

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

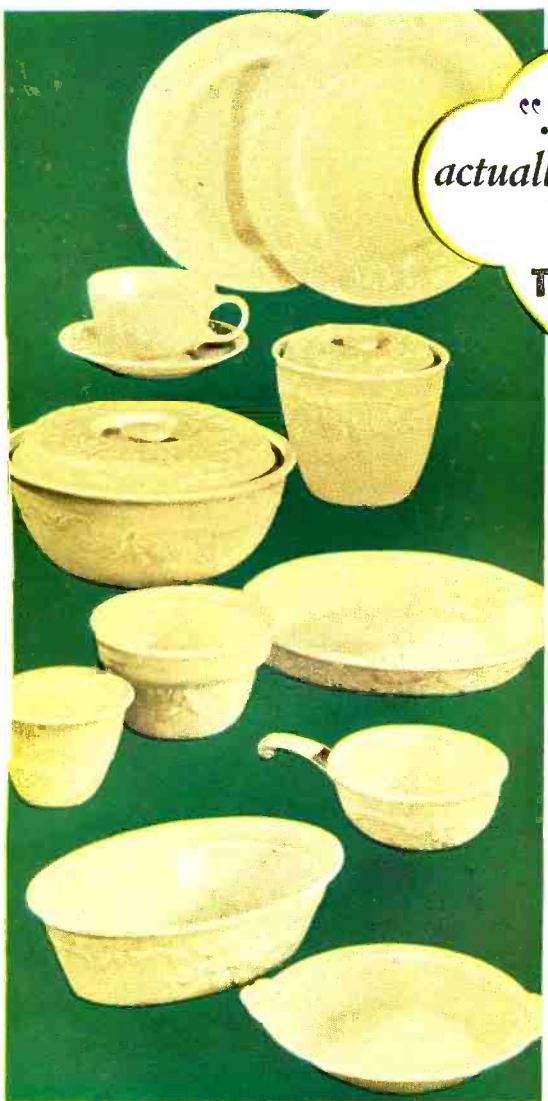
DECEMBER

10
CENTS



Fred Waring
and
Babs Ryan

THE TRUE STORY OF Russ Columbo's DEATH



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

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

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

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

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



POPOVERS! Umm m!

One cup flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. melted butter

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

OVEN-SERVE

Sold at Kresge

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

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

*radio's big stars
urge you ...*



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

INSIST ON THIS SEALED CARTON

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

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

To increase your radio pleasure, ask your nearest authorized RCA Radio Tube Agent for the new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes.

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

BE CAREFUL

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

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
in your neighborhood. It
means that the dealer sells
RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio
Tubes.



LISTEN TO THE STARS
Tune in at Radio City Studio
Party 9 in 9:30, E.S.T. every
Saturday night over the R.B.
Blue network. Hear the big
stars — Groucho — Chico —
Harpo — Fan — Music — Quick
Flashes from John B. Kennedy,
famous commentator.

RCA **Cunningham**
Radiotron 

SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



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

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

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

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

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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Cover by Marland Stone

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

THE *Funnies* and *Brightest* PROGRAM

Laugh with Fire-Chief

ED WYNN
and

GRAHAM MCNAMEE



*Enjoy the Charming Music
of*

EDDY DUCHIN



N. B. C. Coast to Coast





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

3 Weekly Waves of Fun and Drama **"RED DAVIS" IS BACK!**

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

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

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



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

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

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Ganders, Coffees, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



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

Notes from Our Memo Pad

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

• Jimmie Brierly and Connie Gates, singers, are furnishing the romance talk at CBS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

YOUR Eyes

SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

MAKE THEM SO WITH *Maybelline*

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Eyelash Dye

instantly colors eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. Non-smudging, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The latest color is Marigold, which borders in the world. Hickory, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly turns the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfectly natural look. Of highest quality, it is extremely soft and smooth and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow: delicately shades the eyelids, adding color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, White, Brown, Blush-Glow, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream

A pure oil base tonic cream, brilliant in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train your eyebrows to be thin and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty, fine-haired, and tapered, it need never be used twice, kept clean in a cellulose wrapper.

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

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

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

*The Sheen
of Youth*

Nestle
COLORINSE

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

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

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

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS—
NEW YORK



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



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

HE HAS 100 Voices

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

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

Don't think for once that his tal-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

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

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

LOOKS ORANGE-ACTS ROSE

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

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Range gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gunmetal case. Buy Tangee refills... save money.



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

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

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

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



TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

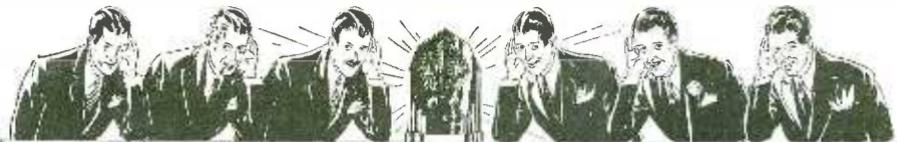
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM124-
417 Fifth Avenue, New York

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 1½ stamps or coin.

Check FLESH RACHRL LIGHT RACHEL

Name _____

City _____ State _____



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

***** PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BROWN, WITH NATALIE TAYMOR-CHESTER (NBC).
***** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE GARDEN CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
***** ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM WRITTEN BY CARLTON E. FORD, WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
***** THE COASTAL, WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, FRANK PARKER, AND DON BESTOR'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** FIREWORKS CONCERT WITH FRED ALLEN, JAMES MELTON, AND LENNIE HARRIS' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** LOMBARDI HOUR WITH GUY LOMBARDI'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
***** THE COASTAL HOUR WITH RUDY VAUDEVILLE AND GUESTS (NBC).
***** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COLEMAN, ROBERT VON HORST'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES LANGFORD (NBC).
***** WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
***** SERVICES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JES-SICA DRAGNETTEN, FRANK PARKER, THE CAVALIERS AND ROSARIO BOURDETTE (CBS).
***** DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT WITH L'HALICO A CAPPELLA CHOIR AND JOSEPH KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (ABC).

***** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH ROBERT AND MARIA REA AND GUS HALBACHSEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
***** THE PILOT'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA, JOHN KENNEDY AND GENE KRUEGER (CBS).

***** IN THE MODERN MANNER WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS).
***** GENE MARSHALL'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT WITH LANNY RGSS, MARY GUS HAFSCHIEN'S BAND AND QUARTET (NBC).
***** THE STRINGS WITH CHARLIE PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND COLNTESSE ALBANI (NBC).
***** THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NEWS BY EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

***** FORTY-FIVE MILLION FROM HOLLYWOOD WITH MARY WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
***** THE ROAD REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND TESCO (CBS).

***** THE BREAKFAST CLUB (NBC).
***** GOLF BUDDY WITH WOODY COUPNAGLE (NBC).
***** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).

***** THE JUNGLE DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
***** EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY BATTLES WITH ELIZABETH LINNON AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

***** P. CYCLES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARSONS (NBC).
***** LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING (NBC).

***** THE JUNGLE DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
***** EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY BATTLES WITH ELIZABETH LINNON AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

***** ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
***** THE CARNIVAL (NBC).
***** CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND JOHN KENNEDY (NBC).

***** CHICAGO JAMBOREE, MUSICAL VARIETY (NBC).

THE LEADERS

The following five programs top the heap for the month:

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

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

- ***** THE BIRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
***** THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
***** WARD BAKING SHOW WITH JEANNIE ROGERS' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** THE AX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLASSMAN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO DUEY (NBC).
***** "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNEGIE (NBC).
***** THE JERGLINS PROGRAM WITH WALDO LEE (CBS).
***** ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
***** THE DEADERICK CLIMAX WITH RICHARD DEADERICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
***** WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH MARY SMALL (CBS).
***** RAYMOND NIGHT AND HIS CUCKOO'S COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR WITH CLIFF EDWARDS AND GUESTS (CBS).
***** METROPOLITAN PARADE (CBS).
***** KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE SONGS (CBS).
***** LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
***** THE SIMMONS COMPANY PRESENTS MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WITH WILLIARD ROBISON'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
***** JERRY COOPER, SONGS (CBS).
***** THE SOUTHERNAIRES, MALE QUARTET (NBC).
***** IRENE RICH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
***** PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ROBERT COXON (NBC).
***** NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC).
***** ROY HELTON "LOOKING AT LIFE" (CBS).
- ***** CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND JIMMY DURANTE (CBS).
***** CLARA LU 'N EM (NBC).
***** FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC).
***** THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL WILLKIN (CBS).
***** "FEATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO SONGS (CBS).
***** GENE AND GLENN (NBC).
***** MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK (NBC).
***** GENE LIGHT STANDS WITH PIC AND PAT (NBC).
***** THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
***** GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
***** VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS).
***** "THE PET MILKY WAY" (CBS).
***** OXIDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

Kilocycle Quiz

(Can you answer these questions in five minutes?)

1. What soprano recently made a special plane trip to Hollywood?
 2. Who is the sponsor of Walter O'Keefe's CBS program?
 3. Who is Jolannie Roventini?
 4. What artist is known as "Prince of the Piano?"
 5. How many children does Joe Penner have?
 6. What is Roxy's real name?
 7. Who conducts the orchestra on the Radio City Party over NBC?
 8. What radio program uses original music?
 9. What product sponsors Lainy Ross' new Wednesday program?
 10. When a program goes on the air in New York at 8 p.m., what time do California listeners receive it?
 11. Is Frank Munn a tenor or a baritone?
 12. Who is Ford Bond?
 13. In what century are the Buck Rogers programs supposed to be?
 14. Who is the vocalist with Richard Humber's orchestra?
 15. Who directs the orchestra on the CBS broadcasts to Admiral Byrd in Little America?
 16. Fill in the missing word. "This is the _____ Broadcasting Company."
 17. Who is Howard White?
 18. Who are the artists sponsored by Gillette razor blades?
 19. Is Gladys Swarthout married?
 20. Who wrote the music which Eddie Duchin uses as a theme?
- Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions:
1. Muriel Wilson.
 2. Camel Cigarettes.
 3. The page boy on the Philip Morris program.
 4. George Gershwin.
 5. None.
 6. S. L. Rabaté.
 7. Frank Black.
 8. The Gibson Family.
 9. Log Cabin Syrup.
 10. 5 p. m.
 11. Tenor.
 12. NBC announcer.
 13. Twenty-fifth.
 14. Joey Nash.
 15. Mark Warnow.
 16. National (Columbia uses the word "System" instead of "Company.")
 17. Accompanist and associate of the Landi Trio.
 18. Gene and Gleam.
 19. Yes.
 20. Chopin.



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

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

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU WANT

TO BE
Beautiful

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KEEP THAT FRESH
GLOWING SKIN OF
YOUTH**

By Carolyn Belmont

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

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

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

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

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

I do realize that you have a tremendous (Continued on page 82)

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



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

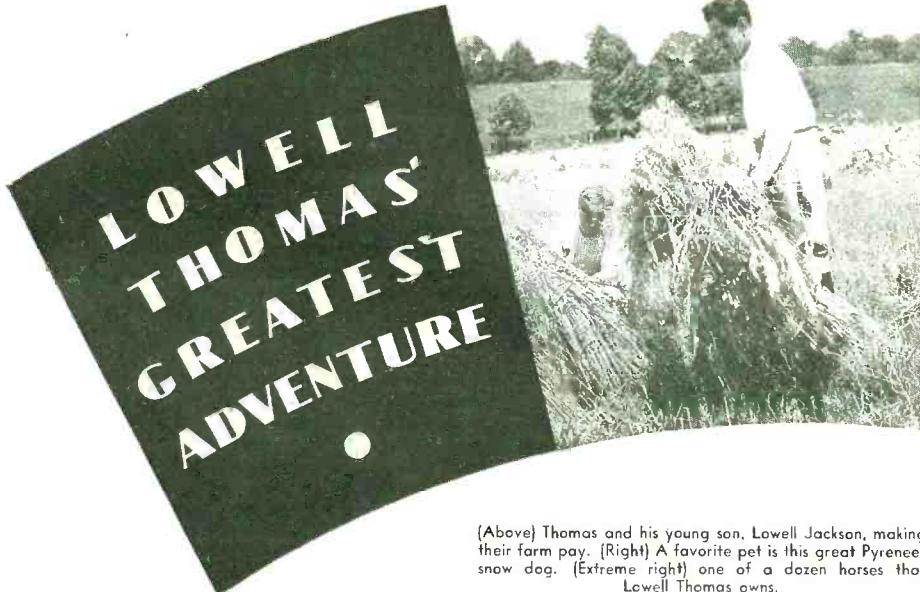


2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively golden soap and naptha. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

