

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

# Radio Stars

SEPTEMBER

15

CENTS



*Ethel  
Merman*

*Ethel  
Merman*

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BEAUTY AIDS  
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IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACIAL POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC



"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender  
Author of "Marjorie Mary's 12th Birthdays"

**"CAN'T CHAFE"**

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



**"CAN'T FAIL"**

Security at all times... Kotex assures it! A special channelled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



**"CAN'T SHOW"**

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



*And Now!*

**3 TYPES OF KOTEX**

*to suit different women and for different days*

Each type offers all of the exclusive Kotex features

**N**OW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex... the Regular, the Junior (slightly narrower), and Super which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.

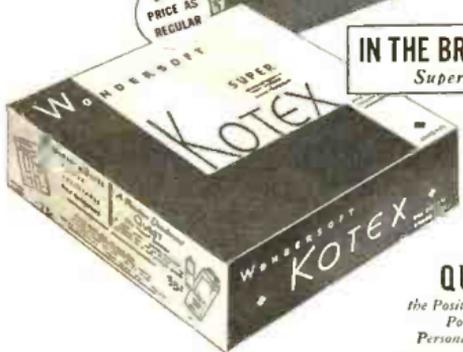


**IN THE BLUE BOX**  
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

**IN THE GREEN BOX**  
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.



**IN THE BROWN BOX**  
Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

**QUEST**

*the Positive Deodorant Powder for Personal Daintiness*

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35¢.



**WONDERSOFT KOTEX**

# RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1932, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 147 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George S. Schreyer, Jr., Pres.; H. Mowbray, Vice-Pres.; J. Lord Hoagy, Vice-Pres.; M. DeLaurier, Sec'y. Vol. 4, No. 6, September, 1935, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States, \$1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.



Papa Bing and the three Crosby choir boys just before rehearsing their theme song, "Thirty Baby Fingers and Thirty Baby Toes."

In the next issue—

Have You Noticed:

## RADIO STARS JUNIOR?

It's a section for the children, with pictures, news and stories of their favorite radio stars and programs.

Have you joined

## THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE?

It is growing by leaps and bounds, with chapters formed already for more than one hundred radio stars.

Have you ever entered a contest? For good clean fun see the

## RADIO STARS BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 CONTEST

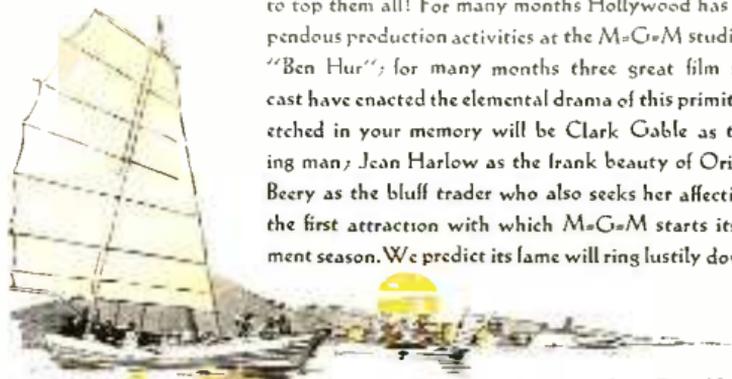
in the next month's issue. A brand new idea with prizes for every member of the family. The October RADIO STARS, remember.

Also, for your entertainment a generous number of stories of the stars, special features, departments, and pictures. Watch for the October issue of RADIO STARS.

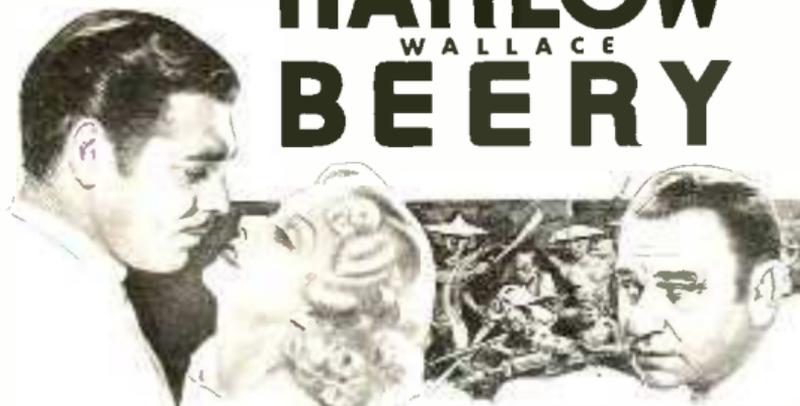
RADIO STARS

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K  
**GABLE**  
J E A N  
**HARLOW**  
W A L L A C E  
**BERRY**



**CHINA SEAS**

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN- MAYER PICTURE

[www.americanradiohistory.com](http://www.americanradiohistory.com)

R. Wilson  
Brown,  
Director

# THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE Gazette

HOME  
EDITION

Vol. 1, No. 4

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

September, 1935

## THOUSANDS OF APPLICATIONS

### FOR MEMBERSHIP BEING RECEIVED BY LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Headquarters is Swamped with Mail as Radio Listeners from Coast to Coast Join the Nationwide Movement to Support Radio Artists and Foster Better Broadcast Programs



Frank Parker

The Listeners' League of America is a success!

From Hawaii to the Atlantic

coast and from Canada to the Panama Canal the applications for membership and charters are coming—coming, for the thousands in each week's mail; an avalanche of letters so heavy that extra girls have been employed to handle them.

It is a definite proof of the interest of the radio public in the principles of the League.

It is a voice to the vast body of listeners for the betterment of broadcasting.

To champion the cause of the artists around whose talent the business of broadcasting is built.

To protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs.

"We are not only one success story," the receipt of the League and its "big" principles but we are inspired to make it even greater that we had anticipated would be possible."

Thousands of loyal radio listeners are joining in the League a voice which has heretofore been denied them. We want to use this League, a source of such strength that it will be a deciding factor in building and improving the entire broadcasting business.

"We want every loyal listener to American broadcasting to join the League. For their benefit we have made the rules for joining as simple as possible, as we want this organization

to be one of helpfulness—not one of red tape!" he continues.

There are two terms of membership. One is the chapter membership where a group of ten or more persons join together, forming a chapter. Rules for forming such chapters are:

1. Create a ten or more persons into a fan club in support of your favorite radio artist.

2. Elect officers. A president and secretary are all that are necessary.

3. Have each one of the group fill out a personal membership application blank which will be found on page 8.

4. Have the president of the group fill in the application for a charter, such as found on page 8. (Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

### LEAGUE IS "THE TOPS" SAYS VERA VAN, CBS SINGER



Vera Van

Vera Van fans will be interested in a letter received from the pretty CBS singer. Vera writes: "It is my dearest and greatest pleasure and pleasure to lend support to such a grand organization as this. Personally, I think it 'The Top.' What a far reaching influence for the art, training and talent. I am very proud that one of my loyal presidents and fan club leads has joined our organization up with The League. I shall get in touch with the heads of the other two clubs sponsoring me and advise them to do likewise.

"Please call on me for any assistance at any time.

"Wishing for The League a success beyond your highest hopes I am

"God bless yours,  
"Vera Van"  
(Please call to Page 8)



### LANNY ROSS FANS OUT IN THE LEAD

The supporters of Lanny Ross, popular young tenor, are far in the lead in the number of chapters and memberships in The Listeners' League of America. Close behind him in numbers are Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell, Frank Parker and Nelson Eddy. Of the girl singers, Vera Van, Annette Hanshaw, Jessy, Dragomette and Ethel Stanta are leading.

This first report on membership standing is based only upon early entries into the League. Each day's mail brings many applications which may alter the standing.

The League urges all fans to get behind their favorite artist and try to make him or her next in the number of League members.

### LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERS

Laurel J. Carlton, Box 1211 Miami Beach, Florida writes: "I think it is a fine thing in being the broadcast listener—bringing together into one body so that they may all mingle and give a voice to the quality of programs being broadcast as well as to other matters of interest to the broadcast listener. I am an active member of the International Short Wave Club of (Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

### LISTENERS MAY SUPPORT MORE THAN ONE STAR

A radio listener may have many favorite radio stars, and the League encourages the listener to support all of his favorites. A person may join as many chapters or clubs as he wishes. The only requirement made is that the listener shall make a separate application for each club he wishes to join. Applications are made on the blanks printed each month in the Gazette.

### "MIKE AND MOVIE CLUB" SUPPORTS MISS VERA VAN

An informative paper received at headquarters is "The Mike and Movie Club," a paper published in the interests of Vera Van.

A glance at the table of contents will give an idea of the work and interest put into the publication. The paper opens with a message to Miss Van written by Helen Ruth Keller. Other articles are "Vera in Person" by Mary Helen Quigley; "I Become a Vera Van Follower" by Fay E. Zinn; "My Picture of Vera Van" by Myrtle Quigley; "Reviews of Million Dollar Notes" by (Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

SAVE **UP TO 50%** by BUYING YOUR RADIO *Direct from* MIDWEST LABORATORIES

Exciting World-Wide Entertainment... Glorious New Acousti-Tone  
Guaranteed with Amazing New 1936 **MIDWEST**  
SUPER Deluxe **18-Tube**  
**SIX-IN-ONE**  
Radio  
(ALL WAVE - 6 BANDS)



**ONLY RADIO COVERING 4 1/2 to 2400 METERS... 12000 MILE RANGE**  
**30 Days FREE Trial!**

**EVERYWHERE,** radio enthusiasts are saying: "Have you seen the new 18-tube, 6-band, Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest? It's an improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. This amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube radio... is not obtainable in retail stores... but is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. Out-

performs \$250 sets. Approved by over 120,000 customers. Before you buy any radio write for FREE 40-page catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You're triply protected with: *One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee.*

**WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE**  
**\$59** with New GIANT THEATRE-SONIC (LARGE TUBES) SPEAKER  
**TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN**

**PUSH-BUTTON TUNING**

Now, offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations... while pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

**METAL TUBES**

This Midwest is furnished with the new glass-metal counterpart tubes. Set sockets are designed to accept glass-metal or METAL tubes, without change. Write for FREE facts.

**80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES**

Midwest's brilliant performance made possible by scores of advanced features, many of them exclusive. Only Midwest tunes as low as 1/2 meters and as high as 2400 meters... 6 bands... 18 tubes... push button tuning... acousti-tone V-spread design... pre-aged adjustments, Fidel-A-Star... Triple Calibration... etc. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog. Six-bands... offered for first time! E, A, L, M, H and U... make this super deluxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios... offer wave bands not obtainable in other radios at any price! Now, thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts!

**FULL-SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY... SPLIT-HAIR SELECTIVITY**

Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles as being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—W1XBS—W9XBY—W2XR—and W6XAL. Bring in distant, weak foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to powerful locals.

**Delighted With Super Performance**

Davidson, Mich. A radio engineer confirmed my opinion—that no other make of radio will compare with my Midwest for tone, selectivity, volume, ease of tuning and wider range. It is great entertainment. R. F. Collier.



**Praises World-Wide Reception**

Mayville, Ky. My friends envy my Midwest and say it beats theirs in price and performance. It is amazingly sensitive and brings in Holland, Spain, etc. Its full, rich, non-fading tone denotes super quality and advanced workmanship. W. E. Pardon, Rural Route No. 1.



**Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design** (Pat. Pending)

Send for FREE 40-page catalog illustrating new 1936 Midwest models and chassis in four colors. Full Scope High Fidelity Console, at left, shows dispersing waves and exclusive V-front that propel High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear.

**DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES**

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from laboratories... saving 30% to 50%. Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50%... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as \$15.00 puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write, today, for FREE catalog.

**SAVE UP TO 50%**



**MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER AND 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG**

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., Dept. 17C, Cincinnati, Ohio. Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User Agents Make Easy Extra Money! Check here for Details

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....  
 Check here if interested in a Midwest Auto Radio.

**MIDWEST RADIO CORP.**  
DEPT. 17C CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.  
Established 1920 Cable Address MIRACO All Codes





Tintex brings gay color to all your faded sportswear. by the twinkling of an eye!



Tintex means new color beauty for summer dresses and frocks. Safely, too!



Tintex is color-magic for "washed-out" underthings. "Tint as you rinse!"



Tintex restores the bright colors to faded curtains and drapes. Try it—today!

# The TINTEX Color-Magician Says:



## TINTEX makes YOU a Color-Magician

Do you want to perform a miracle of color? Then—just Tintex all your faded summer apparel and home-decorations and make everything as fresh and color-gay as when new. Tintex is so easy—so quick...results are *always* perfect! And Tintex gives you 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes...  
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women  
**INSIST ON TINTEX**



# Tintex

World's Largest Selling  
**TINTS AND DYES**

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# LAST-MINUTE NEWS REEL

Presenting exclusive pictures and news

TEST...the PERFLASTIC GIRDLE

... at our expense!



Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips **9 INCHES!**

"I read an advertisement of the Perflastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perflastic for 10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days, my actual measurement, my hips were **2 INCHES SMALLER!**"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and weight 50 pounds!"

**WE want YOU to test the Perflastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense!** Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be four slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**

... or no cost

**Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly**

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

**Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today**

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

**DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!**

PERFLASTIC, Inc.

170pp 539, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perflastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card



Top left: Here's evidence it was a happy marriage! Popular orchestra leader Eddie Duchin and his bride, the former Marjorie Oelrichs, socially prominent and wealthy. (Top Right) Handsome orchestra leader Richard Himber takes a canter aboard a handsome horse. (Left) Joe Haynes enjoys a cruise in his sailboat when he's not broadcasting his band from Wall Lake Casino, Wall Lake, Michigan. (Lower Left) Jerry Cooper shows 'em how! As American as corn on the cob, he would be a first baseman, were he not a baritone. (Lower Right) Ned Weaver naps on his penthouse roof, dreaming, we fancy, over his script for the next Ethel Merman broadcast.







# board of review

Carson Robison and his Six Gun Justice gang.

- \*\*\*\* Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS).
- \*\*\*\* American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gus Hanschka's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Gulf Headliners with Jimmy Melton (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Studebaker Champions with Richard Himber's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with John Barclay (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Paul Whiteman's Music Hall (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* The Jerome Program with Corolla Otis Skinner (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Cities Service with Jessica Dragonette (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Hour of Charm featuring Phil Spitalay and all-girl vocal and orchestral ensemble (CBS).
- \*\*\*\* Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks, tenor (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Cuckey presents Rhy Noble and his dance orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Wally Tins—Frank Munn, Lucie Monroe and Abe Lyman's orch. (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Lucky Strike Presents the Hit Parade with Luella Hayton, Gogo De Lys, Johnny Hawver and guest stars (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Luick Smith—Max Baer (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* On—Man's Family (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Captain Hunt's Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Hour of Glass (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson, Guest stars (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Home on the Range—John Charles Thomas and William Daly's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\*\* Bond Bread Show with Frank Truitt and Julia Sanderson (CBS).
- \*\*\*\* L-o-k Fisher program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS).
- \*\*\*\* Kate Smith's new Hudson scenes (CBS).
- \*\*\*\* "Lavender and Old Lace" with Frank Munn and Gus Hanschka's orchestra (CBS).

## THE LEADERS

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

1. \*\*\*\* Jack Benny (NBC)
2. \*\*\*\* Major Jones' Amateur Hour (NBC)
3. \*\*\*\* Town Hall Tonight (NBC)
4. \*\*\*\* Lux Radio Theatre (NBC)
5. \*\*\*\* Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS)

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

- \*\*\* "Melodiana" with Abe Lyman's orchestra (CBS).
- \*\*\* Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden's orchestra (CBS).
- \*\*\* Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with Rachel De Carlo, Andy Sannella and Abe Lyman's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Silkox Strings with Charles Previn's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* A. & P. Coppers with Harry Herliok's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Contested Program with Gene Arnold, the Luella Lady, Morlan Eastman's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Today's Children (NBC).
- \*\*\* Lowell Thomas, commentator (NBC).
- \*\*\* Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC).

- \*\*\* Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman's orchestra and Phil Dury (NBC).
- \*\*\* Household Musical Memories with Edgar A. Goss, Alice Moore, Charles Sears and Josef Koestner's band (NBC).
- \*\*\* Pleasure Island with Guy Lombardo's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Vic and Sade (NBC).
- \*\*\* Irene Rich for Welch (NBC).
- \*\*\* The Armour Program with Phil Baker (NBC).
- \*\*\* "House by the Side of the Road" with Tony Lyons (NBC).
- \*\*\* Bones and Drums (NBC).
- \*\*\* Roosa Carter (CBS).
- \*\*\* Edwin C Hill (CBS).
- \*\*\* Ex Lux Program with Lud Gluskin and Block and Sully (CBS).
- \*\*\* Eco Crime Clues (NBC).
- \*\*\* Climax Carnival (NBC).
- \*\*\* RCA RadioNet Company's "Radio City Party" (NBC).
- \*\*\* Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).
- \*\*\* Ben Betnie and his orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief (NBC).
- \*\*\* National Hitn Dancer (NBC).
- \*\*\* The Gibson Family (NBC).
- \*\*\* Lazy Dan, "The Minstrel Man" (CBS).
- \*\*\* The Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing (CBS).
- \*\*\* Major Bowes' Capitol Family (NBC).
- \*\*\* Presthouse Serenade, Dan Marino, tenor (NBC).
- \*\*\* Harry Reser and his Spearhead Crew with Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra (NBC).
- \*\*\* The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).
- \*\*\* Catefree Carnival (NBC).

**Curtis Mitchell**  
Radio Star Magazine, Chairman  
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Norman Siegel  
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.  
Andrew W. Smith  
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.  
**Loeta Rider**  
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

**Si Steinhauser**  
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**Leo Miller**  
Bridgport Herald, Bridgport, Conn.  
**Charlotte Greer**  
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.  
**Richard G. Moffett**  
Florida Times Union, Jacksonville, Fla.  
**James Sullivan**  
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

**R. B. Westergaard**  
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**C. L. Kern**  
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.  
**Larry Walters**  
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.  
**James E. Chin**  
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Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

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**Oscar H. Fernbach**  
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.  
**Jack Barnes**  
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

- \*\*\* Campana's First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Ameche (NBC).
- \*\*\* Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).
- \*\*\* Corson Robson and his Burkasons (CBS).
- \*\*\* Birt Crutcher (CBS).
- \*\*\* The Adventures of Gwelo with Burns and Allen (CBS).
- \*\*\* Hollywood Hotel with Dick Powell and Louella Parsons (CBS).
- \*\*\* National Amateur Night with Ray Perkins (CBS).
- \*\*\* The Gumps (CBS).
- \*\*\* Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).
- \*\*\* "Dreams Come True" with Barry McKelvey and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).
- \*\*\* Penthouse Party with Hal Kerner and Babes and Her Brothers (NBC).
- \*\*\* Beatrice Little, with Lee Perrin's orchestra (NBC).
- \*\*\* Caribbea presents Morton Downey with Ray Sinatra's Orchestra. Gus Bates Post narration (NBC).
- \*\*\* Otto Harbach's "Music of the Haydn's" (NBC).
- \*\*\* Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton, cooking authority Martha Mears, Al and Lew Retter (NBC).
- \*\*\* Easy Aces (NBC).
- \*\*\* Swift Garden Program: Marie Chamline, Garden Quartet, Paul Schuler's orch. (NBC).
- \*\*\* Dream Drama with Arthur Allen and Parker Fencilly (NBC).
- \*\*\* Pipeville Recitals, Sigurd Nilsson, Harold Johnson, Graham McNamee (NBC).
- \*\*\* Stories of the Black Chamber (NBC).
- \*\*\* The Story of Mary Martin (CBS).
- \*\*\* The Garden of Tomorrow, F. L. D. Gaymour (CBS).
- \*\*\* Roadways of Romance Jerry Cooper, Roger Kenne and Freddie Rich's orch. (CBS).
- \*\*\* Five Star Joans (CBS).
- \*\*\* Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook with B. A. Rolfe's orch. (NBC).
- \*\*\* Colonel Staccato and Budd (CBS).
- \*\*\* Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC).
- \*\*\* Tons and Gus (NBC).
- \*\*\* Rhythm at Eight—Ethel Norman (CBS).
- \*\*\* Edgar A. Guest In Welcome Valley (NBC).
- \*\*\* Mexican Musical Tours (NBC).
- \*\*\* Gene Arnold and the Commodores (NBC).
- \*\*\* Sally of the Talkies (NBC).
- \*\*\* The Fitch Program with Wendell Hall (NBC).
- \*\*\* Voice of Experience (CBS).
- \*\*\* Little Orphan Annie (NBC).
- \*\*\* One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (NBC).
- \*\*\* Laugh Clinic with Doctors Pratt and Sherman (CBS).
- \*\*\* Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).
- \*\*\* Marie the Little French Princess (CBS).
- \*\*\* The Shadow (CBS).
- \*\*\* Captain Dobbie's Ship of Joy (CBS).



## Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
2. In summer there is a greater

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

**When Nature forgets —  
remember**

**EX-LAX**  
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

# amateurs beware

By Peter Dixon

NHW YORK is the radio capital of America even though there are opportunities in Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Los Angeles. Ambitious young people arrive in New York by the thousands, all eager for a chance at other fame. Since the national epidemic of amateur hours, there has been a greater influx of inexperienced, untrained young radio performers than ever before. And the radio waves have become more bold.

This article is to serve as a warning to these youngsters who come seeking a radio chance in New York. Just as there are human cultures in the theater, in the pictures—and even in respectable business firms or department stores—so are there ruthless Don Juans in the radio studios. There is, for example, a certain nationally famous announcer who has had more than one narrow escape from the law and from his fathers. There is, again, a certain casting director who asks young and pretty actresses who don't know their way around to call at his apartment for an interview—instead of going to the studio for an audition.

The professional beasts of prey in radio are mainly interested in the money they can take away from the eager youngsters. And their tricks for getting that money are many.

There is the "radio manager." He manages to spot some hopeful out-of-town and scrapes up an acquaintance. He, according to his story, is a successful manager of radio talent. He can get auditions for you, he represents and he can place his clients on good commercial programs immediately. To hear him talk, he is the bossy pal of every casting director in radio. The catch is that he needs money for "expenses." He shrewdly estimates the resources of the "client" and then requests a retainer. Perhaps he will consent to act as manager for a mere twenty-five dollars a week. I know of actual cases where these bogus managers have collected as much as seventy-five and one hundred dollars a week for weeks at a time from amateurs who'd-be radio entertainers who had more dollars than their sense.

Here is the truth about radio managers. There are a few good ones, men and women who are honest and who can really help. However, these competent and respected agents are not interested in taking improved talent and developing it. It is true that a few of them might, for a reasonable consideration, attempt to develop and manage a budding personality. However, they would expect the young artist to assume all the risks and they would not make any promises about jobs or future fame.

The fake radio school is another device of the professional wolves. New York, Chicago and Hollywood are full of such schools. In advertisements these schools stress "advanced techniques" and all of them promise to secure auditions for their pupils. The best the enrolled student at one of these microphone schools can hope for is some harmless patter about how far to stand from a mike when broadcasting and an audition at some unimportant station where anyone can get an audition at any time. The big studios and the networks have absolutely no interest or connections with any of these so-called schools of radio. They are a waste of money and I know of no radio entertainer who ever benefited from such a school.

There are exceptions, of course—classes where a young artist can get good training in the use of the voice in singing and in dramatic reading. The way to tell whether a radio school is legitimate is to find out if any promises are made. The lower the promises, the greater the chance that the school is operated ethically and honestly.

Then there are certain operators in Manhattan who manage to make a living out of the ambitions of the singers and entertainers who have had a little radio experience, but want to crash the networks. These wolves have managed to obtain periods on the air and present radio programs. Sometimes they manage to sell these programs to third-rate advertisers. Their next problem is to obtain talent for their programs without paying for it. They insert advertisements in some of the less reputable publications seeking radio talent—then, after they audition the dozens of young artists who answer the advertisement, they take the cream of the talent and persuade these youngsters to work for nothing.

"If you are on the air in my program, you'll be heard by the big advertisers," is a favorite argument.

As a matter of fact, some of the successful performers have been heard in these free-talent air programs years ago. They succeeded, but not because of being heard in the *Blah Blah Revue* on Station WBLH. If you're good enough to go on the air in a commercial program, you're good enough to be paid for it. If there isn't any pay, it's a good sign that a racketeer finances in the proceedings somewhere. This statement, of course, is not meant to apply to the legitimate amateur hours.

Beware of the smooth press agent who tries to convince you that all that is necessary to get you on the air is to get your name in the papers. Some of these press agents can get your name in the papers. They can get your name in certain papers, because of certain money arrangements with certain newspaper writers. It is common gossip in Manhattan that one conductor of a newspaper column offered to mention any name in his column at \$500 a mention. The price I believe was one dollar per mention. He was a cunning sort of fifth corner ups to a column by a big pretty, well paid life line and one who we got it in.

Don't back to the mass deluge of radio. Here is the way it appears, apparently has the

## Whom can you believe? Whom can you trust, in seeking a radio career?

job of selecting talent for a weekly variety program but whose real job is to find young and pretty women who will attend the wild parties given by his boss. He does put his "mink" on the air on one of the smaller stations and some of them are real small fees. But these prospects, more often than not, are followed by wild studio parties and it's just too bad for the young and pretty singer who isn't able to cope with a dilapidated and dangerous situation.

Then there is the shady advertising man who uses an imaginary radio program as a lure to attract pretty playmates. He calls in some quill-station representative and talks about a client who wants a radio program. Auditions are arranged. The playboy manages so to arrange things that there are a number of attractive girls called for the auditions. He also manages to meet them and it is part of his technique to try to make the girls believe that an important job depends on his friendship and that it is up to them to be friendly.

Among the reputable advertising agencies the standard of ethics is high and every effort is made to be fair and honest to every applicant for an audition and to stamp out any improper methods on the part of an individual connected with the agency. The agency wolves are comparatively few.

Newcomers to radio face another financial hazard: however, one that becomes serious if they achieve any success at all. There are a number of "radio earnings operators" in the city where the applicant is asked to sign a little slip. This slip is actually a statement whereby the performer agrees to pay ten per cent of all income received for a period of years. These casting agencies keep a close watch on all successful newcomers and check their files frequently. The original deal had a fifty percent withdrawal year in advance—and the withdrawal percentage single is fixed at a dollar for ten per cent in commission. This successful young singer who had received a very good agency in town was faced with claims for one hundred dollars more than fifty per cent of her earnings. It took a good lawyer to clear that up.

Now the situation in radio is not going to find the same ease. The new ones (Continued on page 10)

Drawing by RALPH SHEPARD







## keep young and beautiful

*By Mary Biddle*

RADIO stars are preparing for television by taking the milk route to sylph-like slenderness. Other feminine folk are preparing for more sylph-like "personal appearances" before the mirror, the dressmaker, and the public, by doing likewise. We are re-discovering milk as an aid to health and beauty.

On the outskirts of Harrison, New York, in the beautiful new Sunny Ridge development, is one of the most delightful estates in all Westchester County. It is the Bernie Milk and Health Farm, and it is run by Rose Bernie, the sister of the Old Maestro himself. Sophie Tucker, Gracie Barrie, Gertrude Berg and Mary Brown Warburton are but a few of the radio personalities you may find there, drinking in milk and sunshine and peace. After a visit to the farm, I was more than ever convinced that they ought to sponsor a weekly beauty-advice broadcast, and call their station KYAB (Keep Young And Beautiful).

The Bernie estate is set way back from the road, and a private driveway leads one to a lovely long rambling house, with rolling lawns, lofty shade trees, and flowering shrubbery completing the picture of lazy contentment. The hospitable veranda and the terrace were dotted with gay lounging chairs when I was there, and the occupants



Gracie Barrie, radio "blues singer" and a former protégée of Ben Bernie's, finds time to visit Rose Bernie's Milk and Health Farm and absorb its countless benefits. (Right) Rose Bernie, herself, sister of Ben, contemplates a mug of her famous milk.

were dressed in bathing suits, lounging pajamas, or just plain comfortable old clothes. They were having a grand time indulging in sheer unadulterated laziness, and loving it. You don't have to raise a finger toward doing anything on the Bernie farm, not even so much as pouring yourself a glass of milk. It's poured for you.

It was Saturday afternoon when I was there and I found Gracie Barrie Jolling in a very comfortable porch chair. Perhaps you didn't know that this amazing nineteen-year-old "sweetheart of the blues" was a protégée of Ben Bernie at one time, and received his Blue Ribbon of Honor for her work. Gracie is fortunate in having the kind of a figure that doesn't need reducing or building up, but she loves the relaxation she gets from a week-end at Rose Bernie's, away from the hustle and bustle and confusion of Manhattan. The farm is only forty-five minutes away from the Grand Central station in Manhattan, so it is easy for Gracie to commute there for occasional week-ends.

The Bernie Milk Farm isn't to be confused with a nursing home or sanitarium. It's a place where anyone who desires keeping in condition may spend a week or so and build up, reduce, or just "m-lax." (Continued on page 61)

**Would you lose weight? Or add it? Page the milk diet!**

# for distinguished service to radio

No woman, we were told, could ever make America sit still and listen.

Well, one woman is doing it. She began at nine-thirty o'clock on Sunday evening, June 2nd, 1935. She was introduced to America as Cornelia Otis Skinner, pinch-hitting for a vacationing columnist.

That name which meant much along America's Broadways meant little to Main Streeters. Skinner—Skinner—wasn't there a great actor named that twenty years back? This pinch-hitting Skinner might be a relative . . . a daughter, perhaps.

Cornelia inherits much of her father, Otis Skinner's, tremendous ability. Today, I am told by many of those who read this magazine that she is radio's most distinguished newcomer. Her amazing monologues and readings are making America sit still and listen.

Because of that and because her broadcasts in behalf of Jergens have added new prestige to an already glittering Sunday evening period, we bestow on her Radia Stars Magazine's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

*Curtis Mitchell*



With the ease of the old-timer, and the enthusiasm of the new adventurer, Cornelia Otis Skinner goes on the air, to win further success in a new medium.





## Dick Powell

After the broadcast, Dick Powell, ever-popular singing star of Hollywood Hotel, relaxes with a contented smile. It went pretty well, didn't it, he most justifiably may be thinking. In the East to make a new picture, Powell now broadcasts on this regular Friday night program from the New York studio.



## Mildred Monson

When the Modern Choir comes on the air, to mark the Goodrich program, on Friday nights, the lovely voice of Mildred Monson, the soloist, delights countless listeners with its charming rendition of beautiful melodies. And Mildred herself, in the words of a popular song, is "lovely to look at!"



## Bernice Claire

Having won fame on the musical comedy stage, in the concert field, and in the movies, Bernice Claire has achieved another success in her radio work. You have heard her sing, with Frank Munn, in the charming "Lavendar and Old Lace" radio series. She likes to swim, play tennis, and ride horseback.



## Nelson Eddy

Nelson Eddy himself, girls! And according to all we hear, he is "a grand guy!" He has reversed the usual route of the singing star, from concert to radio, to movies, where his success in "Naughty Marietta" made him an instant sensation. But he worked for twenty years to achieve that success!



## *Patti Chapin*

Lovely young Patti Chapin is winning ever-increasing popularity on the radio. You have heard her as featured singer of the "Family Hotel" program, starring Jack Pearl. And now, on Mondays, you may hear her in her own program. She also is a featured singer from time to time on other outstanding broadcasts.

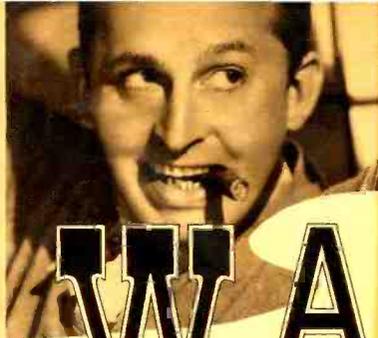


## *Singin' Sam*

Singin' Sam didn't want to get another dog, after they had lost theirs. His wife did. Result: They got two! The wire-haired terrier is Sammie Boy, and the German Shepherd puppy is just plain Shep. Mrs. Singin' Sam was known as Helen (Smiles) Davis and she once was a popular vaudeville comedienne.



Above, the Old Maestro in his winter golfing outfit. Upper right, Bernie wields a mean cigar! And on the opposite page you see Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt orchestra.



# WANTED!

## \$15,000.00

**That was all Ben Bernie needed to stave off a fearful catastrophe! And how could a penniless fiddler get it?**

*By Jay Kieffer*

"TEN bucks on the nose. That's what I said."  
The old Maestro hung up the receiver and popped his cigar back into his mouth. "That's a sure horse!" He grinned at us.  
"Do you always let 'em on the nose?" we asked seriously.  
"Not always—only when I've got a hunch. There was a time when I'd bet on anything, even if I had to borrow money to do it. And once I put everything I had on a long shot—it was fifteen grand or nothing; I got the fifteen grand and placed the bet. . . *P. S. I got the job!*"  
Today Ben Bernie gambles for fun. It's swell when he wins, and he can afford to lose. But once he placed a bet when the odds were at least two hundred to one against him.  
It was in New York City, in 1920. A huge crowd was milling around the rapel-off plot of ground near the Grand Central Depot. Two bands played stirring music, pennants fluttered in the breeze. Top-hatted dignitaries moved inside the enclosure, shaking hands and talking in important tones that carried beyond the colorful bouquets and floral horseshoes to the eager, watching mob. Al Smith, himself, was there to make a speech and turn the first shovelful of ground which would start construction for the new Roosevelt Hotel.  
Ben Bernie was there, too. He had wandered up from the Bowery where he had been playing violin in the old

Haymarket Café, one of the toughest dives on the lower East Side. He had played there for "throw money" and meals because he was broke, and played for men too drunk to listen—until one day when he arrived late and found another violinist in his place.  
He knew well enough what that meant, so he wended his way uptown. He was no longer the hopeful, happy-go-lucky lad who had started out thirteen years before to assault the world with his music. Then he had dreamed of building a great house somewhere overlooking the Hudson—a place to which he could turn at night, to hide away from fame. Instead, at twenty-seven, he was a small, hungry-looking young man, dressed in worn clothes that just didn't seem to fit. People passed by him, elbowing their way roughly in and out of the crowd. Suddenly Ben started with glad surprise. In that crowd of strange faces, was one he recognized.  
"Paul!" he called out.  
Years before, Ben had known Paul Whiteman, when both had played on the same bill at the Palace Theatre—the King of Jazz with his band and Bernie filling in a number two spot with a dash of Kreister on his fiddle. Now things were different. The years had not been as kind to the shabby violinist as they had been to his friend. Ben wished he hadn't let out that spontaneous yell of joy—but it was too late. Paul had seen him.  
When they came out of the grill across the street, the

"Young Maestro" had a good meal tucked away under his belt. A long black cigar shifted nervously in his mouth, and in his genial brown eyes there gleamed the spark of his old ambition.  
Quietly he watched the crowd for a while from an advantageous position atop a fire plug. Then he suddenly jumped down and began to edge his way persistently toward the inner sanctum of officialdom. Paul Whiteman had told him that he should have an orchestra of his own. Well, he would have one—and this was the place to start it!  
Within a split second he had dodged his way beneath the ropes and past the protecting arms of several forbidding policemen. As he ran, Ben singled out one man who seemed more pompous and important than the others. To this man he somewhat breathlessly poured out his story. He pointed out that this fine new hotel which they were building would need an orchestra. He, Ben Bernie, was prepared to furnish it. Vividly he drew on his imagination for previous engagements which his non-existent orchestra had filled. He offered to accept whatever terms the hotel would make—and he apologized profusely for having disturbed the nice celebration.  
"But I knew I couldn't see you in your office," he explained. "That's why I dropped in to see you here. I can't afford to wait—I can hold my band together only if you'll promise us the job now." (Continued on page 52)



# EXTRA SPECIAL! FATHER COUGHLIN QUITS!



# Goodbye

# father

# coughlin ?

By Anthony  
Candy

IF I were a Catholic, the story I heard the other day would make me take my pen in hand, I think, and write a letter. It would be addressed to the Vatican, Rome, Italy. It would be about the best-known Catholic in America, Father Charles E. Coughlin, and would run something like this:

The Vatican  
Rome, Italy  
Gentlemen:

"I am a layman, a citizen of the United States, and an admirer of Father Coughlin for as many years as he has been on the air. I should like to ask a few respectful questions.

*"Question One: Did Father Coughlin quit the air on Sunday, June 9, at the direct orders of the Pope?"*

"Perhaps that is too brusque an approach, but I believe the importance of the answer justifies it. We have only a few facts over here—and we're not even certain they are facts. At any rate, we do know that Father Coughlin suddenly discontinued his series of midnight broadcasts. He said something about a rest during the sum-

mer and promised that he would return in the fall.

"I admit that it is perfectly reasonable for as hard a worker as Charles E. Coughlin to desire a rest, but he had previously intimated that he would broadcast right through the summer. More important, smoke signals have been burning on the hills about his camp for some time and some of our less friendly expert observers have read in them some secret and surprising things.

"For instance, the sudden trip to Washington, D. C., taken by Bishop Gallegher of Detroit early in June.

"That trip was the beginning of the end of Father Coughlin's broadcasting, according to my own information. The inside story is this:

"The summons to Washington came not from any Archbishop or Cardinal, but from the Pope's own personal representative in America, the gentleman known unofficially as the Papal Nuncio. Most people in America do not understand that it was Bishop Gallegher of Detroit alone who stood responsible to the Pope for Coughlin's political talks. Most people don't know that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago or Cardinal O'Connell of Boston or Cardinal Hayes of New York have no

disciplinary authority over Bishop Gallegher of Detroit. Even if they wished to order Father Coughlin off the air—and some of them did—they could not do so. But the Papal Nuncio, representing the Pope himself, could . . . and did.

"He seated Bishop Gallegher in his office, my authority tells me and spoke of the distressing state of Gallegher's Detroit bishopric. Without naming names, he indicated that His Holiness Pope Pius XI was sorely distressed that so much noise should be emanating from that portion of his holy realm. If that noise were promptly abated, Bishop Gallegher might look forward to a long and happy residence in his comfortable bishopric. If it continued . . . well, I understand that certain duties in the swamps of Florida or the Utah balllands were suggested.

"That was on Thursday. Father Coughlin signed off on the following Saturday.

"These facts, if they are facts, have come to me on the highest authority. Many of us don't like the story because it isn't the straightforward treatment such a situation deserves. Nor can we believe that the courage

which caused Bishop Gallegher to support Father Coughlin in the past would fail at the mere threat of personal discomfort. Yet, he made the trip to Washington and Father Coughlin did quit broadcasting.

"I'd like to know the truth of the matter.

*"Question Two: When is a priest not a priest?"*

"In other words, I ask that because I need a bit of settling in my mind, and so do millions of others who find their religion and politics mixed up.

