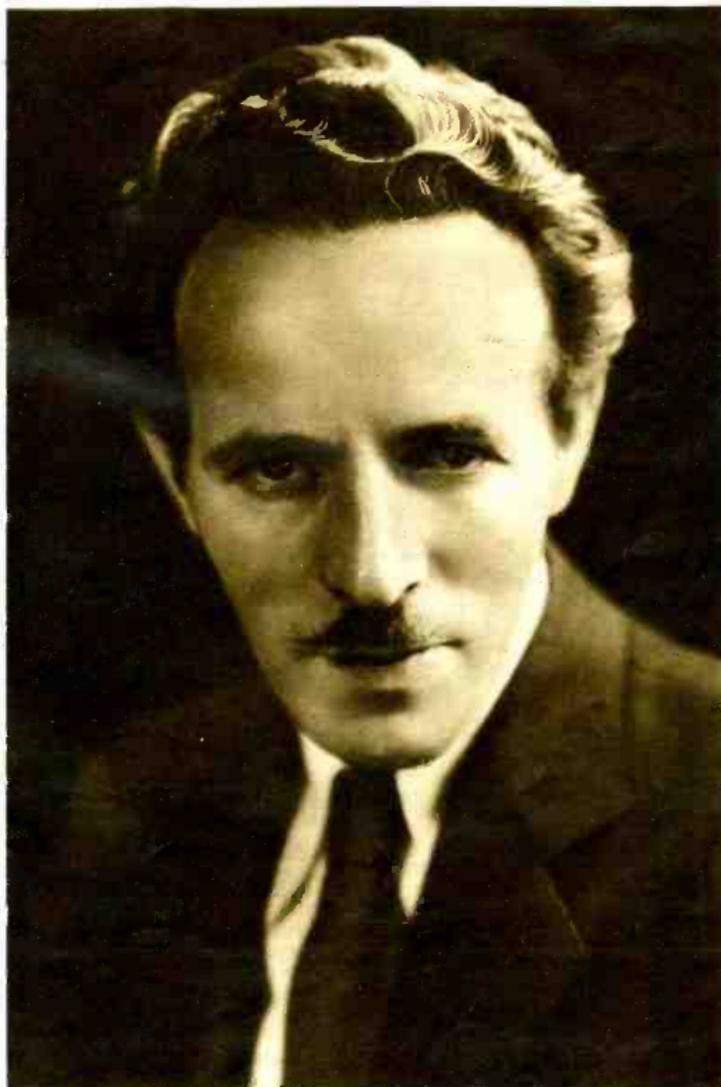
(Above) They do say that Art Jarrett, radio tenor, and Eleanor Holm, swimming champ, who is under contract to Universal, are thataway. This picture was taken in Hollywood. (Below) Here's Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, and his stooge, known as Beetle, doing their durndest for Armour.





RADIO STARS introduces with this issue a monthly award to the program or personalities who have rendered the most distinguished service to radio entertainment. A token of appreciation. . .

To David Ross's velvet-smooth announcing and to Fred Waring's Old Gold orchestra music, we give our first award. Ross has perfected a style of speaking that is as beautiful and pleasing as it is sincere. Fred Waring and his blended music has, after an uncertain beginning, become almost the sweetest thing on the air. We thank them for their contribution to our pleasure.





Remember the American Academy of Arts and Letters Award of 1932? David Ross received the award for radio diction and Miss Alexandra Carlile (shown with him) won the same trophy for perfect stage diction.



RADIO'S FIGHTING POET

Hail, David Ross! For sticking to your artistic guns—and winning

By JEAN PELLETIER

THE story of our fighting poet really begins in the days when women wore leg-o'-mutton sleeves, beside which those of the present day pale; when gay bicycling parties swung in and out of the Astor and Vanderbilt coaches in Central Park; when horses neighed shrilly and girls shrieked as the Stearns and Daimlers coughed bravely past along the freshly laid macadam. Yes, our tale really begins in the early days of the century.

A thin urchin named David trundled a scarred and broken baby carriage full of newspapers along the park path. He had already trudged a long way that day to make his deliveries. He needn't have gone that far, but young David was somewhat sensitive about having the pretty little maiden who was the light of his love, see him at such menial tasks as this. Hence he took the longest way around. If the baby carriage had been new and shiny, perhaps—but even then he had the poet's hope of greater things, and he wanted her to think of him as what he'd like to be. Even then, you see, he was a bit of a poet just as he was a fighter—a lad who dreamed as he battled against great odds for his daily bread.

You know now, of course, that his family was not at all well off. When the lad passed high school age, his father, a philosophical and rather impractical man, desiring for his son the surcease from city life he'd never had, hoped for the day when David might become a scientific farmer.

To David, his father's plan was decidedly unsettling. Put to silence the persistent urging, he gave up the liberal arts course in which he'd enrolled at the City College of New York, and went to Rutgers University to study agriculture.

It was so strange. David could write beautiful pastoral verse of farmers who welded their hoes in the late afternoon sun, but to chop about potato plants himself—well, he was certain he'd make a most indifferent tiller of the soil.

It mixed him all up inside. One afternoon he saw the distant towers of Manhattan beckoning him behind their summer curtain of filmy haze. He boarded a ferry and sailed back to New York, a city rarely kind to a young man in whose brain seethes (Continued on page 70)

RADIO STARS



Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians doing their stuff for CBS's Old Gold program. This Old Gold program was a big break for Ross—and, we might add, Mr. Ross has proven a big break for Old Gold.

(Right) The Lane Sisters, with Babs Ryan in the middle. (Below, left to right) Babs Ryan with her two brothers. Next, the Lane Sisters with Stu Churchill, who is the high tenor and a swell singer. All these folks, you know, together with Poley McClin-tock and Tam Waring, too, help to make the Old Gold program the success it is. Finally, Fred Waring himself.

Photographs by Harold Stein



IF YOU WANT A THING FIGHT FOR IT

That's Grace Moore's motto. She fought—even against her own happiness. And won—fame, fortune, and happiness, too, at last

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT



Joseph Melvin McElliot

THERE are idle dreams and there are idle dreamers. There are inspired dreams and inspired dreamers. Grace Moore's dreams were inspired ones which broke down the walls of opposition and defeat and rode to the defense of the girl who always hoped, but was never quite able to believe, that she would achieve high fame.

Grace Moore has been having a high time these past weeks on the Chesterfield program. She has wanted a spot in radio for a long while. It is a tribute to the power of broadcasting that her brief radio career has brought her more friends than all her appearances in concert, musical comedy, and opera.

But of her start, you must know. Lined up against her were precisely those advantages which most of us consider essential to recognition and acclaim. There in Jellico, Tennessee, she had the social prominence which traditionally belongs to children of well-to-do families. Her life always held out the promise of the well-cushioned

existence of a woman of social importance in the south.

If she had succumbed to one of the proposals made by six different sons of the south's landed gentry, you would never have heard this tale of unassuming yet spirited courage. But even then, the subtle workings of her mind were conspiring against the comfortable existence that they represented, were preparing her for the hardships and heartbreaks that only Broadway can induce.

You can be sent to the fashionable Wilson-Green musical finishing school in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and receive a voice training which will make you the hit at local charity recitals. But you cannot make yourself an opera, musical comedy and radio star unless you have the inherent courage of a Grace Moore. If you have though, you are done forever with the emptiness of social life.

Grace ran away from school to New York. Like the well-bred little lady she was, she went to stay at the Martha Washington Hotel, a hostelry created to harbor

[Opposite page]
 Grace Moore, her
 husband, Valentin de
 Parrera, and her ac-
 companist playing back-
 gammon on the porch of
 Miss Moore's home in West
 Hampton, L. I. (Below) Ches-
 terfield's lovely soloist goes over
 a new Spanish song with her
 Spanish husband.



Joseph Melvin McElliot

women who wish to avoid the temptations of Manhattan. But soon Grace tempted the challenge. The next day she moved into the somewhat colorful if tawdry Greenwich Village apartment of a girl she had known.

She didn't spend any time being a thwarted artist. She set right out and made the rounds of the theatrical booking agencies, a business which any chorus girl will tell you is pretty disheartening, even when the stage is lavishing its profits on sweet young things who are willing to sing while they kick their legs.

BACK home, school officials were frantic. She had left no word of her intention, no indication of her venture. They communicated with her father. Colonel Moore, knowing the spirit of his daughter, came immediately to New York. It wasn't enough that he found her. He couldn't tell this spirited girl that she had chosen a bitter existence with which to struggle. She knew it

already. Nevertheless, she knew what she wanted. Her dream of the future contained none of the security (unless it was built by her own efforts) that her father offered. So she marched up and down Broadway for three steady hours with her dignified father cajoling, arguing, and reasoning. Three hours of such tramping takes a lot out of a man . . . out of a woman, too. But at the end, she was able to make him forget his objections.

So she went to work in "Just a Minute," a breezy show designed to inspire tired business men. From the first, the girls in the cast were jealous of her. Probably, because she had won the fancy of the producer. It (Continued on page 52)



LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT



(Above) Hal O'Halloran (second from right) served as announcer when this group broadcast from a plane over WLS recently. (Right) Rosaline Green, radio's young veteran actress, appearing in CBS' "Road Reporter."

Here's all the inside stuff concerning what's really going on in and around Radio Row

RAY HEATHERTON, NBC's kid tenor who suddenly turned baritone, and the youngest on these eastern airwaves, loves his fatcuffs. Before the Schleming-Bar bout, he visited both training camps and made a few foolish passes at the big boys. Now he reports an invitation to visit Carnera, the snaggle-toothed giant from Italy. Ray, who is just six inches more than five feet tall, is practicing boxing on stilts.

DAVE RUBINOFF packed up his violins one of those spring days and set out on a road tour to meet his public face to face. Now, at the end of the summer, he looks back happily at his experiences. In his grip are the keys to seventeen cities. He played in thirty-five old folks' homes, hospitals, and orphan asylums, and had his father and mother with him in Pittsburgh when the mayor said, "Welcome home, son. The town is yours."

YOU'VE heard about One-Eyed Connolly, haven't you? He's famous, and with reason. The other night Graham McNamee arrived at NBC's New York Times Square studio with a suitcase. "Carry your bag, Mr. McNamee. No charge," a man offered. Mac handed over the bag and went on into the studio, passing the ticket-



YOUR FAVORITES



Taylor Holmes, impersonating Ed Wynn's Uncle, emerged from the Gay Nineties to defend himself against the Fire Chief's sallies, and keep the Texaco Tuesday night broadcasts going while Ed vacationed.



These Barns-ville, Ohio, lads—the Sisters—heard over NBC-WJZ networks Thursday evening, recently taught Broadway a lesson in rhythm. In back is Paul Cordan, accompanist, and (left to right) Henry Lloyd, Bill Kearns and John Russell.

taker en route. Once inside, the volunteer set the bag down and refused to carry it any further. Then he introduced himself as One-Eyed Connolly. Much amused by the deception, the announcer took the world-champion gate-crasher backstage and fixed him up with a box seat for the show.

NAT SHILKRET, the half pint of musical dynamite who has been directing those "Evening in Paris" programs, is about to take his first vacation in eighteen years. The other day he was checking up on those years and this is what he found. During that time he has made music for 250 music shorts, recorded 30,000 selections on phonograph discs, composed over 1,000 numbers, created ten "hit" songs that have sold over 500,000 each, and set on far into the night. Really. He works on an average of nineteen hours a day, rising at nine a. m. and retiring at four a. m.

Guess he's entitled to a rest.

THEY do say about town that Myrt and Marge are due for an exciting change of locale this autumn. Just the other midnight, Myrtle Vail, who is Myrt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Brown (he's the director of the air drammers) sailed for South America to collect local color. Rio de Janeiro was their first stop, then Buenos Aires and San Paulo. Looks like the chorus gals are bound to hit hot water in their new series of adventures!

NINO MARTINI SCHEPIS, weight nine pounds, has joined the army of Nino's radio fans. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Scheraga, who are friends and admirers of Columbia's mesh-winning tenor.

THE CBS studios in New York were thrown into a panic recently when Fern Cobb started his broadcast without a favorite Pittsburgh stage air which to cheer. Attendants and pages went scurrying about, looking for a cigar, hunting the one Cobb himself had just laid down somewhere. Finally, it was discovered that one of the guests had filched the precious weed and was going to take it home as a souvenir.

If the piano in the broadcasts by the "Sweethearts of the Air," May Slighi Breen and Peter de Rose, sounds as though the keys were sticky, a lawn-mower is to blame.

Since May and Peter arrived at their new home in New Rochelle, N. Y., Peter has gone completely domestic and mows the whole of his three-acre lawn. And now, the callouses on his hands are beginning to gum up his piano playing.

CONRAD THIBAUT breezed into his Show Boat program the other night demonstrating a wrist watch with only one hand. "On account of the depression, I had to lay off the other one," he explained.

An Irvin Cobb admirer attempts to filch an unusual souvenir



(Above) Tubby Randolph, Weyant, Scrapy Lambert, Leonard Stokes and Bob Moody ready to entertain you. (Below) Little Arlene Jackson, one of radio's most gifted songbirds, warbles Friday afternoons over the NBC-WEAF network. (Right) Clara, Lu 'n' Em, really Louise Starkey, Isobel Carruthers and Helen King, as the gossipy trio on NBC-WJZ mornings.



FROM all reports, that Century of Progress show in Chicago gets better and better. The other day a party arrived that gets the long distance medal. These folk, sixty-two men and women, came from the Hawaiian island of Kanae. They traveled five days by steamer and then rode 2,000 miles to see if any real progress had been made.

TED FLORITO, if reports are true, is an up-and-coming young man. For instance, the Hollywood Bowl management has invited him to play in their usually holy presents. Which means that Ted and his band are now on a par with the hoity-toity prima donnas and symphony leaders who have appeared there.

HARRY HORLICK is the proof of something or other. That thirteenth hoodoo, for instance. He was born on the thirteenth, entered the Russian army on the thirteenth, escaped from the Red army on that date, arrived in America on the thirteenth, and swears all his good luck breaks happen on the thirteenth.

THE other night the phone operator on the fiftenth floor heard a woman calling for Lanny Ross. "But he isn't available," the operator told her. "It's a matter of life and death," the woman said. "I cannot disturb him now," was the operator's answer. "Then, take this message," the voice said. "Please ask him to sing 'Kentucky Lullaby.'" 'S truth. We're not making it up.



"LISTEN
TO THIS

G R A H A M"

Ed Wynn's famous line—which boosted McNamee through a come-back!

By JAMES CANNON

THE hysterical history of radio is in the has-been's eyes.

You see them waiting in the studio corridors, baffled by the curtly cruel destiny which beckoned them back into their confused obscurity.

They are a sorrowful brotherhood, flashily shabby, unhappily frivolous and unaware that time has passed them by. They once knew the narcotic of applause, sudden fame, letters from the mysterious invisibility beyond the microphone. Now they are a legion of despair, old men in a young business, outcasts in a profession they helped establish.

Graham McNamee might have been a broken soldier in this army of defeat. But luck was with him, and the breaks came his way. He is up there again on Mount Olympus where the radio gods dwell.

I give you the new Graham McNamee, the man with the

most famous, wholehearted laugh in the radio world.

The second Sharkey-Schmeling scuffle tarnished the reputation of McNamee as a sports announcer, and had him on the brink of oblivion. McNamee shared the microphone the night of June 21, 1932, with Charles Francis Coe, author, raconteur and criminologist.

McNamee was awed by the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world. He stumbled and blundered, became inaccurately excited and stammered like a kindergarten pupil reciting poetry in his mother's parlor. Coe's calm, cool and crisply tense report of the brawl made McNamee's mistakes more pronounced.

The next day the newspaper critics hailed Coe as the best in his business. They liked his dashing monologue, and garlanded him with bouquets of printer's ink.

The critics emptied their (Continued on page 96)

THE BAND-BOX



Buddy Rogers of Hollywood fame and leader of the All Star Hollywood Orchestra. Maestro Buddy is playing alongside of Maestro Bernie at the Pabst Blue Ribbon Casino at the World's Fair. Hear him on the NBC network.



This blond loddie is Dick Liebert. He's organist at Radio Music Hall and broadcasts regularly with Roxy's Sunday Programs. They say as how he's being groomed for a five-times-a-week spot on the NBC chain in the near future.



On the left, George Gershwin. And on the right, Jerome Kern. "Rhapsody in Blue" (and others) and "Show Boat" (and others). The two modern music masters appeared together on the last summer broadcast of the "Inside Story."

HERE'S a story they are telling all along Broadway. When Charlie Davis and his orchestra opened at the Hollywood Restaurant the other day, Rudy Vallee was an honored guest. It seems that about five years ago, while Davis was completing a four year run on the stage, Rudy visited him and asked his advice about how to make a go as an orchestra director. That was when Rudy was an unknown. Davis told Rudy to get on the air, and to stay on even if he had to do it for nothing. "Pick yourself a theme song," he added. And then, "Wait a minute. I've got just the thing for you. I dug it out of the trunk last night. It's called 'Vagabond Lover.' You take it and become the Vagabond Lover of the Air."

Well, it worked. And now Davis is wondering why he didn't save the idea for himself.

Music arrangers often turn out to be conductors of radio orchestras. Consider some of the NBC names: Frank Black, for many years arranger and accompanist of the Revelers; Thomas Belviso, long associated with the theatre; Ferde Grofé, formerly associated with Paul

Whiteman, and now a director in his own right; Josef Pasternack and Rosaria Boardman, too.

As you sit in the bath tub these warm nights singing such things as "Can't We Talk It Over," "Love Me Tonight," "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You," "Waltzing in a Dream," "Got the South in My Soul," "Smoke Rings," "Love Is the Thing," and even "Singin' in the Bath tub," did you ever wonder who wrote those heart-throbbing words? Well, a little fellow by the name of Ned Washington penned the lyrics to all of the above and three times as many more just about as well known.

That's his business—writing words for songs. I wouldn't say he's a good singer; I've heard him sing. If he plays the piano, I don't know it. But when it comes to song lyrics—well, he has the knack. He's of medium height, rather slim, a good dresser, parts his dark hair on the side, and has a bit of a moustache.