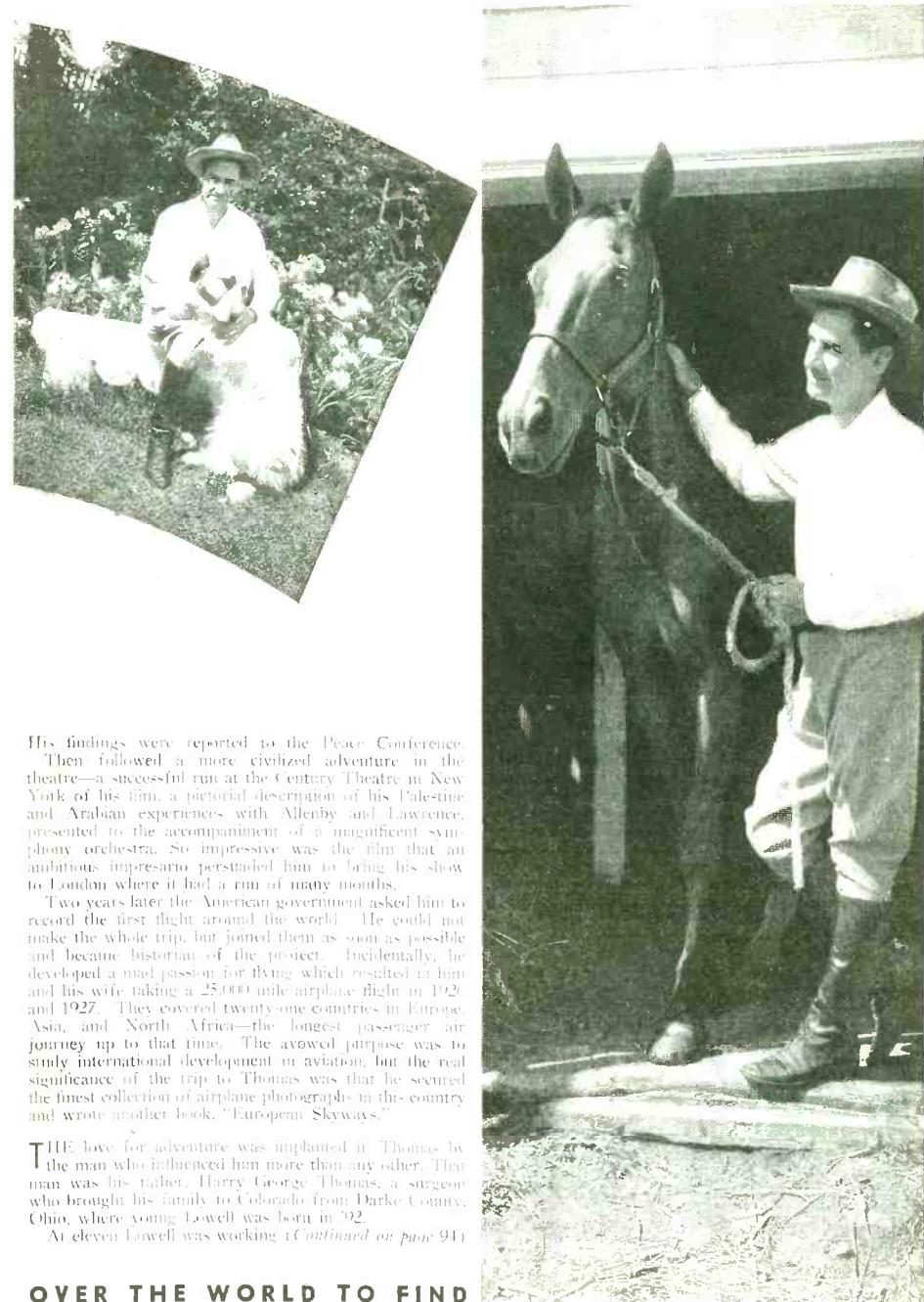
By Francis Barr Mathews

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

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

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

EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS WHAT LOWELL THOMAS WENT ALL



OVER THE WORLD TO FIND



Jessica Dragonette

Bertha Brainard

Ora D. Nichols

Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

THE NINE GREATEST Women IN RADIO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Kate Smith

Gertrude Berg

Irene Wicker

Gracie Allen

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

By Nanelle Kutner



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

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

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

The GIBSON FAMILY

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

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

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

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/100% PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

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



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

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

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99⁴⁴/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS

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

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

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

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

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

YOUR REQUESTS ANSWERED

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



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



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



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



• • • STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

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

• Rumor has it that Johnny Marvin is divorced.

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

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

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

By Wilson Brown



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



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

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

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

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

JUDGES ARE WORKING OVERTIME!



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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





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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hadn't any dreams about Hollywood, or the stage, or

any ordinary career in a big city. I wanted just one thing from the time I

was sixteen and discovered I had a

throbbing contralto voice that people

wanted to listen to. I wanted to stand

behind the mike in one of the biggest

broadcasting studios in the country and

sing to a million peo-

ple who'd been waiting

all day to tune in

on Myra Gorman!

A simple little ambition, wasn't it, for a corn-fed country girl who hadn't anything to offer but average good looks and a voice with a sob in it.

But I made it come true. I sacrificed everything and everybody—and, God knows,

my own peace and happiness, too—to get what I wanted.

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

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

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

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

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

He was a darling, and more than once when there was a moon shining through the willows that fringed the river, and he talked about the home he was going to build for us up on the Bluffs I almost said: "All right, Dan!" But I guess it took a moon and a soft Missouri night to weaken me at all! Dan wasn't very exciting. He was just the boy I'd always gone with and he was and always would be a farmer. You could tell that just by looking at him. Even when he was dressed up he was a country boy in store clothes.

AND I—I wanted more out of life than he could ever give me. So I was still holding out, stubbornly, blindly bent on leaving Gilesburg, and going to Beacon City, where I could get an audition, when Cass De Voe strolled into the music shop, and draped himself over the counter. I was strumming out my own accompaniment and I didn't actually see him until I whirled about on the stool.

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

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

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

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

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

TORCH SINGER

Illustrated by
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

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



RADIO STARS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



HE was putting me into a shabby leather chair, taking my jacket and purse, telling me how swell it was to see me again. And I swear to you, I didn't think any more about

how much I had at stake until a big, burly man with a burned-out cigar in his mouth barged in on us and Cass introduced him as his partner, Mr. Burke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RADIO STARS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I clutched at the ledge of my rickety dressing-table

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

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

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

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

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

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

I want to think he did.

Then, afraid of the overwhelming tide that was sweeping us both past sanity and restraint, I brought us back to earth. Before

I went for my audition the next day, and talked terms, oughtn't he to really be my manager? I fired the question at him, trying to get hold of myself. He had an agreement, I knew, all drawn up, ready for me to sign. Oh, I brought it on myself. I know. He finished his drink slowly before answering.

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

I scarcely read the terse document. Maybe if I had—if the actual meaning of the clause giving him the

fantastic fifty per cent commission on my earnings had sunk in, I might have held back. Perhaps not. But all I wanted was to sign the thing and turn Cass De Voe, my manager, back into Cass De Voe, my lover.

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

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

LAUGHING

By Peggy Wells

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

"Leave at once," the director stormed.

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

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

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

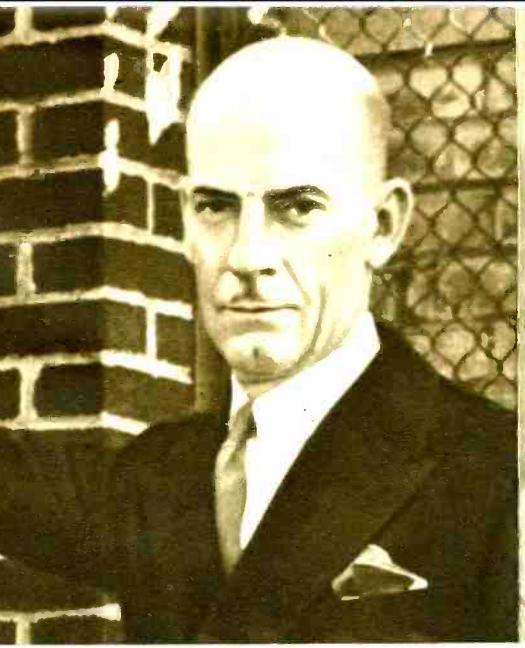
And that was the incident that started their romance off to a high-powered speed. But there was one obstacle in their fast and fiery courtship. It was Irene's mother.

Mrs. Noblette always distrusted the theatre and its people. She had tried to keep Irene away from it, but well—what can you do with a headstrong, impetuous girl. Irene was bitten by the stage bug when she was a child. Then, at fourteen she left school to become a chorus girl in a stock company. There was nothing for Mrs. Noblette to do but travel with her daughter to see that she didn't get in the path of the devil that must surely lurk backstage. And above all, she was going to see that Irene didn't marry an actor. "All actors are alike," she lectured, "and Tim Ryan is no different from the rest. He'll just leave you stranded."

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



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



Chas Phelps Cushing
Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper



Composer Arthur Schwartz



Lyricist Howard Dietz

FOR Distinguished

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

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

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

expansive radio show as the glittering "Gibson Family."

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

SERVICE TO RADIO

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

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

Curtis Mitchell



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

Things always happen to JOHN BARCLAY

By Dora Albert

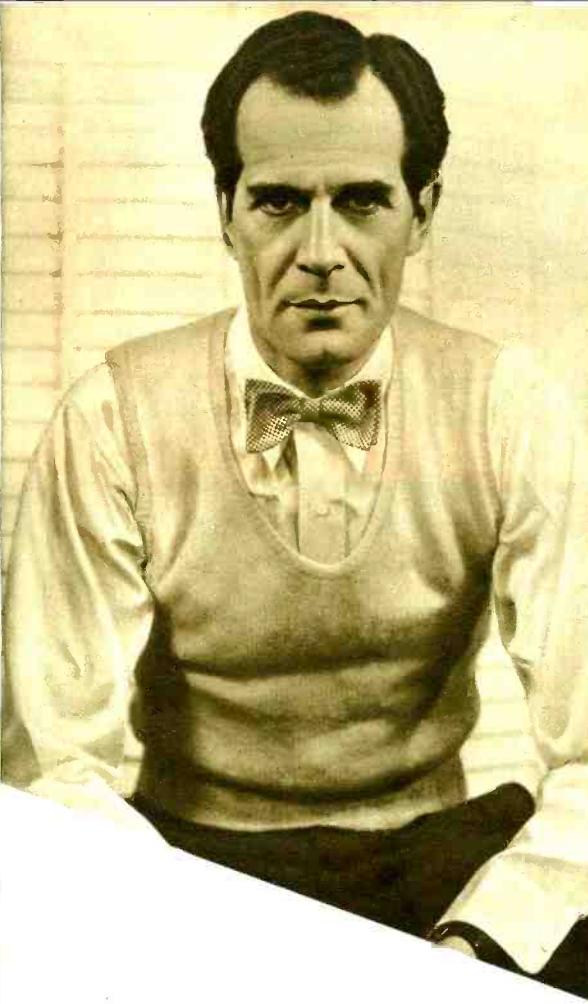
ARE YOU getting enough adventure into your life? Or are you fed up with a dull, monotonous round of existence in which nothing ever seems to happen?

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

The pistol that killed
Russ Columbo.

International News



The TRAGIC DEATH



Freudlich

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



J. B. Scott

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



International News

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



International News

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

A CRUEL, unreasonable accident . . . ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of Russ Columbo



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



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



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



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



Photos by J. B. Scott

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

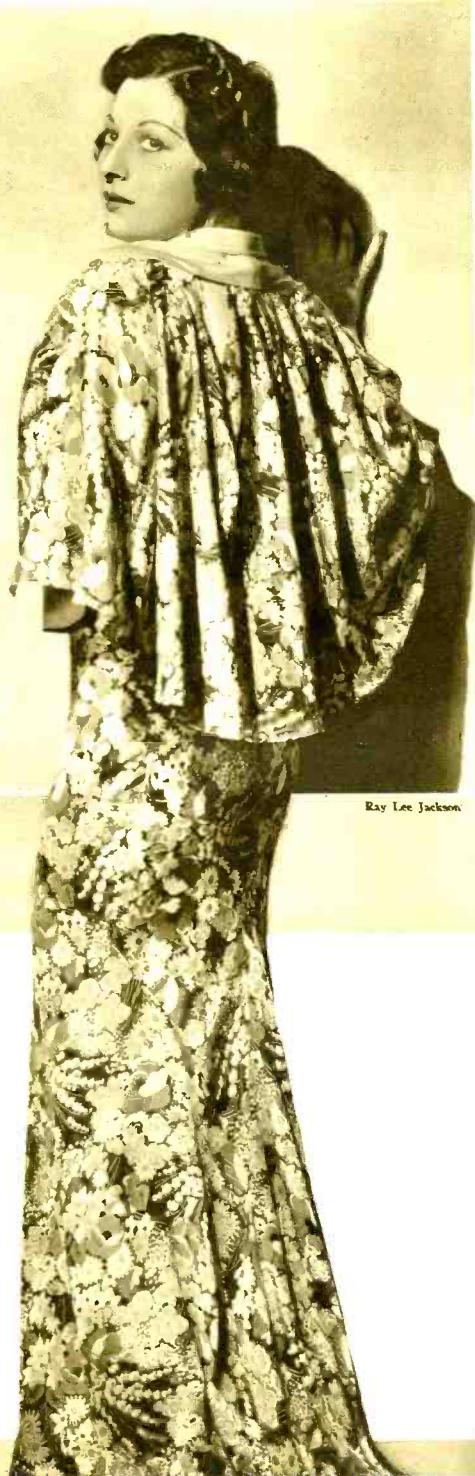
done no harm because the other gun contained powder, *but no shot!*