"Specifically, can I accept the doctrines of the Coughlin broadcasts, which come from the Shrine of the Little Flower near Detroit, as being what the Church stands for, when on a week-night he visits Madison Square Garden in New York and states the same or similar doctrines to 20,000 people whom he is seeking to enlist in his political National Union for Social Justice?"

"I believe in Father Coughlin as a man. As a priest, his creed seems often to be at variance with mine.

"For a long time a great many people are saying this thing should be settled one way or another. If he is off the air for good, that will be that. If he isn't sincere advisers and believers will (Continued on page 63)



"She was a chorus girl out of a job. She was crying. She said her name was Lucille LaSueur." You know her now as Joan Crawford.



"If it hadn't been for that lucky chance," N.T.G. said, "Barbara Stanwyck would never have graduated from the chorus to stardom!"



Fay Carroll, N.T.G. and Bunny Lee. "Nothing pleases me more than to see my babies make good," says this man who has helped so many.



Rita Ria, another of N.T.G.'s talented chorus girls. "The hard-working and dependable girls are most in demand," "Granny" declares.

## Who is "N. T. G.?" Read this amazing revelation of the



FIFTY THOUSAND chorus girls can't be wrong!  
*See who?*

See the man who is the guiding spirit behind nine out of ten chorus girls in New York. See N. T. G., the most unusual new comet to startle the radio scene.

Who is this N. T. G.—this brash young man known only by those odd initials?  
To the fifty thousand roused little darlings who dance in the dim New York night clubs he is "Granny." *Granny* is an abbreviation of his name: Nils Thor Grantlund. But, strangely enough, it also signifies the protection and fatherly devotion of a real "granny." Which, take it from these fifty thousand, is just what he is to them.

And to N. T. G., these fifty thousand kids who live by night, who are in the most hard-boiled and most magnified business in the world are "my babies."

And now he's bringing them—these peroxide, platinum blondes, these hip-swinging, rhumla-quivering gals, these Broadway babies, these—these *chorus girls*, to the air!

N. T. G. and His Girls every Monday night. Bringing them to radio, the radio—mind you—which is the prime aunty of show business. Bringing them straight into your home!

It was a hard fight N. T. G. had to wage to get radio to lift its ban on his girls. And now that that battle is won, he's waging an even tougher one to change the opinion of the whole country about chorus girls.

What have you heard about chorus girls? "Gold diggers" . . . "hard boiled" . . . "I wouldn't let my daughter become one" . . . "beautiful but dumb" . . . "indecent."

Come with me to the pupular Paradise Cabaret in New York, where the lights are soft and the music loud, where "the most beautiful girls in the world" cavort around on the stage while you struggle with your flet mignon, and where N. T. G. holds sway over all. Come with me, because we're going to get the lowdown on that much-talked-about, but little-known species known as the "chorus girl"—told by the man who knows her better than any person in the world.

He's a lean, long bundle of dynamo with a quick, staccato voice and a broad A which he acquired in Brown University. Not at all the tough Broadway guy we expected him to be. It is now the dinner hour. The place is jammed with diners and waiters, the show is going full-blast out on the raised floor in the center, and "Granny" sits at our table and talks to use between numbers.

## truth about chorus girls

By Helen Hoyer

"If you want to lead a gay life, don't become a chorus girl" was his warning. "The hours are the toughest, the work is hard and your time is never your own. Why—his expressive lips curled, "mention the words 'sugar-daddy,' 'penthouse,' 'mink coats and diamonds' to the average chorus girl and she'll laugh in your face. Wait—this will give you an idea—" he looked around at the group of chorus girls running past our table on to the floor.

"Oh, Peggy—Peggy, come here honey," he called to a blonde, lathy-faced cutie who appeared about as capable of deep emotion as the pretty china doll she resembled. "Peggy McAllister is a typical chorine," he continued after she again had left us. "so perhaps her story will set you straight on the whole bunch. In the palmier days

her father made money and bought a large house out on Long Island. Then, with the depression and worry, he became very sick and Peggy had to shoulder the family burden, so she got a job here. In the afternoons she'd model and pose to make an extra five dollars. She saved her pennies—didn't even buy as many clothes as a fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographer—and sent her father out to California to recover. Then there was the house—unrugged up to the ears. She didn't need the house herself, but she knew it meant everything to her mother, so she skimped and saved until she managed to get the house in good shape again. This past spring she received a marvelous offer to appear in a London revue. The pay would be double and the opportunities in Europe were limitless. It was a wonderful chance and I congratulated her. But—and get this—she turned it down. Cold! Why? You'll never guess." The gray eyes narrowed. "She said to me: 'Granny, you'll think I'm crazy to turn down that chance. I'd love to go to Europe as much as any girl, but Dad is in California and all he looks forward to is seeing mother and (Continued on page 78)



# 50,000 chorus girls



# can't be wrong..



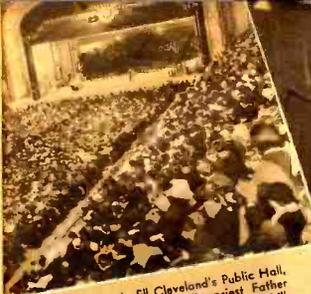
Wide World  
Thrill-Hunter Floyd Gibbons  
tours a mine and is treated  
to apple pie by the miners.



Photo-News  
Mason McGuire hands Irene Wicker Radio Stars'  
award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Center,  
Mrs. John Sharples Fox of Parent-Teachers' Assoc.



Wide World



Wide World  
Thirty thousand people fill Cleveland's Public Hall,  
even on the stage, to hear radio priest Father  
Coughlin attack President Roosevelt's bank bill.



J. Walter Thompson

The Music Hall band weaves a lovely melody and  
Maestro Paul Whiteman on the podium indicates  
a balance between strings and wind instruments.



# radio's merry-go- round

Willie Morris, singing housekeeper of Our Home  
on the Range, starring John Charles Thomas.  
Below, Block and Sully enjoy their country home.

Miss Florence Schmitt (left) of Buffalo, and Mrs. Bessie  
Hogge of Salt Lake City, winners of a magazine-sell-  
ing contest, visit in New York and meet Rudy Vallee.



Blanche Sweet of stage and screen now reveals beauty  
secrets on the networks. Below, Rubino, famed violinist  
of the air, leads Detroit's baby orchestra (ages 2 to 6).



Percy the Playwright (Donald Stuart) wows  
Carefree Carnival listeners. Below, Helen  
Claire, little rebel of Roses and Drums.



Wide World



# incomparable Cornelia

A HOST of pleasant adjectives—tall, lovely, charming, direct, sincere—flocked to my mind as I was introduced to Cornelia Otis Skinner.

I sat down beside her. It was an hour before her program was to go on the air, but already the musicians were rehearsing and the program director was arranging the sound effects. We chatted for a few moments, although our interview properly was to come after her broadcast. Then the orchestra leader beckoned to her and she rose to go over the music cues with him. She read through her script, while the music was timed in its proper intervals and the sound effects cued in. And in the control room the engineer and the director listened and gave directions for securing the desired results.

Presently Miss Skinner retired to change into an evening gown. And then it was time for the program to go on the air. The audience had been ushered in to its seats. A light flashed on the switchboard. The announcer made his introductory remarks. And the broadcast had begun. Cornelia Otis Skinner's third Sunday on the Jergens program.

If you are one of those who have heard her monologues on the stage, you knew what was in store for you when you tuned in on that program the first Sunday after Walter Winchell had departed on his vacation. But if you are one of the greater multitude who till now have not heard this gifted young artist, you felt, I am sure, a real thrill when Miss Skinner's first program came over the air to you.

I, myself, though I have seen and heard her on the stage, felt, as I listened that first night, that radio suddenly had grown in stature—that through this instrument, so often the medium of the commonplace, something rare and memorable was coming into countless homes.

That first program, as well as those which have followed it, brought vividly to the listener, as if he actually were seeing and hearing them, characters and speech of a quality new to broadcasting.

How does she do it? And why did she choose this particular field of entertainment, rather than the "legitimate stage" toward which her first aspirations directed her?

The career choice her, really, Miss Skinner confessed to me.

"I didn't get anywhere on the stage—and one summer I had no job, and I started doing these monologues. I used to do them at school and college, and I did them at parties, to amuse my friends. Then people began calling me up and asking me what I would charge to do some for this or that affair. . . . And so it began."

It is easy to believe that the career in which she is so successful chose her. It is so precisely her field. And her flexible voice is a perfect instrument for conveying to her audience a full and rounded picture of the character she is creating. And it is a creation—not an imitation, such as one so often hears over the air, of everything from a barnyard chicken to a clanging of stage or screen radio.

They come before us—the American society woman, making ready for her presentation at the British court. . . . The characters casually encountered in a brief stroll through Times Square—the forlorn vendor of chewing gum, her sick baby in her arms; the young woman and her husband, going to see La Bohème together the night before he is to start for Arizona, a journey from which both know, but bravely deny the knowledge, he will not come back. . . . Sailing Time—a graphic re-creation of the frenzied and futile farewells exchanged between two friends, one on the ship, the other on the pier. . . .

These are people whom Cornelia Otis Skinner has observed and understood. Their foibles, their hopes and heartaches, are sympathetically reproduced. We laugh or weep with these people, and know that we have had a real glimpse into their hearts and lives.

I asked her if she enjoyed the radio work and she said sincerely that she did, although she missed that stimulating element which the response of an audience always gives to an artist.

She told me of a program she had given in a Philadelphia theatre. It was on a night following a severe

Below, Walter Winchell chats with Cornelia Otis Skinner, who takes over his microphone for the summer period. [Right] Miss Skinner broadcasts.



Who is this young artist whose work wins four stars from the Board of Review?

By Ethel M. Pomeroy

snowstorm, and the city had not yet dug itself out. The audience had come largely from Philadelphia's suburbs, struggling long distances through drifts and bitter cold to get to the performance.

Never, Miss Skinner said, her eyes glowing softly with remembrance, had she had a more enthusiastic audience—and never, she felt, did she give a better performance.

That response, which challenges and brings out the best that an artist has to give is, of course, absent from a broadcasting program. True, there is a small audience in the studio—not more than sixty can be accommodated in the NBC studio in Radio City where Miss Skinner's programs originate. And, too, circumstances there are very different from those under which the stage performance is given. On the stage there is nothing to come between actor and audience. Such technicians as must be present for music or lighting or sound effects are behind the scenes or otherwise invisible. But in the studio the eyes and attention of the watchers are distracted by the mechanism of the broadcast.

There is the small orchestra, grouped about the piano, with their microphone. Close by them is a small raised platform on which the actress stands, her mike before her. Behind her, facing a switchboard and another microphone, is the announcer. Above him on the wall is a clock, whose large red second hand marks the split second when the broadcast begins, when the commercial talk finishes, when the actress is introduced. To the right of Miss Skinner's platform bulk various equipment for sound effects, and nearby, scripts in hand, stand the sound effects man and the program director.

Nevertheless, despite these inevitable adjuncts to broadcasting her program, the actress, when she begins to speak, stands within a scene of her own creating, its mood established with her first words. The tone and timbre of her voice build up the drama. Her face portrays the emotions she is feeling—not for effect on the few who may be watching, but because, for the moment, she is real within a world that is not real.

Miss Skinner prefers to base her monologues on sketches which she herself has written, as it gives her more freedom of interpretation. Some are developed from observation.

"Some," Miss Skinner says, "just come. . . . I wish I knew from where. . . . I'd have more of them!"

It is not surprising that Cornelia Otis Skinner should be a rare artist. Multitudes have known and loved her famous father, Otis Skinner, whose brilliant career on the stage stretches back over more years than many of us can remember. Naturally his daughter would be gifted.

Then, too, all her schooling was directed toward a career on the stage. Cornelia studied at the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, and, for two years, at Bryn Mawr college. After that, the Sorbonne in Paris, the Comédie Française, and the School of Jacques Copeau. She has appeared in a number of stage plays, including Will Shakespeare, In the Next Room, (Continued on page 68).

What the well-dressed radio star will wear a-holidaying—Elsie Hitz, star of "Dangerous Paradise," in a cool play suit.



For relaxation from the radio, Virginia Rea goes a-fishin'.

Benay Venuta, blonde California songstress, finds tennis pleasant and stimulating fun.

Nature's bridge takes Charles J. Carroll (Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy") across a brook.



Here is The Hour of Charm in a sylvan setting, as Maxie and Gypsy Cooper vie for piscatorial prowess and fun.

Upon the terrace of his mid-town apartment, Announcer Ted Pearson raises his prize-winning and gorgeous tulips.

**Life takes a**  
*holiday*



# born to be

# Gay

Page the caveman who will  
tame gay Virginia Verrill

*By Mary Watkins Reeves*

AS modern love stories go, this one rates the overstuffed dilly-pink bird. About Virginia Verrill, I mean. Cute, funny little Virginia Verrill who does tuney things. Friday nights, to the song lyrics on the Socony Sketchbook program.

It won't send a single tear rolling down your rouge because there's nothing sad about it. You won't get any thrills, I'm sorry, but then Virginia herself isn't getting any these days. And you won't exactly laugh over it, either, because there's not a thing to laugh at. But darned if it won't make you feel like the luckiest gal in captivity, the next time your current Big Moment announces:

"Tonight, angel, we're gonna sit home and talk—*whether you like it or not!*" Or: "Don't look at the dollar dinner, babe—I haven't got the dough!"

Because, despite the fact that Virginia Verrill's date-book is only a shade thinner than the Manhattan telephone directory, starting with Dick Powell and Lanny Ross and going right on down the line—despite the fact that she has thirty-three evening dresses, a standing order for brown orchids every night, and the fondest affections of Western Union, the A.T.&T. and the Special Delivery corps—(not to overlook two roadsters, a ranch, and a signature Mr. Paramount, of Hollywood, is still trying to wangle on to a contract)—

She hasn't got half as much as you've got.

What she has she'd part with—well, the date-book item anyway—for just one thing. To use her own word for it—a *meanic*. A man who would treat her like a down-to-earth regular girl, for a change, and not a celebrity radio star all wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with a big pink bow.

Because, for just that reason, Virginia Verrill can't find romance.

Something very neat in network. Virginia Verrill, ready for a swim in a hotel pool.

Now that may seem a little bit phoney to you. It did to me until she explained it. I had my own ideas too about these famous rich girls who presumably pine away for the (Continued on page 80)

# i cover the studios

## GHOSTS

I have been in haunted studios.

This afternoon I went to the building which the National Broadcasting Company used before it moved to Radio City late in 1933. I wandered through the deserted corridors and peered into dim, forgotten chambers.

The halls that had known the quick, gay laughter and the bustle of the famous were quiet. I looked down them from one end to the other, and not a thing moved.

Yet the abandoned place was alive to me. Its starkness was softened by the memory of voices that long since had left it, and their hushed sounds followed me as I moved quietly around through the rooms.



Gertrude Berg, who comes to you as Bessie Glass in *The House of Glass*. Joseph Greenwald plays her husband.

If you have ever been in the big studio there at 711 Fifth Avenue—the Cathedral Studio—you will remember it: softly lighted, alive, important. Now it's a tomb. I entered it and lit a match, for the darkness was dense. In here had been, once upon time, Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon, working over their *Cities Service* program. And the *Magic Carpet*, with B. A. Rolfe and his flashing rhythms, Walter Winchell and his "Okey, America," Walter O'Keefe and his "Man on the Flying Trapeze." Now they all are at Radio City. All, that is, except O'Keefe, who is a Columbia artist—and the *Magic Carpet*, which lies forgotten in the darkness and the dust.

I went into each studio, and in each studio there were these memories. Studio B, lofty and silent. In there Russ Colombo had started his grand career—the career that ended so tragically. In another, Janie Froman studded her first instructions to an orchestra leader, and the Revelers started Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker and Frank Munn to fame and fortune.

As I left, I came across the caretaker.

"What," I asked, "are they going to do with this?"

"Well," he said, "they could make a museum of it. But they'll probably rent it out to a hairdresser. Won't that be nice?"

Won't it, though?

## THE GALS

We are standing beside Beatrice Lillie, the Auntie Bea who has left Radio, believing it not to be her medium. It is in one of the studios in Radio City, and while you and I see one of the band men disappear into an odd slot in the wall to get the instrument he keeps there, she doesn't notice him. She turns just in time to see him come out, instrument in hand. She looks very thoughtful.



Two brothers on the *Pleasure Island* broadcast. Carmen Lombardo sings, Guy directs the Royal Canadians.

"I see," she says wisely. "So that's where musicians come from!"

Now you and I have journeyed across Times Square and into the little theater where Gertrude Niesen, who started by imitating other girls'

singing, is rehearsing the songs other girls now imitate. Gertrude, who has had her face remodeled, sings all the time during the number, whether or not the arrangement calls for her voice. She whistles, too, very badly. After a moment, we see something funny. Paul Douglas, the announcer, comes over and tells her she has been given a couple of lines of dialogue in the sketch.

"I won't do it," she snaps. "The very idea!"

They don't give her dialogue.

Now we're back at Radio City, watching Gertrude Berg rehearse her cast for her *House of Glass* series. Gertrude, who doesn't like to have people watch her, is dissatisfied, too. A new member of the cast is doing poorly, forgetting her lines and the directions as to the way in which they are to be read. For instance, the new character is to say, "Yes, Mrs. Glass," in answer to a question. Instead, she says, "Yee-ess," giving the word lots of play. Gertrude tries several times to correct the error, finally looking in at us in the control-room and shrugging as though she has about given up hope. Later, she does.

## WHAT THEY SHOULDN'T WEAR

A recent survey has named Rudy Vallee the best dressed man in radio and has listed as second and third, Ray Noble and Paul Whiteman. On the day it was announced, I saw the

Blind Jeanette Kunter, speaking for the Red Cross, is the first to broadcast with the aid of the Braille system.





latter two. Noble was wearing an old, unpressed sand-colored suit just a size too small for him; the top button was gone from Paul's fancy waistcoat. As a matter of fact, most of the big artists spend little time on their wardrobes. Fred Allen dresses nicely, but he never buttons the collar of his shirt. Whispering Jack Smith doesn't, either. Bing Crosby wears a battered old cap so he won't have to wear his bothersome toupee. John B. Kennedy is probably the poorest dresser, showing much less taste in the selection of his suits than he does in the selection of his words.

#### REVISE

Now that Joe Penner is off the air and Bob Ripley (who received three stars from us on his last spot) is appearing in his place, the rumors that Joe battled continually with Ozzie Nelson should be stopped on—and hard!



Louis A. Witten, Ed Wynn and Eddie Duchin honor the radio Fire Chief's third anniversary.

There were scraps on the show—loud and strenuous objections to the fact that Ozzie got such important billing. But believe me when I say they were the fault of Joe's managers

(Continued on page 70)



Above, Jack and Mrs. (Mary Livingstone) Benny introduce their adopted daughter, Jean Naomi. Below, a pre-broadcast discussion of *The Breakfast Club*. (l to r) Don McNeill, Jack Owens, Walter Blaufuss.



Helen Stevens Fisher (National Farm and Home Hour) teaches the boys to croon (l to r) Norman Barry, Charles Lyon, Everett Mitchell, Louis Roen. (Back Row) Don McNeill, George Watson and Bob Brown.



# take a tip from

# Benay

who made the end a new beginning

"AMERICAN girls should not marry titles!" Benay Venuta tossed her golden head, straightened her slim shoulders.