Our colored musicians have a way of doing things in style. Duke Ellington, for instance, set Europe talking

By WILSON BROWN

All about the boys who write the nation's songs, the crooners, the orchestra leaders and the torch singers of Broadway and points west + + +

Old Doc Spaeth detecting another tune. The eminent doctor says his latest probings into modern music's forebears have proven that the song, "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing," was sired by the "Merry Widow Waltz." Well, well.



Have a look at Don Voorhees among his baton. Don is one of our favorite standbys among the orch leaders. As his smooth work on the "Maxwell House Showboat" proves, he's always dependable and always interesting to us listeners.

He should look tired, but he doesn't. Fred Berrons, we mean. He leads his orchestra through more than a dozen programs of dance music a week over the Columbia network. Tune in on Fred and his Captivators, if you haven't already.

this past summer. He packed crowds into London's Palladium theatre; he drew the highest salary ever paid by the British Broadcasting Company to an orchestra for his forty-five minute broadcast from London; and, when it was found that his "Mood Indigo" was only to be used as a closing fado-out signature, they extended the period five minutes, cutting into the next program to permit him to play it in its entirety.

Then Cab Calloway, barn-storming around this country, hit St. Louis, where the mayor gave him the key to the city. The bad part of it all was that Cab left town the same night, after playing a dance engagement and didn't get a chance to use it.

Back in New York, the Mills Blue Rhythm Band is knocking 'em cold at the Cotton Club. Eddie Mallory, 26-year-old baton swinger, is the director who followed Ellington and Calloway in this spot. If he does as well as his predecessors, you'll be hearing big things from Harlem's aristocratic club about this clever young Eddie Mallory.

And now comes the first Negro woman to become a radio star. She's Ethel Waters of "Stormy Weather" fame. When she introduced this number she didn't figure

that the air would be overloaded with it. But just the same it's her song and I had to go to the Cotton Club to really hear the number the way it's supposed to be done. Ethel makes chills run up your spine when she throws her soul into the song. RADIO STARS has a grand story about her in the next issue. Better be watching for it.

Poley McClintock is looking for the guy who put the saxophone cap on his chair during that recent personal appearance tour. You know Poley. He's the fellow with a voice like a frog suffering from laryngitis who slays the choruses in some of Fred Waring's tunes. He has been referred to as the basso-froggo, the grating crooner, and other things which we wouldn't dare print. However, the purpose of this story is to tell why Poley is looking for the guy who put a saxophone cap on his chair.

It happened this way. The Pennsylvanians were in their places, instruments in hand, waiting for the curtain to rise; that is, all except Poley. The audience had fallen into an expectant lull. Behind the curtain, Fred Waring impatiently waited. Suddenly Poley appeared, legging it to his place in great haste, and (Continued on page 73)

RADIO ROYALTY STEPS OUT...



By JERRY WALD



(Above, left) Victor Lombardo and his wife, Florence. Victor was the last to get married and the first of the Lombardo brothers to become a papa. Victor plays the saxophone, you know. What else he does besides play it, we don't know, but it always does seem that the Lombardo saxophone has a different quality from any other. (Above, top) Mike Porter, Jack Arthur, the baritone, and Rudy Wiedoeft, saxophonist supreme. Directly below them are tiny Ann Leaf and her husband with a friend.



(Above, right) Carmen Lombardo. He's the vocalist. (Above, top) There are the four of them, Liebert, Carmen, Guy and Victor. They are the basis of the Lombardo rhythm. The other boys in the band have been with the Lombardos since their beginning. Quite a record. Directly below them you'll find a bit of waggishness going on—Tommy McLaughlin, the tenor, trying to coax a note out of Victor's sax, while Lou Alter, of "Manhattan Serenade" fame, looks on and jeers at McLaughlin's efforts.



All photographs in this feature by Calver Service

glittering highway. Sleek limousines, their occupants dressed in latest summer toggery, glide to a stop before the Pavillon, disgorging beautiful women and handsome men. There's James Dunn, the movie star, and Claire Windsor, the blonde film favorite, alighting from Jimmy's rouletter. . . . and Arthur Tracy, "the Street Singer," with Mrs. Tracy, coming out of their special-bodied Marmor. Little Jack Little and his charming wife, Tee. . . . But we've missed many of the early arrivals. Let's go inside. Ted Husing, the Columbia Broadcasting System's top-notch word-liverer, is occupying the center of the floor, doing a master of ceremonies. Husing is immaculately garbed in a white galardine suit, with shirt and shoes of the same color. A crimson tie flashes between the coat

OUT of New York City about twenty miles, along the Merrick Road in Long Island, is the Pavillon Royal, summer gathering place of the elite of the social, political, stage, screen and radio worlds. It is here that Guy Lombardo and his band of many brothers hold sway while the city swelters. What a Junior League affair is to Gotham's socially prominent, what a Sid Grauman premiere is to the Hollywood film colony, and what the Washington Inaugural Ball is to the politically famous, this Lombardo opening is to the radio world. Everyone in radio attends. Come along. We'll take a peek at the celebrities who come to pay homage to the "sweetest band this side of heaven." A heavy rain transforms the Merrick Road into a

lapels. Ted is asking for a round of applause for Guy Lombardo and the boys. He gets it with spirit, and then that Lombardo music plays.

As it imbued with the gaiety of the occasion, soft rhythms flow from each instrument and blend into a dance-compelling tempo. Guy turns his back on the assemblage to coax a crescendo from brother Liebert's trumpet; wheels again smiling, as the musical "trick" finds a response from the dancers. Carmen Lombardo temporarily forgoes his saxophone to lend a dulcet vocal interlude to "Stormy Weather." The pouring rain outside hammers on a nature-made obligato.

As their respective wives dance by, Carmen, Liebert and Victor rise from their chairs, interpolating solo passages meant only for one pair of ears. Flashing smiles from Florence, Carol and Virginia Lombardo, the wives, acknowledge the musical courtship. Guy alone makes no melody, but his smile, a reflection of happiness, is directed at a ringside table where his wife, Lilybelle, sits, her long fingers caressing the stem of a cocktail glass, her eyes riveted on him.

THE dancers vie for position in front of the band, hurling words of greeting and congratulation at Guy and the boys. Lombardo, one hand continuing to beat out the tempo of the tune, stoops to exchange pleasantries with his intimate friends. The number over, beating hands insist on an encore; the dancers refuse to cede their places on the floor until Guy taps out a "one . . . two" and that unforgettable and irresistible Lombardo rhythm takes new form in one of the top tunes of the day, "Blue Prelude." Carmen rises, the lights dim and his mellow voice begins . . . "What is love, but a prelude to sorrow," continuing through "Got the blues, what can I do-oh, Goodbye," when the music ends in a melancholy chord. The dancers unwillingly untwine themselves and return to their tables, the band disperses temporarily to seek relaxation in cigarettes, and the four brothers quit the stand together to descend on the large center table where their wives and closest acquaintances await.

It's a funny thing about this fraternal quartet. On the bandstand, the slightest off-key sound brings down the wrath of the other three, but when the music is over, their business is closed, and they face the world, united, a 1933 version of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, with Guy as the dashing D'Artagnan—the Four Musical Musketeers.

Before we look around this huge array of celebrities, let's ask Guy something about the band. He tells us that the orchestra has as a backbone, Carmen and Victor, saxo-

phonists, and Liebert, trumpeter. Others in the personnel have been with the four since the inception of the orchestra in Canada many years ago. The band still employs its "Royal Canadians" title.

From the Dominion, they migrated to Chicago, where they introduced a new rhythm that created a sensation in the middle west. Four years ago, at the height of their popularity in the Windy City, New York sent out frantically for them, and the Hotel Roosevelt in Gotham has harbored them ever since. Their highly successful Chicago engagement paled into insignificance against the reception accorded them when hored Broadway beckoned it to its bosom. Each winter, spring and fall since, Guy has packed them in at the hotel; each summer, on Long Island.

No song, as interpreted by any other musical aggregation, sounds quite the same as when Lombardo plays it.

He pioneered in the popularity of the flute in a modern dance orchestra, with the three saxophones switching to that instrument to provide a whistling obligato against a trumpet melody. Carmen, Victor and Liebert are recognized masters on their respective instruments. Guy himself, although he holds a violin gracefully, has never been known or seen to play it!

But there's so much to see here. The place is even more jammed with celebrities. That slyph-like figure in the corner belongs to the re-built Paul Whiteman; his charming companion is the personable Mrs. Whiteman, née Margaret Livingston. There's Belle Baker seated with Paul Yawitz, the Sunday Mirror gossip writer. Look at Jack Arthur and Tommy McLaughlin, the singers, retiring into a corner to trade top tones. There's Frank Hazzard, the Hollywood restaurant's tenor sensation, and his wife who was Bettey Junod of the Follies; and the Funnyboners, Gordon, Dave and Bunny and . . . wait. Ted Husing is again in the center of the floor, and is introducing the stars. Let's see who he'll present.

Donald Novis, first. Who is that with him—Norma Shearer? No, when Husing says "and Mrs. Novis," she rises, smiling. I learn later she once doubled for the famous screen star. Next, Ethel Shutta and George Olson, one of radio's best-loved couples. They later confide to us that their two children, George Jr., three-and-a-half, and Charlie, five, are devoting all their time to swimming the length of the pool at the Lido Country Club. You'd never take them for a famous couple and a noted orchestra leader. They're more like your own next door neighbors than celebrities.

(Continued on page 74)



One swell Guy. He has more rhythm sense in his little finger than most of us have in our whole bodies. He demands perfection from his band—and gets it. And he totes a fiddle oh, so gracefully—and never, never plays it.

YOUR RADIO CORNER



This department keeps you posted on the new radio models and the latest improvements in older makes as well



(Left) The Spartan Compact, Model 62. There's an interesting bit in the article about the Spartan radio.

(Left) The Philco 16Y. (Right) The Majestic Twin Six, Superheterodyne Auto Model 66.



(Left) This is the American Bosch Model 500. AC and DC. Five tubes. Costs \$24.95.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT likes his radio. We know that from his frequent broadcasts from the White House. But we also know he likes to listen as well as broadcast.

When he went cruising in his yacht, Ankerjack II, last summer, a small automobile radio was his only contact with happenings on land. And wouldn't you like to know what kind of a radio was used? Well, it was a Philco. That's why we've pictured a new Philco above. The one here is a \$150 job and is known as the 16Y. Isn't it a beauty?

Back to the President. They say he listens regularly. Wouldn't those artists like to know whose program is his favorite?

The other night, I turned on my RCA-Victor set (Model R-28-P, and it's a honey), for some short-wave experimenting. I was really surprised that police stations from a distance came in so clear. One incident reported by a police station to its cruising cars was a bakery robbery. The announcer said that the robbery was then in progress. I imagine that meant that the police were there in time to trap the bread snatchers.

And that brings up a favorite subject of Guy C. Core, official of the Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan. He cites any number of incidents where the radio frustrated big crimes. One in particular was when two patrolmen in Michigan were able to stop, by means

By GORDON
STARRETT

of the radio, one of the biggest payroll hold-ups in the history of that state. You see, all Michigan State Police cars are equipped with radios. And, of course, Mr. Core adds, "They're Spartan radios."

So as an orchid to Spartan, we picture the new Spartan Compact, Model 62—a peach of a set that sells for \$30.

WOULD you believe this? Powell Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, says that his company built and sold during the five months ending June 1, more than 120 per cent more sets than during the same period last year. Yet it's absolutely true. It goes to show that radio is the growing industry, the growing form of entertainment.

Are you an Elk? If so, you should be interested in a Majestic like the one pictured at the beginning of this article. The set, by the way, is just the thing for your automobile. Think how nice it would be to ride along these cool evenings and enjoy the countryside, yet keep in contact with your favorite airliners. And this Majestic Twin Six Auto Receiver, Model 66, will do the trick. But, about you Elks . . . When that organization had its national good-will tour, they installed this type of set in the six autos they used to visit three hundred cities. Elk or no Elk, the idea is still good.

A new model is presented by (Continued on page 74)



ROSIE



JAKE



MOLLY



SAMMY

THE UNKNOWN GOLDBERGS

By JOSEPH KENT

THERE is no more remarkable story in radio than that concerning the "Rise of the Goldbergs." The long, hard road to success that Mrs. Gertrude Berg—she's Molly Goldberg in the sketches—had to follow, reads like fiction.

But the story of the unknown Goldbergs is one that has never been printed.

The unknown Goldbergs... who are they? Well, perhaps our adjective isn't precisely correct. You know them well enough in your own way if you listen to them on the air. You know them as Sammy and Rosie and Jake, all members of the heavy Jewish family.

But I know them as people. Listen!

Here's Rosie. Her real name is Roslyn Silver. How have you pictured her? Starry-eyed, quick, plump, good-natured, intelligent? With heaps of brown curly hair? Then you aren't far wrong. Her curls are the longest around in the NBC studios. She's just thirteen and smart as a whip.

I've seen her drinking a soda between broadcasts in a nearby drugstore. The clerks try to kid her, but she's too nimble-tongued for them. I don't know what they teach children in school these days, but if Roslyn is a sample, it must be good. The foundation part, I mean.

Young Master Berg. He's unknown as yet to the radio audience. But we'll bet he supplies his mama, Gertrude Berg, with ideas.



For instance, what youngster of thirteen you know can see through the "mash notes" a boy sends her? Rosie has figured it all out. She gets such notes, Phony Youngsters all over America fill her mail box with school-boy lollipops and licorice sticks. "They're so silly to think they're in love," she says. "Why, they're just children."

Get that "just children?" She's thirteen herself, remember.

Rosie has a younger brother in real life, too. And she worships him. When she got her first job in radio, she clutched her money in a chubby hand and went out to buy him a fountain pen. Her next gift was a huge



And here is the Berg's sub-dab in her private swimming pool, made possible by the Goldberg's spectacularise. These are the real-life Berg children.

bouquet of long-stem American Beauties to her mother.

It is amazing the way these radio kids get their schooling. They've got a special school of their own. A school for child actors and actresses. They learn all the standard lessons such as arithmetic, English and geography, but their hours are irregular so the scholars can attend rehearsals and performances. Last year, Roslyn was a freshman.

AND now for Sammy. Sammy, the fighter, the arguer, the complainer, the giddy, head-strong kid that Molly Berg's artistry makes so real.

Sammy's name is Everett Sloane. I wish you could

see his flaming hair and his gangling awkwardness. Do you remember Sammy Goldberg's age? Early teens, wasn't it? Well, this Sammy is older. They say he had even started to college before he became a radio actor. It makes little enough difference, for he has a voice that suits the part and a mink personality that makes him dovetail beautifully into Molly's troublesome family.

There is a story about the manner in which Everett got into the Goldberg broadcast. You see, there used to be another Sammy, another actor who did a right smart job of it, I'm told. For a long time, when the program wasn't sponsored by anyone, it just went over the network once each night. Then along came Pepsiaden with a contract. And a need for two shows a night, one for the East and one for the West.

Little Roslyn Silver and the boy who was Sammy (Alfred Carr was his name) thought it wouldn't be good for them to stay up late unless they got a raise in salary. Well, they didn't get their raise—so they resigned and went to bed at a decent hour.

Everett was working for the CBS in those days. When he heard about the argument, he went to Mrs. Berg. She gave him an audition. He was ideal for the part and he got the job of being Sammy. (Continued on page 56)

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE IN EVERYDAY LIFE? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM—WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?



ALL AROUND

1. Nino Martini receives a medal, presented by Howard Barlow, from CBS for having contributed most to the advancement of radio during 1933. He has been signed by the Metropolitan Opera, you know. 2. Annette Hanshaw, of Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat troupe, was under-weight. Therefore the milk. She's heard every Thursday evening at 9, NBC. 3. Ramona, Paul Whiteman's singing pianist. 4. Helen Nugent, lovely WLW contralto.

THE DIAL

5. John White, the Lonesome Cowboy you hear over NBC's blue network every Thursday at 9 P. M. 6. Lessons in keeping cool. Colonel Stoopnagle (left) and Budd (center) watching a demonstration by H. W. Newell (right), Frigidare representative, and a pretty Broadway show girl. 7. Trying out her new one-man sail boat. Dolores Gillen, of NBC. 8. Jacques Fray (left) and Mario Braggiotti, that grand two-piano team. You can tune in on them over the Columbia network.

M I C R O P H O N E M A G I C . . . !

By PETER
DIXON

PEGGY GETS A REAL BREAK! BUT WHAT ABOUT PAT AND LOVES' YOUNG DREAM?

PAT and Peg, two lovable kids very much in love, came to New York together to win radio fame. They had had two years' experience in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which helped to secure an appointment for an audition at NBC. And Budd Hulick—of Stoopnagle and Budd—who had met them once, remembered them. He suggested they visit the Greenwich Village Nat Club one evening—a rendezvous for radio stars. It was there Budd introduced Pat to a man from one of the big advertising agencies. And also to a brunette whose father was President of Wyandotte Gingerale! Peg, realizing that their interest was in Pat alone, kept in the background. Even when Pat was asked to go on with the gay party. The next day a tired-looking Pat had a big surprise. He had landed a job on a network program! Breaking the news that Peggy wasn't included in the offer was not so easy. But she took it like a good sport. Then Pat suggested enthusiastically that they get married. Peggy refused—not before she'd succeeded, she said. She answered an ad requiring radio singers, and was ushered into the dingy office of a leering person named Wintz. When Peggy, refusing to sign the gyp contract he offered, started to leave, she found the door locked!

AS Peggy stood in the offices of the Interstate Radio studios, trying to open the door with one hand and fend off the advances Mr. Wintz with the other, she thought flashed through her mind that it wasn't real.

"Too much like the movies," she told herself. "Things like this don't really happen."

Then she turned to Wintz.

"If you don't unlock that door, I'll scream so loud they'll hear me all over

the building," she said.

Mintz looked frightened. "Don't do that," he said. "That door ain't locked. It's just a trick catch." His fingers reached out, fumbled with the lock a moment, and the door opened. Peggy, without a backward glance, walked quickly out of the office and in a moment breathed the comparatively fresh air of the street.