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

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



Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson

shirley howard

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

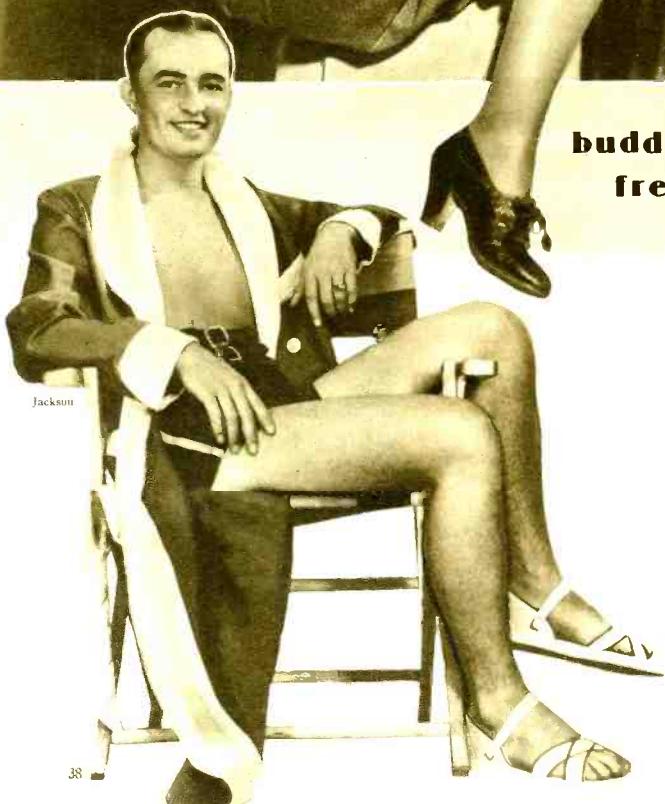
One of his latest contributions to the loudspeaker is the denuire Miss pictured here, Shirley Howard. You all know her deep, deep contralto that warms the very cockles of your heart when you twirl the dial to the NBC network these winter evenings.

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

CBS



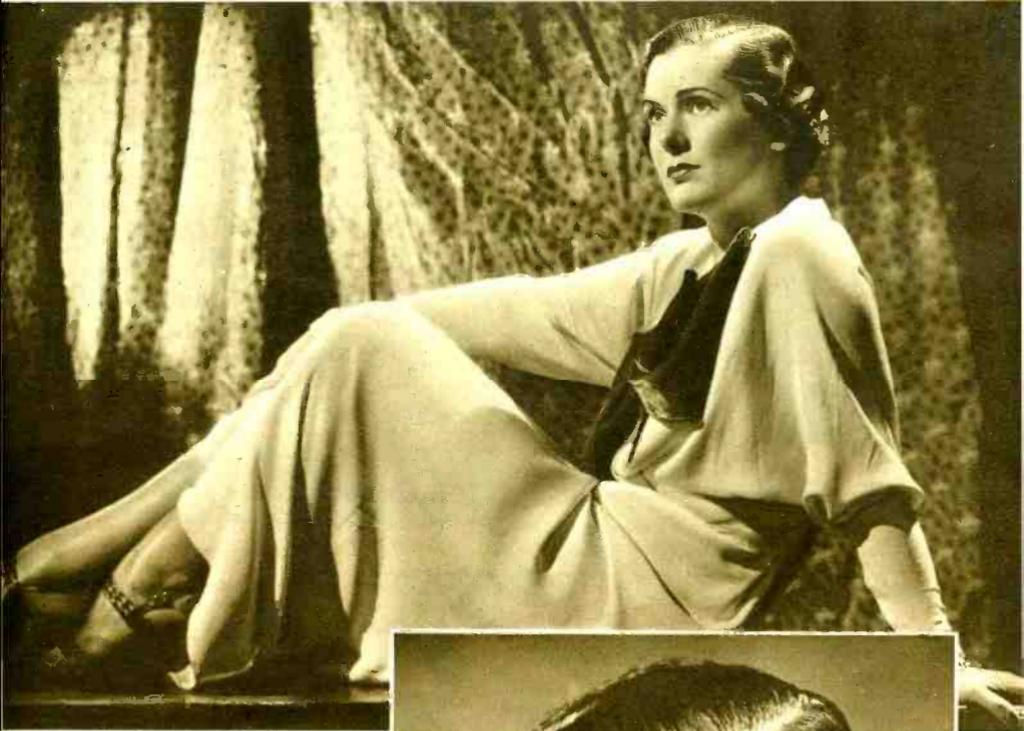
buddy and jeannie freddie martin



Jackson

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

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



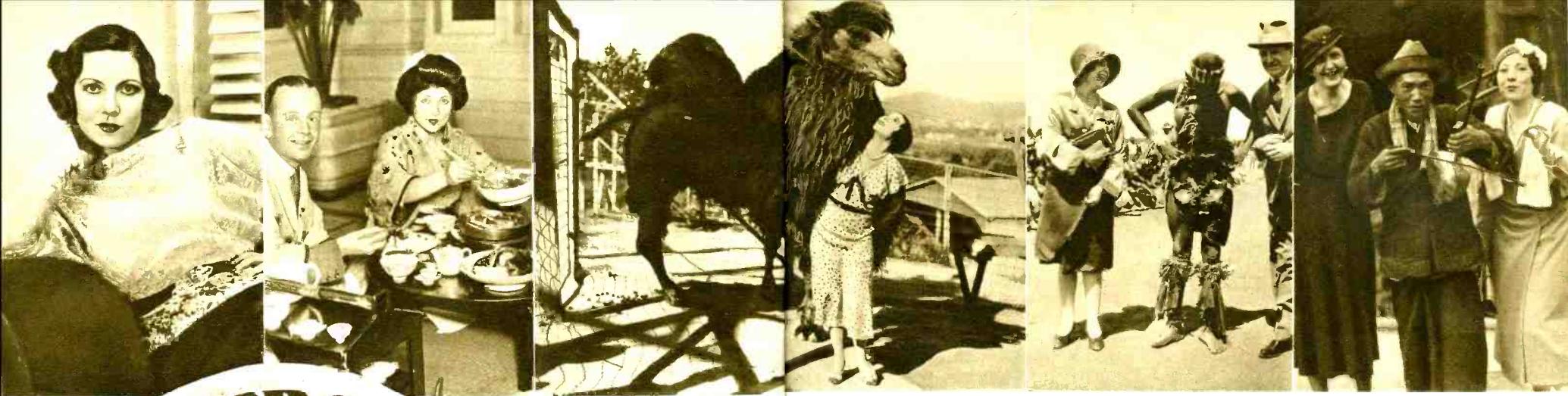
carol deis

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

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



McElliott



Ray Lee Jackson

Powell Press

GLOBE TROTTING to GLORY

By **Martia
MC Clelland**

YOU want to crash radio, do you? I wonder if you have the nerve. Yes, I mean nerve. Would you leave family and friends on a moment's notice to go on a wild-goose chase to strange, weird countries to accomplish your ambition?

I wonder how many of us could honestly say yes? And, because I believe that number is very small, I want to tell you the whole thrilling story of one girl who would—and did. Her name is Rita Bell. She sings with Harold Stern and his Hotel Montclair orchestra over the NBC network, and she arrived at this job via New York, Paris, London, Africa, Berlin, Florida, California, China, Honolulu, Hollywood and back to New York.

Five years ago, Rita Bell was just another average girl looking for a break in radio. Full of talent, ambition and hope, she was like thousands of other youngsters who

were storming the audition doors. But in spite of a darned good voice, in spite of an armful of letters from "important people," in spite of a dynamic personality and a figure like an exclamation point, Rita never got past the frigid stares of the studio hostesses.

Instead of going back to the farm, disillusioned and disgusted, Rita determined to do something about it. Her only hope, she decided, lay outside of New York, which was already over-run with would-be singers. So she shook the dust of New York from her feet, tucked her bags under her arms, crossed her fingers for luck and hopped on a boat for Europe! Little did she dream that it was to be the first lap of an amazing journey—all in the name of career.

The scene was different in Europe. They welcomed American performers and Rita managed to bluff her way

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

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

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

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

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

to several singing jobs in the smaller Paris stations. Then she went to London where she obtained work from time to time with the British Broadcasting System. One day the turning point in her life came in the person of a Mr. Schlessinger, representative of the African Theatres, Ltd., who visited the BBS studios while Rita was there waiting her turn to go on the air. And if she hadn't been a lively, peppy American girl with the American's natural "take-a-chance" attitude, she might have been too scared to take up his unusual offer, for out of a clear sky he asked how she would like to sing in Africa.

Within three minutes after the proposition had been made, Rita Bell of New York signed a contract that was to take her to that continent.

It was in Capetown, South Africa, that she first learned about radio and its workings, all about "mike" technique and about the fans' tastes. But in spite of the comfortable environment of the broadcasting studio, she managed to see the real Africa and all of its fascinating horrors. Once, for instance, a young officer from North Rhodesia invited her to go on a rhinoceros hunt across the river.

"I was having a grand time," she told me, "enjoying the strange, wild beauty of the African jungles on either side of the narrow river, when suddenly I looked into the river and saw a sight which made me sick with fear. There, flapping along the boat, were droves of crocodiles, their cavernous mouths yawning and yapping significantly. I rushed to the other side of the launch, hoping to escape the sight, and again I looked right down into the horrible, gaping mouths."

"Quaking with terror, I went to warn my friend. But to my surprise he laughed, saying, 'We're all used to

that now. Look at the other people in the party. They're not frightened!' I looked around and sure enough, the rest of the party were completely oblivious of the ugly creatures."

"I asked one of the native sailors on the launch if the crocodiles ever molest humans crossing the river.

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'Sure, Missy,' he replied nonchalantly, 'but what can you do? Maybe we be lucky.'

"Well, I couldn't take such a casual attitude toward life. That trip was ruined for me."

BUT, of course, there was her career to think of. You see, her African radio débüt had gradually opened the doors to other foreign broadcasting stations. Gradually her programs simmered into several European countries. The idea of a young American girl singing in far-off Africa was too unusual to pass without comment. That's how it happened that she received an offer to sing in Berlin. So Africa with its weird customs was left behind for Europe again.

Shortly after, she was back in the U. S. A., Florida wanted her. And not many months passed before she was in California, playing the theatres of Los Angeles and broadcasting over Station KNX.

Her friends thought that by now she was settled and would be content to stay put. But she wasn't. A chance came to sing in—of all places—China! So she landed in Shanghai.

Rita did her best to instill some American customs into the Chinese broadcasting situation, but didn't always succeed. For instance, while she was singing in one of the hotels she was offered a (Continued on page 109)

Radio's man of Mystery

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

alive and in love with each other now and forever.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RADIO SAVES Lives

By Mary Jacobs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe you recall the skit,

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

"God bless my mother," the Baron says.

"God bless my mother," Sharlie repeats.

"I said it first," counters the Baron. "So Sharlie, 'God bless all mothers.'"

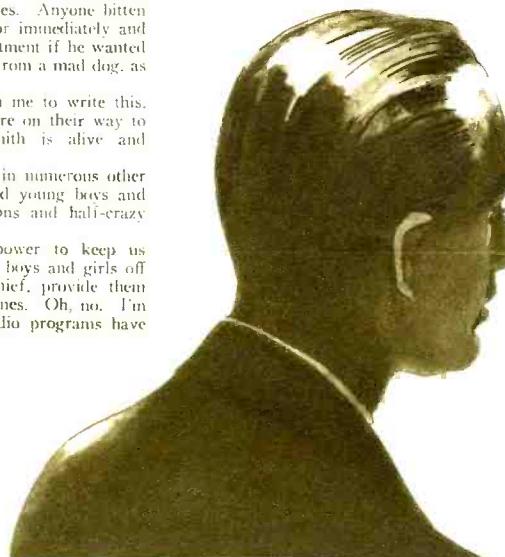
The Baron adds, "But my mother a little more."

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

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

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

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



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

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WELCH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Came the Depression—with a capital D. The old folks (they were married sixty years) mortgaged their little home. That was bad enough. But when it came time to pay off the mortgage, they didn't have enough to pay the interest on the \$1400 due. They appealed to all their sons. Three weren't in a position to help them. Their fourth son, Harry, hadn't even bothered to answer their tearful pleas. I think that hurt more than the fact that they were going to lose their home. How could they know that Harry had moved to Middleport, New York, and had never received their letters?