"Even if your boy friend hasn't a nickel, if he's a clean-cut lad, take a chance on him—a ny day! Even if you have to work after you are married. If titles are a dollar a dozen, it is sheer economy to forget 'em! They're not worth a nickel apiece. Take it from one who knows."

To look at Benay Venuta today, slim, poised, self-assured, glamorous, you'd never believe there could have been anything in her life to make her so bitter, so pitiless in her judgment.

But there was. A love affair with a German title. And though it happened four years ago its memory still hurts.

Born Benvenuta Crooke, of Italian-American parentage, Benay at fifteen first tried her wings in Hollywood, as a member of Grauman's ballet. For three years she tried to make the grade without success; then her family, awakened to the perils of dizzy, erotic Hollywood, shipped her off to a Swiss finishing school at Besnare. There thirty odd girls, members of the wealthiest and most aristocratic European families, led the lives of cloistered nuns.

The only American girl there, she had no one to talk with or to confide in. She was appalled by the strict discipline, in contrast to her American freedom. She still shudders when she thinks of the two long, lonely years in that exclusive school.



De Mirkhan Studio

Benay Venuta

The girls weren't allowed to smoke. Benay smoked. They had to dress for dinner. This independent young American wore a leather lumberjack over her evening gown every night pleading coldness. Since she didn't like the old fossil who gave them riding lessons—the only male in the school—she

insisted she couldn't understand his French, and refused to go riding with him. Into the cloistered quarters she brought the record, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and all the girls played it over and over on the gramophone Saturday nights. Playing that victrola was their greatest pleasure, and only allowed on holidays, which affords a pretty good picture of what the gay, undisciplined Benay was up against, and why what happened later affected her so deeply.

The winter passed slowly. Christmas came. And one of the girls, Freda L., the daughter of the second wealthiest family in Germany, invited Benay to spend the vacation with her at St. Moritz, where Freda's entire family was staying. Since all the girls went home and Benay didn't enjoy the prospect of staying at the school alone, she accepted with alacrity.

"Honestly," she told me, her eyes widening at the recollection, "I've never seen people so terribly wealthy! They had rented an entire floor at the Savretta Villa, one of the five places in St. Moritz where the nobility and social leaders stay for the season."

She de. (Continued on page 85)



Mr and Mrs. Irving Kaufman and Caryl Lee

# lazy dan wanted a home and radio

IRVING KAUFMAN—your know him as Lazy Dan and Mr. Jim, the Singing Chef and Salty Sam the Sailor—wanted a home.

He knows that suburban home-owners are considered Caspar Milquetoasts and that men who don't use talcum and liquor are thought of as "nice". Still, there's nothing he likes better to do than sit at home beside one of his nine fireplaces and puff smoke a cigar and not drink a highball.

There is a reason, but we must go back about thirty years to really get it.

In the cold, closet-like dressing room of the little tank-town theater somewhere in Pennsylvania, Irving Kaufman, seven years old, sat on a trunk. There was a cigar in his mouth—he was billed as a Russian midget—his long trousers were gay, and his derby set jauntily on his cherubic head.

He took the cigar from his mouth and looked at his thirteen-year-old brother, Phil, thoughtfully. "Phil," he said, "I'm going to have a big house some-day and I'm going to do a lot of living in it."

He had been literally railroaded into the theater the year before. It had been his custom, while living with his mother and sisters in Syracuse,



# why Reisman turned rebel

Would you dare to do what he did?

LEO REISMAN is the boldest of syncretists, the Kol of rhythm.

Had he brought his tactics into politics instead of music, he might have been lauded in effigy in public squares, reviled from pulpits. Instead, he has been the object of vitriolic diatribes in the smoke-filled cubicles of music publishing houses.

Before telling how he attracted these broadsides and how he stuck by his guns until he had established his revolutionary ideas, it is well to note the forces that shaped his personality. They were two: a mother who insisted that he think, and the spinster daughter of a Methodist minister who insisted that he think straight. On those principles, this man's life has been built. Because of them, he has succeeded.

He was a dreamy little Jewish boy in the Boston ghetto when they were planted firmly in his mind—a quiet little boy who didn't know that in Manhattan's ghetto, Eddie Cantor, Georgie Price and Al Johnson were learning similar things. He was practicing the violin, not because he wanted to, but because his mother made him. And he remained rebellious about it until one day he produced a lovely sound.

"It was marvelous," he told me. "It may have awakened a longing for more, because I kept saving away, hoping to produce another sound as pretty. I never have."

The minister's daughter was Maria Wood, who taught the seventh-grade class at the Dudley Grammar School. One day, Leo went to her home to practice for an impending school



Ray Lee Jackson

Leo Reisman

concert. You can imagine him standing on her threshold, a small, untutored boy with a shabby fiddle case under his arm, looking hungry-eyed at things he had only read about: a formal table laid with white linen and gleaming cutlery; late afternoon sunshine streaming in through long windows that

showed a glimpse of an old garden. The lady must have heard his silent cry, because she made her home his home thereafter, and her faultless background his background. "She taught me the value of simple, straight thinking," Leo said. "To this day it affects my wide artistic point of view."

When, six years later, he left English High School in Boston, he already was somewhat of a radical. He had defied the tradition that seniors should receive recognition for their work in the school land and, as director, had filled his positions with the best from any class. As a result, the school organization was one few of the Hub City's professional bands could equal. He received two offers to join the Boston Symphony and a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. He accepted the scholarship.

At first his interests were not with jazz, which was something done with cow-bells, tin pans—anything that could be relied upon to give forth a loud, crashing noise. His gods were the famous concert violinists appearing in Boston from time to time. He remembers vividly the pleasure of standing on the steps of Symphony (Continued on page 74)

# would you trade your

"I got a break. I was born in a house," Stella Friend told me today. The dusky, half Mexican songbird who heads the "male quartette" on Fred Waring's program was talking confidentially, revealing for the first time the unbelieveable prologue which preceded her brilliant career.

Maybe being born in a house doesn't mean much to you. But did it to her. Radio, like Hollywood and Broadway, has its glittering luminaries, its four-star personalities which are as celebrated as Park Avenue's Four Hundred. And Stella Friend is one of them today. But

she was not always one of them. Stella is the youngest of seven girls, and the only one born outside the small rude hut of a Mexican mining camp. When her sisters were born, in that ore-laden region far from civilization, there were no white-uniformed doctors nor sanitary hospitals to go to. So two wrinkled old Indian squaws, expert midwives, attended Stella's frail little mother.

But before Stella arrived on the scene the mines shut down and her family migrated northward, past the Rio Grande. In a little California town called Anaheim, they paused

long enough to invest their hoarded nuggets in a small home, supplied with gilt-edged first and second mortgages. Here the seventh child was born.

"So you see I did get a break. It was a real house, with beds and glass window panes and doors that swung on hinges."

Almost as soon as she could walk, Stella learned to work. But the training stood her in good stead. Only a few years later the mortgage company foreclosed and took their home away. Her father's dreams and hopes were shattered; he had

She had grit, this girl, when she sang to keep her heart from breaking.

Today life is rosy, but what of Stella Friend's yesterday? Here is her story

By Jay Kieffer

# life for hers?

worked hard to get the little place, only to lose it! And he was too old to laugh at life. He asked his family to return to Mexico; when they refused, he left alone, to plunge disconsolately back into his work in the reopened mines of his deep mountain hide-away.

That she could not speak English did not stop his wife from caring on without him. Nor did the grim realization that she would have to support those seven girls make her flinch. She had seen the benefits her daughters would have as American-bred girls. These should be true.

The few bits of furniture which remained after the crash—most of it was sold—she crowded into a cart, and began to look for a new home. They were no made now, wanderers in a foreign country. Finally, in an almost trackless sea of mud, the plucky woman found a homestead site—just a vacant lot, surrounded by drooping eucalyptus and gnarled palm trees.

"We put up a tent," Stella confided. "And there we lived. My mother scrubbed floors,

took in washing and slaved away at any kind of work a woman could do. And she never quipped to charity. But people gave us clothes and we girls were always dressed nicely, because Mother could make beautiful things from almost nothing. She still can.

"Often we were hungry, and sometimes in the night we were numb with cold. But we didn't have time to worry. There was never a home so crowded with happiness as our little tent."

Stella was only nine years old at this time, but she went to work. Out in the fields, among the Japanese and Mexican laborers, she found a job picking berries. All summer long beneath a blazing, scorching sun she worked—and got very little salary besides her board and room. But even that helped.

When September came, there was no more work; the berry-picking season was over. Stella returned to her home the day school opened. Here, at recess time, she met her new classmates—happy, well-fed youngsters, girls whose crisp new dresses her mother had sewed and laundered. The ones Stella wore for best were

these girls' cast-off garments, made over to fit her. The children asked her name, wanted to know where she lived, they invited her to join in their games. But Stella could not, would not share their gaiety.

"I ran away when they asked where I lived," she told me. "How could I tell them we had no house? They wouldn't believe anyone actually lived in a tent. I felt very badly—but I am sure my sisters must have felt it even more keenly than I. They were fourteen and fifteen, you see—old enough to have boy friends, and go to parties. We tried to be happy at home, singing together—but the only songs we knew we had learned out in the berry fields. Even they sounded different from the songs the other girls sang."

Their classmates had play time, too, and special hours in the evening for study, in well-lighted homes. But Stella's homework was sandwiched in between hours of housework and snatches of exhausted slumber. There were a cow, a vegetable garden and a tiny flower bed to tend.

"I would rush home from school to dig and weed until the sun went down. Then I'd milk the cow, and after pouring off two quarts for us to drink at home I'd go out and sell the rest."

Then, too, there were piles of clothes to iron—large, damp rolls of laundry which must be ready in the morning. Her mother was always busy, so Stella often prepared the evening meal. While it cooked there was sometimes a little time to study before the daylight was gone.

In a corner lay a 'cello. Years before Stella and her sister had taken violin lessons together. But not for long. Her father thought it silly. "Two girls in one family playing the violin," he said, "is foolishness." So he traded Stella's violin for a 'cello. She hated the deep-throated instrument, and flatly refused to go on studying.

But now, in the evenings, her house and school work finished, she would sit and play for hours. She had come to love music above everything. The languid, sorrowful notes floated from the little lamp-lit tent on summer nights, and as Stella played to her mother the tired little woman told stories of her own girlhood in Mexico. Stella still remembers them—sad tales of climbers lost on snow-capped mountains, and happy ones about gay fiestas.

This was their chief entertainment. (Continued on page 87)

# WHOA...!

If you've read this far, you're wasting your time unless... UNLESS... but look here! This is a thing we must be very careful about. This announcement we mean. It is important to almost five hundred men, women and children, who will receive through the mail surprise packages of cash, merchandise, and whatnots in a few short weeks!

Sh-h-h-h, don't tell a soul but the first six people you meet and tell them to tell the first six people they meet to tell the first six people to tell the first six people, etc.

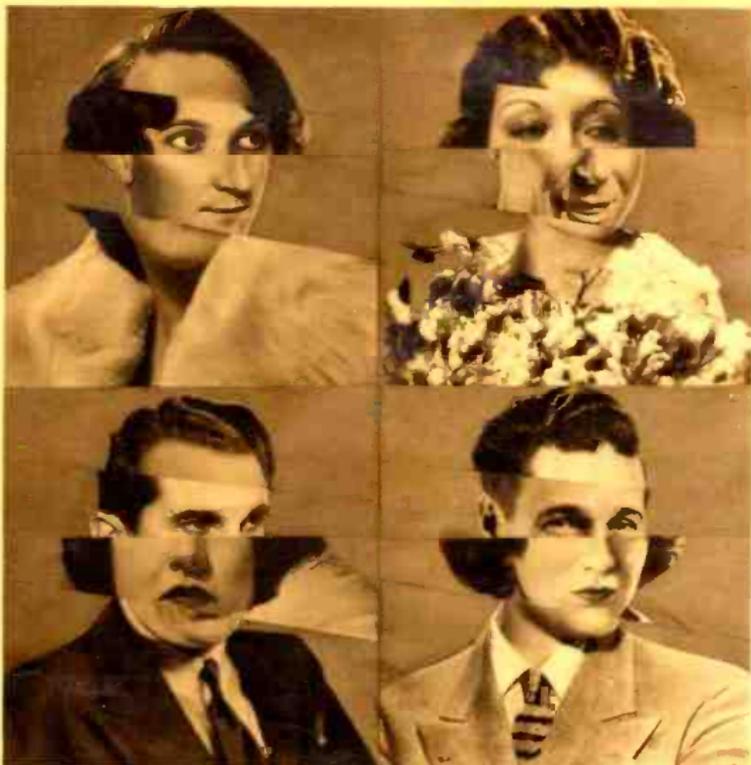
## RADIO STARS MAGAZINE and PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Have concocted such a contest as you've never dreamed of... a brain-bickling, puzzle-prodding leaser of a contest for young guys and gals who can aim straight with a pencil and think straight with a brain. Or half-a-brain, ya.

Right now, make a note that you mustn't miss seeing "The Big Broadcast of 1935" with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Ray Noble, Ethel Merman and a dozen other stars. Then, with a copy of next month's RADIO STARS Magazine in your hands, a song in your heart, a twist like this and a twist like that with your pencil, you'll be in the RADIO STARS Money-Merchandise-or-Mirth Sweepstakes.

Don't miss this contest in next month's

## RADIO STARS "The Big Broadcast of 1935"



**EXPLANATION**

1. This is the fourth and final set of "Scrambled Stars." The first three were published in June, July and August. If you missed them you can obtain them for ten cents each from the office of RADIO STARS. All four sets of pictures, or facsimiles thereof, must be sent in together, to compete for the prizes.
2. To win the prizes offered:
  - (a) Unscramble as many of the sixteen pictures as you can, cutting out and putting them together.
  - (b) Name as many of the stars as you can.
  - (c) In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is chosen.
3. The four sets of star pictures should not be mailed to us separately. Follow the rules printed below.
4. When you have unscrambled as many stars as you can, named as many as you recognize, and written your thirty-word reason for liking your favorite, mail them all together to the

**Scrambled Stars Contest**  
 Radio Stars Magazine  
 149 Madison Avenue  
 New York City

# scrambled stars

**604 Prizes! \$1,600-worth! \$1,250 cash! 3 RCA Radios!**  
 First Prize, \$250.00; Second Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$200.00; Third Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$100.00;  
 Fourth Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$50.00; Fifth Prize, 100 \$5.00 cash prizes; Sixth Prize, 500 \$1.00 cash prizes.  
 (Pictured on Page 60)

**RULES**

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada, with exception of employees of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE and their relatives.
2. Contestants must submit four sets of "Scrambled Star" heads of four pictures each, one set to be printed in the June, July, August and September issues each of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
3. Contestants must unscramble as many of the heads as they can, assemble them as correctly as they can and name as many as they can identify.
4. In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is your favorite.
5. All four sets of four pictures (from June, July, August and September issues) or facsimiles thereof and the thirty-word statement about why you like your favorite radio star must be mailed in one envelope or package between the dates of August 1st and September 1st.
6. Address them to:
 

**Scrambled Stars Contest**  
**RADIO STARS MAGAZINE**  
 149 Madison Avenue, New York City
7. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who unscramble correctly the greatest number of scrambled stars, who correctly name the most, and in thirty words or less name their favorite star and explain in the most original and sensible way the reason for their choice.
8. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
9. In the event of contestant missing one or more issues, such numbers may be secured from the office of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for ten cents.
10. If contestant desires, he may make facsimile drawings of scrambled stars and assemble them.
11. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each entry shall consist of all four sets of pictures, names of the stars you recognize, plus your word paragraph on why you like your favorite radio star.
12. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
13. Contest shall close at midnight of September 1st, 1935.

# Radio Stars Junior



Exploring among the planets might be very dangerous business, if it were not for the pocket gun, Dr. Huer (Edgar Stebbins) holds it, Wilma Dearing (Adele Hanson) and Bob Rogers (Curtis Appell) examine it.

## PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

**9:00 EDST (1)**—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.  
(Sundays only.)  
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WMBR, WCAD, WGAN, WFIL, WJAB, WJBO, WJBT, WJLZ, KLIH, WFEA, WFEZ, WFLC, WFSB, WDRJ, WMAZ, WPHX, WWVA, WSPD, WYRL, WYNC, WYF, WDOB, WJAC, WRIC, WTKR, WJAS, WHD, WHRO, WICC, WHNS, CKAC, WRFC, WTOG, WWSR, WFLA.

**9:00 EDST (1)**—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line, Milton J. Cross conducting.  
(Sundays only.)  
WJZ and associated stations.

**9:30 EDST (3/4)**—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.  
(Saturday only.)  
WEAF and network.

**11:00 EDST (1)**—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour, Juvenile Variety Program.  
(Sunday only.)  
WABC only.

**1:30 EDST**—Our Barn—Children's Program with Madge Tucker.  
(Saturday only.)  
WEAF and network.

**4:45 EDST**—Adventure in King Arthur Land, Direction of Madge Tucker.  
WEAF and network.

**5:15 EDST (3/4)**—Grandpa Barton—humorous sketch with Bill Baar.

(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)  
WEAF and network.

**5:30 EDST (3/4)**—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.  
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)  
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WJZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAH, WJH, WJAY, CRCT, CFCF, WFIL, WMAJ, WSYH.

**5:30 EDST (3/4)**—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.  
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)  
WABC, WOKO, WJAC, WDRG, WCAU, WJAS, WGAN, WNAS, C-36, WHHL, WCAQ, WGR, WTK, CKLW, WJBY, WOWO, WHEC, WFBI.

**5:45 EDST (3/4)**—Mickey of the Circus.  
(Friday only.)  
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAQ, WJAC, WNAS, WDRG, WCAU, WJAS, WGAN, WNAS, C-36, WHHL, WCAQ, WGR, WTK, CKLW, WJBY, WOWO, WHEC, WFBI.

**5:45 EDST (3/4)**—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.  
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)  
WJZ, WFL, WJZA, KDKA, WBAL, WJAR, WRYA, WJOD, WJAN, WHAM, WJLZ, WCKY, WMAJ, WFLA, CRCT, CFCF, C-36, WTK, KOLH, WKEF, WJTP, WBEA, KPTK, WSM, WMC.

WBR, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WAWE, WSMR, WBAB.

**5:45 EDST (3/4)**—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—children's program.  
(Tuesday.)  
WEAF and network.

**6:00 EDST (3/4)**—The Little Old Man—children's adventure story.  
(Thursdays.)  
WJZ and network.

**6:00—EDST**—Gidget in the Air.  
(Tuesdays only.)  
WEAF and network.

**6:00 KDST (3/4)**—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.  
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)  
WABC, WOKO, WCAQ, WAAL, WKWB, WDRG, WTK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFIL, WJBY, WBSN, WHEC.

**6:15 EDST (3/4)**—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talks.  
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)  
WJZ, WEE, WJZA.

**6:15 KDST (3/4)**—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.  
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)  
WABC, WOKO, WAAR, WGR, WDRG, WCAU, WEAN, WFBI, WHEC, WNAS, WJLZ.

**6:15 EDST (3/4)**—Winnie, the Pooh—children's program.  
(Mondays.) (1:00 EDST—Friday.)  
WJZ and network.

# THE SILVER

# KNIGHT

Like every young girl, the Princess Laurel dreamed of love and of a knight in shining armor who would come to her one day. . . .

So when her father, the King, sent for her one afternoon, Laurel was cruelly shocked when he told her that she was to marry the Emperor Salue of Tulogia. The Emperor's ambassador, Lord Baton, had come to her father's court to ask for her hand, and to take her with him, back to Tulogia.