For the next ten days, Peggy continued her search for an audition or a spot on the air. She haunted the ante rooms of the advertising agencies and the lobbies of the small stations. One afternoon she dropped in to see Doris Campbell at NBC and offered a partial explanation of the situation.

"Well, you go ahead and have that audition yourself," Miss Campbell said. "If you need an accompanist, we can supply one here. That big bozo you originally came in with is my idea of a hum—"

"He isn't either," Peggy retorted. "We're still good friends. He is always calling up and wanting to take me to lunch or something."

That was true. Pat planned her every day, but Peggy had made up her mind that if he could get a place on the air without her help, she could get along without him. Finally they did see each other, and Pat was full of news about rehearsals of the new Wyandotte Gingerale program.

Actually, Pat wasn't at all happy. He missed Peggy when he was rehearsing and he was sure that his banjo sounded flat. (Continued on page 58)



Suddenly she heard the soft plunk-plunk of a banjo. She whirled and looked. There was Pat. "I'm right with you, Peggy," he said.

Illustration by
JACK WELCH

Amazing People

At 7, Vera Van
was earning
\$100 every week

IN the first place, Vera Van is only eighteen years old. But that's just a part of the story.

Not many years ago, it looked as if this charming little girl wouldn't be a star of any sort. She was taken ill at her home in Marion, Ohio, when she was four years old. Some days it seemed that she could never pull through. Even as she grew better, it became apparent that she was losing the use of her muscles. Yet, today she is on the Columbia network which features her singing three times weekly.

Fortunately, an antidote was suggested—dancing. Her mother sent little Vera—who had never been told she might become an invalid—to a dancing school. There the girl found herself. Such an apt pupil was she that in a year she was leading a ballet of one hundred dancers, and was also featured toe dancer at the Grand Opera House in Akron, Ohio.

By now, of course, the threat of the childhood disease had vanished, and singing and dancing had become such a part of her that she decided to make it her career. With such success, by the way, that she was making \$100 a week at the age of seven.

From then on, she went from one triumph to another. Movies, playing the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland," stage appearances and singing with dance bands. On the West Coast, she was a featured singer with both Raymond Paige and Ted Fiorito. Now, she is starred over the Columbia Broadcasting System network.



Since she was twelve, she has been the sole support of herself and her mother. It isn't surprising—is it?—that she likes crowds only across footlights or at the other end of the microphone, prefers business people to theatrical associates, and is devoted to her mother.

Vera's schooling was mostly from private tutors, but, in between theatrical engagements, she found time to attend Poly-High in Los Angeles where Lew Ayres, Anita Louise and Frances Rich, now movie stars, were among her classmates.

Vera stays away from smokes and drinks. She just doesn't like either.

"Boy," a fox terrier, two Persian cats and a canary are her pets. All except the dog are in California now.

By the way, she has a brother who is singing in California's famous Coconut Grove. His name is Dick Webster. And that lets the cat out of the bag. Vera's real name is Vera Webster, you see.



Amazing People

An electrician
started Milton
Cross in radio

He's one New Yorker who was really born in New York. That was almost thirty-four years ago. Music has always interested him. After graduation from the Danrosch Institute of Musical Art, he held a diploma stating he was a duly accredited music supervisor for public schools, but radio happened and Cross happened into it.

And therein lies another amazing story.

An electrician was responsible for Cross's going on the air. This electrician had made his own radio set—that was in 1921—

HE'S big and easy-going and slow-talking. In a place where everybody is always in a hurry and where the peak of activity is never far from madness, he is the one calm spot in the center of the storm. Nothing seems to get him excited. Nothing seems to hasten his pace or his speech, yet he always gets everything done in time and he is never late on any appointment or assignment.

That's the reason why Milton J. Cross is an amazing person.

You know him as an ace announcer for the National Broadcasting Company ever since the days of crystal sets. And his jovial kiddies' program is one of the bright spots of the air.

Though the American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded him a medal for excellence in diction, it makes no difference to Cross. Always smiling, he seems to know everyone. Never high-hat nor near-sighted.

and this fascinated Cross. He wanted to try broadcasting as well as receiving. So he went to Newark where WJZ, now one of the National Broadcasting Company's key stations, was located. Cross sang and listeners liked him. The station invited him back. When the station grew, and another announcer was needed, Cross got the job. He not only announced but sang solos, did his bit in a male quartet, and pinch-hit generally. Those were the days!

His marriage was a musical romance. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cross was Lillian Fowler, an organist. They met when she was playing and he was singing in a New York church. There was one child—another Lillian who died tragically this summer. That was a great disaster to Milton. RADIO STARS will tell that story next month.

Now, Cross is practically as much of a fixture at NBC as the microphones. He works unceasingly, never seems to rest, and is noted for his never-failing efficiency.

Amazing People

Archer Gibson,
25 years organist
for one family



ARCHER GIBSON is an incongruous sort of person. He is the organist of the masses, and yet he is the organist of the wealthy. For thirty years he has been the favorite master of the manual for rich patrons of the arts who have organs in their own residences. Among these must be counted John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Walter P. Chrysler and, of course, Charles M. Schwab, the strong man of steel.

On the other hand, Gibson plays for us and our neighbors through the medium of his concerts, broadcast weekly over National Broadcasting Company networks from the Schwab chateau-like mansion on Riverside Drive in New York.

Tall, slender and bushy haired, Gibson is Ichabod Crane come to life, or at least he has been so described by an acquaintance. But when appearing in full dress clothes, he might easily pass as a diplomat.

But that is not the end of Gibson's apparent inconsistencies. Though constantly in contact with the rich, he feels a deep and inspiring sympathy for the poor, so great that he donates large sums to charity and intends to will the greater part of his life's savings to the destitute, not as endowments, but as cash for the man on the street.

Whence came this tall, rangy man whose fingers induce such exquisite music from the organ pipes? It is recorded that Archer Gibson was born in Baltimore, December 5, 1875, and received his musical training wholly in America, beginning with his father, a distinguished ama-

teur organist. And with other masters later.

For years, he has played a special concert for John D. Rockefeller, Sr., on the industrialist's birthday. His reward is always a five-dollar gold piece.

This annual musicale has almost taken on the proportions of a ritual, so religiously has it always been observed.

The organ he uses for broadcasting belongs to Charles M. Schwab who permits the National Broadcasting Company to use it at no charge and subject to no terms. He only stipulates that Archer Gibson, his own organist for twenty-five years, should play it.

When Mr. and Mrs. Schwab are in New York, they attend these broadcasts—sitting on the balcony overlooking the great hallway, watching and listening. As the announcer signs off, they bid everyone good night and retire.

But Gibson remains around to argue—with anyone who is available. For arguing is his especial delight.



THE MYSTERY CHEF SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

Revealing more secrets in the
culinary art and disclosing how
anyone can really become an
excellent cook

ONE year ago this month this magazine was born. Was there ever such a healthy youngster? Will you look at the size it has grown to! One year old and it has pushed all competition aside as though it didn't exist, and here on its first birthday it stands supreme in its line. Welcomed into the homes of every state in the Union and abroad. Everybody likes it and it's growing in popularity every month.

RADIO STARS proves the doors of opportunity are still wide open to those who know how to be of service and give what others want.

Many happy returns of the day to you, RADIO STARS, and I thank you for the privilege of doing my very small part to be of service to your readers, and I thank the readers for their enthusiastic response to my small effort.

And now:

Let's sit down for a few minutes and talk about things that are of vital importance to the happiness of your home and mine. I would like you to forget that you are reading and just let your imagination picture me sitting in the room talking to you, because it is in that way that I am writing. I am thinking of you and your home. I am really talking to you just as I would were you actually present and seated with me as I write. I want to tell you about the ease and joy of excellent cooking. I want you to experience the thrills that come to those who follow cooking as one of the greatest of the arts. Excellent cooking is the one art that is appreciated by everyone. What other great art is appreciated by all?

The art of excellent cooking stands alone in many ways.

1. It has more to do with real happiness in the home than any other material thing.

2. Marvelous meals can be served easily in any home whether the income be great or unbelievably small. In my last broadcast, on June 29th, I gave the complete menu that I had sent to a young lady who wrote and asked me to solve her problem of feeding a family of four adults on \$1.50 per week, \$1.50 being all the money that was available for food for the whole family. And yet, on that exceedingly small amount, I was able to show that really delicious dinners could be served with meat or fish every day and with dishes that any of us would be proud of. Remember this, every home can have perfect meals irrespective of the size of the income.

And now, let me point out one more wonderful thing about the art of excellent cooking, and I really think I should have put this first.

3. Anyone can at once become a really wonderful cook, a real artist at the stove. It is the *only* art that can be immediately acquired without long and tedious study. You can prepare a perfectly marvellous dinner tonight without ever having had any previous (Continued on page 85)

MYSTERY CHEF OCTOBER RECIPES

Mystery Chef, RADIO STARS, 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

Please send the Mystery Chef's recipes for cooking fish. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name Address

City State



By
IRIS ANN
CARROLL

SMART WOMEN IN RADIO

(Right) The tiny person at the big desk is Bertha Brainard, Program Director of NBC. Across the top of these two pages are Judith Waller, Educational Director of NBC's Chicago Division; Mrs. Nichols, Columbia's Sound Effect Engineer; and Margaret Cuthbert who, among other duties, is in charge of booking speakers for NBC; Claudine MacDonald, director of NBC's daily Women's Radio Review.



DON'T let anybody tell you that only men wear the pants of authority in the big broadcasting organizations. No, sir . . . I mean ma'am! There are women around there who have plenty to say. Plenty. It's amazing.

How come? Well, just tag along with me and you'll see how they got that way and what qualifications the members of our noble sex need to earn these important, if figurative, trousers.

What I mean is, for instance, you poke your head tentatively through the door of the office of the Program Manager of the National Broadcasting Company. Your eye travels reluctantly toward the green you expect to find behind the desk, catches the soft green of the wall drapes, the flash of color in the handsome Chinese print, the Chipendale chairs, the desk . . . oop! Well, for evermore! There's no ogre. It's a beautiful young woman, Titian hair combed down with a soft smoothness, eyes and mouth smiling a greeting to you.

Why, it's Bertha Brainard. She looks un-ogreish, but very capable. She ought to be. She's done enough thrilling things, such as driving an ambulance during the War, getting in and out of the movies, clacking her typewriter

in the turmoil of a newspaper's city room, and getting into radio because the programs bored her.

Even back in those pre-network days, she found it wasn't so easy to batter down the studio gates. But she had thought out some splendid ideas and wasn't going to leave them wasted. She went to the old WJZ in Newark, N. J., and told them she wanted a story for her paper. While the manager talked, she cleverly brought up her program ideas, and suddenly was delighted to find she was going to be put on the air. Displaying executive ability, Miss Brainard soon found herself directing programs. She grew with radio and now holds one of the most important executive positions in broadcasting and is rated among the highest paid executives.

"What sort of training should a woman have for a career like yours?" you demand.

"Gracious! I've been asked that thousands of times and it's still hard to answer. Any broad background of experience and culture is valuable. Common sense, certainly. It seems to me that real writing ability is a great asset. In fact, it's the greatest. I always recommend that a woman with abilities in that direction get in touch with her local station, present her ideas and get her training

in its continuity department. It's by far the best way."

She shows you the famous little green upright piano on which are scrawled the names of the many celebrities who know her; Helen Wills Moody, Al Johnson, the signature of Cardinal Hayes next to that of Eddie Cantor—hundreds of names. You accept a cigarette from her and leave. You feel pleasant.

WHAT would you do if you had queens, presidents, diplomats and princes to put before the microphone and they got mike fright or lost their speeches or were late, or didn't show up at all? Would you be able to handle such situations with the swift and decisive calm which is necessary in the studios? Or would you break under the strain?

Margaret Cuthbert, tall and gray-haired, with aquiline nose and long, capable fingers, rubs her forehead gently as she thinks. And she thinks quickly. She greets you with quiet courtesy and makes notations on one piece of correspondence as she talks to her secretary about another.

Soothing, guiding, instructing the great and the near great, is Miss Cuthbert's fascinating job. Bankers, statesmen, and royalty have subjected themselves to her deft and tactful moulding and encouragement in facing the microphone. She too is war trained, not among screaming shells, but in the more dignified, yet intense, activity of the British Embassy in Washington.

Seven years ago, Miss Cuthbert, like Bertha Brainerd, thought there was room for improvement in women's broadcasts. So she went to WEAFA and got a job. She wrote and directed women's programs, took part in presentations, and even did some announcing. She worked hard, and so as radio boomed, she had the background to boom with it. When the National Broadcasting Company was formed, she was made director of daytime programs. And then, because when at Cornell she had brought prominent people to speak at the university, she qualified for her present important position.

Despite her thoroughly businesslike manner, she isn't brusque. Her voice is soft and clear. But she seems confused for a moment by your question.

"Women getting into radio? Oh, I don't know. College, travel. . . ." Suddenly she leans back to concentrate.

"I really think broadcasting has marvelous opportunities for women in important jobs behind the scenes. And I think those opportunities are equal to men's. They begin with such routine jobs as hostesses, filing clerks, satisticians, stenographers and so forth. A good many jobs like that have been the entering wedges for women in radio. I should say that executive ability, a sense of time, drama and news are almost essential. And aspirants certainly should have versatility, originality, resourcefulness and tact."

Truly, in her work, Miss Cuthbert needs resourcefulness and tact. Patience, too, you think.

YOU want to see the Commercial Continuity editor? Oh, you mean Honey. In that office over there."

"Honey?" you ask yourself. "What kind of a guy is this editor that they call him Honey?"

Honey is a Broadway nickname for any good-looking gal, but that's not the only reason this editor is called that by friends. The editor's name, you see, is Ann Honeycutt. She leans her elbows on her glass-topped desk

and cups her delicately pointed chin in her hands. There is an elusive good humor in her face. You sense a whimsicality in the sudden upward start of her eyes.

She tilts far back in her desk chair and tells you that, after having been in the Winthrop Ames revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan, she sang on WABC when the Columbia network was but a dream. Her job vanished when the dream became a reality, but having a pliable intellect, she sought and found a position as secretary and assistant to an executive of the new organization. She probably consumed an aspirin an hour on her next job, which consisted solely of studying all program ideas submitted to the company. Having remained reasonably sane through that ordeal, she was promoted to her present position.

"Perhaps in my case," she remarks, "the two years at Columbia University, the year at the Columbia School of Journalism and my stage training helped me most as far as background is concerned. It's really hard to say. I think a knowledge of what women like, a keen sense of showmanship and writing—you really should write—are what help most." And those are Honey's news.

Could you take an orchestra, a speaker and a singer each day and, week in and week out, design a program for which thousands of women wait with avid interest? Could you build the Women's Radio Review and always make it restful and entertaining, in the midst of the hustle-hustle of the colorful studio world; build it while you're constantly faced with hundreds of annoying details which must be disposed of with swift executive decision? Well, that's the enormous responsibility which bears down on Claudine Macdonald every week.

This woman seems sure of her every move. Perhaps it's that very self-assurance which inspires confidence in the many speakers she handles on her programs. She is a clubwoman, and women's organizations adore her. Her short, bobbed hair is lightly streaked with gray, but she is young and vigorous, perhaps because of the life spent riding ornery cow ponies on Western ranches. She punctuates her ready reply to your question with quick smiles.

"Any woman who appears on a similar radio program as director or hostess, should have a pleasant voice and clear enunciation. She should have the ability to write intelligently and make interesting announcements. She should be able to make guests feel at ease before the microphone. The more she knows about politics and world events, music, art, home-making and fashion, the more intelligent she can make such a program.

"If she has a pleasant voice reflecting a pleasing personality, if she writes well and knows some subject of general interest or particular interest to women, she may persuade a local station to put her on."

EVER hear the crack of the stinging whip which the powerful John Henry lashes about in the stirring Black River Giant radio dramas? There's such strength and movement in the speeches of the nine Negroes who make up the cast, you think there must be the hand of a forceful man guiding those plays. But is there? Not on your life. Listen!

You plump down in a deep chair in the comfortable Greenwich Village duplex apartment of Geraldine Garrick and sip the cool, bubbly drink her maid has brought you. Seated opposite you in her (Continued on page 88).

To the ladies! In particular, to these clever ladies who run man-sized executive jobs in the radio world, you will accord your admiration and sincere respect

Get Off the Air!

(Continued from page 17)

"Petin' in the Park?" "Hold Your Man," as quoted by James Cannon in the N. Y. *World-Telegram*, goes like this:

"Give him the love that will Mm—
With a kiss that will Mm—"

IS this a good combination of morality and logic? It's for you to decide.

To continue, it is a fact that "easy virtue" and "courtesan" are decidedly taboo on the air. In fact, in referring to love, it is rare that "desire," except in songs, ever finds its way into a script.

Do you think the radio people should present a dramatic sketch the scene of which is between a man's wife and his mistress? Do you think such a presentation is justified because the scene is cleverly written and so truly representative of human emotions? Well, the Columbia people thought so highly of the dramatic excellence of an excerpt from "When Ladies Meet" that they decided to put it on the air, despite the possibilities of displeasing decorous listeners.

Imagine yourself a script writer trying to portray a real sea-going captain lashing out orders to shorten sail during the sudden onslaught of a tropical hurricane. It's pretty unconvincing when he says "blast ye!" and "gosh darn yer hides!" isn't it? Well, it's the best he can do. The Columbia Broadcasting System did get a bit generous a time back and issued an order saying that "one hell and two damns or two hells and one damn" would be permitted in a half hour script.

Dope and liquor present a really serious problem to broadcasters. The song "Reefer Man" is absolutely barred from network programs because it deals with the smoking of "reefer" cigarettes, a form of dope.

Now that beer has been legalized in the United States, reference to it is beginning to be permitted in radio scripts. But it's still forbidden to mention any liquor of over 3.2 alcoholic content, unless the drama in question has to do with a time prior to the enactment of the 18th Amendment, or unless the scene is laid in some foreign country where liquor is legally drunk.

Are the radio censors right or wrong in making the decisions they do? It is but proper that we see what they have to say before completing this review.