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

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

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

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





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

**By Bland
Mulholland**

THE BRIGHT NEW FEATHER

IN KATE SMITH'S CAP

THIS FAMED SONGSTRESS BLAZES NEW TRAILS IN RADIO

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

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

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

Why should Columbia spend all that money? Remem-

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

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

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

MEN are SAPS

By Mary Jacobs

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

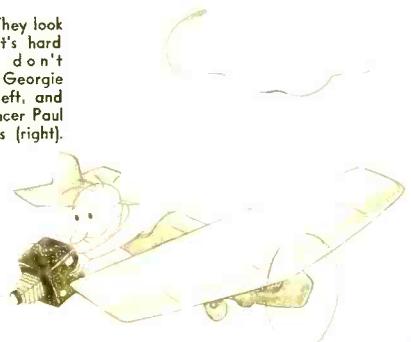
"I guess you're right," he. (Continued on page 93)

Gadding about with

our candid camera



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



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

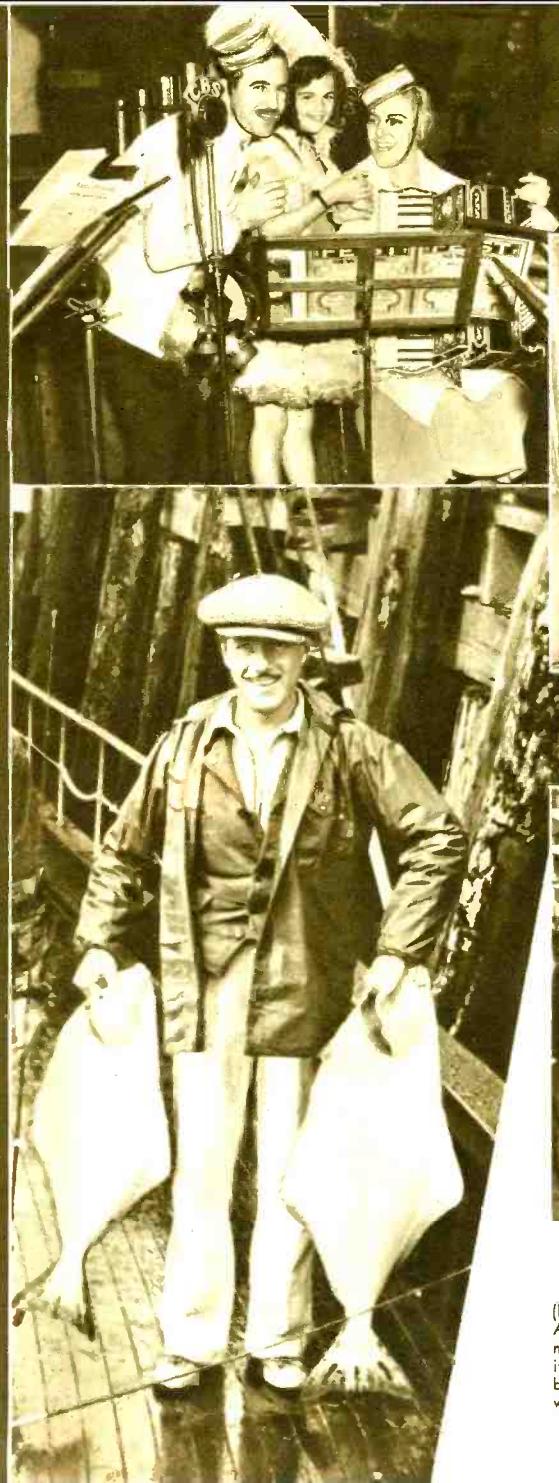
IF TELEVISION COMES—YOU'LL NEVER GET SHOTS LIKE THESE



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



Gadding about with our candid camera



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



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



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



(Right) And maybe Schoolboy Rowe doesn't enjoy this more than pitching for the champion Detroit Tigers. No wonder, either, for he's warbling with Vallee's girl trio—Dot, Kay and Em, noted for their pert beauty and the kind of voices that it takes to make the world listen. Which is the big reason Rowe temporarily forsook the diamond for the microphone.



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



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

A COAT FOR A Queen

By Helen Hover



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

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



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



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



RULES

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

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

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

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

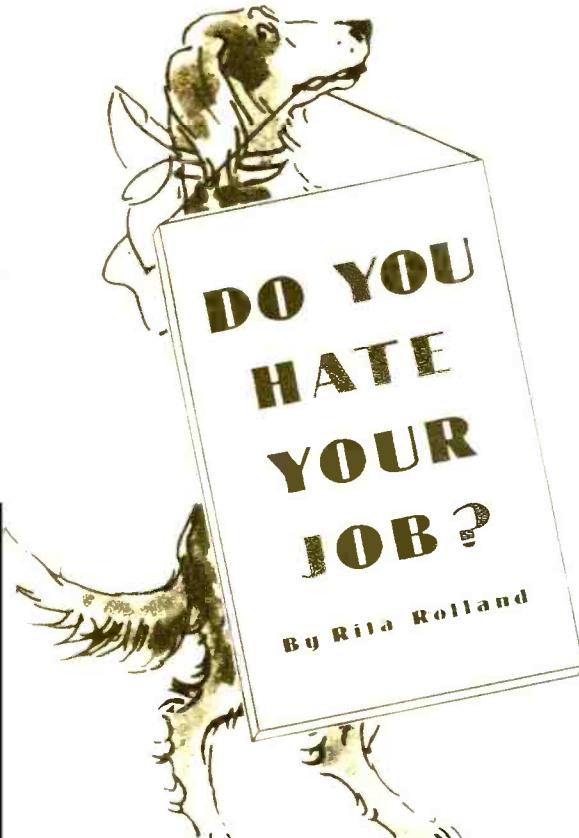
Here is the way to win this \$495.00 coat:

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

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

Write your answer in 100 words or less.

Sign your (Continued on page 81)



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Below) With two of his prize winners.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just before the War he got up enough courage to leave newspaper work, hoping to earn (*Continued on page 92*)

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



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



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

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

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

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

As for the Distinguished Service Award to Uncle Answer Man, the editor says, "Not!" So that's that.

Looka! Here's how straightforward Miss Sale is:

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

A. You betcha.

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

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

And here's the Behm conciseness:

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

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

Now for the clarity of Virginia Palmer-Ball:

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

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

Question 2. Where did first Byrd broadcast originate?

UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q. When was Annette Hanshaw born?

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

Q. Is Carefree Carnival sponsored?

A. Nope.

Q. How old is Harriet Hilliard?

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

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

Lanny Ross

URNS M. C.

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

IT concerns Lanny Ross, star of Show Boat and the new movie called "College Rhythm." Briefly, Lanny Ross has turned m. c.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



Wide World



Wide World

By Hope Hale



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEEP IN AT THE

CAREFREE CARNIVAL



Senator Frankenstein Fishface
—need we say more?

Berlinger

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

By George Kent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

Wide World

The

BAND BOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Wide World

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The director of the orchestra (*Continued on page 81*)

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

Radio Stars' Cooking School



By Nancy Wood

Thanksgiving and Rudy originated
in New England.



GREETINGS, friends and radio fans.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Courtesy H. J. Heinz Co.

-m-m-Mince Pie!

Programs

Day By Day

Day



We've got rhythm—left to right: Jack Oakie, Lanny Ross, Lyda Roberti and Joe Penner strolling around the Paramount lot in Hollywood where they are making the movie, "College Rhythm."

ENDINGS

Time we did something about time.

Summer having faded into autumn and daylight saving having been put away in Papa Time's cedar chest, we're going to simplify your life by breaking down our station lists into time divisions.

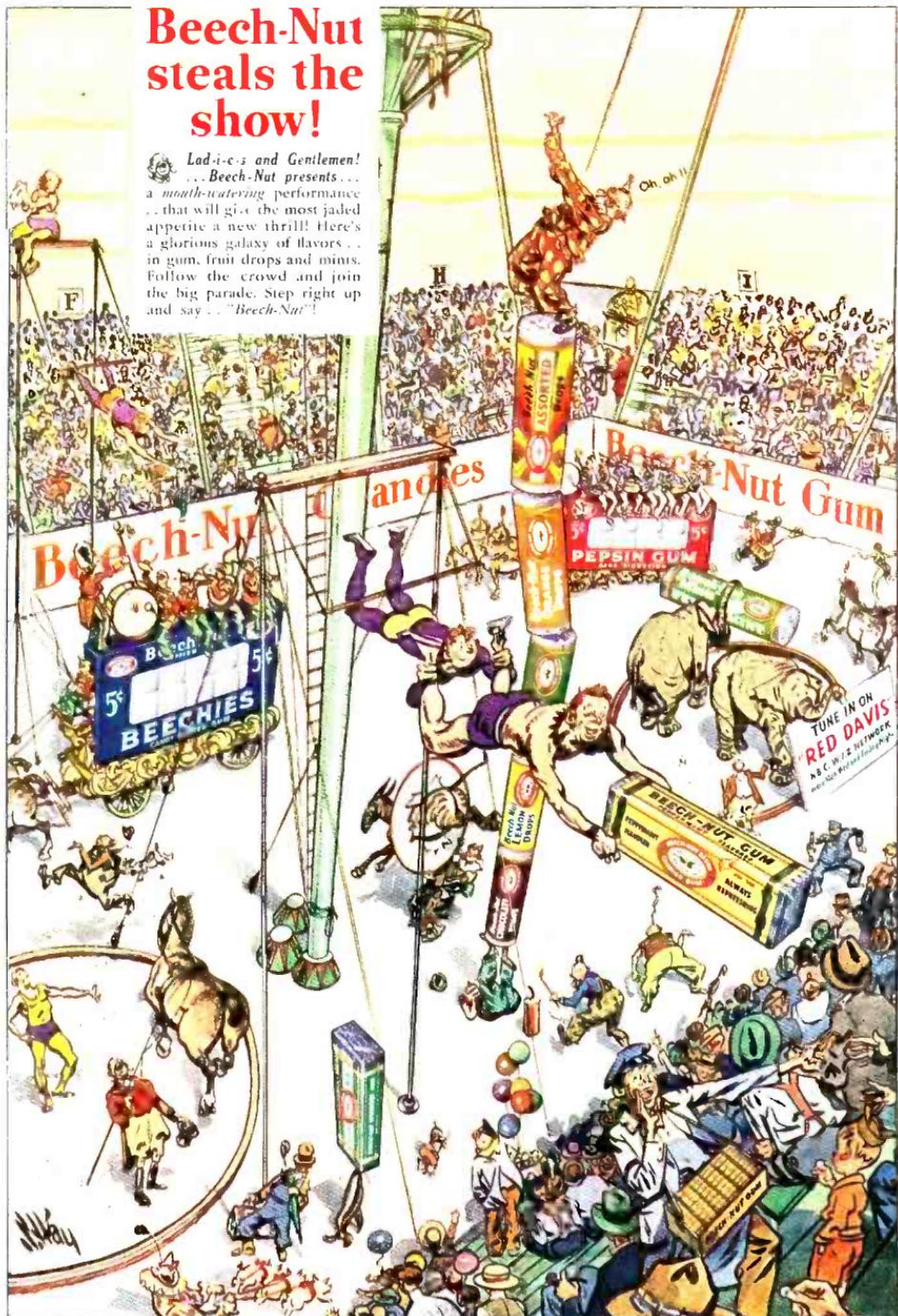
First, find out whether you live in the Eastern, Central, Mountain or Pacific time zones. Then you can select your stations from the EST, CST, MST or PST groups as the case may be, without bothering to go through the whole list. If you live where you hear stations in two time zones, you'll have to pick from two groups.

Either that, or move.

(Continued on page 30)

Beech-Nut steals the show!

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





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

Friday evening, from 9:30 to 10:30.

www.americanradiohistory.com

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Sets • Doilles • Slip Covers

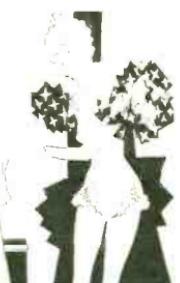
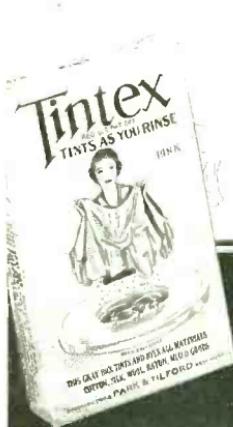
AT ALL DRUG STORES,
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TORCH SINGER

(Continued from page 27)

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

"Yes," I whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So we waited

II.