Laurel's heart almost stopped beating. She had heard of the Emperor Salue. He was dreadful! Cruel and selfish! Almost an ogre, really!

"You—you don't mean I am to marry that monster!" she gasped.

But the king silenced her. She was a lucky girl, he told Laurel, to marry the great and powerful and wealthy Salue. She should be proud to marry him.

"But I don't love him! I despise him!" Laurel wept. "Oh, Father—don't force me to marry this horrible brute!"

"Silence," said the King sternly, though he loved his daughter. "I have given my word. I cannot break it. You leave in a few days.

And so, in a few days, the unhappy Princess, accompanied by her faithful maid, Margot, journeyed through the great forest on her way to Tulogia. Ahead of them, in another carriage, rode the Ambassador Baton. As they rode along they heard someone singing a lovely song.

"This is the third time we've heard it," Laurel mused. "I wonder who it is," Margot said.

But just then they heard another sound. It was a cry. A cry for help!

Laurel ordered her carriage to stop and she and Margot jumped out and ran toward the place from which the call had seemed to come. There, leaning against a tree, they found a poor old woman.

"Help," she moaned feebly. "I am dying—of hunger—and thirst."

Laurel sent Margot for some of their provisions and water, and together they helped the old woman to eat and drink.

"Are you better now?" Laurel asked anxiously.

"Yes, Princess Laurel, much better," she said. "You know my name?" Laurel looked surprised. "I know more about you than you think," said the strange old woman. "You are in trouble, and to repay you for your kindness to me, I will help you."

Laurel was amazed. How could this old woman know? And how could she help her?

"I can help you," the old woman was saying. "Don't worry—all will be well! You will not marry the Emperor Salue!"

Laurel gasped, as she went on. "There is a young and handsome knight. His name is Lochinvar. He will rescue you. You will know him by his beautiful singing voice." She drew out a lovely comb and gave it to Laurel. "Should you ever need help, put this comb in your hair and call me. And I will come. Farewell." And she disappeared.

Thoughtfully Laurel got into the carriage with Margot. "A beautiful singing voice. . . . Could it be the one she had heard as she journeyed through the forest? And hope warmed her sad heart.

But in the castle at Tulogia she grew sad again. The Emperor Salue was so dreadful! She could not bear him! Every time he looked at her she shuddered and trembled.

"I am tired of your evasions," he said one day. "Tomorrow we wed—or you die!"

Laurel paled. "I was brought here against my will! I never wanted to marry you!" she cried.

But the Emperor dismissed her and sent for heralds to proclaim his marriage to the Princess. And while poor Laurel wept with despair, plans were made for a great fête in honor of their wedding.

And so the day came.

Laurel sat in the royal box, watching a mock battle between the Black Legion and the Dragon Horsemen. A knight in silver mail was fighting valiantly. Her eyes, following the movements of the silver knight, grew startled. He had withdrawn from the battle now, and was riding straight toward the royal box!

And, before amazed onlookers could stir to action, he swung a mailed fist at the Emperor. Knocked him down! And seizing Princess Laurel in his arms, he

swung her on to his horse and rode furiously off. "A thousand ducats reward!" the Emperor Salue gasped. "After him, men!"

But the knight and the Princess were far away. "Tired, Princess?" the knight asked as they rode. "A little," she confessed.

"It's not safe to rest yet." And they galloped on. "I wish I knew your name," Laurel said presently. "I am Sir Lochinvar. I am called the 'Silver Knight.'" *Lochinvar!* Laurel's eyes shone.

And Lochinvar explained: "I've long admired you, Your Highness. In fact, a year ago—I fell in love with you. I followed you to Tulogia. I have guarded you, waited to rescue you—to tell you of my love."

"Oh! Laure! Laure! You—love me? A stranger?" "I'm not a stranger," the knight insisted gently. "I've loved you for over a year. Oh, Princess, look into my eyes—do you love me?"

"I do—love you," Laurel confessed happily. "Then you will marry me?"

"Yes. . . . I fell in love with you the first time I heard your voice—singing in the wood," Laurel told him.

But just then they saw the Emperor's guard riding toward them. Quickly Lochinvar hid Laurel behind some bushes, and turned to draw his sword.

Behind the bushes Laurel prayed fervently for Lochinvar's safety. Suddenly she thought of the old woman's comb. Putting it into her hair, she cried: "*Old Lady of the Forest, come to me—quickly!*"

"I was wondering when you'd send for me, my dear," said a voice behind her. And there was the old woman! "Oh, do something!" Laurel wept.

The old woman smiled. "Calm yourself! Look!" And as Laurel watched, the soldiers disappeared. "Godmother!" the Silver Knight exclaimed, riding up. Laurel looked surprised.

"I'm his godmother, child," the old woman said, smiling fondly at the tall, handsome knight. "And now I must go. Don't forget to ask me to the wedding! Farewell." And she vanished.

"We'd better go—it might not be safe to linger," Lochinvar lifted Laurel again to the saddle. "Comfortable?" he asked.

"Anywhere, with you," the Princess Laurel said. "I have no rich kingdom for you," he went on, "but we have youth and love—and each other."

"Hold me tight," Laurel said. "Always hold me—and I'll ride to the ends of the earth with you!"

"Hold me tight," Laurel said softly, "and I'll ride to the ends of the earth with you!"

Illustrated by Jim Kelly



## How to make Phoithboinders, or, maybe, it's something else!



Courtesy Campfire  
Marshmallows



Dawn sits on  
the kitchen  
table to watch  
Uncle Stoop-  
nagle open  
the olive jar,  
while Daddy  
Budd spreads  
her a sand-  
wich. (Above)  
Budd's favor-  
ite Devil's  
Food Cake.

Wide World

# radio stars' cooking school

GREETINGS friends and Radio Fans:

The history of exploration and discovery is full of stories of people who set out to find one thing and hit upon something else entirely as a result of their endeavors. This then is another such story—the story of my researches into the true nature of Phoithboinders and the astounding outcome of my quest.

Phoithboinders, as you doubtless know, are the invention and exclusive property of those two inimitable zanies of the air, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. I have always been intrigued by the mellifluous cadence of that beautiful word but my interest in Phoithboindery was aroused positively to fever pitch when I was told that Budd and the Colonel were about to join Fred Waring's program. Furthermore, I was informed that at that very moment they were preparing to move and with some diligent research of my part I might discover the boys in the act of packing their folding studio organ, chopsticks and Phoithboinders!

But what, actually, is a Phoithboinder? Did you ever really know? No? Well, neither did I. (For that matter did you ever even know how to spell it before?)

Maybe you can *rat* a Phoithboinder. I thought hopefully—ever on the alert for new culinary suggestions to pass on to you! Perhaps you can serve Phoithboinders



By Nancy Wood

on Toast! Or they might be delicious with Horseradish Sauce—or perfectly peachy as dessert! Only Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle or Budd, however, could give me the desired information on this interesting subject. So, like Columbus seeking the way to the Indies, I set out to find these two crazy comics of the air waves.

The office gave me a photographer for the expedition, the Columbia Broadcasting Company supplied charts, directions and data, the Yellow Cab Company provided transportation and we were off into the vast unknown!

Right at the outset I think I should state that there is something really terrifying about interviewing comedians. By reputation all comics away from stage, screen and mike are serious to the point of grimness: possessing all the cheery characteristics of a sour pickle. Before a broadcast just single out the man who looks as though he had lost his last dollar on the races, had just murdered the guy who stole his best gag and would cheerfully bite a dog and you will have picked the show's comedian! Or so they say—whoever "they" may be. And so I firmly believed until I met the Colonel and Budd.

It was Budd himself who hospitably opened the door of the Hulick penthouse apart- (Continued on page 58)

# "Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

**YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"**



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It explains the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

**BLACKHEADS** are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter came from the oil glands inside your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork.

Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that black-head. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or, it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores after this by bathing the face with cold water.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the underskin! Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided.

## These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin. You can ward them off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

**EVERY NIGHT**, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out every speck of dirt, make-up, as well as waste matter from within the skin.

**IN THE MORNING**, and the daytime before making-up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny, ready for make-up.

Just send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. See your skin grow clearer, fresher—smoother.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.



**Marjorie Gould Drexel**

"I am John Martin's daughter, the daughter of Myrtle and John Martin, of Memphis, Tenn. I am the daughter of George Jay Gould and Mrs. George Jay Gould. I am a smooth-skinned girl. I am never without Pond's Cold Cream on my face."

- 1. LINES** form when underskin grows thin.
- 2. PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
- 3. BLACKHEADS** form when the pores stay clogged with matter from within skin.
- 4. BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging matter is not removed from the pores.
- 5. DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands cease to supply oils that make skin soft, supple.
- 6. TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon — for Generous Package

POND'S, Dept. H126, Canton, Conn.

Enclose 10¢ (for cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream — enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 4 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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# Wanted: \$15,000.00

(Continued from page 27)

Ben was surprised at his own daring. An hour before he had been a beaten man; now inspired by Paul Whiteman, he stood trembling before a prominent man, asking for work for an orchestra that didn't exist. Ben doesn't even remember that man's name today. He knows it was Colonel Something-or-other, but that's all—and he'd like to find him now, to thank him properly for giving him a new lease on life.

The Colonel must have liked the way Ben held up his chin, must have overlooked the shabbiness of the bantam Kreisler's clothes, because he didn't call a strong arm squad to throw him out. Perhaps it was the fast and furious was Ben talked or the sincerity and desperation in his voice that compelled him to listen. Whatever it was, the Colonel promised that if the Maestro wished, he might bring his orchestra to the hotel two months before its opening, for an audition. Even he could not tell just when that would be—but Ben could watch the papers.

Here was his chance. Everything he had ever dreamed of lay at last within his reach.

"You've probably had the impulse yourself," Ben told me today, "to step out from your home or office and borrow every cent you could, just so you might bet it on the horses or play the market. You're always sure, when you get a hunch like that, that after one good fling you'd be a millionaire. Most of us think a lot about it. Well, a few of us do it!"

And Ben played his hunch for all it was worth. He haunted the Musician's Union, trying to find a pianist or drummer who would gamble with him. He hung around the theatres hoping some fiddler would be looking around for just such a job as he had to offer. But no one seemed impressed. They weren't even interested in his new idea. One day some one told him jokingly about a group of musicians who were stranded in a little town in Pennsylvania.

These were heroic days for Ben. An idea, a suggestion was enough to send him anywhere on a wild goose chase. So he went out in search of these vagrant minstrels. Several of them were in a rooming-house, asleep; some were in a local poolroom "setting them up" for anyone who had a nickel. And all of their instruments were in lock!

When he finally herded them together in the misty parlor of the boarding-house, Ben enthusiastically told them his proposition. The knew where he could borrow enough money to get their saxophones and fiddles out of pawn. But it he did that, would they be willing to stick it out with him if things got tough? Or would they balk at rehearsing for long hours? He explained that this was the most important point in his career—perhaps the fulfillment of his dreams—and theirs.

Finally Al Gerwig, the piano player of the outfit and the only one who hadn't traded his baby grand for a little pink ticket at Uncle Moe's, settled the question for

the gang. "We'll gamble with you," he said calmly.

Jubilantly Ben rushed back to New York. In Paul Whiteman's office as he sat waiting his turn to see his friend, he looked around at the anxious faces of the other people waiting. They were bitter dressed than he, but all were there for the same purpose—to ask some favor of Paul Whiteman. Some day, he thought, these same song pluggers might be sitting in his outer office.

But that did not lessen the ominous sinking feeling inside his chest now. He, of all these people, was probably the only one who had come to borrow money. He realized too, that he had nothing more than an idea to sell the King of Jazz. It hurt his pride to be asking Paul for help again—but his last hope of success hung in the balance, outweighing even pride.

In a few hours he was on his way back to Pennsylvania, his pockets comfortably filled with borrowed dollars. Al Gerwig, Mickey Garlock (who is to this day Ben's assistant conductor) and Leonard Kavash were at the station when his train-swept train pulled in. The other fellows had stayed at the rooming-house because the soles of their shoes were too thin to go out on such a wet day.

Ben got all their instruments out of lock that night. He brought them shoes; he stocked the cupboard with food when Kavash revealed that they had cooking privileges. He had no time to think about hiring a practice hall, and when they thought about rehearsing it was almost midnight and his nerves had nearly reached the breaking point.

The rest of the house was silent as they descended the carpeted stairs and grouped themselves about the battered old upright piano. But Ben didn't care how many people he awakened, he was determined not to wait another day to test his new-found gold mine. He held his breath as he raised a thin piece of curtain rod in place of a baton.

But he needn't have worried. Those boys played that night as they had never played before. Roomers, awakened by the racket, started down the halls to complain and ended by staying in the parlor applauding for more. Ben watched, thrilled by their reception of his boys' music, he could hardly believe that he was, at last, a real maestro! After two hours, dining which he put the boys through everything they knew, he knew it wasn't all a dream. These boys were good!

For months they rehearsed in an atmosphere of feverish excitement and expectation. Night after night Al Gerwig, still chief arranger of the Bernie band, sat up with Ben going over arrangements until they were perfect. When they finished, they might snatch a cold morsel from the ice box—if not, it only meant another meal postponed on account of rehearsal.

Finally, almost broke but hopeful, they arrived in New York. It could be months, they discovered, before the Hotel Roosevelt would open. This was all right for

Ben. His family lived in New York so he could eat and sleep at home. But he couldn't take his band home with him.

"After all," he chuckled today, "there were eleven kids already at the table. And what that crowd of musicians could do to a lot of horsesh after rehearsing all day was nothing human. So I stayed in town with the gang. I knew we could get enough to do to tide us over."

They began auditioning anywhere and everywhere—it didn't matter much who hired them, just as long as there was something in the ice-box. They would all be in clover when that hotel opened. More often than not there was only bread in the house; a few "rotter-and-cake" dates around town noted them nothing and only keeled their appetite for music "sare-ribs." And much as they all loved money now or then, they could get much nourishment out of their own rendition of "Japanese Sandman."

On one of these auditions a strange old man sat down to listen. He happened to drop in at the restaurant in which Ben Bernie and his lads had hoped to find work. The café had no place for the Old Maestro, but the little old man had. Ben stood dazed, uncomprehending, as Marcus Loew offered the orchestra an engagement on his vaudeville circuit. It wasn't much of an offer as old time vaudeville salaries go, but it saved Ben Bernie's band. It meant that now they could at least hold out until the Roosevelt opened.

They had played only a few weeks on the Loew circuit when Ben got word, through grapevine channels that other and better known orchestras were trying out for his job at the new hotel. What could he do about it, he wondered? If they quit working now, they couldn't live until the hotel opened. If they didn't quit, the hotel job might be lost to them.

It was no easy thing to tell the boys this disheartening news when they had worked so hard, and especially when they had placed all their trust in him. Ben was already in debt because of this problematical job. What should he do?

Well, he quit vaudeville and went back to New York to fight it out. And he never had to fight for anything so hard in his life. Several orchestra leaders, he learned, had already bought stock in the Roosevelt Hotel Corporation, to insure their getting in on the ground floor with their hands. Frankly, coldly Ben was informed that he'd have to out-bid the top man.

Fifteen thousand dollars was all he needed now. Fifteen thousand dollars, he repeated to himself ironically. And he tried to have it in three months, because at the end of that time the decision would be made. Ben never had seen that much money, never even dreamed of holding such a sum long enough to transfer it to some one else.

"But I knew that job was worth it. So I became a gambler. I speculated with my reputation and the money of other people just to get it. I knew that, if I lost, the savings of my family and my friends and

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—  
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



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

**S**MOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

**Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way**

It is when cosmetics are not properly removed that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?  
YES, OF COURSE! BUT  
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT  
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN  
BENNETT**



Photo by J. Walter Thompson Co.

So successful was the performance of Leslie Ruth Howard and her famous father, Leslie Howard, in "Dear Brutus" on the Vallee Variety program that Rudy returned this same guest star act to his program on Thursday, June 27th. But Leslie Ruth declares she does not plan to be an actress. She would prefer to be a "lady vet", she thinks.

their respect for me would be gone. But I did it just the same.

"I went out and borrowed every cent I could to buy that stock, Sophie Tucker, Tom Holtz, Paul Whitehead, my uncles and aunts and cousins—all of them kicked in everything I ever had met in my life, I tackled for some dough. The job at the Roosevelt was my horse in that race—and it was a long shot. But I played it just the same—on the nose."

No one killed him. Everyone had grown to love the ambitious little tiddler, and everyone admired his courage. Those in the big money like Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson kicked thousands. His family knew that he never had given a thought to anything except a musical career. As a rule, Romeo was a lover he never had wanted to be me a doctor or lawyer, or any of the other boys of the world, but he was a doctor. Now all the family's petty tricks and old cream puffers hidden away for years with their small boards, were pressed at his help him.

He picked from one friend to another, from his father's relatives to his mother's family. But on the last day draw near, he realized that he still lacked the necessary dollars. He'd never be able to make it! Bewildered and disappointed he told the orchestra that they could go out and look their instruments again if they wanted to. He was through no longer worthy of their trust. Then he went out to return the money he had borrowed. The last year hope in which he had eluded during all these hard months was gone.

But Tom Holtz' dressing-room he told his girl story. His friend would not let him down now. He pressed the money he

had loaned back into Ben's hand and told him to wait in the wings till he finished his act. There was one man left, Lou said, who still might save the day. They would hurry to him, right after the show. The man was a gambler, too. Perhaps the biggest gambler in New York.

Ben was still confused when two hours later he sat in the pretentious office of the small, sandy-haired man who Tom Holtz had said might help him.

"Arnold this is Ben Bernie." That's all the introduction there was before Lou went into the chairmanship oration which he hoped would net five grand for Bernie and his dark horse hope. When Tom had finished talking, Arnold Rothstein asked a few questions.

"How soon will you be able to pay it back?" was one of them.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars on the first of every month," Ben promised eagerly.

"You better had . . . Here's the dough." That's all there was to it. Now Bernie set out to be sure, but just the same it was a cold hard business proposition. Ben Bernie had his five hundred dollars in it—and Arnold Rothstein had Ben's promise. The greatest gambler in New York, perhaps in the world, had gambled on the new money.

But Ben's troubles were not yet over. The show manager of the glittering hotel had more time in his office than the pompous Colonel had had at the ground-breaking ceremonies—more time to investigate this Ben Bernie. The long list of imaginary engagements were confessed to be the product of an eager young man's imagination. Still, Ben had the stock in

his pocket. That was his biggest selling point.

And it worked like a charm. The manager could do little except hire Ben and his lady—on trial and without contract, for six months.

They opened in the Roosevelt Grill and there they stayed for five brilliantly successful years. Long before Arnold Rothstein was murdered in the gang war, he had received the last installment of Ben's debt to him. He had even tried to listen, as Penn guest, to the cricket he had backed eight million and rhythm unheard—and to sell Ben a big insurance policy!

Ben Bernie's boy had still his pocketing in at the Grill except for the sensation they received. For London heard about them and made champagne offers, and so did all the king's men and their ladies were dancing to their music at the famous Knickerbocker. Next morning the Prince of Wales.

When the Blue Ribbon Company planned product for the first presents with a camera, so many bottles were broken before a decision was made.

Wow, it was the Old Maestro or no in it for them! His time Ben didn't have to beg or borrow his way in; in fact NBC agents had to talk him into going on the air.

Success is always a gamble! Ben Bernie says today. "A few of us are lucky in playing the right horse. Sometimes we get a hunch and don't play it—that's when we aren't even starters in the race of life. That's why, if I get a hunch, it always means ten bucks on the nose to buy my racing suits."