John Royal, vice-president in charge of programs for the National Broadcasting Company, in an interview given expressly for *RADIO STARS* says that radio is not going to make the same mistake that motion pictures have made. But let's record our conversation with Mr. Royal:

Skimmer: What's the dividing line between good or bad.

Royal: We don't pretend to know any more than we intend to be censors or moral uplifters.

S: Who in your organization makes these decisions of censorship?



Jules Seebach, program director for CBS, says concerning radio censorship, "We have no hard and fast rule."



John Royal of NBC says, "Some of the boys in Tin Pan Alley lie awake nights trying to think up suggestive lyrics."

to have you judge whether the authorities have been right about this *Mm*—business. Let's scan the chorus of "Petin' in the Park."

"Petin' in the park. (Bad boy!)
Petin' in the dark. (Bad girl!)
First you get a little, let up a little,
And then you get a little kiss,
Petin' on the sly. (Oh my!)
Get a little shy; (Aw why!)
Struggle just a little, then hug a little,
And cuddle up and whisper this;
'Come on! I've been waiting long,
why don't we get started?
Come on! maybe this is wrong,
but gee! what of it? We just love it.

Petin' in the park (Bad boy!)
Petin' in the dark, (Bad girl!)
What-cha doin' honey? I feel so funny,
I'm pettin' in the park with you."

In the original lyrics, there were alternate phrases for "I've been waiting long. Why don't we get started? Come on; maybe this is wrong. But gee! what of it? We just love it." And "What-cha doin' honey? I feel so funny." The alternate lines were "There's a lovely moon. We can't disappoint him. Come on! Don't you know it's June?" And everybody's got somebody, and "Dad and mother did it, but we admit it." The latter lines were the only ones permitted on the air.

But that isn't all. "Bad boy!" and "Bad girl!" were adjudged too suggestive, so they were replaced by *Mm*—s. But what accounts for the fact that they considered the *Mm*—s in "Hold Your Man" inoffensive, when on the other hand they asked that they be inserted in

R: There are several others, but mine is the final decision. I don't catch all of it, but I take the responsibility. I don't attempt to tell the country what is moral or what is in good taste. But I've been editing songs for eighteen years (Mr. Royal is a man with wide experience in theatrical management) and it's been my experience that singers will do anything for a song. Some of the boys in Tin Pan Alley lie awake nights trying to think up suggestive lyrics.

S: Well, what is there about the lyrics of "Hold Your Man," for instance, which is likely to offend listeners?

R: (Picks up song and reads lyrics) Doesn't that strike you as suggestive?

S: Now that it's been made an issue, I suppose it does.

R: Well, if just one person can put that sort of interpretation on it, that's enough for us. We won't use it.

No more than Mr. Royal does Jules Seebach, director of programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, wish to be set up as dictator of the public morals.

"We hand material around to a number of people in my department and get the consensus of opinion. We have no hard and fast rule. If the intent of the lyrics is obvious, it is meant to evoke an image which might offend, then we reject it.

"There's been a tendency in the last few years to publish more and more songs of unrequited love, deceit and the sort of thing that seems to bring an unfavorable response. Until there was a decided public uproar, we didn't do anything about it. But the fact that we weren't shocked by certain things, didn't mean that other people couldn't be."



Tonight

DOUBLE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM!

Get *all* the full, rich tone with
the world's finest radio tubes

The finest tubes money can buy—now
at new low prices! Cunningham Radio
Tubes and RCA Radiotrons bring back
the thrill of radio . . . give you a clear,
full tone, every note, every word distinct.
For these tubes are manufactured in the

world's greatest radio laboratories—made
by RCA engineers with all the skill and
care that goes into the construction of a
fine watch.

You may not know what tubes are
weak—have your dealer test your tubes
today. Replace worn out tubes with fresh
RCA Radiotrons or Cunningham Radio
Tubes. A few dollars will buy a whole
set of tubes even for the largest radio.

VISIT RCA HALL AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

Cunningham
RADIO TUBES

RCA RADIOTRONS

How Hollywood Menaces Our Radio Favorites

(Continued from page 15)



*It's fun to
be 40—
but not with gray hair!*

A grand time of life—forty! Professor Pitkin's book says life begins at that magnificent age. [Doubly magnificent, may we add, for those who keep the secret to themselves.]

No tell-tale gray hairs, mind! They have a way of spoiling all the fun. And there's no need to stand for them today. Inecto Rapid Notox recolors gray hair so beautifully, so naturally that even your best friend would never suspect it.

You see, Notox is a new, scientific way. It doesn't paint the outside of your hair as old-fashioned methods do [that's what gives hair that dull artificial look.] Instead Notox colors the hair inside the shaft—just where nature does. It leaves your hair enchantingly shiny—entirely soft to the touch. What's more, Notox keeps its natural, even shade as perfectly as natural color. Sun it, wash it, wave it all you like!

Remember, Notox shades match even the most difficult hair colors, from palest gold to deepest black. So don't lose a single precious day. Hurry to your hairdresser—and insist on Inecto Rapid Notox. Resist a substitute. No product like Notox exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

● SEND FOR FREE COPY of that fascinating book to

only after Buddy's personification of young American manhood quit bringing sufficient admissions into the box-office that he had the wisdom to pack his sax and trombone and all the other instruments he plays so well, and seek new fortune in the broadcasting studios.

First of all, Buddy undoubtedly would say:

"Take it easy. They think you're good or you wouldn't be here. But remember this. They've put on better receptions for lots of people you never hear about any more, simply because they didn't take it easy enough, simply because the act they immediately tried to put on didn't get over."

AND Buddy would know whereof he speaks. For the first pitfall will await the radio stars the same minute they step on the train. There will be the inevitable delegation of studio executives, reporters and cameramen to meet them.

It's a fine line that must be drawn between acting over-important and not acting important enough.

I don't mean that to get by in Hollywood, the radio stars will have to spend every last cent they earn living in a grand manner, writing and timing even-ings they meet. Not at all.

This last winter, for instance, Peggy Hopkins Joyce managed to recoup part of her lost fortune by making pictures. During her stay, she wore none of her famous jewels. But she made an amusing story out of leaving those jewels in her safe deposit box, because she couldn't afford the fifteen thousand dollars it would have cost to insure them. And Peggy refused to listen to the clamoring salesmen who had Dusenbergs, Iottas, Rolfs Royces and Packards to sell. She took ground in a smart little Ford. But she did it with élan if you know what I mean.

In fact, one of the things Buddy would be sure to tell his radio friends would be:

"Don't put on the ritz for the love or Pete! If you do the whole crowd will appoint you their current clown and you'll find your extravagances of living and manner the favorite dinner party jokes."

Hollywood's become very wise, very grown-up and very sure in the last few years. It's no longer a young man considering his fortune, sowing his seeds in the luxury and charm of wealth permits them, or a man who lives beyond his last act. As he should be.

FOR and Ed Wynn, of
on their Hollywood

They've been there before. They're movie personalities as much as they are radio personalities. Besides, their histories prove them two gentlemen who know their way about.

But to the other radio stars flocking to Hollywood, to Lanny Ross, June Froman, Bing Crosby, Russ Colombo, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl, who are younger than Cantor and Wynn and who, therefore, have yet to prove themselves as wise, astute and diplomatic, Buddy Rogers would do well to say:

"Don't only seek friendships with the movie magnates and the famous stars. There are others in Hollywood whose friendship you'll find even more valuable. I mean the stage crews."

No matter how highly Adolph Zukor or Louis B. Mayer or Winnie Sheehan may regard you personally, if you don't click at the box-office the option on the old contract won't be renewed.

And, take it from me, it's a damn sight easier to get by if you have the stage crew with you. It takes years in the studios to recognize what powerful allies and what dangerous enemies these men can be.

Which reminds me of a wisenheim I heard holding forth the other evening. The talk at a party had been of a certain star who had taken an electrician's two small children to her house and engaged a nurse to look after them when their mother suddenly was rushed off to the hospital.

"What a publicity gag that is," spouted the wisenheim.

It never seemed to occur to this gentleman that the movie star in question could have gotten far more space in magazines and newspapers doing any one of a hundred things which wouldn't have entailed nearly so much trouble.

Naturally enough, it isn't always pure, unadulterated friendship and generosity that lies behind the stories you hear about stars and members of the stage crews. Sometimes it's unadulterated business acumen. The reproduction of all work done in the studios depends upon mechanical means. So of course, the men behind these means play an important if unseen part in anyone's screen success.

Ruth Etting, incidentally, would need no advice of this nature. The girl from Nebraska knows a thing or two or three. The first day Ruth went to work in the Warner Brothers' eastern studio, where she has been making shorts for some time now, she left orders in the studio cafeteria that every member of her company crew be given a pack of his favorite cigarettes.

I don't mean you can buy a man with a deck of smokes. But this was a warm, thoughtful thing for Ruth to do. It showed her appreciation.

And Buddy never would forget to warn his famous radio colleagues:

Silhouette Expert
at BONWIT TELLER says
"Use IVORY FLAKES"



"If you don't like Hollywood keep it to yourself. It's all right for the rest of the world to know about Hollywood if you have a few dollars in your pocket. It's their money, not their privilege. You try it and you'll find the reason why it will be. We don't like it, but we'll do it."

NEXT I think Buddy would say: "Wait until you understand the reason behind some of the seemingly unconventional things the movie people do before you criticize them."

So many visitors who accept hospitality at the generous hands of the movie people turn around to take an amused and superior attitude. They never recognize the reason why guests sometimes come to dinner parties in sport clothes, why some arrive late and others leave before coffee is served.

Hollywood is essentially a workers' town. And, as the radio stars will see for themselves, all invitations must be accepted with the proviso that the invited guest will get there as soon as he can and if he can. When a picture is in production, hours are most uncertain. And it is also because of the intensity with which the movie people work and the constant attention they must give their clothes in the studios that they permit themselves the freedom of sport things and easy palanquins unless their hostess particularly specifies that they are to be formal.

Big Crosby has proven particularly understanding of the variations he's encountered in Hollywood's social etiquette. He's proved appreciative of the differences between the different stars save one for him. He's been meticulous about returning social favors. And when asked to sing on an evening he's never looked quarrelsome, but been most obliging and generous. No wonder he's as successful socially as he is in the studios.

And speaking of being successful in the studios, under no circumstances could Buddy forget to say:

"Be careful. Go slow. Don't insist upon more scenes or more prominence in your scenes than the producers are inclined to give you. It's far better to be objective in a few scenes than to over-act in a score. It's positively a cliché in twice the number."

And as to the importance of a story does happen to give you more importance than seasoned players in the same company enjoy the diplomatic about it, don't strut. Remember you merit this precedence, not because you're more capable of carrying it, but because you're a celebrity.

"There are tricks to all trades. And if you go-workers like you, you'll be much better off on the little things about make-up and such things that they'll give you."

In other words to put it briefly, Buddy Rogers would advise his radio colleagues in Hollywood to act the regular fellow. For a man can only get down to it being a regular fellow is a passport to popularity and success, no matter where you go, be it Hollywood or New York or anywhere.

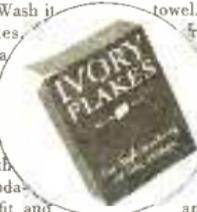
Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!

And the head of Bonwit Teller's famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs \$5.95 or \$225, we say, "Wash it often with Ivory Flakes. We have found that a stronger soap is actually almost as ruinous to elastic and silk as perspiration itself."

"Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and

they'll last much longer," she adds.

Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: Lukewarm water—very important. Ivory Flakes—most important, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these curly flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use soft brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.



Special Edition New! You get bigger boxes and more Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap.

CURLY, INSTANT-DISSOLVING • 99 1/2% PURE

Give Us a Lullaby, Tito!



FEMININITY

Your Hair is your Opportunity



WHEREVER Feminine Beauty gathers—**HOLD-BOBS** are favorites! Your favorite screen star and society leaders everywhere know the necessity of a perfect hairdress. They find **HOLD-BOBS** vitally necessary for perfect beauty and femininity—and so will you.

HOLD-BOBS help so much and cost so little—never be without them! They're available everywhere in colors to match all types of beauty. Both the curved-shape style and straight style have small, round, invisible heads, smooth, non-scratching points, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold each lock of hair in place.

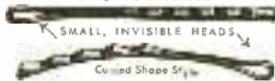
The best is none too good for fashion's favorites—nor for you . . . so insist on **HOLD-BOBS**—

Made Only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
 Sol H. Goldbers, Pres.
 1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. D-10X, Chicago, Ill.
The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
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Gold and Silver Metal
 Roll cards identify
HOLD-BOBS wherever
 . . . inside in a letter
 to meet every require-
 ment. Also sold under
 these brand names:
BOB-BETTES CLUB
PER-ETTES and
LOX-THE LOCKS



Straight Style **HOLD-BOB**



Curved Shape Style

Copyright 1933 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Inc.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
 Dept. D-10X, Chicago, Ill.
 Please send me free sample card of **HOLD-BOBS**
 and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Blonde Gray Brunette Gold

publish dark blue sweater that outlined her trimly modeled shoulders, and the crisply ruffled white collar, her great Spanish eyes sparkled from a round, young little face.

I was led into an atmosphere charged with the same suspense that had filled Tito's bare dressing room at the theatre.

In the living-room Tito, with the smiling generous countess he has for every-body was autographing a copy of his new song, "It's Time to Love," for an obscure Spanish singing teacher from the West Side. When she could find an opening in the bustle and stir of the place she was trying to tell about her own six children. Tito attempted to translate, but he is not the English speaker of that family, so Señora Guizar divided her time between helping him and helping her mother who was bobbing madly in and out preparing to stage the bill and hussinettes show in the bedroom. At thirty-nine, Madame Norriaga of the snapping black eyes and robust Latin vivacity, is not one to take her responsibilities as a great mother passively.

"I am terrified," Señora Guizar said calmly, "but my mother, she is even worse."

"Don't be," I said and began what I had been invited to say. "It's simple. You just go to the hospital and have a bit of discomfort and then—"

"Tito," she called, seizing my hand to hold the chain of thought. "Tito, come here and listen to this."

"Now go on," she turned to me again. "I went on. 'Then you have,' I finished, 'your beautiful little girl—'"

"No!" shouted Tito violently. "Not a girl. I am having a boy."

"But all good lovers!" I said, "have girls."

"Is that true?" Señora Guizar asked. Tito had not quite understood because he is still best in his native tongue. She translated to him and he, too, looked serious.

So we sat in that sunny hotel bedroom where a candle always burns on the bureau among the holy things, the crucifixes and the medals that friend-had given Carmen Norriaga to carry to her ideal. In the midst of the lace and the pink and blue satin of the most elaborate hussinettes I have ever seen was pinned a little bleeding heart to sanctify the tiny tenant in whom it was waiting.

They are no more ashamed of their devotion than of their love. With Señora Guizar, who has trod the world's most sophisticated boards as Nanette Norriaga, musical comedy star, this is a conscious beauty. With Tito it is youth, naive and uninfected.

It was this same cross-boy-loves that captivated his friend.

"He was just a country boy," she said in her beautifully inflected English. "It

was only a step to find singing in a New York spiritless Mexican boy as simple and naive as if he had been on his native ranch, that I could not resist him."

"I was there dining with my mother and Georges Capponin, whom I had known before in Paris, and his friend Lita Grey Chaplin, who was on the bill with me at the Palace then. I saw this handsome boy looking at me all evening. I did not remember him, but he recalled meeting me at a reception in Mexico City."

"They gave her receipts," Tito supplemented his wife's modesty, "because that year she was winning the prize for all performers at the Mexican stage."

"I liked his work," she went on humbly. "He has a wonderful voice, as you know, besides, what you call sex appeal. I was organizing a Mexican company for an act, so I called him over to the table, gave him my card and asked him to come to see me."

"He came and we talked business. When he left to you know what he did when we had not had a personal word all evening?"

Tito grinned emphatically. "He *had* not, I argue, the first time we had met, and he a Mexican girl. We are not like Americans, there are no liberties. Yet do you know, I did not object when Tito did it."

At their next meeting they started organizing a partnership, but not a theatrical one. Carmen began to make plans for a new career. From now on her job would be Tito's singing, not her dancing.

"Some things a woman can always do for a man," she went on. "All Mexican boys are happy-go-lucky and I love Tito for it. But I'm more American because I studied at American schools, and I try to give him American ideas of ambition. When I met him three years ago here in New York he did not know one word of English."

It was then that she took Tito in hand. He learned English or began to. He made better contacts.

That is not the only way she helps him. Up and almost the month before she expected her child, Señora Guizar troubled to the studio every day, rain or shine to help Tito.

And she answers a great deal of his fan mail. Thousands of letters every week. Letters full of adolescent, young, and middle-aged feminine palpitations set throbbing by Tito's golden voice.

"Want you a reason?" I asked.

"No because I am only his secretary when I do that. Besides I wish him to succeed and 'his letters mean that he is doing it. No, it is the mothers' love."

BUFFALO . . . to a girl who . . . their marriage. Tito would not of Lita Carmen to go out on the street

alone. Not even shopping. He wouldn't let her do the marketing because the butcher or the grocer might abduct her.

"I like to cook," she said, "but I had to give it up. Tito could not do the shopping. If we were to have *pollo con arroz*, he would forget the chicken and rice. If he went along with me it was no better, because who can shop with a man along? So we live in this hotel. Fortunately my mother is with me now or our baby would not have had any clothes to wear. But," she added, "jealousy is his only fault."

"I hadn't seen faults in Tito, but that was pretty hard to swallow. "What," I asked, "would you say was his greatest virtue?"

Señora Guizar thought for a long minute. "It is so hard to select one," she said, "but I think it is that he is never rude to me. You know, most husbands—"

"Yes, I know, most husbands—"

"And after that, it is that he has no vanity. People compliment him, men and women, but his head is not, as you say, made big. And then—"

She went on, listing the fine points of Tito Guizar.

And all the time my conviction was growing, my conviction that it was not this list of qualities that had made Tito Guizar's marriage a success.

It was Tito Guizar's wife.