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

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

(To be continued next month)

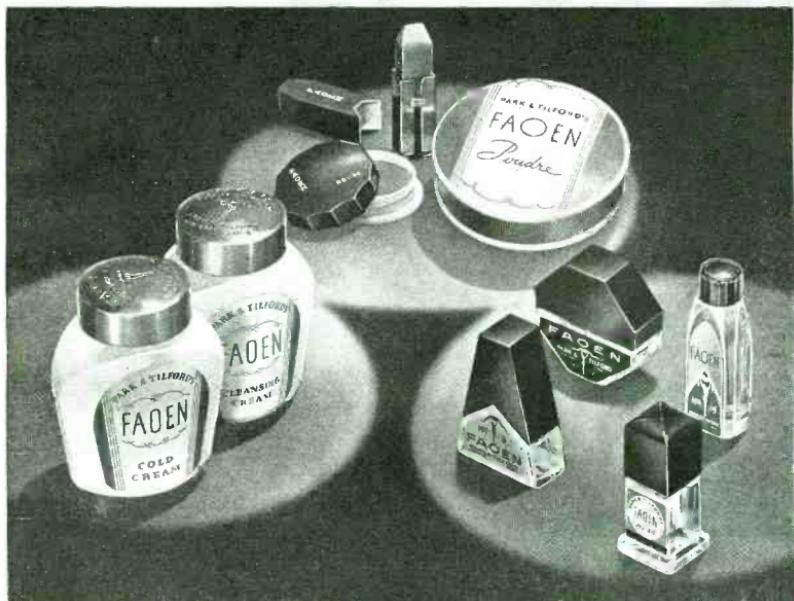
Lanny Ross Turns M. C.

(Continued from page 58)

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

WFAA-WRAP, Dallas-Fort Worth;
KPRC, Houston; WOAL, San Antonio;
KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot
Springs.
Time in and hear him.

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

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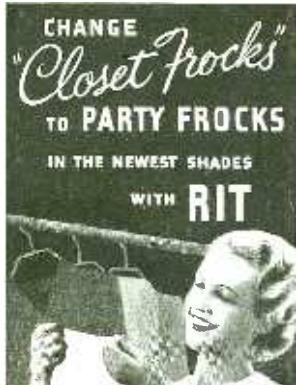
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FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

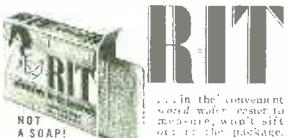
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solid water soap to
measure, won't sift
out in the package.

RADIO STARS

RADIO STARS Cooking School

(Continued from page 65)

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

THE VALLEY THANKSGIVING DINNER	Roast Turkey
Gilder Gravy	Chestnut Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes	Squash Peas
Scalloped Onions	
Sue dash	Turnips
Cider Jelly	Cranberry Sauce
Homemade Bread	Salted Nuts
Celery and Olives	
Mince Pie	Pumpkin Pie
Milk	Coffee
Candy	Raisins
Fruit	Nuts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let us now take up this important question of dessert. There are several reasons for including two kinds of pie, Mince and Pumpkin, in our menu. In the first place they're grand examples of culinary art expertly made. Then, too, whereas a small slice of Pumpkin Pie will not harm any but the very infant lots, Mince Pie is far and away too heavy for youngsters. Even the kids in their teens will have to claim insistently for their share of the Mince Pie because it is always so popular that the grown-ups are likely to insist upon prior rights.

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

RADIO STARS

give you more delicate directions because when adding a "stick" to Morn-Morn, fresh cream, bacon, etc., it's only a minute. But they say, "Morn-Morn, the Pumpkin Pie is not only a classic of Thanksgiving entertainments. It's pre-a golden brown treat, minus its place at the menu and more than satisfies the typical description given it by a Quaker peer of another day. "What moisten the lips and what brightens the eyes?" What could be prettier than a Pumpkin Pie?"

SMALL dress or Avenue cheese are the other two items in the cupboard of Pumpkin Pie as we know it. But had it ever occurred to you that a choice crust would be equally simple and much more novel? I have tested out this suggestion with considerable success, in fact, so enthusiastic am I that I have enclosed the recipe here. It's Uncle Charlie's and his Radio Stars Cooking School's do-it-yourself Thanksgiving folder, which includes 100 recipes for the best of Thanksgiving feasts suggested by Rudy Vallee. Naturally, I wouldn't think of giving you a recipe for a crust for Pumpkin Pie without giving you the ingredients for the pumpkin filling itself, a recipe that can be followed easily, whether you use fresh or canned pumpkin. Another recipe in the folder is one for the Scalloped Onions which played an important part in the vegetable squad of the Valley menu. Still another is for Chestnut stuffing as Rudy Vallee likes it—light, fluffy, crisp, and deliciously seasoned.

You will want to have these recipes in your files. I am sure, because they will enable you to serve novelties like those Rudy remembers having had in his own home in Maine. Therefore you will be glad to know that by just filling out the coupon and mailing it to me without delay you will get these recipes a scintilla free! And to me as my very first gift, I will be sending seven of these books. Thanksgiving, for you will be the second great time of Christmas, and during the festive season, I hope to take the necessary steps to add the recipes to your collection so that, on the words of one of the Pilgrims, when peaking on the *glost* Thanksgiving, "you may after a more special dinner return."

This is the Radio Stars Cooking School's second annual Thanksgiving folder, and it will be the third in the series. The folder is so well made that it is sure to be a valuable addition to your library. It is printed on heavy paper, and measures 8½" x 11". It contains 100 recipes, all of them new and original, and each one is accompanied by a picture.

This is *Nancy*. We hope you'll agree!



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

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

How much easier, too! No cooking or fussing with



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

garden-fresh perfect tomatoes... zesty cheddar cheese... subtly blended seasonings.

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

RADIO STARS Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Thanksgiving folder

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"I Listen in London"

(Continued from page 50)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I swear to you, that's as hot as it gets. But that's England, after all, as well as the British Broadcasting Company. For no matter if every heart in England is beating for the outcome of the cricket that day, the team tries to win their fall and hats off at the stroke of tea time and have a nice, leisurely, convivial tea. Nothing in sport or commerce is important enough to make any Englishman, be he clerk or cricket player, forget his tea. And nothing in sport is exciting enough to make an English radio announcer forget to cross every "t" and dot every "i" and observe all the rules of grammar, pronunciation and syntax. Nor, forget his manners, we can be sure that if an Australian player has a single snarl we'll hear about it in the most generous, gracious, beautified turned sentences.

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

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

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

We wait.

And wait.

And keep on waiting.

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

The answer's all come to the same thing. The first not put out like this is that when the program does come, it is a sort waiting for, which differentiates it from certain programs they could mention, but don't. Well, let that one pass. Another answer is that they have consciously and intentionally conditioned their public against an impatient attitude toward the radio. They've taught them that they can't expect to get anything real and

RADIO STARS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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



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



Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 1106, New Brunswick, N. J. *Johnson & Johnson*

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RADIO STARS



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New . . . and beautiful. Featuring a
famous orchestra and stars of the entertain-
ment world

They won't lose the Pepsodent account.

These foreign stations of course help to make radio really worth ten bob a year to English listeners. I can't describe the sensation of sitting in my own armchair and picking around among the best music in the world from Munich, languishing waltzes from Vienna, wistfully waltzing times from Budapest, the most delicious songs and voices via the *Paste-Partouz*. Maybe I don't understand the language nuances, but I catch the accent. And what Lingaz lessons—from Barcelona, Copenhagen, Rio, Amsterdam, Warsaw—not to mention Siberia? And g'day! Old station KOKA!

In England there is no choice if we want to listen to foreign stations. On the contrary, the BBC cashes in on it. Running a remarkable business or publishing on the side, including compilations of all the BBC programs in book form they publish three magazines—one for short time listings of all programs, one for the general English interest based on the BBC programs and another called World Radio, which helps anyone who listens to foreign stations to know how to get them and how to understand them when you do get them.

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

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

Their program schedules are not faced with the stiff necessity of finding an balanced radio menu, more often being because it is entirely 4-sweets on the flywheel of each sponsor that sweets are the most popular item on the bill of fare. They don't have to play down to the quickest reaction and the easiest response. They can even afford to take time to build up a few tests on the public pulse. These have definitely done a real educational job. They have taught the people to get a kick out of good plays just as fell "Fergie." Some of the BBC series of discussions are big-time stuff, not watered down or dressed up with chocolate sauce.

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

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

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

Occasionally I'm tempted to make the high, wide and handsome statement that the English wireless means more to the listener-in than the American radio does. I think of the "Time to Spare" series which have shaken the National Government at its very foundations. It's just a simple little broadcast every week, in which an actual unemployed man or woman tells the exact facts of their existence—how they use a一二一二 army overcoat to cover the cold bed on which six sleep in midwinter, how they put the children to bed early, because otherwise the bread and margarine will not last until the morning. Very simple, very calm and matter of fact. But it has taught the people what it means in about ten million people's lives a day or the date with an allowance of a few cents a week for each child's expenses. And does darter, we'd series of broadcasts may overturn the setup of the government. That's what radio does in England.

Then I think of how the radio is used in America. I think of President Roosevelt's radio talks to the people mainly in the slogan of his Land by the sound of his voice, "It's all the country's job," saying "My friends." And I am a most Rosa.

I don't know. I guess it all comes down to this: Radio is Power. I wonder what will happen when we have to use it?

Things Always Happen to John Barclay

(Continued from page 75)

towers over theirs. Many comment on it.

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

heed them? You can imagine how much

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

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

His mother, that Spartan woman, was trying to look unconcerned. "Faintly John could make out what the doctor was saying, "The boy will live unless you take him to Bad Naumburg." And his mother's answer, "We'll go around the world. That will be much more amusing." And around the world they went.

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

The boat they chose to sail on was a Japanese ship. So dangerous was the boat that Lloyd's of London had refused to insure it. In this unsafe vessel they were caught in a typhoon in the Yellow Sea. Ripped the engine fell blast, the crew tried to anchor instead the boat receded backwards, narrowly missing some rocks as it went into the harbor. The mocking taunt of death was everywhere, but there was no real fear in the boy's heart. To him death has always seemed only an interlude, so he doesn't give a tinker's damn about it.

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

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

Throns of beggars and lepers closed in on them as they walked in single file along the narrow streets. Unbearable was the stench of those grim, ragged beggars and horrible lepers, who persisted in coming up close to them and demanding alms.

In the group was a hotel-cafe boy at an Oxford, and when the lepers touched him with their foul hands, there was a moment when it seemed as if he would strike out at them. John Barby very well what the result of a fight would be. The beggars would all join in against them, and knives be stuck into unprotected backs.

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

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

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

Even then he just couldn't sit still and do nothing, so he originated the 60th Division Concert Party, which entertained the men who were going to the front. And it was here that he decided that if ever he got a chance, he'd cultivate his voice in earnest and go on the stage.

GLAMOUR!
ROMANCE!
OPPORTUNITY!

RADIO Broadcasting

offers you these and more



You, Too, Can Train for Broadcasting

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

Broadcasting is a new, live field—full of opportunities for practically every type of talent and ability. Just think of the broadcast market opened with such a vast industry has grown. It's only about 15 years since the first broadcast—only 8 years since the first chancery program. And now America's first and only radio broadcasting school, *Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting*, offers training every day. Now American business concerns spend approximately seventy-five million dollars a year to advertise their products and services over the air.

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

INVESTIGATE—GET THE FACTS ABOUT THIS NEW INDUSTRY

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

ALL OF THE OPPORTUNITIES ARE NOT BEFORE THE "MICRO"

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

GOOD PAY OPPORTUNITIES—PART TIME OR FULL TIME

You've read and heard a lot about the tremendous



STUDY SPARE TIME
FOR A CAREER
IN BROADCASTING
Announcer
Music Director
Singer
Program
Manager
Actor
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Publicity
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are open to men and women who are interested in the business of radio presenting. Read this book, too, can prepare yourself quickly for a career in broadcasting.

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salaries, and the big "stars" of Radio, and much of it is true. But remember this, too: for every "star" whom you can think of, there are hundreds of men and women on its payroll whose names you have never heard, drawing from \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year and up for jobs in radio advertising, public relations, production, sales and Broadcast. It's a profitable part time employment to hundreds of others who devote only a small amount of their spare time to this fascinating work.

LEARN IN SPARE TIME QUICKLY AT HOME

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

SEND FOR FREE BOOK NOW

Mail the coupon today for the interesting free book which tells the whole fascinating story of the Broadcasting industry and the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting's method of training men and women in Broadcast. You will never know your own capacity until you make the effort. Give your talent or ability the test of training. Now, thanks to the Floyd Gibbons School, you can get this training right at home, in your spare time. The training is complete, free, in a book, written in fascinating style. It is easy to understand and entertaining in itself. It gives the inside "feel" of Broadcasting right from the start.

**MAIL
THIS
NOW!**

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 4537, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Without obligation send me your free booklet,
"How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,"
and full particulars of your home study course.
(Please print plainly.)

Name Age

Address

City State

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

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

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

What It Does

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

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

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

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

World's Standard



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laughing Lovers

(Continued from page 29)

dreamy-eyed and blissfully happy, nodded her head.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Coat for a Queen

(Continued from page 55)

ven in full address and mail before midnight, November 30, 1934.

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

The Band Box

(Continued from page 63)

of Lanny Ross' new program Wednesdays over NBC at 8:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. EST is Harry Salter who bantered for Hudson Motors last winter.

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

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

Rubin Wright, Charlie Davis' singing stress, has switched over to Barney Ruff's orchestra.



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



Joe E. Brown in "6 Day Bike Rider."