THE END

*Fashion says—*

**LIPS AND FINGER TIPS  
NOW MUST MATCH**



NATURAL LIPSTICK  
NATURAL, ROSE AND MAUVE  
NAIL POLISH

CORAL LIPSTICK  
CORAL NAIL POLISH

CARDINAL LIPSTICK  
CARDINAL NAIL POLISH

RUBY LIPSTICK  
RUBY NAIL POLISH



**IMPORTANT—READ!**

Unlike many other oily polish removers that seek to irritate it, Cutex Oily Polish Remover leaves no film to dim the lustre of your nail polish and shorten its life. This is because it contains a very special oil that cannot harm the appearance of your polish or affect its wear. Avoid imitations!

*Cutex offers you*  
**4 harmonizing lipsticks  
and nail polishes**

**Y**OU must be just as careful—fashion now says—about matching your lips and your fingernails as you are about matching your hat and your dress!

Cutex has worked it all out. Just put on your favorite Cutex Liquid Polish. Then smooth into your lips the creamy Cutex Lipstick which corresponds! There's one to match or tone in perfectly with each one of seven lovely polish shades.

And once you've seen yourself with harmonized lips and finger tips, you'll wonder how you ever went around all these years wearing purple-red nail polish with

orange-red lipstick, or vice versa!

The new Cutex Lipsticks are velvety smooth... but not the least bit greasy. They go on... and stay on... they're wonderfully permanent. Yet *never* dry your lips.

With Cutex working out this matching idea so beautifully, there's really no excuse whatever for letting your lipstick and nail polish "fight."

Go to your favorite store today for Cutex Liquid Polish—Crème or Clear—and the new Cutex Lipsticks in shades to match.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



**The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow  
you must take Today**

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour—like snapshots? First aid to romance—how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much—your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome... Eastman Kodak Company. Rochester, N. Y.





without which no such cake is complete. Besides those two recipes you will find that the booklet contains two others that are sure to be just as welcome. The one is for Stroganoff and Build-Arter Bread (see page 10). Yes, that's a long name, but what it does is to make an extremely easy-to-make, medical diet sandwich. But after you've eaten all those you'll still want to get a Phoebe's book!

The fourth recipe card contains the egg-dish recipe presented by the Colonel. I have made it myself, or his helper, Elizabeth, has. I'm not kidding, either when I assure you that I've never eaten any egg omelette or that I like Herbert. All I'll tell you in advance is that the method of cooking these eggs is original, tasty and easy.

And just imagine! this recipe and the three others are yours for the asking—on your dinner table. Aristocrats' favorite foods of the "Stroganoffs" to make you feel like Pharaohs.

Yes, taken all in all, I thought the Stroganoff and Build interview a great success. For though I didn't find out how to make Phoebe's finders, I did meet those two amusing fellows and secured recipes for their favorite dishes. And of course I had the joy of finding out about Dean!

One last word before I leave you to set out and keep the following recipe for me: cut out and send this coupon, quick, now, before you forget!

This is your cooking School through saving out my best recipe when we will have the Phoebe's sauce and its pop a reward for a "stroll" about traditional southern dishes.

#### CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1 square chocolate melted
- 2 cups on salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water. Add salt, sugar and boiling water. Cook over direct fire at, stirring, constantly, until mixture comes to a full rolling boil. Remove from fire. Meanwhile soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water, then dissolve in hot chocolate mixture. Cool slightly. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add to slightly cooled mixture. Place in refrigerator for a short time. When mixture begins to thicken add vanilla and fold in gently beaten whites of eggs. Put in mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill in refrigerator. When firm unmold and garnish with shaly sweetened whipped cream. Add a few colored sprinkles.

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

Please send me the Stroganoff and Build recipes.

Name  (Print in block)

Address  (Street and number)

City  (State)

## MY HUSBAND'S GONE BACK ON ME



*Here's a spaghetti he  
likes better than mine*

### AND SO DO I—THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

"I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the best spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices

and seasonings that give delicate piquancy... subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zesty, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done: you simply heat, serve and enjoy.

A can holding three to four por-

tions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today



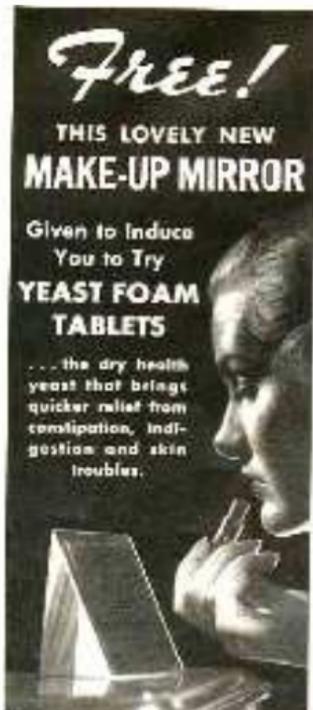
**Free!**

**THIS LOVELY NEW  
MAKE-UP MIRROR**

Given to Induce  
You to Try

**YEAST FOAM  
TABLETS**

... the dry health  
yeast that brings  
quicker relief from  
constipation, indi-  
gestion and skin  
troubles.



**YOU'LL** be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

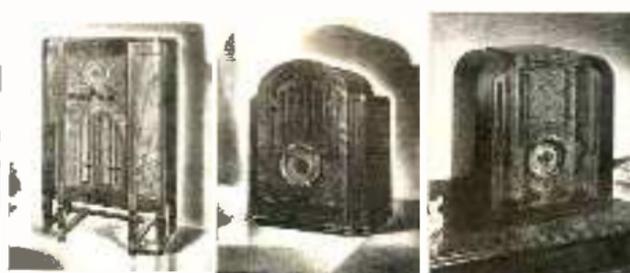
Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all drugists

**NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,**  
1750 N. Ashtland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. I  
Please send me the handy new tilted make-up  
mirror. MM 9 21

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Here are three of the beautiful prizes waiting for winning contestants in our SCRAMBLED STARS contest. (See Page 46 of this issue). Waiting for YOU, perhaps! And don't you want to own one?

**Second Prize (above, left)** An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER console—An eight-tube range covers from 140 to 18,000 kilocycles, which includes aviation and weather reports, standard domestic broadcasts, police, aircraft and amateur signals, as well as the principal international entertainment bands.

**Third Prize (above, center)** An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER Table Cabinet Radio—six tubes. Range includes standard domestic broadcasts, police, amateur and aircraft broadcast signals, as well as principal international entertainment bands. Height, 20 inches; width, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; depth, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

**Fourth Prize (above, right)** An RCA VICTOR STANDARD SHORT WAVE TABLE MODEL—five tubes, covering standard programs, "High Fidelity" Band, police band, aircraft bands, an amateur band and foreign entertainment.

## Amateurs, Beware!

(Continued from page 35)

are swamped in applications for radio work and won't search for talent ever again, a clipping from the home-wire paper and a certificate showing that the bearer won first prize in the county amateur radio audition— isn't enough to get much attention in the important studios. Therefore, look out for anyone who seems too interested. The persons who arrange auditions are very busy. Even if you get to see them, you can't expect more than a five-minute interview. If the person you talk to seems to have a lot of time for conversation, it's a good sign that he is either a very important person or he has intentions that have little to do with a radio career.

Guard all advertisements seeking radio talent with suspicion. Some of them may be legitimate but there is so much talent available in Manhattan that it would be the height of foolishness to advertise for it.

Stay away from schools of microphone technique unless such a school has the official and unquestionable stamp of approval of organizations as reputable as National or Columbia.

Keep an eye on casting directors who get rather personal in their interviews. These gentlemen are probably harmless if kept in their places, but they work on the theory that one thing leads to another. Casting directors don't have to take prospective performers to lunch or dinner to find out whether or not they have ability. If they suggest luncheon or dinner, you can be sure they are more interested in you than in your career.

Don't sign anything without studying it carefully and if the document involves

commissions or any payments of money, it is safest to have a reputable lawyer examine it for you.

Look out for anyone who tells you that the place to meet the right people is at a party and that if you're nice to Mr. Q. Amos Tilliver you'll probably get on the program Mr. Tilliver is planning. If Mr. Tilliver is planning a program, he isn't going to give that important part to a girl who looked good after the fifth Manhattan. Big business men, contrary to popular belief, just don't operate that way.

React with extreme suspicion the individual who, on the basis of acquaintance, promises to introduce you to the producers of both networks and the heads of all the big advertising agencies. You can safely be suspicious of anyone who promises an easy pathway to fame. There isn't one.

Remember at all times that radio is a business and that business-like methods are more likely to succeed than any others. Remember, too, that even though you may meet a well-known singer or a well-known announcer, he can't get you a job on the air. He might be able to introduce you to someone who might help—but even the stars have very little to say about the people who are selected to support them on the air. The casting of a radio program is a serious business and all friendship usually is forgotten when the business of picking talent is taken up.

Whom can you believe? Whom can you trust? Trust no one in your field and be prepared for such common-sense advice known as Common Sense.

LEO LEO

## Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 18)

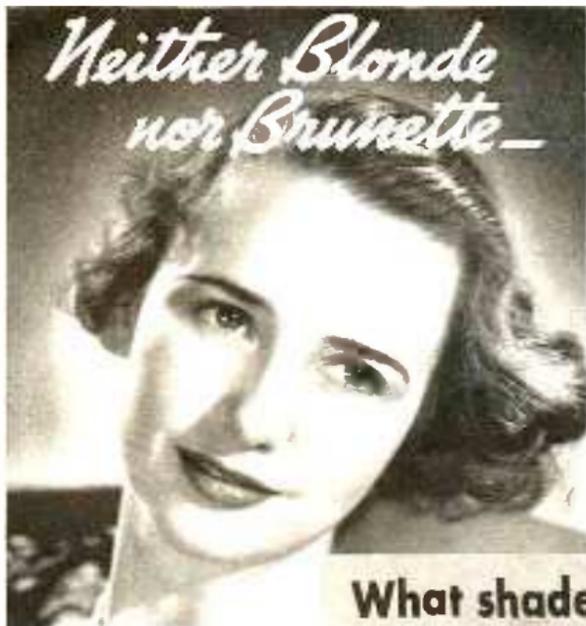
Rest and fresh air, Rose Bernie explained to me, are the essential features of the milk diet. It has been found that a milk diet is effective not only for reducing and building up, but is a helpful factor in eradicating skin eruptions and improving a sallow complexion; in restoring sleep and curing insomnia; and in rectifying faulty conditions caused by excessive coffee drinking or smoking. The specially prepared milk served at the Bernie farm cures certain health troubles to health. It is pure fresh milk, cultured with a hardy strain of bacilli in accordance with the formula of a famous European physician.

Of course, it isn't possible for all of us to secure specially prepared milk or to have the de luxe solarium sun baths, Swedish massages and pine needle baths that are available at the Bernie Milk and Health Farm. We can't all get away for several weeks in order to take a reducing or building up treatment. We have to combine our efforts along those lines with house-keeping or office work, or a hundred and one different things, but if we can't, we'll have to concentrate on milk and the proper diet.

When guests of the farm leave, they are given a diet to help them keep off or keep up the weight they have lost or gained while there. They are generally so encouraged by the start they have made that they are anxious to keep up the good work. And because I want to encourage you to a good start, I have had some more copies multigraphed of my eight-day diet for reducing, and I have mapped out a program for weight gaining as well. I include milk in both.

Of course we know that milk is one of the most important items in the diet. It is really a food. They would tell you at the Milk Farm that milk should be sipped slowly because the gastric juices of the stomach cause milk to curdle shortly after it is swallowed, hence making the curds large and tough if the milk is drunk roughly. Remember these two things about milk. First, don't use it merely to quench thirst. Second, don't drink it rapidly. If you are one of those persons who says "Milk doesn't ever agree with me" perhaps you'll change your mind.

The reason milk is the one food on which



Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. Mrs. M. Ben de Sauss, medium complexioned hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

### What shade powder shall I use?

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

**BROWN HAIR AND EYES**—and a skin as white as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone.

Brunette and blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky.

**THE FIRST** thing to do in choosing a powder is to study your own skin. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *light blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunet skin is due to a touch of *green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needs to give it life! They blended these colors in their new powder shades.



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty hints in skin, now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror.—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent. Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin. Brunette—clears creamy skins.

Rose Brunette—warms dull skin. Dark Brunette (Sun-Tan)—gives a lovely sunny glow.

Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up—How natural it looks on! And it stays that way. Fresh—lasts long.

5 different shades *free*! FREE!

**MAIL COUPON TODAY** (This offer expires November 1, 1933)

Please Dept. 1126, Clinton, Conn. Please send me 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Love Waits Around the Corner

(Continued from page 17)

PARK & TILFORD'S  
**FAOEN**  
(FAYON)

romantic

alluring



FAOEN No. 44—warm, vibrant, romantic



FAOEN No. 19—Fresh, elusive, alluring



FAOEN No. 3—oriental, exotic



FAOEN No. 18—cool, delicate, intriguing

PARK & TILFORD'S

**FAOEN**

10¢

In 100-gram packages  
shown as illustrated  
at all 5 and 10¢  
stores

Beauty  
Aids

trands to yachting parties in which they sailed over seas blue as truth as they followed the sun. They gave the luxurians—recreations for town cars which were mild with rare woods out of the jungle.

Then there were the bell-lithel Laid on Calh Brazz's desk in a precise little pill every morning. For shoes at forty dollars a pair. Neckties which cost what she paid for her dresses. Orbits with centers of royal purple. And bills from Cartiers' famous for their sapphires and their square emeralds, which were enough to take anyone's breath away.

There was, at this time, a famous star who called on the telephone. She had come into her prominence as a singer. And from the first her confident, rushing voice stimulated Ethel's imagination—to such an extent that she bought herself a balcony seat in the theater where this star was playing. And one Saturday matinee she listened carefully, critically too.

"And" Ethel told me, "I decided then and there that I could sing as well as she did. Even if I never had had a lesson. She wasn't a great singer. There wasn't something pleasant and catchy about her voice.

"I began to learn the new songs. And to take more singing engagements in the evening. I had sense enough to know that the more experience I could get the better equipped I would be."

Spurred on by her contact with the fascinating world of wealth and the theater, she, Ethel began to feel it was pretty silly for her to sit back in a brown-shingled two-family house and let this golden girl pass her by. Besides, if she could accomplish her end through her singing her gain would be twofold. For she agreed to sing more than anything else in the world.

And the future the gypsy had seen in the red leaves began to shape itself.

You've undoubtedly heard how Calh Brazz gave Ethel a letter to George White of Scandalous fame. How she typed this letter herself and took it to White's office. How he doubted her ability to sing but offered her a job as a show girl. And how she thanked him kindly but went back to her typewriter.

However in the evenings she came to sing in a little Russian restaurant in the midtown district near all the theaters. She wore a maize chiffon dress. She brushed her dark hair back from her white forehead with a dramatic sweep. She touched her dark eyes slightly with mascara and her provocative mouth with bright lipstick. And while she sang she moved in and out among the little tables. Her songs were "Mama! I'm a Girl," "I've Got a Feeling in My Loin" and "Singing in the Rain." It was the letter part of 1929.

One night a theatrical manager by the name of Lou Irwin heard her. He insisted she meet a Warner Brothers' executive who was arriving in New York from California the following morning. Ethel called the office and understood that he would be late. She went with Lou Irwin to meet this motion picture mogul. And three days later she was under con-

tract at two hundred dollar-a-week, every week whether she worked or not. Whereupon she resigned her job.

"The trouble was that I didn't work," Ethel explained. "My check arrived every week. But that wasn't enough. I wasn't getting anywhere. So I had Mr. Irwin, who was its manager then as he is now, go to Warner" and get their permission for me to take other engagements. With the understanding that they wouldn't be obliged to pay me while I was engaged."

She sang with the Paul Ash band at the Brooklyn Forum. And her new-week engagements extended to seven weeks. Then she played the Palace. She was big time. "Gee! Crazy," the George Ger-shwin hit, came next.

On the opening night of "Gee! Crazy," Calh Brazz and many of the celebrities to whom she had written letters over a period of years were in her audience. They heard her sing "I Got Rhythm"—which is exactly what she did have and does have. And "Sam and Delilah." And they screamed her dressing room following the final curtain to tell her that she had just over two song hits and turned herself into a star.

It was noon the next day when George Ger-shwin who had been calling since one o'clock got her on the telephone.

"Do you realize what's happened? I demanded. "You're made, Merman. Made! You're a hit! You're a sensation! From now on you can wear your own ticket! Broadway's yours over you!"

Following "Gee! Crazy," Ethel played in "Scandal." George White had changed his mind about her as a singer now. "Take a chance," came next. With his number "Ladie Was a Lady" cataloging on like wildfire.

Nights, following her triumphs in the theater, she sang for the supper crowds at the smart Central Park Casino. And in between times she repaired to the Paramount Studios in Astoria outside of which she once had stood to watch Albee Brady arrive and depart in a cream-colored Packard driven by a Jap chauffeur. Now Ethel belonged inside these studios. In a star dressing-room.

"Hello, Ethel" you used to hear a stage-hand holler down from the rafters. Or "Hi, Zamm!" might come from a young electrician. For many of the boys with whom Ethel had gone to school had gone into the studios in various capacities.

Today Ethel is an important figure in that easy, amazing world she used to touch only through the letters she took down in her red-ribbed notebook. You don't find her squandering her money on square emeralds and sapphires because she's always driving about in a car piled with words imported from Africa. She lives comparatively simply and comfortably with her mother and her father and works, works, works.

She likes to work for one thing. And besides she has learned that if you keep going anything can await you—just around the corner. Just around the corner she has found fame. She has found wealth. What awaits her next? Love?

THE END

## Goodbye, Father Coughlin

(Continued from page 29)

continue to admit times when they are sorely puzzled.

*Question three: Is it true that his political talks were harming the Catholic Church?*

I have heard that two dangerous things have been happening. First, the clergy and the laity were splitting on Coughlin's right to disport himself in the same amphitheatre with such undignified performers as Huey Long. Second, important and wealthy members of the Church, whose donations formerly were offered regularly and liberally, now refuse to support a Church which tolerates such a firebrand.

You must know that many a solid citizen considers Coughlin a revolutionary and a menace to our capitalistic system. I know he denies this with all his might, but the point is that certain rich men reject his denials and find in his exhortations to the poor and dis-oriented masses enough sparks to set off a national calamity. And they shut their hitherto open pocketbooks.

Certainly men of fortune cannot be expected to contribute even indirectly to a man who threatens their fortunes. If church contributions have diminished, I wonder if it is Father Coughlin or economic conditions that are responsible?

*Question four: Instead of depriving us of Father Coughlin broadcasts by prohibiting him the use of radio, cannot His Holiness direct him to continue broadcasting the fall—with the proviso that controversial and political arguments be replaced by those more becoming to a representative of the Holy Roman Catholic Church?*

Father Coughlin has already answered the story that he was ordered off the air. This telegram was received by Martin J. Porter and published in his famous New York Journal radio column:

*"Report of me going off air either at command or suggestion of my ecclesiastical superiors is absolutely without foundation. Moreover the remark about the indelicacy of my broadcasting again next October is without foundation. If my present health continues I shall be on the air going next October." (Signed) Rev. Charles E. Coughlin.*

I for one hope his present health continue many, many years and gives him the strength to broadcast again his inspiring and soul-stirring messages. I hope, too, that you may see fit to temper your ban—if there is a ban—so that the inspiration of a great mind and a great heart may not be denied to those who have need of it.