I thought of something that was waiting for that child, something more important than all this lavish equipment. The beautiful spirit waiting to unfold that lucky lady, the Guizar bambino, I said so.

"But he should be here now," she said in a troubled tone. "The doctor said two weeks ago. Mother thinks something is wrong."

Storks can cause a lot of trouble by their unpunctual habits, and friends and relations even more. I had missed three trains before I had half finished my soothing prophecies.

I waited during the next few weeks for news with more concern than I had shown to Señora Guizar.

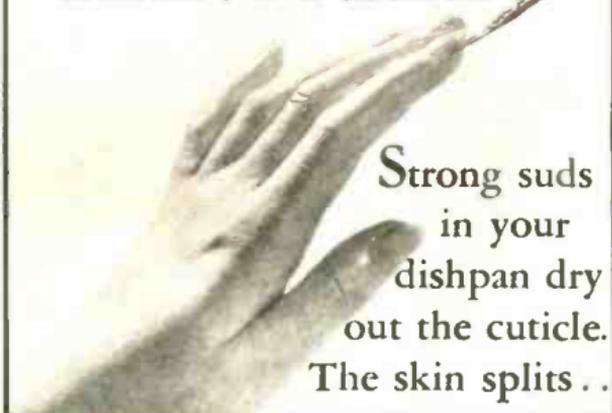
That particular waiting has a way of seeming endless. But it does end some time. And this ended. . . .

An enthusiastic and admiring audience heard the voice of Señora Nena Guizar at her debut on May 18th. "Great lovers," I wired Tito, "have girls."

Tito may have forgotten already, as parents do, that he had planned a boxing and baseball career for his son. Or he may have changed to the plan of having her follow her mother's dancing footsteps.

Either way, he has found consolation. For there is not a receptionist, announcer, sound engineer, or charwoman at Station WABC who has not learned that Señora Nena Guizar weighed over eight pounds and is possessed of remarkable lung power and range. They could have told just from Tito's walk that something important has come into his life. Listen for it in his voice the next time you tune in on his serenade. You'll hear it. For Tito Guizar has seen the final flowering of romance.

"Why do I always have a
HANGNAIL?"



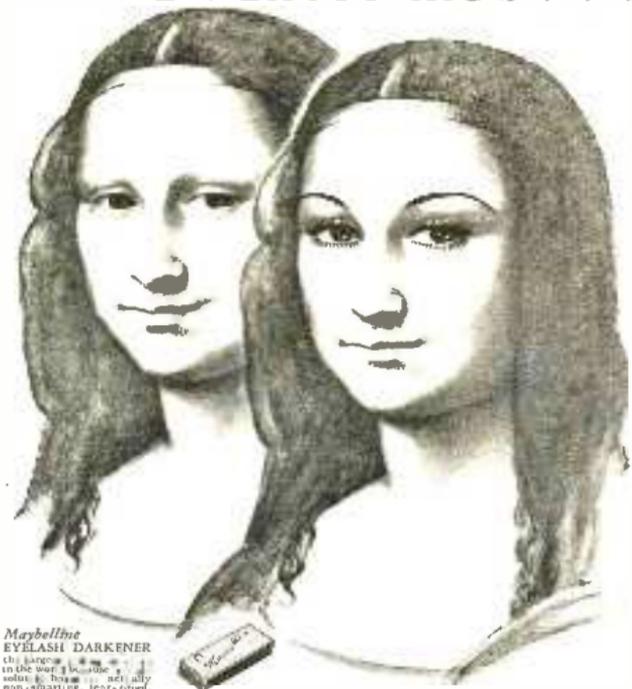
Strong suds
in your
dishpan dry
out the cuticle.
The skin splits . .

It costs
so little to use
Ivory Soap . . why spoil
your hands with strong suds?

Ivory's pure foam is kind even to a baby's sensitive skin
—and it will make dishwashing (and every soap and-water
task) a beauty bath for your hands . . 99 4/100% Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"

IF *Mona Lisa* COULD HAVE
USED THESE 4 MAYBELLINE
EYE BEAUTY AIDS . . .



**Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER**
the best in the world for the
solution of eye makeup
not irritating, tear-proof,
instantly effective. Trans-
forms lashes into natural ap-
pearing long, dark, luxuriant
fringe and keeps them soft
and silky. Black or Brown.

**Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL**
smoothly and cleanly lines
the brows, forming graceful,
expressive eyebrows of pure
and highest quality composi-
tion. Black or Brown.

**Maybelline
EYE SHADOW**
for delicately shading the
eyelids to enhance the color
and depth of the eyes. Pure
and harmless, smooth and
creamy, it may be had in
Blue, Brown, Blue Gray,
Green and Violet.

**Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER**
caresses lightly, renders
safe for growth and stimu-
lates the natural growth of
the lashes. Applied nightly,
before retiring. Pure and
harmless. It is an excellent
cosmetic for day, Lingerie
Lashes.



WELL, we leave it to you—the pictures tell the story! Compare Da Vinci's portrait of her as she was, with our version of how she might have looked if she could have used the exquisite Maybelline eye beauty aids . . . See if you do not agree with us that, lovely lady though she was, her charm would have been increased a thousand-fold with proper eye make-up. You too, can give yourself this advantage.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

You Can't Make Him Mad

(Continued from page 29)

It demanded: "Apologies . . . for you are sorry and the suit will be withdrawn."

"Very well. Cantor cracked. I am very, very sorry that Rubínoff is a first-class nuisance, and a rat."

So you heard all about Rubínoff with never a word of defense from the harassed maker of soft sweet music. You heard that he played with his eyes shut because he couldn't bear to see people suffer, that a burglar got into his house and hid behind a screen and when he came in and started to practice on his violin the burglar stayed hidden as long as he could stand it and then came out pleading for the police to come and take him away. Rubínoff took all that.

Finally this scene took place one hot sunny night. A barber was going over the top of Rubínoff's head with a comb when Cantor came over and stopped him.

"Say, what are you doing?" he demanded. "Giving Dave a shave?"

"No, I'm looking for my scissors. I found a bird's nest in here a minute ago."

"Ah a woodpecker," Cantor cracked innocently.

WOULD you have taken that without an answer week after week after week? Well, in the spring, Cantor went to Hollywood and Bert Lahr stepped into his Sunday night shoes. He tried to follow the old formula. One night Wallington said, "What do you think of Rubínoff?"

"He's the greatest trumpet player in the band," Lahr replied.

"But he doesn't play a trumpet. He plays the violin."

"Sounds like a trumpet to me," Lahr retorted.

Five reasons best known to himself Rubínoff began to burn. He began to object to Lahr's pausing, to wise cracks that showed him up in everything but a favorable light. For over a year, he had stood for it all. One night, if the tales we hear are true, there was a scene that won't be forgotten for a long time. Rubínoff was mad—darned good and mad.

Next day, Lahr got orders to stop ribbing Rubínoff.

But what about Eddie Cantor? Eddie comes back to this program in a few weeks. When you read this, probably he will be on the air. Will he observe the rule? I doubt it. Will Dave stop again? He's had all the kidding he can stand? He's the stormy Russian temperament that is his come to such a point that he will defend himself?

Well, see. It ought to make a hell of an argument one way or another. But one thing he has accomplished. They don't say anymore that you can't make him mad. So not any more!

The Band-Box

(Continued from page 13)

climbered into his chair. He sat down on the saxophone cap placed there by the guy Foley is still looking for. The result was terrible. Foley jumped up, stuffing a yell, tipped backwards in his chair, fell seven feet off the platform—and down came all his drums, gongs and accoutrements with a noise which defies description. What the audience heard—in the expectant hush—was something that sounded as if all the Pennsylvanians had crashed through to the basement.

And Foley is still looking for the guy.

It is said of Barry Wells that he sings Barry Wells. "Somebody ought to put an end to this fad for puns, but that won't be accomplished until someone puts an end to Bob (Meet the Artist) Taplinger of CBS. It was Bob who, speaking of George Hall said 'Hall is well that ends well.'" Incidentally, George Hall found Barry Wells when he was tuning in on a middle western station late one night. Barry was then known as Eddie Davis, and George persuaded him to come to the big city where he is now blending his voice with Loretta Lee's and the Hotel Taft orchestra.

Talking about new songs here are a couple of some kind or other. One is called "Cow Bell Sonata" and the other is the "Skillet Symphony." They were the bright ideas of Harry Kogen, director of the NBC Simeon Minard orchestra. Both numbers were featured by the orchestra when Harry Rudinger, the drummer, arranged cow bells and skillets, stepped up in sizes, into musical instruments on the order of the xylophone.

Kogen is now turning his attention to music of the Giv Numerics. He is working on a number to be called "Days of the Mustache Cup." What next!

"Hush" O'Hare, broadcasting from the Canton Tea Garden in Chicago over NBC, lays claim to having the youngest band in America. He wears the oldest player is Larry Foster, 24 and that the youngest is Jean Burke, 17. The average seems to be about 19. If you know of a radio band any younger, better challenge that claim.

Sigmund Spaeth that Tune Detective who is everlastingly telling us that some of our favorite new songs are not new, is now tracing back the family trees of such popular numbers as "You're an Old Smoother," "What Have We Got to Lose?" and "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing." And he says that the last is a close relative of the famous "Merry Widow Waltz." Well, of all things!



AFTER THIRTY DAYS
Ruth's teeth were unchanged.
SHE USED TOOTH PASTE "A"



BUT BEULAH'S
TEETH WERE DAZZLING!
SHE USED PEBECO

Ruth and Beulah Green, age 27, living at 15 West 81st Street, New York

Twin Test reveals Pebecco superior to other Leading Tooth Pastes!

"We'd like to measure Pebecco's efficiency scientifically against 5 other leading tooth pastes," we said. "How about testing them on twins?"

"No testing ground could be fairer," declared Dr. David B. Freundlich, the leading New York dental authority we chose to make the test.

So Dr. Freundlich made the test on twins. One twin of each pair used Pebecco twice daily for thirty days. The other used one of the five other leading brands.

On the five main points of mouth hygiene—Whiteness, Lustre, Film, Gums, and Acid Mouth—Pebecco proved itself more than twice as effective as the other well-known tooth pastes tested. Why?

Because Pebecco uses Potassium Chlorate as a base. This element, more than any other, stimulates the flow of alkaline saliva which checks acid mouth. Whiteness the teeth, removes stains and mucin plaques. Polishes, gives a brilliant lustre without the slightest scratch. Heals and hardens the gums to firm, vigorous health. . . You test Pebecco on your own teeth and gums! You'll FEEL it working for your good. BUY A TUBE OF PEBECO TODAY!

On These Five Vital Points Pebecco Wins!

- 1. WHITENESS . . .** Pebecco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%.
- 2. LUSTRE . . .** Pebecco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 49%. Pebecco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the teeth.
- 3. FILM . . .** Pebecco removed mucin plaques in 88% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 32%.
- 4. GUMS . . .** Pebecco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 47%.
- 5. ACID MOUTH . . .** Pebecco alone actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of alkaline saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.

Why and How I Tested Twins

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin in each pair used Pebecco twice daily for 30 days. The other used Tooth Paste A, B, C, D, or E—one of the five other leading brands. At the end of 30 days I submitted my report, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information about these tests, write me at 401 Central Park West, New York City.



(Signed) David B. Freundlich, D.D.S.

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F. & W. Grand—F. and W. Grand-Silver Company—W. T. Grant Company—S. S. Kresge Company—S. H. Kress & Company—McCroery Stores—McLellan Stores Company—Metropolitan Stores—G. C. Murphy Co.—Silver's Stores.

ON SALE AT:

AND AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



Medicines . . . and pills . . . yes, doctor, but CHEWING GUM!

Yes, DENTYNE often, and here are the reasons

If we called Dentyne "Extrametholomin" and charged a high price for it, you might find it easier to believe this story. But here are the facts in this report. Read them.

This all starts about three thousand years ago. Primitive man chewed tough, wild meats. He gnawed roots. And *that* chewing developed the structure of his mouth. It kept the salivary flow normal. It *cleansed* the mouth and teeth. It brought the blood flow to the mouth tissues, keeping them vigorous and healthy.

Years ago *chewing* went out of fashion and then our troubles began — decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, diseases of the mouth and throat tissues.

And now comes this report (backed by the writings of scores of famous doctors.) Read it and see how *important* it is to *chew Dentyne regularly*.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — We suggest that you have each member of your family chew Dentyne for five minutes every day. Be as insistent about this as you are about other hygienic daily habits. You will not notice any *immediate* difference. Dentyne will not give you health or beauty *over night*. But the Dentyne

habit may well bring about the lessening of tooth decay, mouth and throat troubles. And it will keep your mouth clean and healthy, your teeth white.

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

- 1 To supply the masticators ever, use important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Radio Royalty

His first radio single, "Stormy Weather," sold 100,000 copies. He has since sold 500,000 more. "A Little More Love" takes the music world by storm. Rudy Vallee has first place on the charts. He has his first big radio success with one of his own popular songs, "Louie Louie" and "Manhattan Serenade," the next. Seated at the piano, Arlen plays his own "What Have We Gotta Lose" and "Manhattan Serenade," theme of the last week's radio program. Arlen's first chord on the ivory brings forth tumultuous applause. It's his own "Stormy Weather."

TED himself seems bewildered at the blinding lights in the assemblage. He identifies Louie Louie, the song interpreter who came out of Chicago to capture the hearts of ex-tern radio fans, and her husband, Don Ross, the tenor. Next comes Louie Houston, erstwhile Whitey in a past program, who has, in the past six months carved a niche for himself in the popular CBS singing star.

His new record is the floor, and only raises his hat on. With the first time, Louie Houston's vocal set rises to rub elbows with radio royalty.

Your Radio Corner

(Continued from page 47)

United American Bush Corporation. It is for either alternating or direct current and is known as Model 500. Combined in its figured walnut veneer case are five tubes, full automatic volume control, full dynamic speaker, lighted kilocycle dial, police call range, and it has an unusual voltage stability. What more could you want for \$24.95?

Barelay Schroler over at the Crossley Corporation recently sent Radio Stars one of the sweetest little desk sets I've seen in a long while.

Have you seen the new all-wave Howard Compact? This is said to be the only set of its kind on the market. It's a straight A operated job, but, by throwing a switch in the rear of the chassis, the entire circuit is thrown into short-wave operation with reception as low as 75 meters. This is a 6 tube superhet with Jensen dynamic speaker. RCA Victor has a new low-cost automobile radio known as M-34. I haven't yet heard it, but it's as good as my R-28 P, then it's O.K.

So many letters have been received by this office during the past summer asking advice as to what kind of a radio to purchase that I've just about been swamped. Will you make it a bit easier for me by enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope?

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and
nailon counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Radio's Fighting Poet

(Continued from page 31)

multitudinous fanatics seeking expression. Though he set them down on paper as best he could, there seemed to be a rejection slip waiting to pounce upon each of his poems the moment it reached an editor's desk.

He sat one night at his desk, running his fingers through his wavy hair. Inspiration had brushed him lightly with her hands and had left him to suffer the pains of labor. He stared for a long time through the windowpane at the chimneytops on the nearby roofs. Then his pen began to move.

"The morning comes riding to our market place
On the shoulders of a hick hill;
And when it tires
Spending its golden coins,
And is heavy with sleep,
The mountain will take the day on
its back
And carry it to the still dark house.
At night . . ."

A week later he thrilled to the news brought by the morning mail. "The New Republic" had accepted his poem. It was the beginning. Then "The Nation," another magazine of liberal intellectuals, took another. More followed and then, on one of his poems, one of his creations appeared in the First American Catalog published with the work of some of the greatest contemporary writers.

Still, beauty didn't buy a great deal of toast beef, so David found work as announcer at New York's WGBS. Now radio, in 1925, was a precarious business. There was rarely money to pay talent, the artists came either because they enjoyed it or because they wanted publicity.

One rainy night he was in the studio, waiting for the station to begin its evening broadcast.

SUDDENLY the manager thrust his head through the door.

"Where in the devil are those artists?" he demanded.

David glanced up at the clock. It lacked him a minute of eight. Sixty seconds more, and he'd have to go on the air. "The rain's held them up."

"Well, we've got to do something in a big hurry. You get on the air and hold the audience till we get some talent here. Walk, talk, sing, dance, cry, anything you like, but for heaven's sake do something."

David looked frantically about, then darted to a row of books that stood on a nearby shelf. Hastily he grabbed a volume of Poe and leaped to the microphone. He read "The Raven" to the waiting listeners, then glanced around. The manager waved his hand at him, urging him on. He read "Lenore" and "Childe Harold." Again he sought guidance from the manager and

again he was urged on. For a while longer he read the haunting lines, finally reluciantly and David collapsed.

The station's officials were interested in the letters David received as a result of the broadcast. They decided to assign a poetry hour to him now and again. But their enthusiasm was far cooler than his. The young announcer was encountering the first of the opposition to the broadcasting of poetry, which later was to trouble his spirit so and rouse his listeners to such violent protests.

In the meanwhile, he was developing in another direction. The resonance of his voice was enriched the dramatic sense in him was fully awakened. Even then, he knew that there was more to announcing than mere flippancy, irritating manner or a bulldozing bellow.

Thus when he came to the Columbia Broadcasting System, he was engaged as an announcer rather than as one who could hold listeners spellbound with poetry. True, he was placed on programs which gave him an opportunity to read lyric lines, but to officials they were of far less importance than other programs.

Then there came a program which exposed David and his sponsors to a storm of criticism. Here it can be recalled why he was chosen to announce the Cremo hour and why, despite the critics, the sponsor's selection was justified.

George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, sat in the richly furnished auditorium room of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Around the long table were seated other executives of the organization and of the network. In another studio were gathered a number of the Columbia announcers. One by one they stepped to the microphone and read their test scripts in their individual styles.

It was Ross' turn. As he walked to the microphone, he remembered that sometimes the most commonplace prose, spoken rhythmically, can be amazingly impressive.