Screen stars in funny poses

Intimate glimpses of Holly wood life

A bookful of side-splitting humor

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

DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

FILM FUN

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST SCREEN MAGAZINE

New Charm with this amazing **NAIL POLISH**



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

—See Special Offer Below*

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

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in *Vogue* are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

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

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25¢ at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 125 sizes at "five-and-ten." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping* Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring," comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—sample especially for you. Send with \$1.00 for Polish, Cuticle Oil, Nail Water, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and a "little booklet" "How to Enhance Your Natural Colorings"—47¢ or 12¢.

I enclose 4¢ for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Pink Creme or Creme Polish. I am a blonde... Ash Blonde... Light Brown... Chestnut Brunette... Dark Brunette... Titan Red... Silver Hair.... Black Hair.... Black with Silver.... Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

Name
Address
City State

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. E)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

problem in keeping your skin for its general tendency is toward a coarse, rough appearance. Yet, for all of this, the very fact that young skin is oily will prevent it from becoming wrinkled and so will remain young longest. And if you will follow a thorough cleansing routine there's no reason why your skin shouldn't be of fine texture. Use all the cream you like for cleansing plus lots of soap and water. Contrary to the idea that much cleansing causes a greater secretion of oil, it actually stimulates the circulation and enables the pores to turn on sebaceous secretions, thus eliminating blackheads. Of course, use common sense and don't go to bed with cream on your face. Rather wash off with a good astringent to remove every vestige of cream.

Dry skin might be the most beautiful while it's young, but beware! It ages fastest of all—if unless you determine right now to prevent it. And you can. The burning question is whether to wash or not to wash. If you don't clean unless you do, then by all means wash. But use cream and more cream both before and after. The skin is pretty tough for all its seeming fragility and it's going to take plenty of downright soaking in cream to penetrate the top layer and reach your "under skin." If you use an astringent, choose one that is tightening without being drying; then work a tissue or nourishing cream into it and leave a thin filmy layer on over night. A powder base of some good cream or lotion is advisable before applying your makeup.

Today, with the excellent line of cosmetics to fit everyone's purse, there is no reason why we all should not have a smooth, soft skin. Certainly it's worth striving for, since a lovely skin can cover a multitude of defects—irregular features are not so noticeable, a figure not quite in shape is overlooked. Even Josephine

famed for her beautiful skin is said to have had very poor teeth.

JUST think of your mother's friends, who have retained passable figures, but whose faces show the ravage of time and neglect. One can always disguise the age of a shapely figure, but it's impossible to mask wrinkles.

Individually, hands, too, as Eve mentioned before, are indicative of the years. Keep yours out of the age category by giving them a good creaming each night. And give more than a passing thought to grooming. You can depend on the numerous new shades of nail polish to add that final touch of smartness. The color you choose depends on your costume and the color of the skin on your hands.

Hands of yellowish tint require polishes of the orange tones—corals and orange rods. For tan and rosy skin—pink, natural medium, rose, blood red and carnation.

Natural pale shades are always suitable for sportswear and wherever it's wise to be conservative. These are also safe when you're wearing brilliant costumes of purple, orange, red and emerald green. With delicate pastel colors, keep to the natural and pale.

The deeper shades of polish—the reds are effective with black, white, dark green and blue, pale gray, beige, sand and neutrals.

If you have any individual skin problem use Uncle Sam's mails and you will get a personal reply from me pronto.

Since Christmas isn't many moons away, it occurred to me that perhaps some of you are wondering what to give your girl friend or your mother or even the 'e' f. If you are trying to live within a budget and yet want suggestions for gifts that are inexpensive yet tricky, the kind you like to receive as well as give—I can tell you about some.



The Modern Choir of the National networks. You hear it on many of the big programs.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from page 80)

at Russ's feet. As a singer, he was at the top of his radio profession, because it is not possible to go higher than he was. As an artist he was finding a new medium of expression in motion pictures, crowned by the ultimate achievement of Hollywood

stardom. As a man, I believe he had found the one real romance of his life! Is it cruelty . . . or is it joy that those great girls were never chilled for him? He sat in the midst of his happiness with his friends, whose counsel and attention had enriched his life, and never knew the loss of the great joys life had given him!

As Rush talked, my thoughts like a flashback in a movie, recalled that tall, slender, colorfully-handsome Italian boy I met seven years ago in the studio of our mutual friend, Lanny Brown. At that time "Lans", our genial, witty host was by far the most prosperous of our little stag trio. He had just opened an exclusive photographer's studio on Wilshire Boulevard (the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles) and at night, when the day's work was over, we three would gather, sometimes with my wife, to play the studio piano or Victrola and drink some of Lans' good red wine. For hours we'd sit around

(Continued on page 85)



Ralph Morgan
Muriel Wilson shown as she boarded a United Air Lines plane at Newark, N. J., to visit Lanny Ross in Hollywood.

This is the secret of the *lasting softness* of Modess: Comfort is actually built into this quality napkin!

Modess is made of finer materials—put together in a better way. A new-type

**BETTER STEER CLEAR OF MISS HOWES—
SHE'S AS CROSS AS TWO STICKS TODAY!**

**FUNNY—I'VE
ALWAYS THOUGHT
SHE WAS THE
WORLD'S NICEST
BOSS!**

**TIRED,
MISS HOWES?**

**DEAD! JUST YOU TRY
TEARING AROUND TO
A MILLION HOUSES WHEN
EVERY STEP HURTS. IF
ONLY SOME GENIUS
WOULD INVENT A REALLY
COMFORTABLE NAPKIN.**

**BUT SOME GENIUS HAS...
MODESS! I'LL GET YOU ONE
FROM MY LOCKER. IT'S THE
ONLY DISPOSABLE NAPKIN
I KNOW THAT DOESN'T
HARDEN AND CHAFE!**

**IF ONLY I COULD BE
SURE OF THAT—
ANYWAY, THANKS,
I'LL TRY IT.**

**JANE, YOU DESERVE A
MEDAL! THE MINUTE I
SAW MODESS I KNEW YOU
WERE RIGHT. AND THEN
I'LL NEVER SUFFER FROM
CHAFING AGAIN!**

MODESS STAYS SOFT IN USE!

fluffy filler . . . soft, surgical gauze . . . and just underneath the gauze a special layer of soft down. Only Modess has that! There are no sharp edges in Modess —nothing to cut and chafe.



RADIO STARS

Programs Day by Day

11-110-000-0000000000000000

This face powder will flatter you

SOME women are "finished" at sixty. Some girls are "finished" at thirty. Then there's the type who never suffers defeat. At any age she's able to attract and hold men. Is it because she's so beautiful? Not always. At least half of these women are not beautiful. But they do breathe romance. They're glamorous. They know the art of being a woman...of flattery themselves.

To such a woman face powder is very, very important. The chances are her skin is imperfect. So she avoids all the heavy powders. She must have one of fairy-like lightness that spreads smoothly and makes imperfections invisible. No ordinary powder does this. It must be MELLO-GLO. This is why:

First: MELLO-GLO, the new soft-tone lace powder, is made by a new method. It's so fine in texture that it spreads with unbelievable smoothness. It covers enlarged pores. It minimizes blemishes.

Second. MELLO-GLO preserves a lovely, natural, dull smoothness through hours of play or work. Being so light, it does not draw out oil and perspiration from the pores to soak and spoil itself. So MELLO-GLO stays on longer and allows you to keep lovely. A coarser powder would soon be ruined and shiny by oil and perspiration. When you use MELLO-GLO you look exquisite. You are the type that never suffers defeat.

A brand new creation in lace powders. Look for the blue-and-gold box to avoid a mistake when buying MELLO-GLO Soft-tone lace powder. One of the largest selling \$1.00 lace powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from page 53)

talking, recounting stories, airing our hopes and ambitions and discussing his own general. Of the entire group Russ was the strongest and most retiring, had the least fire. We used to tease him about his religion. Russito, Fracito de Rudy's brother, who died three years ago, up on June 14, 1908, in San Francisco, California, his first place. He told us he got the name "Russ" because his Frisco playmates could not pronounce Ruegjero.

Russ was always the first to be home. When he could be made available, he would go to the studio and be received by his mother, and that he did not want to leave his mother by himself, in later life, his devotion between Russ and his mother can match his entire family, including his father and the seven remaining brothers and sisters of a family of twelve to be spoken of with reverence. Every dime he made, every dime he ever helped to make was for the sole purpose of increasing the happiness of his dear family. Long before Russ turned out to be a great success, the table was the heart and center of a family life. Everything

(Continued on page 57)



NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

WITH YEAST IN THIS PLEASANT MODERN FORM

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas

or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50¢. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to look better and feel better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE	MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
Send me free sample and descriptive circular	
Name	
Address	
City	State



Why radio artists have secretaries—Lew White, NBC organist, and Leon Belasco, Columbia maestro, with theirs and a gift from a fan.

Lou Holtz, the funny man, made a one-shot appearance on Rudy Vallee's show and remained as a permanent fixture.

—L. S.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

$$(1 + \epsilon^t + \epsilon^{2t} + \dots, 1 - \epsilon^{-t}, \dots)$$

with an acute case of alcoholism after four hours before the opening. McRee was in a predicament. He wanted a singer and he wanted one promptly. His music was on a "roadtest that evening." At the 51 Club in the afternoon he had tried to gather a troupe of entertainers, but none of them sang well enough to satisfy him. Now he was faced with a dilemma. He had to have a show, but he didn't want to disappoint his audience—and he wasn't promising to underpay me a few hours' labor with no kind," he said, "and partly I am a purveyor. I've done a little bit of stage work in my time!"

That's how easily I can talk about the singer because he is the best I have ever seen. There is something of real quality about the voice of the conductor who has performed so well in the shower. Besides that, he is the prettiest, handsomest, most attractive girl I've ever seen. Rus' Guldberg had evening in darkness just the orchestra did.

Russ looked like he would be a dashing, very, temptingly fellow with the ladies. He wasn't. He was the skinniest boy who ever dated a girl. When his dad first came in with Moore and his personal appearance began to rate him inish rates he sputtered with embarrassment. "What am I supposed to do with these other things?" he once asked Lansing and in such a way that says I can't answer them. It's good

Business: But they make me feel like such a fool!

BUT they were only a reply to the fatal mail that was eventually to flood his exertion. For his possibly strong desire to become a trustee swiftly overcame his

He was a member with Major General John J. Pershing of the First Army, and he was appointed to the rank of first lieutenant in the First Army, and was based at the world-famous Constantine, Georgia. He followed the sensational Blame Case closely in this spot, and excelled in his work. You can readily see why he would be successful in such a position. He became a close friend of Blame and of his wife, Mrs. Blame. But even with his lead in the service of the people, Russ excited suspicion of his character. No one could tell him he was soon to become a leading statesman of Hollywood. More than one columnist declared that Sally Blane, sister of Loretta Young, and Russ were "that way." But it is doubtful in spite of later developments that Sally and Russ were ever anything but devoted friends.

Bate gathered momentum. Riss went to New York and Hollywood, heard growing titles of his success with his own orchestra. His radio theme song was to be composed: "You Call It Madness, But I..."

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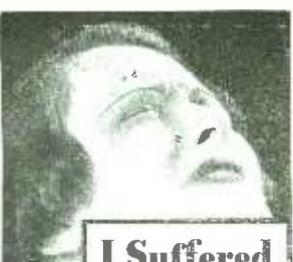
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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 88)



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AN affliction so painful it almost drives you mad. A yet more delicate one can scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it.

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V.M.C.	8:30 A.M.	W.S.B.	K.W.A.	9:30 A.M.	W.P.A.
V.I.P.	K.F.O.	W.A.M.	W.A.W.	W.B.D.	W.S.B.
V.I.P.	7:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	10:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	7:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	10:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
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V.I.P.	11:00 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	2:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
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V.I.P.	3:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	6:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	4:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	7:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	4:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	7:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	5:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	8:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	5:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	8:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	6:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	9:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	6:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	9:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	7:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	10:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	7:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	10:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	8:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	11:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	8:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	11:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	9:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	12:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	9:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	12:30 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	10:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	1:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	10:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	1:30 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	11:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	2:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	11:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	2:30 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	12:00 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	3:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	12:30 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	3:30 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	1:00 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	4:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	1:30 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	4:30 P.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	2:00 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	5:00 P.M.	P.S.T.-
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V.I.P.	11:00 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	2:00 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	11:30 P.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	2:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
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V.I.P.	1:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	4:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
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V.I.P.	4:30 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.	7:30 A.M.	P.S.T.-
V.I.P.	5:00 A.M.	M.S.T.	K.W.A.		

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(Continued from page 89)

CAROLE LOMBARD became well known as Crosby's "I Surrender, Dear," or Valente's "My Time Is Your Time." America had some "Crosby" and some "Valente," and these three exponents of popular vocal gymnastics were head and shoulders above all contemporaries. They even could sing about them, "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee."