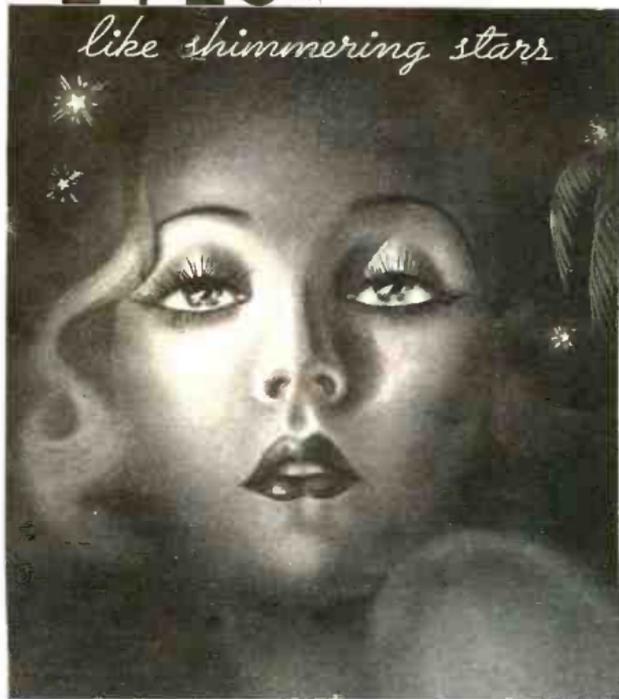
Very respectfully yours,  
ANTHONY CASO.

That is the letter I would send to the Vatican. That is the letter I hope some one with power and prestige in American Catholic affairs will send. Father Coughlin's gift for leadership should not be wasted. But let that leadership be spiritual rather than political. I know I express the sentiment of millions when I say we don't want him to be gagged.

THE END

# EYES

like shimmering stars



## TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES

with this new form of mascara

NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly, it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a *smoking* illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their

real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light reaching out to show the way to "heaven"!

Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water—no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush.

So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result. Really waterproof—smart-proof—harmless. *Tattoo your eyelashes!* Black, Brown, Blue. NOW ON SALE AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS.



## TATTOO for Eyelashes and Brows

*like new!*

after months  
of wear



Bert Lawson

Elaine Melchoir, whom you know on the air as the villainous Ardala with Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, is in real life as charming as she is beautiful. She has blue eyes and brown hair. She loves animals.

## Lazy Dan Wanted a Home

(Continued from page 43)

Song," starting Grace LaRue. Then Brother Phil's voice changed, and Irving had to go on alone.

He was still a pretty good midget—good enough to land a job with the Foreman-Sels circus for fifteen and found. The fifteen went home to mother; the tight-rope walker and the skinny man saw to it that Irving found patches for his pants and peanuts to eat. He sang with a band of fifty musicians until, in Texas, the sheriff padlocked the show to prevent the sprouting of an animal plague.

Irving went home to his mother. Then, shortly, he was off again—this time to John Kingdon, who had offered him a job after scouting the Sels layout. Irving had definitely added a few inches to his stature; nevertheless, upon rejoining to Kingdon in Denver for a tour of the south, he learned he was again to add color to a circus band as its midget vocalist.

He was then approaching the heavy old age of ten.

There was pretty much of a rush about things that first day, Irving remembers. He reported early in the evening, was given his costume and his music. By the time he had got the fat lady to read the words for him, it was time to dress and go on.

He stood on the little raised platform that had been hastily constructed for him. The music swelled; then it died down to an appropriate murmur. Irving opened his mouth. He closed it again almost immediately, to the immense satisfaction of everyone within shouting distance. The wisest soprano's voice, unused for singing, after the lay-off, unnoticed during the summer, had changed!

Of course, that ended the midget business. It also ended Kaufman for awhile. He spent four or five years back home in Syracuse. First he worked as an ele-

vator boy, then as a flunky in the L. C. Smith Typewriter company. Finally, he bought a slide lantern and sang in the nickelodeons. Then, he pulled out for the big town New York City.

For some reason—possibly because he was pretty good—young Kaufman had no trouble finding a job. Leo Feist snapped him up almost the minute he got off the train and gave him thirty-five dollars a week to plug songs. For a little more than a year Kaufman plugged songs for all he got and the songs were worth. Then he made tests on the cylindrical wax records for the phonograph Thomas Edison had just perfected. There was, immediately, much buzzhazing and burrching. The Edison company had made a find. Kaufman has, since that big twenty-two years ago, recorded for twenty-two different companies under ten different names.

Though Kaufman was moving ahead, he still wasn't much nearer the home that he wanted. But he was doomed to do without it for a good while yet. His work had so swelled his reputation that, when Smith and Dale and Harry Goodwin decided the Avon Comedy Four sounded better than the Avon Comedy Three, they selected Kaufman as the only other comedian and singer in the country who could match them.

You know how the Avon Comedy Four went to town. It was after an extremely successful tour here, they left for an engagement in London, which lasted until the war came along. Then Kaufman, Goodwin and Smith and Dale returned to New York. So many were rushing home then, they had to accept steamer passage on the Aquitania—which is, incidentally, where Kaufman picked up those twenty-six dialects he uses on his Sunday afternoon programs.

Through another successful tour of the

country, Kaufman and his companions earned the reputation of being the best act in vaudeville. Kaufman recorded as fast as he could leave new songs. America entered the war and Kaufman's flat feet couldn't keep him out of it, he was a contentment entertainer. Then, after the war, he spent three years making records.

He confesses that, at that stage, he just didn't give up hope of a hit. The theater, which gave him his living, was good to him; yet, at the same time, it was croak. But there was something of which Kaufman was not fully aware, that was working for his hope—Radio was coming.

In 1923, WJZ was just starting as a local New York City station. It is now one of the ace links in the National Broadcasting Company's chain; then, it aired phonograph recordings almost exclusively—and the records it used were almost exclusively those pressed by Irving Kaufman.

Irving considered this "Now," he said to himself "they use my voice on phonograph recordings. Why can't they use it off the recordings?"

He went down to the WJZ program director and station manager and asked.

The program director slunged "I darned if I know," he admitted.

So Kaufman broke into radio and the dream he had had backstage somewhere in Pennsylvania began to be realized.

Now instead of long sleeper jumps there were subway rides, too a small, black hodgepodge carried a song or a gag for thousands of miles. That meant that Kaufman, who had been swinging from cheap hotel to dreary hotel, could settle down—sink his roots into the life of a community. It gave him and his wife a chance to have a home.

Yes, he had a wife by then—a very lovely one whom he had just married. We must tell you about that.

It was a number of years ago—about right perhaps—that he met her. He had gone up to the Marx publishing company to learn a song or two, and the manager, Belle Brooks, played the piano for him, she was so nice, he went up each week for the next two years to learn other songs.

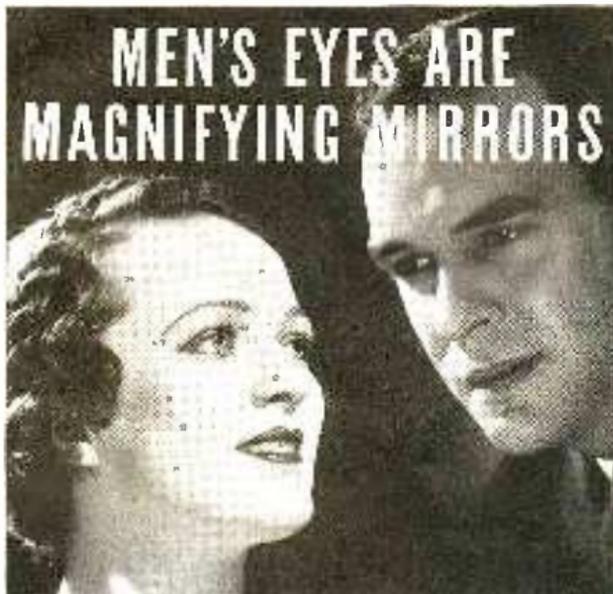
"Belle," he said one day "Will you marry me?"

Belle sitting at the piano, looked up, "Of course," she uttered pleasantly; then she looked back at her music "Maybe you'd better do this in G," she added.

When she became Mrs. Irving Kaufman Belle decided that she, too, was all in favor of the quiet home life. Radio was trading living right a number of sponsors entrusted him with the job of plugging soap, soup, meat, radio tubes, spark plugs and floor wax and Irving was taking good care of them. So there was no reason he shouldn't seek a home. Radio is a home man's business.

They settled down. He bought a house in New Rochelle and they have a cute baby called Carol Lee. Mrs. Kaufman busies herself with raising her baby and making Irving change his ties oftener than once a month. It tends his garden religiously, and also has started what is now one of the finest collections of Dickens in the East. She worries about dinner menus, bridge, and how many orphan kids Irving will have at his next Christmas party. Carol Lee worries about nothing at all.

THE END



## HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a searching glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does your skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face you may be sure that you are staining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to really clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will lubricate your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

### The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it is remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

### Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this. Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

### At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too. In actual daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7 day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get both the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, also all five shades of your face powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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(Continued from page 66)

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(Continued on page 76)

JOHNNIE GOES TO PHILIP MORRIS

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# Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING  
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

## Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON  
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, famed every Sunday afternoon in the "Miss Nine P.m. Variety Special" over N. B. C. network

**NOTICE** your favorite screen stars, and see how she depends on eye cosmetics. Her eyes, softly shadowed, bright and dark, luminous, and expressive, are the result of necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes are a crowd-pleaser. More than any other feature, her eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, naturally, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft coloration on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-creaming Maybelline Eyebrow Pens. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline eye-makeup to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly and be sure to brush and trim your brows with the safety, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading life store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK OR BROWN



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, OR IS-IT-ANY VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

All Maybelline Preparations  
Have this approval



J. Walter Thompson

An artist in action! The Candid Camera catches Cornelia Otis Skinner in varying moods, as she broadcasts her delightful solo dramas on the Jergens Sunday evening programs. (Story begins on Page 36.)

## Incomparable Cornelia

(Continued from page 37)

The Wild Westcotts, and other dramas.

I asked her if she would like to appear again in a play, and she confessed that she would if she could get a good one. For one week this summer she will play Cornelia as guest star for a Westerner summer stock company. A ripe every actress loves to do," she said.

However, she favors doing her monologues, either on the stage or over the air. It gives her a degree of freedom that is denied by the routine of appearing eight times a week in a dramatic play. It means a week in a dramatic play, it means a week in a dramatic play, it means a week in a dramatic play. It means a week in a dramatic play, it means a week in a dramatic play, it means a week in a dramatic play.

As to that home life, one must yield to a decent reserve. Happy home life does not easily sustain lullaby. Neither Miss Skinner nor her husband Alden S. Blodgett, want that.

You can have both home life and a career," Miss Skinner said thoughtfully. It means giving up certain things—things you don't really want—in order to have things you do want. I've given up a great deal—but nothing that I really wanted."

Which suggests a sound sense of values. Their home, in Gracie Square, New York, is filled with rare and historic treasures, for which both Miss Skinner and Mr. Blodgett have an abiding passion. In fact the youngest thing in the house no doubt, is Otis Alden Blodgett, four and a half years old, and known as "Dieck."

Mr. Blodgett takes a proud interest in his wife's career. But beyond that, their mutual tastes and deep roots down into the essentials of life in living fully, wisely and happily.

So, still in her early thirties—he was born in Chicago, Illinois on May thirtieth, 1901—Cornelia Otis Skinner already has built for herself a fully rounded life, crowned with increasing fame, and, if not

with fortune, at least with a pleasant portion of this world's goods.

She had a happy childhood at home, at school at college. She had the thrill of traveling to Europe at twenty-one, then with a college chum of the same age. She has known success as a writer of verse and of articles on the theatre. She has been successful on the stage. She has seen her monologues grow in popularity, bringing her ever wider and more enthusiastic acclaim. And she has known romance and love, marriage and motherhood.

A full life—many one phase of which might seem completeness to a less gifted soul. All of which Cornelia Otis Skinner takes in her stride, with grace and patience and persistence with the sensitivity of the artist and the strength that life somehow imparts to its rare souls, to sustain them.

And with it all, she remains a natural, unspoiled young woman, with a merry humor and a ready laugh.

When she was rehearsing her Ann Boleyn script, reading the tragic lines the lovelorn queen speaks to Master Kingston, who has come to lead her to the block where the executioner's axe awaits her "Is my neck bare enough? See? They're only to hold my hair so!" ("It will be a permanent.") Miss Skinner interpolates with soft irony, Then her voice shrill and shaken with tragedy, she continues in the words of the script "The head is up! Death to the doer! To make sport for the royal 'chim! Oh, with my head!"

And the listener is wracked with the reality of the scene and the emotion conjured by her art.

Beautiful, gracious, charming, gifted—Again pleasant and appropriate adjectives flock to the mind, as I speak my pleasure in her program, and, with a reluctant good night, take my leave.

THE END

## Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 18)

we can concentrate to the extent of an almost exclusive diet is because it contains practically all the elements required by the body, except roughage and certain of the vitamins. (A big glass of orange juice is served the guests who are on the exclusive milk-reducing diet at the Bernie Milk Farm the very first thing in the morning, in order to supply those few lacking vitamins.) Milk contains proteins for building bone and muscle, and for repairing the body's wear and tear; fats and sugar, to supply heat and energy; certain of the vitamins that are needed for growth and for warding off disease, mineral salts, particularly phosphorus and lime, needed in the blood, the bones, the teeth and the tissues; and water, which the body needs and uses to carry off waste.

We do not usually think of milk as an energy food, and yet a quart of milk of average richness supplies about one-fourth of the total energy required daily by a moderately active man or woman. Even the lowly regarded skim milk contains all the good qualities of whole milk, except fat and the milk-fat vitamin.

A pint of milk a day is a good daily allowance for an adult, and may be used either in fluid form or in any of the milk products such as butter or cottage cheese, milkshakes, egg-nogs, cocoa, ice cream, custards, puddings, soups, creamed vegetables and scalloped dishes.

If you were going on a radio expedition to Byrd's Little America, you could still take your health and beauty quota of milk along with you in the form of evaporated, dried or condensed milk. Evaporated milk is simply milk from which about sixty per cent of the water has been removed. When water is added, it can be used as a substitute for pasteurized fresh milk. The same substitution holds in the case of dried milk, from which practically all of the water has been evaporated. Condensed milk is evaporated milk sweetened with sugar.

All of which may seem like a dissertation on milk rather than on beauty, but the connection is so close that I felt justified.

I hope you're going to be full enough of enthusiasm to clip the coupon, check it, and send it in. Stepping off from Station KYAB with three cheerers for the milkman, and the Old Maestro's sister.

Mary Biddle  
RADIO STARS  
149 Madison Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me:

- (1) Your program for gaining   
(2) Your 8-day diet

Name .....

Address..... St. cat .....

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

(Please inclose stamped addressed envelope.)



It's Only  
**NERVOUS  
POWDERING**  
But It Looks So  
Common and  
Artificial

## Test This New Powder That ENDS "MAKE-UP WORRY"

Completely Moisture-Proof . . .  
Lasts Hours Longer . . .  
So Much Smoother

Of course, you don't like to powder constantly either! It makes any man think you vain—shallow—even a trifle "cheap." It's due almost entirely to consciousness of face powders that don't stay on—that soon lose their fresh charm.

But you can say "goodbye" to make-up worry! Try new Golden Peacock Face Powder. It's really moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it. It clings for hours; but it doesn't cake in chalky lumps; doesn't clog your pores.

Like Natural Girlish Bloom  
But that's not all—Golden Peacock Face Powder goes on with an utterly new smooth-

ness. Its skin-flattering tone blends perfectly with your skin. Result: A wonderful, natural effect, alluring peachblow softness, that looks so young—so fresh!

### Free Sample Offer

Get Golden Peacock Face Powder today. Only 50 cents at any drug or department store! For a test, get the handy purse size at any 10-cent store. Or, write us, enclosing 6 cents for postage, and get generous 3 weeks' supply FREE. Send name, address, and correct powder shade to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-205, Paris, Tenn.



**Golden Peacock** Face Powder

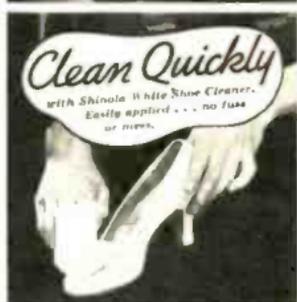
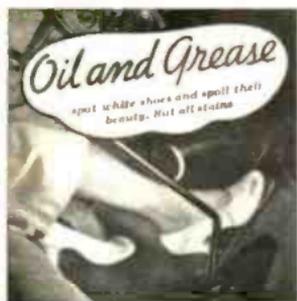


## Thrilling Loveliness in REALLY WHITE SKIN

Discover This Way to Help Nature  
Shed Freckles . . Blemishes . . Tan

The alluring charm no man can resist—and every woman wants—is easy now! Simply apply, daily Golden Peacock Bleach Creme five nights, as directed, and see how it speeds Nature's own method, to roll away that film of tanned, darkened skin. See how much clearer and healthier the skin looks, too, with disfiguring pimples from outward causes and blemishes banished! It's needless now to hide your charm under a mask of freckles, or dark skin! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store today. Money back if you are not delighted. Handy trial size, 10c, at all 5-and-10-cent stores.

**Golden Peacock** Bleach Creme



★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be polished as usual. Shinola cleans and shines; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.



An international broadcast of unusual importance will be heard over WEAF and network on August 31st, from 2:15 to 2:45 p.m. EDST, featuring the Salzburg Music Festival in Austria. Every year this musical event brings to the tiny Austrian town the greatest singers and conductors from all over the world. Above are Lotte Lehman, of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, who will sing the leading rôle of *Fidelio*, and Arturo Toscanini, who will conduct the opera.

## I Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 41)

### MASTERS OF THE STARS

We're in a Paul Whiteman rehearsal. Paul has been working hard for several hours and he wants to rest; so he starts out of the studio. "He back in five minutes," he warns a heavy-set man. Whiteman looks disgusted, but he obeys! . . .

We're at a Stoopnagle and Budd rehearsal. Although their sags are making the sound effects man miss his cues, a fellow wearing glasses rushes out of the control room and shouts, "That crack, my lady, is stinkin'. Cut it!" They cut it! . . . We're in a Rudy Vallee rehearsal. Rudy stands by while a young fellow whose light hair is thinning on top, shifts the singer closer to the microphone and tells the band to play a little more quietly. The young man gesticulates to someone in the control-

room; then he gives instructions to Rudy. *And Rudy hurries to comply!*

Who are these men who can tell the stars what to do, and haul them out when they don't do it? We never hear their names, so how do they get that way? I've found out for you. They are "production men." One of them, Norman Sweetser, has a story as interesting as any of the stars. So has Lester O'Keefe, the young man with the thinning hair, but it's about Norm that I want to write.

He began in radio on station WJZ back in 1927 and he started as a singer and announcer. He had been famous as a legit actor and as a war ace, and he became famous again. But after two years, radio men found that programs were better when a man who knew the business of entertain-

ment supervised their preparation. They gave him the job of handling a show and called him a production man. His job was to see that stars rehearsed properly, that music came over the mike correctly, that dramatic moments were properly built, that scripts were written and sponsors pacified. He's still doing it, and he's no longer famous.