"Twenty words. No more, no less," he declined to the microphone. There was something almost primitive in the rhythm he injected into the phrase. In a side message (typical of contemporary announcing, poetic sway might seem grotesque). But down in the auditorium Tom Hill leaped to his feet, pounded on the table and cried "That's what I want." And the justification of his selection, critics or no, was in the tremendous sales of the product which resulted from the broadcast.

It was what David wanted too—his is, as far as commercial announcing went. But it didn't guarantee the permanence he sought for his "Poet's Gold."

Now you can see why he stared motionless from the window of the office

big's up in the Columbia building. So once again he'd have to argue and bicker and defend his program. Once again he girded himself for battle.

But this time an unexpected ally came to support his contention that listeners longed for a rhythmical flow of words. The ally was the Old Gold program. "Why not," the planners demanded, "create a broadcast that is something and rhythmical, something that will really take people's minds from the hard realities of the world and make them forget their troubles. Why not such a program as this—listen why not David Ross? He's the man! His voice is restful, and his cadences . . ."

So the Old Gold Program was built. I ran across David at luncheon the other day. I couldn't resist asking him how he defended his stand on poetry, when there seemed to be so much apathy or actual opposition to it.

HE leaned earnestly toward me. "Strawberry shortcake isn't very good if it's crammed down your throat, is it? Well, most of us had poetry crammed down our throats at school.

His eyes gleamed fiercely. "Humans are a cluster of emotions. They experience life, death, joy, sadness, love, beauty tragically—a mature person knows all these things. Poetry is an intensification of all that.

"It's a direct route to the heart and all it needs is an honest hearing. The response to 'Old Gold' has proved that. An anthology of all the verse I've read on that program is being published soon, you know." He lifted his cup of coffee to drink, then paused. "Tell me, you're not going to write a story about this are you?"

I bowed affirmation. He hesitated a moment, then smiled. "Do you suppose you could convey an apology to the people who've written me the charming letters I've honestly not had time to answer?"

I could. That is, if he'd send me the poem of his he'd like most to have me print for any of his listeners who may read this. So here it is:

Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them where
they stand;
Here in these quiet groves,
Is no pride of ancestry;
A birch may wear no less the moun-
ting than an oak;
Here are no heirlooms save those
of loveliness,
In which all trees are kingly in
their heritage of grace;
Here is but beauty's wisdom
In which all trees are wise,
Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them
In the sunlight,
In the rainbow
In the lilac-haunted rain;
And bread will come to them as
beauty came.
In the sunlight,
In the rainbow,
In the rain.

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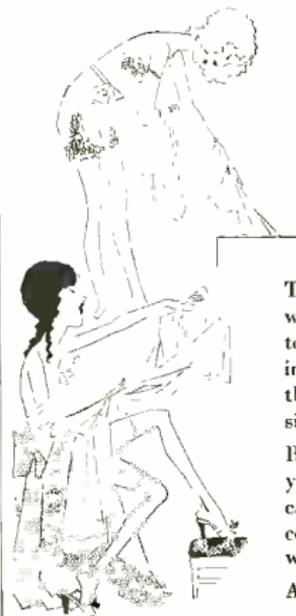


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John Reed to



35 Fashionable Colors

ON SALE AT DRUG AND NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED

Microphone Magic

(Continued from page 58)



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick—**Special Theatrical Color!** This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new **Special Theatrical Color**, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

without the tinkling accompaniment of her ukulele. But he went ahead with rehearsals because he felt sure that as soon as the salary checks started, he would be able to persuade her to marry him.

One day before the date set for the audition at NBC, Peggy counted her cash. She had just paid her hotel bill and it had been necessary to buy some new clothes. Just twenty dollars left. Not enough to get back to Tulsa if— but she refused to think of that "it."

THE audition was scheduled for two o'clock Thursday afternoon. At one-thirty Peggy was sitting in the twelfth floor foyer at NBC. Miss Campbell sat at her desk as usual.

"You're early," she said. "Nervous?"

"Oh no," Peggy started to say. Then she realized it wasn't true. "I'm horribly nervous."

Miss Campbell laughed softly. "That's a good sign," she said. "Only bad singers aren't nervous."

The hands of the clock over the desk crawled slowly toward two. At five minutes to two, Peggy found herself counting off the seconds.

Then Miss Campbell's telephone rang. The hostess answered it. "No. She isn't here yet. No, I haven't seen her. They can't wait? Listen. There's a girl here now who can do it. I know she can. Of course. Give her a chance. All right. I'll send her right up. Goodbye!"

Before Peggy had a chance to wonder whether Miss Campbell had been talking about her, the hostess beckoned.

"One of those things that only happens in story books," she explained. "Linda Lee, the blues singer, was due here for an audition for an important client at one-thirty and she hasn't showed up. The client won't wait, so you're going to sing."

"Oh, I can't. I mean, I never expected—"

"Listen," said Miss Campbell sternly. "I've wasted a lot of valuable time and influence on you. And if you disappoint me, I'll never feel the same again. Now go on up to studio H—it's on the fifteenth floor—and sing, sister, sing! Now slooow!"

Before she had realized it, Peggy was in the elevator and at the fifteenth floor. A worried looking man spoke to her as she stepped out.

"You Miss Tolson?" he asked. Peggy nodded. "Good," he continued. "We've got to hurry. The client is likely to tush off any minute and we need that account. I never heard of you, but I hope you're good. Come on."

Peggy followed him into a large studio.

"I'm not going to sing here!" she exclaimed.

"Sure," he said. "Don't let the size of the place frighten you. It's the only studio available at the moment. Got

your music? What are you going to sing?"

Underneath the Harlem Moon and "Chloe," Peggy said.

"Harlem Moon" is no good. Done too often," the man said shortly. "Be all right if this was a regular audition, but we just have to please this client. 'Chloe' is all right. Hev, Miss Gray!"

A slender smiling girl got up from a piano and came over.

"Miss Carolyn Gray," said the man briefly. "She'll play your accompaniment. She's good, too."

Miss Gray nodded and asked Peggy for her key. Peggy told her.

"No time to rehearse it," said the man. "Have to get going right away. Are you ready, Miss Tolson? Ready, Carolyn?"

The audition had started. Miss Gray began the accompaniment and nodded toward the microphone. Peggy moved toward it slowly. The accompaniment continued. In a moment she would have to sing. Everything had happened so rapidly. This was her big chance. Then came the terrible fear that she wouldn't be able to make a sound. That when the time came, she would open her mouth but be unable to utter a note. She had Mike fight! If only Pat were there. And her ukulele. She'd forgotten all about it. She was a soloist and not auke-strumming harmony singer. Suddenly she was singing. Before she realized it, the passionate lyric of "Chloe" was coming from her own throat. It didn't seem possible, but it had happened.

PAT left the door of Peggy's room and wandered blindly to the street. Where was she? Could she be hiding from him? Bitterly, he cursed himself for the way he had treated her. But now—now it only he could find her he could tell her all that had happened. About the Wyandotte scrap for one thing.

But where was she? Where?

Familiar outlines suddenly brought him up. It was a canopy stretching from building to sidewalk, the hulky figure of a doorman. He recognized the place. Seven-eleven Fifth Avenue, the home of NBC. His reckless path had brought him straight to this broadcasting temple.

A voice barked his name. "Hi Pat." "Hello." He started on, reflecting that surely Peggy would not be here. "Sav," the fellow called. "I just saw a pal of yours."

Pat's feet swung around and stopped. He recognized the chap as a newspaperman who covered radio.

"Who?" He tried to sound casual. "Peggy Tolson."

"Hev?"

The newspaperman jerked his thumb toward the inside of the building. "She's got an audition coming up."

(Continued on page 80)

Microphone Magic

(Continued from page 78)

A BRIGHT
POLISHED FLOOR

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WITH ONLY 10 MINUTES WORK

NO RUBBING!
NO POLISHING!

Watch Glo-Coat change your dull, dingy floors to bright, shining floors. You merely wipe it over the surface like water. Glo-Coat does the rest. Dries in 20 minutes or less with a hard, clear polish that protects the floor against wear. You don't have to rub it or polish it. Glo-Coat shines as it dries. Beautifies linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted wood.

Send for trial can—enough for small kitchen or bathroom.



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Glo-Coat is sold in all
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"S' funny," Pat said. "I was just looking for her."

He started into the cab and stopped. What if she should refuse to listen to him? What if he should barge in just as she was singing and break up her audition? It might ruin his whole life. His big, in-faced with an idea. Here she was, scheduled for an audition with a lot of stragglers around, no one she knew or liked. Maybe he could help, if it wasn't too late.

He crossed the sidewalk again and scrambled into a cab. The cabbie heard a mumbled number not far distant and careened up Fifth Avenue behind a throbbing motor. At the address, he wheeled to the curb and stopped.

"Wait."

Pat went up steps three at a time. Within a minute, his harto case was under his arm and he was back in the cab. "NBC," he screamed.

The giant doorman at 711 cur-ed silently at the mad figure that flung a bell at the cabbie and sprinted toward the elevator. Pat squeezed himself into the car just as the door was closing.

"I've got to make a broadcast," he whispered. "Don't stop until you're at the studio."

The car soared with a rush of wind and presently eased to a stop. The first person Pat saw was Miss Campbell.

"Where's Peggy?" he gasped. "She's got an audition."

"Studio H, fifteenth floor, but—" Pat had vanished.

At the studio door, a page boy blocked his way. "Gotta pass?" he demanded. Pat spun him away and went through the double doors.

Inside a girl stood at a mike, her back toward him. Peggy. His head whirled. A man was gesturing beside her, talking.

"He liked it, but he wants a comedy number. What have you got?"

"Oh By Jingo."

"Try it."

THE girl at the piano tinkled it off prettily. The man tided out of the room and his face boomed through the glass of the control room. Peggy lifted her lips to the mike. Pat swung the Lupo case across a knee and opened it. With the instrument in the crook of his arm, he moved up behind her. When she began to sing, he strummed gently, caressingly.

Peggy dropped a subtle cable the air and went on. But she didn't look at him.

"I'm right with you, honey," Pat said softly. "Remember the night we did it or KA-O?"

The control door opened, and the man burst out. "Sweet!" he said. "Well, pop it out." The door slammed and he started out through the wires.

Peggy leaned over to Keech and whispered to him. Keech stepped up to the

mike, saying "We now present Miss Peggy Nelson and Pat Martin in their own interpretation of a comedy classic of yesterday, 'Oh By Jingo'."

Pat was so surprised he almost forgot to play. But he didn't. That old harto made some noise to Peggy. She wasn't nervous any more. Things were as they should be.

"—we'll pass a lot of little Oh By Jingos."

"Then we'll put them in the Follies." She almost laughed as she sang the crazy words. The laughter did get on her voice. The whole affair seemed mad and senseless.

The song ended. Peggy glanced at Miss Gray. That young lady was chucking.

"It was terrible, wasn't it?" Peggy said, not caring a lot.

"It was grand," said the pianist.

Finally, Peggy turned to Pat.

"Honey, I didn't mean to bust in on your audition," he said. "I just had to see you. I'm going back to Tulsa!"

Peggy looked astonished.

"Back to Tulsa? What for?"

"No work," Pat said. "Had a little argument this morning and there'll be another harto player on that ginger ale program. Honey, I didn't gum up the works to you here."

"I couldn't have done a thing without you," Peggy said truthfully. "But what was the argument about?"

"Nothing," said Pat.

THEN Miss Gray spoke.

"Are you the man who refused that Washburne contract because they wouldn't put some girl on the same program?" she said.

Pat gaped and blushed.

"But, you didn't!" Peggy exclaimed.

Pat couldn't say anything.

"Was . . . was it me you wanted on the program?" Peggy asked.

"I had!"

"Then I am going back to Tulsa with you," she declared. "I'll never let you go alone."

"Over my dead body!"

Peggy turned quickly. It was the busy man who spoke. He had just come running from the control room after another telephone conversation, very much excited.

"And you're not going back to Tulsa either," he said, turning to Pat.

Peggy and Pat looked at each other in amazement.

Now you two kids bustle down to the agents' bureau. They've got a couple of contracts down there waiting for your signatures. And make it snappy, will you? You're due back here in twenty minutes because we've got to run on the blue network tonight."

And it was the busy man who had to leave Peggy. For Pat was completely helpless—with astonishment and delight and what have you—when she faintled.



New Natural Make-Up gave her lips more Allure!

LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking color... without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth and kissable!

Lips Colorful... Without Paint

Ordinary lipsticks coat the lips with paint. But Tangee cannot give your lips a painted look. It isn't paint.

Tangee actually changes to the color hidden in your own lips. In the stick, it looks orange. But on your lips, it's your shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Use Tangee and see your lips youthful with fresh, natural color! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks... at all toilet goods counters.



*** SPECIAL 10c OFFER!** W.M.S.
 The George W. Luff Co., Inc., Enclose 10¢ to 417 Fifth Ave., New York (atoms or coin)
 Rush Miracle Make up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder. Check Flesh Rachel Light Rachel
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

If You Want a Thing—

(Continued from page 57)

turned out that they wanted their nobility for, after three weeks of trial the show died.

This failure of her first attempt only strengthened her belief that she could achieve stardom. With the one girl in "Just a Minute" who had displayed friendship, she came back to the city which turns out some thousands of heartbreaks an hour. They arrived on Christmas Day. They were hungry; they had but a nickel between them. With the self-assurance that later carried her to fame, she called a well-known restaurant and asked the proprietor to send around two well-prepared dinners.

"Grace Moore?" was the answer. "Never heard of you."

But I'm a friend of Martinelli's." She spent a long minute naming people of prominence in the musical and theatrical world whom she had never met. The girls got their dinners.

It was a long time before she was able to pay for them. Once more she was confronted with the necessity of leaving the cool retreat of looking agents. But destiny had to reckon with her courage. She found a place in "Up in the Clouds." And graduated from that to "Hitchy Koo."

By now, she had a hunch that many young women would have considered a very attractive place in the inconstant spotlight of Broadway. But it wasn't enough for her. She took the dollars to which she had worked so hard and bought a ticket for France to learn what the Continent could teach her of music.

Her secret destination was not Paris, but grand opera. She swore to herself never to stop trying until she got there.

ONE night in Ciro's, haunt of wealthy Americans who visit Paris, a man approached her. He had been introduced back in America.

That man was Irving Berlin. Not many weeks later all New York was talking about the blond Venus who was the whole attraction of "The Music Box Revue."

Still, the driving restlessness of this girl was not quieted. More stardom did not appease this internal hunger. The words of Walter Pater, which are still her motto, urged her on. You know them probably. "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end."

It may seem easy, but it wasn't. Not to a girl who was by now as much in love with a man as she was with her career.

George Huddle, son of a famous Philadelphia family, was in Paris, exhibiting paintings which his leisure gave him time to create. An astute newspaperman discovered that he was engaged to the new star.

(Continued on page 81)



Make your Eyes ENTICING

EASY • THRILLING • NEW

Dark, heavy lashes curtain your eyes with glamour and mystery. You can have such lashes... if you follow the beauty secret of movie stars! Use Wink, the NEW type mascara that makes lashes look luxuriously soft... and enchantingly long.

Wink is easy to apply—not too thick, pleasant to use—never smears. Best of all, it can't smear, smudge or flake off... as ordinary mascaras so often do. Even tears won't affect Wink.

Men—even those who dislike "made-up" girls—are charmed by the natural beauty of Wink. It never looks coarse or "heavy."

Use it and see for yourself... today. Two forms—Liquid Wink, waterproof... Coke Wink, in a smart compact.

And... to make your eyes doubly seductive, use Wink Eye Shadow. It is smooth, not greasy, and comes in five subtle shades.

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My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately at home. The details: read all being here, especially page 11 and send (credit—cash)

Send 10c today for 10¢. Send for stamps TODAY for booklet. For 10¢ more you will receive a 10¢ package of 10¢ extra for the 10¢ value Beauty Encyclopedia.

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Miss BLONDE
 ... want to be Mrs.?

OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chance. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the new, inexpensive 25c size. At all good drug and department stores.

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Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same "eye-appeal" movie and stage stars do...instantly...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Literally weils of allure tonight—bigger, brighter...irresistible, DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.



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SUBTLE, fascinating alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. A single drop lasts a week!

THREE ODORS: (1) Romanza (2) Lily of the Valley (3) Esprit France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you free with my compliments a trial bottle of each. Send five silver or stamps to pay for postage and handling of all three. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL BEIGER
154 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

If You Want a Thing—

(Continued from page 82)

"We've been engaged about six months," Grace presently admitted. "I didn't want it to come out at this time as I have another year under contract to Irving Berlin and after that, I do not intend to marry until I have made my appearance in grand opera."

There it was, out in the open. Grand opera! She would have it, even at the expense of a glamorous diamond-budded marriage. So, back in Paris again, when Bidelle asked her to name the day, something happened which never came clearly to light.

Of course, opera won. She found an opportunity to sing for Otto Karna, good angel of the Metropolitan Company. So enthralled was he that he obtained an audition with Gatti Casazza and when her voice filled the room in which the critical Gatti sat, she had made the Metropolitan.

And finally, at last, she permitted herself to think of love, to marry.

What a marriage and what a triumph for her! His name was Valentin de Pareira, wealthy Spanish motion picture actor who saw her first on the Florida stage. Right away he went to the captain and insisted that they be placed at the same table. The commander seeing something of the look in the handsome Spaniard's eyes, complied.

If you want a thing, well here is Grace Moore's example for you. To get a thing one must make sacrifices. Sometimes it is dignity or happiness or a certain kind of pleasure.

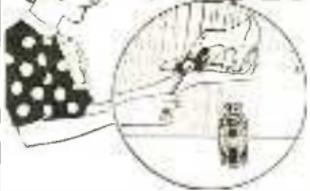
Grace Moore found that out long ago. There are stories that have her pulling when other girls stood between her and what she wanted. Stories and legends of great personalities usually have those implications in them. Possibly, they aren't true. I'd like to believe that they are. I'd like to believe the rumor that came out of those Chicago-told broadcastists that she and Lou Holtz had come to blows during one stormy rehearsal. They all sound so much like the girl who abandoned the unadorned ease that was her heritage and waded knee-deep in the bitter stream of life until her own talents and determination took her to the dream shore beyond.