While Russ was in New York, gossip columnists were filled with news about him. This by no means gave him Harry Williams, later Mrs. Jack Dempsey, "The Columbo" song, "Now I Know It's Love," was so popular he decided to tell the story. In Dorothy Dell's office one of the columnists became very excited by two popular Columbo legends: that there was a real feud between Russ and Bing Crosby and the other that he had sent Greta Garbo \$200 worth of cards.

HE TALKED and told me the truth about his life if these stories, the day I met him at the opening of "Bing Crosby's" first little son. He was mugged at the rivalry, told tales. I wouldn't likely be attending this christening if Bing and I were on "the outs," he explained. "As for that Garbo story, I guess I'll have to admit the laugh is on me. I didn't know until later that a couple of my friends had cooked up the story that Greta listened in on my broadcasts every night. She was staying at the hotel where I was playing, you know, and, of course, I was flattered when a columnist printed the story that I was her favorite singer. I thought it nice to say 'thank you with flowers'! And that's what I did. Of course it was just a rib."

That day Russ was receiving more congratulatory calls from women than he had ever received since 1918 when Wm. H. H. Broadway, "I'm Through a Keyhole." He was unusually excited about his picture work and wanted very much to succeed in it. He struck me as being about the handsomest person I had ever seen. "Why not?" he said, "Everything's breaking for me." He was with Sally Blane and a newspaper writer came up and wanted to know if there was romance afoot. Russ made a peculiar expression. "I guess I should have been a poker player. I must be lucky at cards. I'm a man in love."

He scored an outstanding hit in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and before the picture had been generally released Carl Laemmle, Junior, signed him on a starring contract for three pictures yearly at Universal. The next thing he did was to buy a beautiful home in "Upstate Estates" where he immediately settled. I don't and do not know his twenty-eight-year-old father and seventy-year-old mother now so well that she does not yet know as this is being written that the boy who was her very dear is dead.

FASTLY the master life crowded Russ and the most exact beautiful Carole Lombard into the arms of Artie Judge

and Wesley Ruggles,

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Carole, the beautifying movie star who had just received her divorce from William Powell, was the crowning love story of Russ' life. He worshipped the ground she walked on—and made no secret of it. He was constantly in her company. He confided to someone very close to him: "I am so happy I have made a financial success, because of the happiness it can bring my family. But I didn't begin to live until I met Carole."

It is believed that so deep was her infatuation on Russ that she was almost the manager of his professional affairs. She accompanied him to every broadcast he made. Sitting in the monitor room she would give signals that would actually control his radio expressions. It was Carole who advised, and coached him in his picture work and she was largely responsible for several story changes made in its first starring film. She inspired in him a devotion no other woman, except his mother, had ever aroused. When she heard of his death, she collapsed. They say that as soon as contracts will allow Carole Lombard is leaving Hollywood for a long vacation tour, during which she will struggle to forget the tragic memories of Russ' death.

As yet only the courts told the official gesture of an inquest. The verdict? "This jury finds that Russ Columbo came to his death by a gun wound accidentally inflicted by Lansing Brown. Brown is absolved of all blame...."

Funeral services were held in the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard in the Hollywood he loved. It was necessary for the millionaire of the Universal studio to use glass panes to cover up his seat over the dead Russ' eye. There was no candle-light demonstration (as there usually is at a celebrity's funeral) from the crowd of 3000 persons who stood heads bowed. Bing Crosby, Gilbert Roland, Walter Lang, Sander Peters, Lowell Sherman and Sheldon Kearey Callaway bore his body under the blanket of gardenias. Carole had sent to the candle-light altar.

Inside the church there were many torn and bleeding hearts of those who were near and dear to him. They sat together, the brothers and the sister, who as he was carried into the church, had hysterically screamed that "no one will ever know how much we loved him." But far back in the last row, unnoticed, alone, knelt a man whose heart was wracked with bitter questioning that no prayer could silence, a man who will live with the tragedy in his heart forever . . . because he is that kind of a man . . . Lansing Brown.

And somehow I can't help but believe that if it had been given to Russ Columbo to speak but one comforting thought to anyone of those whom he so deeply loved, that that thought would go straight into the heart of Lansing, "My friend—always!"

Out of HOLLYWOOD comes a new NAIL POLISH to GLORIFY YOUR HANDS

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RADIO STARS

heve. Well, his memory is short indeed in comparison with a dog's. A dog can harbor no grudge against his master, but let a stranger offend him, and he'd better beware to his dying day.

"Back in 1928 Albert Payson Terhune was taking his mighty six-mile hike through the hills near Pompton when he was struck by an automobile going fifty miles an hour. "Since I was walking at the rate of ten miles an hour," he told me dryly, "you can imagine what I looked like. Bits of an independent republic. I resembled a hamburger steak more than anything else and the doctors were afraid I wouldn't pull through."

"Throughout my illness my dog Gray Down, lay near my bed, his large sympathetic eyes following my every move. When the doctor came to set my right leg, he had to twist it and I grunted in anguish. Quick as a flash, Gray Down was up and at him. The doctor was torturing his master, that was all he needed to know."

"Down, Dawn!" I managed to gasp, and growling and bewildered, Dawn obeyed. After that I didn't dare make a sound when the doctor was around. And somehow, Gray Dawn always managed to squirm his way between me and anything that was done to harm me. He'd run suspiciously at the doctor's face, barking without ever the doctor came.

The dog was suspicious of him ever after. Terhune and the doctor became the best of friends. But to his dying day Tom Dawn hated and growled at him whenever he came to call, even with his medical kit. "They man left no master," was all he remembered.

A dog absolutely understands, Fermin insists. Better than most humans do. You still doubt a dog's power of reasoning, of understanding? Then listen to this,

SEVERAL years ago Mrs. Leibnitz fell ill with pneumonia, so seriously ill that the doctors despaired of her life. For ten days she lay motionless, becoming weaker and weaker. And it was only a golden chance he had in his pocket. All that time he lay curled up in Leibnitz, his nose pressed to her shoulder. And ten times a day the master carried him away to feed him, but he never touched a morsel. Back before the door would stand the old ladies of the people who stood behind over him, and there he struck at his strongest tests as guardian at his strongest tests as

Came the day when the doctor pronounced her out of danger. With one

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An advertisement for Kruschen Salts. It features a black and white illustration of a teacup with steam rising from it. The brand name "Kruschen Salts" is written in a large, stylized, serif font above the cup. Below the cup, the text "AT ALL DRUGGISTS" is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font. A small trademark symbol (TM) is located at the bottom left of the advertisement.

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"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It!"

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THE romantic songs of Lanny, a sweet orchestra and a surprise guest presented each week by

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

8:30 p.m.—WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland, Ore.; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane; KFSD, San Diego.

9:30 p.m.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt Lake.

10.30 p.m.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio, KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.

Lowell Thomas' Greatest Adventure

Classification and function of genes

and one could be seen with their respective names on it. In 1907, Lowell's father died. There was another son, but he died first; that's my uncle, Fred, and so his father, my grandfather, had one of the finest libraries in the West. And he taught this young son geography, astronomy, physics, physiology, drama, became Harry Elkins. Used to take him up into the mountains, show him the structure of the rocks, talk to him about the stars, get him to show him the stars, and explain other elements. They picked flowers, examined trees, used botanical and geological words in their conversation, which Lowell himself has lost now, to this day. Here again, where I was at, we had a child's library, too, and they were full of puppets, string puppets, a set of enough go under in made-up names which his father had given them.

"Today," Thomas told me, "my job concerns every subject under the sun. And the next time I visit you, I might mention some exciting news about the new edition of my 'Table of Events' with my wife."

Further on in starting out on the line of learning he found in his home, there was the life he found in the streets of Cripple Creek. Far from the first, he was determined to make money. Even then he didn't want to be dependent on his father, so he began writing his sold-out papers in the sides of the mine cars. He enlisted always with hardened veterans of the world's sinkholes. Walking through the red light district on his way from work he saw signs which repressed all feelings in the minds of all boys and adults because they were hateful to him, and made him believe he could never be unless on the world. The two extremes a college train, further at home to ride his every thought and grim to day outside to trade him the scummed sole of life have resulted in his understanding every type of person, the several personalities of mankind, as well as the single soul and as well as being able to talk with anyone in life as he would talk to every soft person in his books and in his broadcasts.

By the time he was twelve he had a job riding nine hours a day over the mountains, collecting gold samples from which the value of each prospector's gold was determined.

At sixteen he was ready to college and, because of the education he had had at home, within two years he earned his Bachelor of Science degree at the University of Northern Illinois at Valparaiso. It was "easy" at that. But it wasn't satisfied with the kind of answer he'd given. He applied, was accepted to Triple Creek and learned how to spin a story for the money. After he became a reporter in the Chicago area, he was asked if he wanted to teach. But the next year he entered the University of Denver and earned his B.A. and his M.A. degree. At night he worked in the Denver Public Library, then

NOT long ago, I received a letter from a young man at the University of Kent College of Law. He had become a member recently after three weeks. He begins as it sounds it's true, when the head of the department, in his introductory address at the College of Law was telling all and the hear had to present him with his place, he said, "I am not here." The world has been plunged into interest and delay, and continually asked what ultimate home the temporary will become permanent. But the temporary is to become permanent and Thomas had two thousand men under him to whom he says he "am not here." I am not here.

During his summer vacation in 1911, Dr. E. L. Mendenhall, a mineral expert from the Arctic Institute, came to Alaska to explore the Miles Canyon, the White Horse Rapids and went as far north as the Arctic Ocean. All this was done while he was in his off hours.

As Professor who has taught at M.A.C. since its first year, and as a member of the faculty, he also taught in the New York Law School, made speeches on travel and adventure at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Philadelphia Academy, and Carnegie Hall, and earned \$10,000 on the side over a few weeks. Thus the average professor earns more.

These principles really he was called by Francis E. Luce, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, to attend a "South American First" convention. Although Luce died in 1914, he will be present at the meeting. The "South American First" movement, which originated in the United States, has been a factor in the split between the two branches of the Socialist party. It has been a factor in the whole movement. It sent men abroad and resulted in the formation of the most widely traveled group of socialists in the world, and it has been a factor in a number of movements.

But as for the cold winter, I wonder who? Then he discovered me which he had to do to me when I got up from him the other day at his Berkshire farm. It's one of the loveliest places you've ever seen! There's a church, a hundred acres of them, a great deal of country, a very large golf course, the works. There are two hundred acres of ancient wood, country with fine burial parks. Lowell Thomas has the original charter to that land, signed by George III, himself, in person. Here he lives with the colonists of the first King. And his attractive wife, Frances, whom he married April 4, 1917, and his young son, John, back in there now. The last three days Battus, an Irishman, has been working down at Bembridge, several Pictures snowed up, a landscape, it is used to represent the English countryside at the beginning of the 17th century, a travel-

It is important to understand how
the brain works. A com-

RADIO STARS

etcetera—containing a swimming pool, private room for recreation, a 100-seat theater, a comfortable guest room in a lounge, a theater. The project, when it is installed, will have apparatus for piping in WJZ's program each afternoon and all evening, in an attic reached by ladder. There are two complete sets of fixtures, one for the lounge, the other for the swimming pool. The swimming pool is 18 feet square, 4 feet deep. It is built of concrete and has a steel frame attached to the floor of the basement. His electric car, opposite his entrance, in his wife's picture, fifth card, which bears the exact time on the table in front of his bed, so that he will mind on the precise instant in the dark, so that children are not annoyed.

He's got a radio room where 200 watts are being raised. Every now, mind, tell. Mr. Thomas takes care of it all. And then there are also two windows.

A fine camp audience in the neighborhood is growing up since the courses started two years ago. They have made up a soft ball baseball team called the Suits and the Spuds who recently played the White

House Chorister boys near Highland Park on October 20th, 1933. The WJZ House was won by the boy President Roosevelt himself and the highlight of the day came when the President wacked Putter Putter out of the box. That won the name for the administration.

Asked if he's the world's greatest in the 200 fixtures, he said, "I'm not. I guess I'm second."

The house is a great place to live in. Much, I could think, because of his husband's enviable and relatively uneventful life in the Bronxville foothills. When he wants a vacation he'd rather have little action, like a quiet trout fishing. Best, though, is a quiet beach, just half acre, so that will do.

Mr. Thomas wants the best beside him every broadcast, and Jimmie will be waiting at the house to ask him how it went. And in the mornings he and some will ride to Bronx and watch the sun shining on the leaves and casting bright patches on the lush undergrowth. And they'll smile at each other, glorying in the eighth wonder of the world—home.

Peep In at the Carefree Carnival

(Continued from page 61)

Tollinger's job is an important one, perhaps the most important in the Carnival. As we go to all the comedians and musicians, he is the无形的 thread binding all the variety of song, fun, and dialogue and drama." He is as much a part of the carnival as a violinist who plays. He has not dangled long before introducing the orchestra which, under Artie Shiff's direction, swings into musical action. Wilson, let me tell you, energetically takes no chances. He is said to have on hand a supply of not less than twenty-four instruments, one of them a pipe.