She has one favorite quotation that I want to pass on because it is so characteristic of her life. It is:

"While all meets under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion or any contribution of knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment. To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

"Success!" To some it means glory and adulation and a name that sings in headlines, to some it is a happy health with children about and a mate whose love never wavers; to some it is broad acres and growing things. Whatever it is, you can have it, Grace believes.

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The Mystery Chef

(Continued from page 27)

cooking experience, provided you are given directions that are complete and easy to understand. Now I know that sounds impossible, and I know there are hundreds of thousands who would contradict me, and yet I say, in the face of anything said to the contrary, YOU can prepare a dinner tonight—second to none, and you can do it without ever having cooked anything before—even to the boiling of a saucepan of water.

I HAVE proved the above statement again and again and stand ready to prove it whenever it is challenged.

Before I say another word, let me impress this fact upon you. When I say that something can be done you can be absolutely certain it can be done by anyone and that I have proved it by actual tests. I regret very much that some readers of this magazine misunderstood one statement made by Mr. Cecil Sturges in his article "Revealing the Mystery Chef" which appeared in the April edition of *RADIO STARS*. The article said, "His most astounding broadcast was the one in which he told and demonstrated how it is possible for a busy woman to prepare and serve a full course dinner within ten minutes after getting into the house." What I did broadcast was that it is possible for a woman engaged in business to give a dinner party and to prepare for the dinner by doing the work in easy stages—one, two, and three evenings before the dinner, leaving practically no work to be done on the night of the dinner party, and thus be able to put on the radio a really marvelous full-course dinner within ten minutes after coming into the house.

In one of my articles in the near future, I will give you the complete detailed directions for preparing for a dinner party in this way. In the meantime, send the coupons in each month and get my easy-to-understand recipes.

The recipes I give you this month are for the cooking of fish. Perhaps you are one of those who think they do not like fish. I say *think* adversely. You will be enthusiastic about fish cooked by my simple recipe. To those who have never tried my recipes for the cooking of fish, let me say this: You will be delighted to find these recipes are unbelievably simple and yet the result will be fish so far ahead of any fish you ever tasted.

One of the greatest chefs in America said, when dining at my home, "This fish is 200 per cent better than any fish I ever tasted." And another great chef said, "With forty years' experience as a chef, I have never tasted fish as good." Not only have expert chefs praised these simple recipes, but thousands of my radio audience have written enthusiastic letters of praise. One simple master recipe will tell you how to cook any fish and no one who tastes fish cooked by this recipe ever again says, "I do not like fish."

DON'T BE SKINNY!

Prepared by professional model

Read how thousands are gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

NEW EASY WAY
Puts on Firm Flesh Soon!

NOW fill out that skinny, unattractive figure so quick you'll be amazed!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawk-like fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round

out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

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

Special FREE offer

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*no money refunded*. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

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Easy to Change Dresses to Latest Fall Shades

RIT chemists have patented an amazing color remover which takes out all the color—even black—and never harms the fabric. Just drop WhiteRIT (the original color remover) in boiling water—put in a dress or scarf or anything you like—stir with a little stick—and watch all color disappear like magic. Even the darkest fabrics come out white.



Put an easily take out all the old color—even black—with WhiteRIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains.



Now rinse your dress in a bright solution of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more—but a powerful water that gives you the finish!



Love the RIT it saves every dress you own the color and texture. And a special patented formula of New INSTANT RIT gives you the finish!

Also removes spots and stains from white goods

White RIT also takes out stubborn spots and stains from white goods—harmlessly. Wonderful, too, for removing mildew and yellowing caused by washing. Try White RIT next washday and you will never be without it again.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies, table runners or any article unevenly faded, sun-streaked or spotted.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT. See the RIT color chart which lists 33 shades for fall at your dealer's. White RIT is on sale everywhere.

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Brushes Away Gray Hair Keeps Permanent Wave

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REMOVE FAT

A SAFE SURE WAY TO REMOVE FAT FROM YOUR SKIN. LARGEST JAR NOW ONLY \$1.00. NOTHING MORE TO BUY FOR 60¢. THE JAR FOR \$1.00.

I do not write these articles for money. I do not ask, and am not paid one cent of money for writing them. I hope for something much greater than money and that is your friendship. I want you to be an artist at the stove—not just someone who cooks food. I want you to use the great talent God has given you. Send for my recipes and follow the very simple and easy-to-understand directions and everyone will proclaim you the great artist that I say you are.

Goodbye until next month, when I hope to have the honor of talking to you again through this interesting magazine. In the meantime, please do not write asking for special recipes or for answers to questions about cooking. I wish, with all my heart, that I could answer each letter with a personal reply. That is not possible when letters come in by the thousands. During my recent broadcasts, over 600,000 enthusiastic letters were received by my sponsors—the Davis Baking Powder Company. They employ a large staff to answer each letter and mail the cook book. The letters are then forwarded to me. I have thousands and thousands of exceptionally beautiful letters, that really call for a personal reply, still awaiting my attention.

I look forward to your letters and always read each letter received. It is your letters that inspire me in this work. It is nice to know that what you do is appreciated and I hope that your family and guests will be as appreciative of your art in cooking as my radio audience and the readers of this magazine have been of my efforts to be of service and to inspire them to be artists at the stove.

The Unknown Goldbergs

(Continued from page 19)

AND now meet Jake. Jake is James R. Waters, a gray haired veteran of a thousand theatres, smallish, with a kind, seamed face.

He has played a hundred successful characters. Maybe you saw him in "Abe's Irish Rose."

Last year he caught pneumonia. His doctor put him to bed and told him to stay there. But what of the broadcast? He had never missed it. I don't know whether you understand the pride of an actor in his creed that "The show must go on."

With a fever of 104, James Waters—Jake, to you—got out of bed and staggered all the way to the studio. The display of courage he put on that night probably has never been surpassed.

For four years now, he has played the part of Jake. He's wrapped up in that character—loves it.

And that's the story of the unknown Goldbergs. People—nice people of the sort you meet at the theatre or at market or while traveling. People who are pretty much concerned with bread and butter and a job that occasionally tries to get through the door.

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DANDY Mother

Easy Spreads on

Dries tougher than leather

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Smart Women in Radio

(Continued from page 60)

yellow lounging pajamas, she waves back a wisp of auburn hair and looks at you steadily with her clear hazel eyes.

She is of the theatre from the age when, as a stage-struck girl playing in stock companies from which her father frequently yanked her, she called herself Neva Nara.

Because she had taken the hard knocks of a trouper, and could still hold up her chin, she was strong enough to stand the strenuous work which was the lot of the radio actress not so many years ago. She smiles now at the dramatic sketches in which she played several parts, both male and female, in one show. It was this background which enabled her to land the job of reading and selecting dramatic script possibilities to the Commercial Division of CBS.

Her freedom is dear to her, and when the opportunity to free lance arose, she grasped it eagerly. And just as this issue goes to press, you discover that she has been persuaded to return to her executive work at Columbia. She believes implicitly in the value of stage training for success in radio work. If you can write it you have the ability to handle people with tact and to meet them on their own ground when necessary, then you have a chance.

And here's a real job for you. One slip in a daily routine and your broadcasting company might be sued for thousands of dollars. One error in your department's program typing and six stations might suddenly find themselves in complete disorder.

When you walk into the music and stenographic department of the Columbia Broadcasting System's Music Division, you look around for the man in charge.

THEN your eye rests on a woman, a little older than the rest. So that's the boss? You introduce yourself. She's pretty busy and really doesn't care about publicity but she's courteous. Agree? Law.

You go into a mental tail-spin as she tells some of the responsibilities her job entails. She must watch every piece of music that goes on a program so that restricted selections may not be broadcast without permission. The programs which are typed in her department must be properly coded, else they might throw a program and an entire network into confusion. Her files include a record of everything that has gone on CBS for five years. In her mind is a picture of what should or shouldn't go on the air. She is called upon to help clients in planning programs and must keep harmony between her company and the music publishers. It's a big job, but she won't take all the credit. She thinks the girls

DYE SHOES BLACK this EASY WAY



ALL shoes of smooth leather—colored, tan and white—are quickly and easily dyed a permanent lustrous black with ColorShine Black Dye. Just apply it with the dauber and let it dry. Then keep black shoes shined with ColorShine Black Creme. It keeps shoes smart as well as softening and preserving the leather. There's a ColorShine Dressing for every type of shoe. Only 10¢ for a big tube or bottle. Sold on the hardware counter at the ten-cent store.

SEND POST CARD
for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Gene M. Grant, The ColorShine Mfg. Co., Dept. M-10, Baltimore, Md.



became the re-bustful. But only a short time ago she was a shabby and shamed tin snare instead of brilliant smooth skin. She was pale, too. But she took "Valentine Bismark" for a challenge's prescription. By using these pills, both the weight loss is increased within a few weeks from 7 to 10 pounds. The smiling beauty that stands on the cheek and simplicity itself become so brightly colored. In fact, the action, which includes the heart, lungs, and the body, will be increased in many months of firm flesh, evenly distributed. She is no longer tired and sickly and within a few weeks her former slim body, her eyes was to a beautiful health appearance. At the same time, "Valentine Bismark" is your natural energy, tone and curbs the blood, and all digestion, best \$1.00 for 100 pills, or order 50¢ from Valifone Co., 174 State St., Gloucester, N. V.

Save 1/2 on HOSEIERY BILLS

Smart, busy women save spending by slipping their concealed footies under or over their shoes. How? Just use a modern neebs for your business, at home and for all sports. Nees give exceptional foot comfort. Buy Nees today at your favorite chain store—send 25¢ for correct stocking with RICHARD PAUL, Inc., Cooper Bldg., Dept. M, Los Angeles, California.



Free We want to send you free a regular 10c card of

BOBBY LOX HAIRPINS

To a price on you that this

Have the Strongest Spring The Smoothest Enamel Last the Longest!

Send your name for free sample. Then make this fact: Heat open a Bobby Lox, note the strong spring that does not wear out, feel the perfect smoothness of the enamel on the INSIDE, as well as the OUTSIDE, so other hair pins just don't compare. Bobby Lox Hairpins that are other make. But still do not get fooled—send your name now for free sample, make the coupon to a post card or mail in an envelope to

Appleton, Wisconsin

Send your name for free a regular 10c card of Bobby Lox Hairpins

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I usually buy in the store checked below

<input type="checkbox"/> S. T. Kruger Co.	<input type="checkbox"/> E. W. Westwood Co.
<input type="checkbox"/> W. T. Kress Co.	<input type="checkbox"/> McElroy Store
<input type="checkbox"/> W. T. Grant Co.	<input type="checkbox"/> McGeary Store
<input type="checkbox"/> C. Murphy Co.	<input type="checkbox"/> Grand-Saver Stores
<input type="checkbox"/> Scott Stores	<input type="checkbox"/> Resner Bros.

J. J. Newberry Co.

FADED GRAY HAIR

Wash hair first with mild, gray-releasing hair soap, and color your hair at the same time with my new "revel" discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR." No fuss or mess. Takes only a few minutes to re-color shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR." No "gray" look, but a lovely natural, long-lasting color unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Free Booklet, "Mastering I. P. V. 1949," Dept. 39, 23 W. 38th St., New York City.



● To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise BORO-PHENO-FORM. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—no water, hot accessories required. Soothing; highest non-caustic; odorless; dependable. A boon to the mind and health of every married woman.

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in her 17 years as a radio star. Here's a woman who can stand on her own feet in public schools. But a latent executive ability asserted itself, and she got the job of secretary and assistant to the program manager of WABC. Having organized program records that past year, she was the logical choice for the secretary position.

You know, she says, she never joined a union and she never had a job desk. I think the secret of her training is extremely valuable for a woman who wants to get into broadcasting. A lot of girls think that there's no advancement for people trained that way, but it's not so. Every bit of business experience has a value here. Women who have been in general business in the office, or they have experience with an office, they are valuable. Of course, good and literary knowledge is helpful.

If you had a promising social career, would you elect a business course instead of a coming-out party and be a stenographer instead of a social butterfly? That's what Fred Walker had in mind when he left the Court of Divorce in New York.

In 1922 he started a radio station, which he called "Dad News" and it started at a time when it had one operator. But she made a grand coup the very first thing. Now the best way to get Miss Walker to do my thing is to tell her that she can be on the radio. She had a very good idea of that, but she didn't know it. She had a very good idea of that, but she didn't know it. She had a very good idea of that, but she didn't know it.

When the station was rebuilt she got Ed Wynn to put on the first program. No, ma'am, she never went for any small time stuff. Why she arranged the first broadcast of a football game back in 1924 at 11 the next year the station put on baseball and that's had it in the air ever since.

When someone said it couldn't be done, she put on the first broadcast of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and, when they tried to discourage her plans for the first international broadcast from England, she went right ahead and put it over.

Miss Walker had had her finger in the National Broadcasting Corporation when she proposed for it. Such a job is the Chicago Board of Education was a pallete. Each year probably 100,000 tickets are packed. In almost 100,000 or three hundred schools were listening to her educational programs, not only in Chicago, but in five adjoining states. This year, at the request of officials of the Century of Progress, she reported the summer school which thousands of people attended and which is a part.

They say that Juliet has a mink coat. But I don't see it. It is probably "Scowp" in tribute to all the hats she has stored in radio.

If you have any children, you know



THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER IN WINDOW SHADES

IT'S A NEW KIND OF FIBRE MATERIAL—THAT WON'T CRACK OR PINHOLE

EASY TO PUT UP—NO TACKS NO TOOLS

I COULDN'T GET THIS LATEST PATTERN EVEN IN EXPENSIVE SHADES!

YES, THESE ARE FULL SIZE SHADES 36" X 6 FEET AND I CAN EASILY CUT SOME DOWN FOR SMALLER WINDOWS.

10¢ WINDOW SHADES...

Durable As They Are Smart.. Already Tested and Approved by Millions of Women!

To say that Clopay Shades are utterly new and different—that they are really a revolutionary "buy" at 10¢ each—sounds like mere claim. But facts speak for themselves. When more than a million women—many of whom never paid less than \$1.00 for window shades—have bought and approved Clopay Shades, here surely is a value worthy of your investigation.

You can see and examine Clopay Shades at practically any 5¢ and 10¢ store. Feel how tough yet flexible they are. That's because they are made of a patented fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Note how smoothly they hang, how evenly they roll. Clopay's exclusive creped texture is the secret. Your own common sense will tell you that such shades are made to withstand abuse amazingly well.

Then feast your eyes on the smart colors available—soft, plain colors and the very latest two-tone tints and effects you can't find even in more costly shades. Wouldn't you like to see these expensive-looking shades in your windows? To prove that they heighten the effect of the furnishings in any room? And just think—only 10¢ each! Clopay Shades are easily attached to your old rollers... without tacks or tools. It's really a thrill to do it yourself... in a few seconds—and what a difference in your home when you have fresh new shades to replace the old, soiled, cracked ones. Visit your neighborhood 5¢ and 10¢ store today and see this amazing value in window shades... Clopay. Send 3¢ stamp for color samples. Clopay Corporation, 1253 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Women Rating About Clopay Shades

"I have had three of your new Clopay Shades in my window for over two years. I am simply awestruck that anything so cheap as you could look so good and give the service which I have proven they do give. I am an enthusiastic about them. I have been the means of several of my neighbors buying them."

Mrs. C. H. Summerman
227 Summer St.
Clarkburg, W. Va.

"What a relief to know one may renew shades 2 or 3 times a year at so little cost. I have had several of your new my bedroom and given away all the others. No one believes me when I tell them the price."

Mrs. F. Duggins
150 Monmouth Ave.
Wood Ridge, N. J.

These Are Only a Few of Thousands of Letters of Praise for Clopay Shades

At All 5¢ and 10¢ Stores and Many Department Stores



that it's a trying enough task to keep even three of them in line. But when you have, say a dozen to handle at once—well, just look out. Could you take that many youngsters bubbling over with the enthusiasm in youth forgetful, irreplaceable kids and put them on a program in which every second lost spells dollars wasted. Nila Mack can. Here's how.

Immediately you see why the children are so fond of this fond plump blonde. Evidences of the youngsters' affection are all over the room, in photographs of their dogs, the Betty Boop on the doll piano and the drawings by their very own selves.

Nila got pretty big-city doing nothing in her home town, WBBZ, Ponca City, Oklahoma had a studio in her city, so she applied for a radio job there, and what a radio job she got. Everything from announcing and script writing to planting window boxes. But she worked like the dickens, and Don Clarke, CBS Continuity Director, under whom she worked before, hearing what she was doing, sent for her.

"Women who can write good book copy about feminine things," she tells you, "are always needed in radio work. Stage and musical experience are valuable, too. Perhaps my own success with my programs is due to my stage experience and my ability to treat children as my own equals."

When most people hear the roar of an express train, the staccato of a machine gun or the shriek of hastily-applied brakes in a radio drama they picture the ingenious and complicated devices which produce them as the creations of a mechanically minded man whose capable fingers have been trained in a machine shop.

Those people would be pretty startled were they to walk into the Sound Effects Department of Columbia and see the small, serious woman in charge snapping her fingers nervously as she reaches for a new sound idea.

This is Mrs. Ora D. Nichols, the boss of a thousand and one noises. She has skilled assistance, of course, in building the weird devices which heighten the illusion of reality in radio drama, but she's not averse to picking up a saw or a pair of pliers herself.

The field, she tells you, is limited both for men and women. But if you're a woman who can fix an electric light plug, who can make that old toaster work who can put up a passable shirt and fix Junior's velocipede; if you're so alert you'll never miss a cue in such complicated shows as the "March of Time", if you have practical-stage experience, you have the essentials.

MANICURE LIQUID POLISH

Its glamour lasts a whole week!...



Like the highest priced polish—in lustre and long wear!



You get weeks of smart manicures out of one bottle...



ONLY 10¢

5 smart shades



At your favorite 10¢ Store

Almost Unbelievable!
MARY CARLETON COLD CREAM
POUND JAR for only 25¢



Mary Carleton Face Creams are the kind of creams that will always please your skin and just think of it, you can now have a pound jar for only 25¢. We have lowered the price tremendously but the quality remains the same. Every ingredient that goes into Mary Carleton Creams is the best used in par-ty. Just realize what this means to your skin.

Step into your favorite chain Store and take home a pound jar today. You will be pleased with your purchase.

Also in 1-1/2 lb. Jars at 25¢:
-Gleubar Cream
-Lemon Cleansing Cream
-Skin Nourishing Cream
-Liquefying Cleansing Cream
-Luscious Vanishing Cream and Theatrical Cleansing Cream



DIXIE DEB
Quality Cosmetics

If your favorite Chain Store cannot supply you, send 25¢ (4 tubes or cream) to Dixie Deb, Inc., Atlanta, Ga., or New York City and we will mail you a jar postpaid.



Pretty as a Picture!

Your hair will be lovely, lustrous, sparkling with dancing lights—*pretty as a picture*—after Golden Glimp Shampoo. The secret? Simply this—it is used differently—use to suit your own shade of hair.

So easy to use—yet what a delightful effect it gives! Your hair will glow with soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos. Your hair will be lovelier than you've ever seen it. 25¢ at your dealer's, or send two coupons for sample!

J. W. KOBI CO.
634 Rainier Ave., Dept. K, Seattle, Wash.
Enclose 10¢ for sample of Golden Glimp Shampoo

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

News Flashes

(Continued from page 15)

faced with a vacant studio and a big open space on the network with no program.

"The show must go on," they agreed. They shook hands on it, gave a station announcement and from then Ed Dunham, a veteran organist, took charge of the studio organ while Kent assembled his best puns and gags. They kept going for fifteen minutes.

Messrs. Ken and Dunham are still waiting for some sponsor to offer a million-dollar contract.

GUY LOMBARDO has gone completely nautical. The "Admiral" purchased a sixty-foot yacht which served as his home during the summer. The boat now is the flagship of the Lombardo "navy," which includes two speedboats, a sloop and a rowboat.

AN interesting meeting in New York after a broadcast was when Dr. J. Sayle Taylor, Columbia's "Voice of Experience," was introduced to Carrie Jacobs Bond, famous song writer. It seems that when only fourteen years old and already an accomplished organist, the "Voice of Experience" introduced many of Mrs. Bond's first songs to an enthusiastic public during his engagement as official organist at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.

THOSE Death Valley Days stories could run on forever. Says Miss Ruth Cornwall, author of the western dramas, Miss Cornwall recently returned from California and Death Valley with notebooks crammed with new yarns. The author visits the Valley at least once a year and gathers her material first-hand from the "desert rats" of Goldfield, Tonopah and other famous centers.

THAT theme song you hear on Arlene Jackson's program over NBC is her own composition. What's more, she does the whistling and humming of that song on her program. So it's truly her theme song.

AFTER years of study and research, Jack Benny, the funny fellow of the air, has discovered what mistletoe does when cold weather comes. They dress in cellophane.

"PHIL" is on the air on Friday nights for an uninterrupted hour and fifteen minutes. Phil who? Well, Phil Cook, Phil Harris and Phil Baker. Try to get away from Phil if you are listening in over an NBC-WJZ network on Friday evening.

GRAHAM McNAMEE, NBC veteran mike master, observed his forty-fourth birthday last June 19th. That was the date in 1889 that he made his first broadcast from a Washington, D. C. hospital.

ONCE more Kulinoff will be laid open to the heckling of Eddie Cantor. (Continued on page 93)

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

COULD *Your* COMPLEXION STAND THIS TEST?

OR would you be worrying about an ugly shiny nose that mars both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. Half-Hour Nose is a thing of the past. You no longer have to powder every time you turn around. At all times, in all circumstances you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian not only clings for hours, but it gives the skin the smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The ingredients are so skillfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores, nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and moderate in price. Regular sizes are available at all department and drug stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

Sole Representatives: HENRY F. BREWSTER & Co., Inc.
Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City

Margaret Sullivan and John Boles in a scene from John M. Stahl's production "Only Yesterday," a Universal picture.

Pompeian
BEAUTY
POWDER
Windblown through Silk

tion. See if you agree with it. Kate Smith has money and fame, but neither of these things can take the place of that something which we who have do not appreciate—privacy. The world's interest in her and her activities has resulted in her every move being considered news. Her "private life" is an open book to the world at large. Everyone knows what she eats, how she sleeps, how much she makes, and where she spends her time. Apparently there is no dodging these accompaniments to success except abdication. So, what is more logical than that Kate Smith quit?

Supposing there is no precedent for her retirement. Kate Smith herself had no precedent! Never before did a girl earn fame and fortune so fast. Never before was the responsibility of entertaining millions of people, all by herself, placed on one girl's shoulders.

I have too long been associated with radio, its people, its functions and its happenings. It was my privilege to meet Kate Smith just prior to her first broadcast and since that time, I have kept in close personal touch with her by my opinion. Kate Smith is a tired girl who has realized in three short years the ambitions that most of us carry through life without seeing fulfilled. I don't think that financial, or any other type of replacement, could be foolhardy enough to keep her working at her present schedule after her commercial program goes off the air this fall.

I think Kate will retire. Do you?

Happy Birthday

(Continued from page 28)

now I stand at attention and salute Radio Stars as a magazine that is as interesting colorful and versatile as radio herself stop wish you all the success that you can wish

PAT BARNES

No Radio Stars is a year old stop no don't stop keep up the good work stop no don't stop what I mean is I hope Radio Stars keeps right on shining stop no don't stop shrubs I'm all stopped up but you know what I mean congrats

GENE ARNOLD

Best wishes for the continued success of Radio Stars stop you have done a real service for radio stop Ted Collins Jack Miller and Nat Brunstoft join me in congratulations

KATE SMITH

The Pennsylvania miss their voices in harmony to say quote happy birth-

THE BEST WAVE LOTION MONEY CAN BUY

COSTS ONLY

10¢

A PINT



Want to save money on waves?

Use Wildroot Wave Powder, famous concentrated wave set used by professional hairdressers. Costs only 10¢ a pint, (15¢ in Canada) because you mix it with water yourself. Wildroot Wave Powder is the result of years of experience by the world's largest maker of fine hair preparations. It's harmless to hair, makes beautiful lasting waves, leaves no white flakes and keeps indefinitely. Don't risk cheap imitations. You can buy Wildroot Wave Powder at any toilet goods counter.

WILDROOT CO., Inc., BUFFALO, N. Y.
Wildroot, Ltd., Fort Erie N., Ont.



ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches

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or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or head form groups, and groups of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo and we'll send you a week you will receive your beautiful life like enlargement, color and head form, group, and group of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. 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News Flashes

(Continued from page 91)

to when the pop-eyed radio comedian comes back to his old Sunday night program, September 10th. Some can't or probably won't have finished making his picture in Hollywood by then. It'll go on the air from NBC's Los Angeles studios. As a consequence, he won't be heard with his pal Jimmy Wallington until he returns some weeks later to broadcast from New York.

THE Bert Lahr chuckles won't have to feel badly about his displacement by Eddie on the Chase and Sanborn Tour, for Bert will be back on the air on October 4th replacing Fernie Brice on the same company's Wednesday night tea program. George Olsen and his music and George's wife, Ethel Shutta, will continue on the series.

EDWIN C. HILL, the man who so adroitly interprets the human side of the news, will be heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on Columbia stations for Barbed beginning September 11th. The same sponsors will bring back their old favorite, Singin' Sam for broadcasts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings beginning the 12th.

TRAGIC and perplexing problems of life will once more be interjected by one of the radio sensations of the year, "The Voice of Experience" when he returns to the Columbia network Monday through Friday mornings. For those who can listen only in the evenings, he will broadcast his solutions of life's difficulties, Wednesday nights through CBS facilities.

ED WYNN will be back on the air in the fall. That's definite, for he is under contract to the broadcasters. The date of the return of his inspiring riffs cannot be determined as we go to press, for even he doesn't know how long it'll take him to finish the picture he's filming in Hollywood and clean up other odds and ends that might annoy him in the serious business of making millions of listeners laugh.

THAT unruly ma-al-voiced sleuth Sherlock Holmes, returns with bewildered Watson and sundry English criminals on another day when the broadcasts are resumed on September 27th. Two programs will be heard each Wednesday night—one on the East and Middle West, and a later one for the Far West.

REPORTS have been confirmed that Raymond Knight, lam-o-burlesquer of radio, will write a new series of dramatic sketches for the Whittier people, to be broadcast Sunday through Thursday nights. It appears that the unconventional selection of evenings is for the convenience of people who start their week-ends on Friday nights.

Waves and Curls at low cost!

●New Non-Greasy, Non-Sticky Waveset Leaves No Flakes!

You'll never know what beautiful curls and gorgeous wavy hair you can really have until you use the new Venida Waveset. This delightfully thin and fragrant preparation is unlike old-fashioned products. It really works! Not sticky, not greasy... dries in a few minutes... never leaves powdery flakes on hair. So economical, too! Large 50¢ bottle at all drug and department stores; generous introductory size at 10¢ toilet goods counters.

- Best for "setting" naturally curly or permanently waved hair!
- Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau and by leading hairdressers!
- Guaranteed by makers of world-famous Venida Hair Nets, Venida Bob Pins, and new Venida Oil Shampoo.



VENIDA WAVESET

FREE COMB

If your store does not stock, send this coupon and 50¢ (in cash or stamp) for the large 16 ounce size Venida Waveset and FREE the Venida Waveset Comb. Offer may never be repeated again! The Besser Co., Inc., New York City

Next month! Watch for—
"Behind the Scenes with F. D."
Come backstage with President Roosevelt during one of his official broadcasts!

\$3 EFFECT FOR 10¢



The woman who pays \$3 for her face powder, creams and lotions can get no better results than you can with Vivani Preparations in 10¢ sizes. This is because 10¢ size Vivani Preparations are made from the finest materials in the world—in one of the finest cosmetic laboratories—by expert chemists. No matter what you pay you cannot buy finer cosmetics than Vivani. If you want \$3.00 effect and yet wish to be sensibly economical, choose Vivani Face Powder, Rouge, Creams, Lotions, Brilliantine, Deodorant, Nail Preparations, Eye-lash Preparations and Perfumes in generous and beautiful 10¢ sizes. Be sure to say—

VIVANI

The Mark of a Cultured Woman

The Last Word in powder puffs..

Read what Joan Foster, leading beauty consultant says



Keep to Gossamer The Gayanne Powder Puffs soft on your skin... are really the last word. They spread powder with amazing smoothness. How can you sell them for 5¢? It's beyond me. Joan

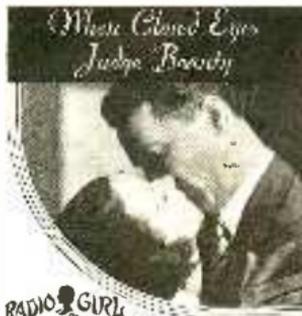
5¢ and 10¢ each



If you really are interested in applying your face powder more becomingly, and with utmost smoothness, be sure to buy this superior Powder Puff.

Gayanne POWDER PUFFS

Sold only at S.S. KREWE STORES



RADIO GIRL
Lends an Invisible Charm

The unseen beauty, the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL Perfume can be yours. It is made for you, modern American girls!... Impaired essentials, compounded in this country, bring this genuine French odor within reach of the thifty RADIO GIRL Face Powder has the same enchanting fragrance. Try the smart new shade—Dermatone—that blends with every type complexion... it is so flattering. (Flush or Brunnette if you prefer.)

Ask for RADIO GIRL at the store where you purchase your magazines. RADIO GIRL Perfume and RADIO GIRL Face Powder are available wherever toilet goods are sold.

THE BELCO CO., Saint Paul, Minnesota

Please send me 10¢ (value of RADIO GIRL Perfume and of RADIO GIRL Face Powder).

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
(Print Name and Address Plainly)

End Freckles and Black Heads, QUICK

Pocket Art Corners

The all time best for getting Ingrown Hairs, Corns, Stamps, etc. No pain, no mess.

100% GUARANTEE

Engel Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kings Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kings Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.

END FRECKLES AND BLACK HEADS, QUICK



No matter how dull and dark your complexion, no matter how freckled and scorched by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation, will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to more beauty quicker—easier way. Just apply tonight, no make-up, no rubbing, Nadinola leaves its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see the difference in your complexion until your complexion is all you had for, creamy white, stain-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; too long a waiting, money back guarantee in every instance. Get a free box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counter, or by mail postpaid, only 30¢. Nadinola, Box 11, Paris, France.

Obtain the free Nadinola Beauty and at many 5 and 10¢ stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

"Listen to This, Graham"

(Continued from page 41)

quivers at McNamee, and their arrows, stinging. They said he was old-fashioned, windy, helpless in the pinches and done in a sports announcer. It must have hurt.

But McNamee didn't have anything to worry about. Already he was building the strange reputation of having the most famous laugh on this planet of ours.

ED WYNN is an incredibly wise showman. He knows the theatre from the box office to the stage door, and his knowledge has made him famous and independently wealthy. Wynn knew radio was like the theatre. You had to be different. If you weren't, you were just one of the musing crowd.

The sponsors told Wynn they had hired Graham McNamee to announce the first broadcast. The Perfect Fool wanted to know what Graham was going to do. The financiers explained he would outdo the commercial, chant the advertisement praising the gas the advertisers sell.

Wynn was amazed. Why McNamee was as famous as he was. Ed said that McNamee should do something besides jargon the gasoline slogans. The sponsors laughed. What could he do? Describe a mythical baseball game, tell the batting averages of baseball players?

The hilariously mad Fire Chief needed a straight man, some one who would ask him questions so he could give the comical answers. Why not Graham? So they tried the sports announcer out. You know the result. The whole world does.

Graham's quick easy laughter is the signal that he and Wynn are about to commence their silly banter. The sports announcer chuckles as he asks a question. And while Wynn is shrilly telling his end of the gag, McNamee's giggles form a pleasantly authentic background.

I have watched McNamee and Wynn work more times than I can remember. Graham's eyes twinkle as he comes out on the spotlight-dappled stage of the Times Square studio. And he laughs as soon as he sees Wynn, who uses stage make-up when he works. Wynn's hats belong in Alice's Wonderland, and if a comedian is rewarded by laughter—McNamee laughs every minute of the show—then Ed is paid in full as soon as he sees McNamee's beaming countenance.

The roulette of radio has spun two lucky numbers to McNamee. Few last as long as he does in a business where thirteen weeks is a life-time. Those who have had second chances can be counted on the fingers of your left hand. But times haven't always been good for McNamee, the man who got a second shot at fame. He knows the

"Here is the SECRET"

SOYS
Mary Brun



MOON GLOW

NAIL POLISH

Beautifies Your Hands

YOU may now have a different color nail polish to harmonize with each ensemble. MOON GLOW Nail Polish—the new Hollywood favorite—comes in four shades: Natural, Medium, Rose and Carmine to harmonize with each costume.

You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you reapply them with MOON GLOW. So why not keep all four shades on your shelf? If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish. Ask your store for all shades of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in trial size. It cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me special introductory price of Moon Glow Nail Polish (enclose 5¢ coin or stamp) for each shade checked. (Enclose 1¢ coin or stamp for each shade checked.)

Name.....
St. & No.
City..... State.....

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM GIANT TUBE

As delightful as cold cream. Size 10c

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only \$1

Permanently Destroys Hair

GRAY HAIR PENCIL

The only pencil for GRAY Hair. Desirable Youthful Color. A new method that keeps gray away from roots, temples and cutting, and keeps Gray from spreading.

Now 25 CENTS

GRATER Co., Dept. E-118, CHICAGO

Hotter than Coal and no dirt

Do away forever with the drudgery of wood or coal. Save money, time and labor. Most economical and lowest priced Oil Burner on the market. Simply sets in fire box or any range, heating stove or furnace. Burns 90% as cheap oil. Gives three times the heat of coal. Easy to install and operate. Absolutely safe. No noise, dirt or odor. Sold on money back guarantee. If guaranteed for 10 years.

30 DAYS TRIAL OFFER

Try a wonder burner in your home at only one week's low price. If you use it in a local city, we will give you a free book on Home Heating. Address for sample offer and protected investor: INTERNATIONAL OIL HEATING CO. 3808 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

Would you, too, like a big pay BROADCASTING job?

Men and women of talent get \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year. Amazing new Floyd Gibbons course trains you for highly paid Broadcasting position

HAVE you a good speaking voice? Can you sing, act, write, read, direct or sell? If you can, then here is your chance to get into the newest, most glamorous, fastest growing profession in the world. For now a remarkable new course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you—right in your own home—for the highly paid position you want. This fascinating course was developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous Headline Hunter of the Air, to bring you the training necessary to fit your natural talents to the microphone.

Then, if you have the "know-how" in Broadcasting Technique that makes Radio Stars. In just a few short months you can capitalize your hidden talent for the microphone—cash in on your natural ability—prepare to earn in any time your present salary. For no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the technique of Broadcasting and prepare you for the highly paid position you want.

Opportunity for You in Broadcasting

No other profession in the world today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and large pay as Broadcasting. For Broadcasting is forging ahead so rapidly that there is a never-ceasing demand for new talent.

Millions are spent over the air every year. Last year about \$750,000,000 more than \$750,000,000. While Broadcasting companies spend many times that amount for talent. It is getting as this amount is even more millions will be spent this year than last. Most talented and fit men and women will be paid in a large pay. You too may be one of these \$1,000,000,000,000 and more a year—if you have talent and are thoroughly trained in the technique of Broadcasting.

If you can act, if you can sing or talk interestingly, if you can write, if you have any hidden talent you should get your share of the millions spent every year over the air.

Train Like Radio Stars

Any Broadcaster will tell you that talent alone is not enough for success over the air. You have to be trained thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique.

Join like those, often paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year, are open to men and women of talent and training.

Announcer Ad Libitum
Singer Publicity
Writer Dramatist
Reader Musician
Director Interviewer
Musical Director
Script Writer
Program Manager
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Excellent opportunities are open to talented men and women who have mastered the Technique of Broadcasting. Read how, too, can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.

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