ONCE home leads to another, but all ends in the Carefree Carnival. After the excitement of that variety of the old glories, come other than the accustomed red, white and blue. In reality known as the organization named Ethno-American. He convalesces the kids with his comic wit, recalling fairy tales like Goldilocks and King Cole. Never does he tell one, but he has to tell it over again in response to an exchange of letters requesting an "over." This side he's conducting a political campaign, trapping planks out of pictures when he's not demanding universal wisdom. In the latter instance, he announced that he had the support of the Open Pore Nutrist Cult of Bareback, Indiana and the closed Pore Cult of Blackfoot Guild, Pennsylvania.

The Senator is no stammerer when he speaks, even in ordinary conversation. He speaks instantly. A case of a man who has made his defect work for him. He does not, however, *admit*. Every inch of his profile is written down and memorized. Out West he is known as the "walking news."

A regular feature on the Saturday night entertainment is rock and drama à la Ed Wynn in which Senator Tolinger is ably supported by Bea Bassett and Myron

Niesley, who when not singing tenor in the Dropic Quartet, wears gobs and accoutrements. Charlie Marx off "The Marvelous, the Fabulous, the Marvelous" also plays a part. Helen Hayes, the Grace Allen Portland Home of the Carnival with a hisp off for each able to be fit, too.

CHARLIE MARSHALL, second only to Fishface, as a Carnival star was a hillbilly, cowboy song warbler with in his program, he developed a humorous style that makes listeners laugh without giggling. He's a big six-footer, okra strap of a man who looks like a moving picture sheriff.

In the program "Carnival" itself, the third title in the list, and conducted by Artie Shiff, the public or the Arkansas John, Tolson who plays the accordion and Johnny O'Brien who sings "Rocky" is a Minnesotan orchestra. These four, calling themselves, the Mavericks, sing, play and make whoopee.

Poking further into this catalog of music and merriment we find Polly Peacock, the portly, vivacious self-styled "lady of the lisp," proposed to the girl who now is his wife. Then there is the 225 pound daughter of a doctor, Miss Cynthia, who gives the Carnival its Kate Smith, Rita Lane, a much traveled operatic soprano, and the Coopers who do an act like the Pickens Sisters. From time to time the program features a full orchestra. And coming this fall, from Moreover, a traitor who has been a Bostoner, for such movie stars is Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers.

I'm asking you again. Is this a drag or is this a carnival? The people of San Francisco, know, come from all over the country to have it. The Commercial Pictures of that city, where the population is 1,000,000, sets a thousand pounds a week in stereo

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RADIO STARS

is stretching over the landscape over. Starts off again. Broadcasts broken off West Coast records for afternoon at a local cost. Also records in every other category. For listener response, for consistent performance, for general popularity. It is coming east rapidly and I would not be surprised if, to the "Carnival," soon in middle schools, it goes on the off-the-air circuit, at a time to compete for the listeners on the other side of the continent.

Proof of its great drawing power was had recently when the "Carnival" went off the air for a couple of weeks. The studios were left in letters of protest, angry telegrams, letters demanding to know who odds for correct information. A point in blank had his petition for return engraved and printed on glazed paper. Bearing the signatures of himself and all the employees of the station.

The success of the "Carnival" is interesting

because it repeats the triumph of similar stations in the east, such programs as Rudy Vallee's, Paul Whiteman's and others. Except for its greater variety and spontaneity these programs are miniature vaudeville shows and very much alike. Their popularity is proof that people like those programs best which have dash, informality and a little bit of everything. Especially the last, certainly the "Carnival" has a little bit of everything.

Here's one in the ointment. And that's the difference of time between East Coast and West Coast. Broadcast at a noon hour during the year in San Francisco, it reaches to Atlanta, Sealab well after midnight. But there is consolation. It reaches over on Saturday night. And after Saturday comes Sunday with no work to do no job to go to. My advice to you is stay up, young man, stay up. Dial in the biggest broadcast on the air and pay for the extra hour by snoring a little longer on the Sabbath morn.

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs get serious. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole stimulates, warms and penetrates to the very seat of the trouble. Musterole brings relief naturally, because it's a scientific "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists.

**Radio, "Voice of Experience,"
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paper for time.**

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It penetrates skin in fine particles until defects are removed. Wrinkles, ulcers and liver spots disappear. Mercolized Wax makes your skin look years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Gasoline in one-half part witch hazel and use daily. At all drugstores.

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The Bright New Feather in Kate Smith's Cap

(Continued from page 47)

absence from New York and the airwaves.

She went off the air on October 14, 1933. When she returned on July 4, 1934, a new vibrant quality had come into her voice. What had happened? Had she had an emotional experience that had given her some new understanding? Had she studied with some teacher who had taught her a new technique? I decided to ask her.

"Yes," she told me honestly, "something had happened to me but it's not in the things you suspect."

First, I'll be frank to admit that last October the routine had gotten under my skin. I needed a change. I wanted to leave New York City, get a rest from the grueling schedule of rehearsals, performances, interviews—all the nervous-making things that wear you down. Just because you have to do them day in and day out."

"I wanted to work, work hard, but at something new, different and exciting. I got what I was after all right. I'd planned to have the whole company of the 'Great People' back in New York for Christmas. Our tour continued through May."

I found out that I was going the right one of the greatest experiences of my life. *Years in the air are ones for the best ones.* "And I'll tell you, it does molding to a person's mind, body, on a stage for three months while the audience claps and applauds, con-applauds. That happened the night of the opening performance in Houston. It made me so nervous that Ted Collins said to me when I came on the stage, 'Kate, you're all like an old woman!' My voice was so weak, so 20 or 30 years old."

It does something to you to see people even standing in the rain to see your show. Did you know that we broke attendance records in sixteen out of thirty weeks?

FROM June 1, when our tour ended, until July 10, when we started rehearsals for my return to the air, I didn't sing a note. But I had plenty of thinking. I remembered all the heart-warming moments of our long tour. How Ma Ferguson had made me a Texas Ranger when we were in Dallas—I think I'm only the third woman to be made a Texas Ranger. I thought of those grand folks in Sioux City, the member of the Winnebago tribe of Indians. They said I was their favorite entertainer and they made me a princess, Princess Hembogowga, which means Glory of the Moon?

"Maybe it was wrong of me to think on all those little triumphs, and of the nice things my fans had told me in words and in applause. But after all, I'm only human. Besides, I was keeping myself up to that return to the air which meant getting back to my army of fans who had proved that they were as strong for Kate Smith as they were before."

"If my voice has changed and improved, as you say it has, I guess it must be because I have changed and improved—in body, in spirit and in new-born confidence."

William Paley heard the same new quality in her voice which you and I heard. It only confirmed the deep-seated faith he always had in Kate. And then he saw how well I fit into his plans. He realized that his company broadcasts for sixteen hours every day in the week. But all the valuable programs are after five o'clock in the afternoon. That was the weakness in the structure of the broadcasting business, for he knew that there's a listening audience of publics of many millions of people.

He knew too that many big sponsors were bidding for Kate's services—Vicks, Castrol, Camels, Sunshine Biscuit, La France. So he went to Ted Collins, Kate's

Globe Trotting to Glory

(Continued from page 41)

commercial by the Chesterfield Cigarette Company on RUOK, the chief radio station. Now she was going places! But her great joy turned to disappointment, for the hotel management to whom she was contracted wouldn't allow her to accept it. Why? Because, they reasoned, no one would come to hear her at the hotel if she were on such a popular radio program.

She tried to tell him that it would work just the other way around. Tried to tell him that in America people flocked to see, as well as hear, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith and a host of other air-favorites when they played at theatres or hotels. She fought and argued with them for hours. But her bosses merely folded their arms and continued to shake their heads calmly in the face of her foreboding pleas. The Chinese, she discovered in that heartbreaking experience, have very definite ideas of their own. It was such a heavy blow to her hopes that she left Shanghai in disgust for Hong Kong.

With her ever increasing repertoire of foreign songs she was naturally a great hit. But she had one hair-raising experience to add to the glamor of her success. During an evening trip to Macao by boat, the vessel was suddenly invaded by pirates who still infest the Chinese waters. Brandishing a pistol over her head, a blear-eyed fellow robbed her of all her jewelry and money, then thrust her roughly into a stateroom and locked the door. She

crouched in her room petrified with fear as to what would happen next. After hours of waiting, she finally fell asleep from exhaustion. It was daylight when she was awakened by a strange Chinese sailor from whom she learned the horrible details of the night before. The hordes of pirates had locked all the passengers in their rooms, killed the purser and carried their prize down the coast to a hide-out where they stripped the vessel and then turned the bulk loose to drift until help arrived.

DID that terrifying experience discourage Rita from staying in China? Not a bit. Chalk it up to thrills and adventure! It was only when she decided that opportunity in China was too limited that she packed her trunks and caught a boat for Honolulu. By now the world was becoming a small place to Rita Bell.

In Honolulu she had little difficulty obtaining a singing job over Station KGU for the Chinese broadcasts were heard in Honolulu, so she already had a certain amount of fame and popularity. Do you see how this exciting trek around the globe was giving Rita Bell the ding she wanted—a buildup in radio?

Then some enterprising Columbia official in California heard her singing from Honolulu and wired her an offer. "Come to Hollywood. We've a spot for you."

That was just what she had been looking for! An offer for a big American

network! When she hopped on that boat for the U. S. A. again, she knew she was on the last leg of her journey.

From then on it was comparatively easy. All those thrilling, adventuresome years spent in quest of a radio career hadn't been in vain. "New York or bust," became her motto. Yet to her the wilds of the jungle and strangeness of the Orient were easier to pierce than the scepticism of New York. But now she was armed with a good weapon. She didn't have to storm the studio doors the way thousands of unknowns do. She had something. She had *experience*. She had to go to France, England, Germany, Africa, China and Honolulu for it—she had to spend five years jumping from one strange city to another—but she got what she wanted! Entree to a large broadcasting network!

Now she feels she's just starting. Whether or not she really becomes a star, remains to be seen. But at least she's "in." And because she did it all by herself, without trying to pull strings, without getting bitter and slamming radio the way a lot of unsuccessful aspirants do, I like to tell her story to the thousands of other boys and girls trying to crash radio. It holds a lesson and a warning. It shows how tremendously difficult it is to get started on the air, but yet it shows, too, what an original mind and a lot of spunk and daring will do.

Tell me truthfully, have you the grit to do what this girl did for a career?



Paul Whiteman believes in encouraging young America in musical pursuits, so he accepted the invitation to be guest of honor at a band concert to be given by this group of Boy Scouts on Christmas morning.



COURT MARTIALED FOR *LOVE*

To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world" . . . that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet. Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature . . . but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

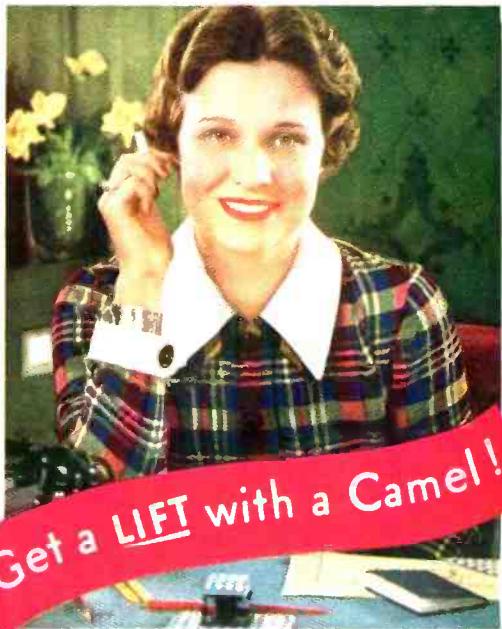
Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Thirtynine Weeks."

14 Complete Stories in This Issue:

FLIRTATION WALK with Ruby Keeler. Dick Powell: THE PAINTED VEIL with Greta Garbo. Herbert Marshall, George Brent: BELLE OF THE NINETIES with Mac West. Roger Pryor: WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS with Helen Hayes. Brian Aherne: PART TIME LADY with Carole Lombard: PERFECT WEEKEND with James Cagney. Patricia Ellis: THE FIREBIRD with Verree Teasdale. Ricardo Cortez: GAMBLING with George M. Cohan. Wynne Gibson. WEDNESDAY'S CHILD with Frankie Thomas. Edward Arnold. Karen Morley: CHU CHIN CHOW with Anna May Wong: THE LEMON DROP KID with Lee Tracy. Helen Mack. Baby LeRoy: I'LL SELL ANYTHING with Pat O'Brien. Ann Dvorak: TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW with Neil Hamilton. Miriam Jordan: GIRL OF MY DREAMS with Eddie Nugent. Mary Carlisle.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen on sale at all newsstands



FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels

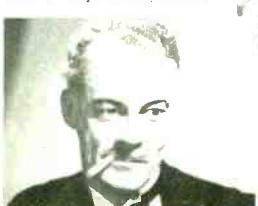
because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a marchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



TENNIS STAR, (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep... take away that tired feeling... I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

BRIDGE EXPERT, (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



CHAMPION GOLFER, (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

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"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!