His most interesting job, Norm says, was acting as production man for Al Smith in 1928 when the Happy Warrior was campaigning for the presidency. Smith, he remembers, was a poor broadcaster, though a swell speaker. He would slam the mike around, sway back and forth out of its reach, and, if the mood took him, even turn his back on it. Norm finally solved the problem by roping Smith to one spot. That gives you an idea of what the boys go through.

Norm likes production and says that it is vastly underrated. Since people don't know what "production man" means, they say, vaguely, "It's nice work if you can get it," when they hear that's his job. Then they'll add, comfortingly, "But he used to sing, didn't he? They can't take that away from him."

That kind of talk makes him sore.

**WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY**

As you and I sit in a studio watching Guy Lombardo's orchestra rehearse, we notice a heavily-built man who comes in and sits near the back. When Graham McNamee practices announcing the show, the heavily-built man listens attentively. . . . There is drama in this. The heavily-

built man is Phil Carlin, a network executive. Eight years ago, he and Graham McNamee were rivals. They were called the Twins because their voices were so alike that, when they broadcast, people would lay large bets as to which was which. Controversy about their respective merits raged—until Phil abandoned announcing. . . . Now he often drops in on Graham, because it brings back old memories and because he can imagine he is listening to himself rehearse. Just a few weeks ago he filled in for Graham on that fifteen-minute review of world affairs—and few noted the substitution.

We now are watching John Charles Thomas, who looks like an older, handsomer Jack Oakie. He wears his hat on the back of his head with the brim flipped up college boy fashion, and lets his splendid voice swell into song. . . . William Daly, the orch leader, ratches our eye. His arm-wavings and body-swingings while directing the band are even more violent than Reisman's, though he doesn't snap at his men. Just for fun, we watch the musician. Only once do they look at him during the number, and that is when he bumps against a music stand. He might as well be putting on a little acrobatic turn all his own. Later, after a bit of dialogue, the band is supposed to come in, on Daly's cue, with "Home on the Range." When the time comes, Daly waves his pencil violently—and since the men aren't watching him, nothing happens. "I can't understand," he complains, "why you fellows don't follow me."

**MUCH TOOTING**

Until just the other day, I thought I had been seeing things. I had dropped in to a Kostelanetz rehearsal, and there was Manny Klein blowing a trumpet. Later, at various intervals, I ran into the same Manny Klein playing with Red Nichols, Kel Murray, Leon Belasco, Lennie Hayton, B. A. Rolfe and Rubinoﬀ. Finally I asked him just how much work he does.

Well, it seems that he, with one or two others, is just about the busiest musician in the world. Klein outlined a typical hard day for me. He's up at eight in the morning. At nine, he begins rehearsing and playing, hopping from studio to studio and from Radio City to Columbia theatre as his schedule requires. Lunch uses up half an hour and dinner more than an hour, but he works, on a busy day until two the next morning. Manny says he tires of sitting sooner than he tires of tooting his horn.

**FAN MAIL**

A letter was delivered to the Chicago NBC offices the other day, just a year and a half late. It was addressed to Ben Bernie and marked "Delayed because of transportation difficulties in Little America, Antarctica."

**IT'S GONE TOO FAR DEPT.**

Winchell carried the item stating that Don Wilson and Gogi Delys have it bad. Two national magazines picked it up agog-sip and gosh knows how many people believe it. But, Don is a married man and hatty about his wife and kids.

**THESE YOUNG WIVES ARE WISE ABOUT WASHDAY**



**"Use Rinso for whiter, brighter washes," say makers of these 34 washers**

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| A B C      | Dexter    | National     |
| American   | Earbanks- | 1900"        |
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| Barson     | Comstock  | Rotorex      |
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## Here are the Answers

(Continued from page 90)

# "I SUFFERED BY DAY I SUFFERED BY NIGHT



No One Will Ever Know  
the Agony I Under-  
went in Silence!"

If there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

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Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is soothing. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

## Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

## Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

another, he'll have to have a part he can play. They also do say that he's been carrying on negotiations with M-G-M.

**Unkie:** Thank you from the bottom of my soft old heart, Snooper. Hi there, Block and Sully. One of my readers wants to know if you're Burns and Allen.

**Sully:** Well, we weren't the last time we looked in the family Bible. We might be now—no, come to think of it, I'm sure we're not.

**Unkie:** Much obliged, ol' Sully, ol' keed. Oh, there you are, **Stuart Churchill**. Do tell me where you were born.

**Stuart:** Well, my native city is St. Francis, Kansas. Figure it out for yourself.

**Unkie:** I'll try. In the meantime, I'll try to pin Virginia Clark here down to giving me the cast of the Helen Trent dramas. What say, Jimmy?

**Virginia:** To you, Unkie, applesauce. To your readers, how do you do? The cast is this way: *Helen Trent*, Virginia Clark (that's I, you know); *Agatha Anthony*, Marie Nelson; *John Hawthorn*, Eugene McGillen (that one in Myrt and Marge); *Dennis Fallon*, Ed Prentiss; *Captain Sant*, James Blaine; *Mrs. Berrens*, Hazel Doghede; *Captain Horton*, Jim Goss; *Gonzalez*, Henry Saxe; *Mary Stewart*, Sunia Love. And the theme song is Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" only don't go uttering any of your puerile flippancies now.

**Unkie:** Oh, my, you certainly wound me. Hello, **Nick Dawson**, I want to know—

**Nick:** Something about my life? Oke. I was born in Vineland, New Jersey. That's a little town near Atlantic City. I was really named George Coleman Dawson. When I was cutting up in school once, the teacher said I behaved like the Old Nick, and ever since the name's stuck and if you dare even start to say "So that's how you got your 'nick'-name," I'll trample you into the carpet!

I played one-night stands with a stock company and then travelled with both Barnum and Bailey's and Ringling Brothers circuses. I have been mixed up with revolutionists in Mexico, slept on park benches in New York and been slunghead aboard a square-rigger bound to Hong Kong, worked as a cowboy, painted in Paris, fought in France as an American infantry officer, and written advertising copy in a New York agency. Aside from that, there's really been very little excitement in my life.

**Unkie:** Really a very quiet life, Nick! . . . Oh, there's **Bill Huggins!** Say, Bill, where the dickens have you been lately? Everybody's been asking for you.

**Bill:** Aw, just around. I'm starting a new series on WOR and perhaps by the time you post what I'm telling you I'll

have the program going out over the Mutual Broadcasting System network.

**Unkie:** And that'll be very nice for those of your listeners who can hear WOR, WGN, WLW, or any other stations Mutual may have by then. S'long, Bill, I got a little matter to take up with **Lanny Ross** here. Listen, Lanny, no matter how often I write it, there're always more readers who want to know your birth-date. Suppose you give it to me just once more.

**Lanny:** Oke, Unk. January 19th, 1906.

**Unkie:** Thanks, Lanny. Now I've got to catch **Nelson Eddy** before he gets into that elevator and ask him the same question. Hey, Nels, when and where were you born?

**Nelson:** Huh? Oh, hello there, Uncle Answer Man. Why—um—well, I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29th, 1901. Hey, elevator. Going down!

**Unkie:** Very kind of him. And even if he is going down in the elevator, he's going up in the radio and movie world. Oh, Jerry, **Jerry Cooper**. Look, Jerry, here's someone who wants to know whether or not it's possible to get tickets for your Roadways of Romance broadcasts.

**Jerry:** Sorry, old boy. It's what we artists call a closed show.

**Unkie:** Well, much obliged anyhow. I wish someone would tell me—oh, there he is now! Listen **Johnny Marvin**, I want to ask you your wife's name.

**Johnny:** It's **Edna May Marvin**. And if you care to know, I met her in vaudeville and married her one month later.

**Unkie:** Thanks, Johnny, I do care to know. Ah, there, **Mademoiselle Peg LaCentra**, I would have you tell me a few things about yourself.

**Peg LaC:** Well, I haven't quite figured out yet whether I'm going to end up as a singer or an actress. I sing on the "Circus Nights" programs, and act with Max Baer on the "Lucky Smith" programs. Anyhow, I started in radio as an announcer on WYAC in Boston in 1929. Before that I'd studied to be a concert pianist. Then I came to New York five years ago and I found it pretty tough going for a while. Finally I got into the chorus of the musical show, "Music in the Air." Then I got parts on "Cape Diamond Lights" '45 Minutes in Hollywood" and the "Goldbergs." I am twenty-four years old, am five feet two inches tall and weigh ninety-three pounds, but just the same I have a temper, and if you insist on standing gaping at me like that I'll have you put out!

**Unkie:** But, Peg, I was only—  
**Peg:** Pa-age boy! Pa-age! Throw this bum out.

**Unkie:** Here. Cut it out. Stop it. What do you think . . . oh, all right, I was going anyhow.

DO BLOOD AND THUNDER SHOWS FOR CHILDREN ANNOY YOU? THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE WANTS YOUR MEMBERSHIP. SEE PAGE 6.



# Why Reisman Turned Rebel

(Continued from page 43)

Hall so that he might be one of the first to purchase a gallery seat for Mischa Elman's recital.

His passionate longing to emulate the masters of his instrument made him visit historic Jordan Hall by stealth. There, in the gloom or midnight, he would play, his imagination filling tier upon tier of empty seats with a ghostly host and placing an accompanist at the shrouded piano behind him on the dark stage. The flickering beam of his flashlight would become the warm glow of the amber spot; the patter of mice in the walls would be the thunder of applause. Detectives, sent to account for the strange presence there, forced the door one night. He did not hear them, nor did he see them as they came down the dark aisles. He was lost in this world of his own making.

Yes, jazz was far removed from him. Then, an instructor asked him what he thought of it.

"Rubbish," snapped Leo. "It's not American. It's negroid and Hebraic."

"The people love it," the instructor pointed out.

Leo nodded. It was true! The fact bothered him as a mental rash would bother him. Maria Wood had taught him that were anything to conflict with his own views, the trouble lay either with his views or with it. So Leo Reisman decided to investigate dance music. He investigated—and didn't like what he found. There was only one thing he could possibly do. *He would blow it wide open!*

With that single idea in mind, Reisman, who had turned down offers to play with the symphony so that he might study more, accepted offers to play with these noisemad lunatics.

You must understand that this, to the staid scholars with whom he learned Haydn, was blasphemy. But Reisman wasn't concerned with what they thought. During the day his violin sang the timeless measures of a revered sonata; during the night, it could hardly be heard above the thunder of the drums and the shrieking of the jazz clarinet. But he learned ideas—revolutionary ones.

It was those days Lieutenant Jim Europe was the foremost figure in the world of the blues and his drummer, Battle-axe Kennedy, was the man about whom the organization was built. Kennedy had so many racket-makers—in-pans whistles, horse-shoes, sleighbells, bottles, cans and coconut shells—that he often took up the whole stage of a theater himself!

But it wasn't long before Reisman got his chance to disrupt such goings on. The Hotel Brunswick was having trouble with its dance ensembles. Finally, after having tried many combinations, the manager turned to Leo.

Leo stood alone, with only the teachings of two women to guide him. To the right lay a road straight and level, with few thrills and lots of comfort for both himself and the girl he had just married. It was the pleasant life of the academic musician. To the left lay another. It was uneven and uphill, what could be seen of

it, and there were no signs telling what would be found at the end. But it was Leo Reisman's road. He accepted the Hotel Brunswick's offer.

Leo formed his band. He eliminated the clarinets and the jazz clarinets! He mortared his drummer that he was to play only the drums—no cans or fire sirens! He issued instructions that the orchestra should play only those notes indicated in the score. He made it clear that no musician would be allowed to get up and *ab lib* a hot solo whenever he felt like it!

Other band leaders laughed when they heard about this new leader who was going to use a soft rhythm for psychological effect and feature that queer new instrument, the saxophone. "He can't get away with it," they jeered. "We'll give him and his new fangled ideas just two weeks!"

But Leo had thought everything out, as his mother and Maria Wood had taught him. He reasoned that tradition could be bucked. So he bucked it. Dancing Boston found his music delightful. Growing crowds heard him. Among them was Jerome Kern. The next day he came to Leo with Charles Dillingham, the producer.

"We want you in New York," they said. "We'll feature you in our new musical, *Good Morning, Dearie*. You can't lose."

Leo found himself facing another division in the road. Again one path lay well defined, the other beset by unsuspected dangers. And again Reisman chose the one to the left.

He came to New York, the young conqueror from Boston. And those perils, hidden when he made his choice, leaped out at him. New York didn't want the young conqueror any more than it wanted his melodies.

"The arrangements in *Good Morning, Dearie* had been disastrous. The soft strains of Leo's simple music had mainly disappeared up the flies and the audience failed to be impressed. Dowagers in the Crystal room of the Ritz-Carlton still believed crashing and intricate elaborations were the ultimate in dance music. At night, after playing to small, unimpressed crowds, Reisman would creep into bed and wonder what to do. He couldn't go back . . .

*Think it out!* He thought. *Think it out straight!* He thought straight . . . And he decided he must merchandize himself, as underwear, or cigarettes are merchandized. He invented the term "*The romantic fox hat*." That got some of them. He made use of his sense of humor and his surprisingly good voice. That got still more. His music took care of the rest.

Reisman returned home that next year, itching for more battles. He didn't wait long. Charles Martin Loeffler, the famous composer came to him and said: "Leo, I've written something different from anything else I've ever done. I've called it *Cloves* and it's for you."

Reisman looked at it, and beyond the notes of the manuscript he could see the music world, hastily adapting itself to his new type of playing.

## Tullio Carminati

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IN UNIQUE TEST



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● Tullio Carminati, makes the lipstick test between scenes of the Paramount picture, "Paris in Spring."



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"Charlie" he said, "let's blow the top off this stiff-necked old town."

"Right. What'll we do?"

"We'll present *Clowns* at Symphony Hall."

Austere old Symphony Hall, which had never known the pagan heat of a synco-pated note! Loeffler was astounded, then his eyes twinkled. He admired this tradition-smashing youth.

They called it the Concert of Rhythms, and six hard weeks went into its preparation. But only one thing happened to mar its perfection. When the curtain went up, the wife of one of the richest men in the world left her place in the audience and did not come back. The empty seat stared at Reisman through the next five minutes. Would the others follow? He had not been content with merely blasting the precedent established in the historic hall, but had engaged the services of one of the greatest Negro trumpet players in the country. The Negro did his first chorus and Reisman and Loeffler drew their breath more freely. With a sigh, the blue-blooded audience had sat back to enjoy itself.

It was after the Concert of Rhythms that the Reisman influence really took hold and his radical teachings asserted themselves.

"We were broadcasting then," he told me. "We had been the second orchestra to go on the air, I think. Vincent Lopez made his initial broadcast one week and we made ours on the Sunday following. I like to think that Lombardo listened to us and that Rudy Vallee found our type of music the kind he could sing."

That was one way of spreading his gospel of rhythm; the other came about when men left his band to organize their own. Eddie Duchin and Johnny Green, like his other pianists, are the most famous, but there are dozens of others. He even influenced English music, for he sent Billy Wagner to organize a band in London.

Society, after battling tooth and nail for his beloved noisy jazz, capitulated to his insinuating music with a rush. He told me all these things in the ultra-smart stronghold of the ultra-elite, The Central Park Casino. He had crashed that—the last retreat. As we talked amid the soft lights and the sweet music, Irene Dunne danced by. Next came one of the gayest of the debutantes. He waved at them and they smiled and waved back.

"Hi," he said soberly. "I had done that twenty years ago; their escorts would have demanded an apology."

But Leo, the radical, has remained in character. He gets a keen and sustained enjoyment from his wife and four-year-old boy, whose name is—*guess!*—Charles Martin Loeffler Reisman. And, as do all good empire-changers when the battle is won, he wears a garden and a home—trees, space and sunshine.

"Yes," he concluded. "I was looking through a little shop in Greenwich Village not long ago and I came across a door. It was a beautiful thing—a door with a story. It seemed to epitomize what I want."

"Well, if you'd like to see that door some day, drop into my place at Cohasset on Cape Cod. I told my architect to jack it up and build a house around it, and he's doing it now."

THE END

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- 2 1/4 cups hot water
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

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This most attractive young lady is Miss Connie Gates. Talented she is, too. She sings and plays her own accompaniments. You may hear her at 4:45 on Tuesdays, and on Fridays at 3:00.

**Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions on Page 73.)**

1. No. He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., and his real name is Archer Cholmondeley.
2. Al Shayne.
3. The law and nursing.
4. George Fields or "Honeyboy" of the comedy team of "Honeyboy and Sassafras".
5. Thirteen.
6. Rudy Vallee and Vivienne Segal.
7. Amos 'n' Andy, who were joined for a couple of broadcasts in May by Harrietta Widmer, taking the part of Julia Porterfield in the show.
8. In London, England, coming to America with his parents at the age of nine.
9. King Sisters.
10. Frances Langford, who in college sang in a clear high soprano and now is starred as contralto on the "Hollywood Hotel" program.
11. Irving Kaufman.
12. Horace Heidt's Brigadiers.
13. George Givot.
14. Floyd Gibbons.
15. Isador Philippi.
16. He observed his forty-first birthday on Decoration Day this year.
17. No. He is thirty-four.
18. Three boys and two girls.
19. No. Tickets are issued by the sponsors of the program.

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**never dreaming she  
might lure a man to his  
death**

"Date trading" was an old game at the Kappa Delt House. It was very simple. You phoned your date at the last moment and told him that you couldn't go, but that there was a cute little girl from the house who would take your place. Girls had been known to trade off a date for a coveted pair of earrings! Jeanne promised to get Pete

for Dodo. And she did get him, not for Dodo, but for herself and for two desperate men. What happened to Jeanne, clever, adorable Jeanne, the Campus Lure? . . . What happened to Pete, lured by love to a den of crooks? . . . Vina Lawrence tells you in a startling story of college life in the September issue of

*Sweetheart Stories* ..10¢



# FREE, FREE, FREE!

"Nothing pleases me more than to see my babies make good." He toyed absently with his fork, his eyes looked beyond the Paradise into the past. "I'll never forget the day, about ten years ago, when I was personal publicity agent for the late Marcus Loew. A young girl with blue eyes and dark hair walked into my office. Said her name was Lucille La Sour and she was a chorus girl out of a job. She wore an awful ill-fitting dress, her big eyes were red from crying.

"I immediately phoned Harry Richmond and he said he'd put her in his Club Richmond show on my recommendation. That was that, I thought. Three days later she popped into my office once more, crying again. 'Well, what's the matter now?' I asked impatiently. She needed an evening gown for the show, she said, and she hadn't any money with which to buy one. I gave her the money to buy me, just to get rid of her, and she bought a fourteen-dollar gown. Back she came to my office and insisted upon trying it on so that I could see how she looked in it. I told her to go behind the screen and change. Just as she was throwing her dress over the screen, who should walk in but—you guessed it!—Marcus Loew, the big boss himself! I was in a panic! What an embarrassing spot! There was a lovely young girl undressing behind a screen in my office! The true story would never be believed, so I started to talk fast and furious to cover my confusion and get Mr. Loew's mind away from the incident—I hadn't been a press agent for nothing! 'Mr. Loew, here's a wonderful bit for pictures. She'll be a coming star—*ah! ah! ah!*' I kept on talking like this until, to my surprise, he really began to get interested. Then the girl came out and stared at him with her big baby eyes and darned if she didn't have an appointment for a movie test before he left! On the strength of that test she was signed by Loew's company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was sent out to Hollywood. There she changed her name to Joan Crawford—and the rest is history.

"And there's another sweet chorine who's in the big star class today. I was running contests in the various night clubs, around 1923, when I first met her. I was in one club, ready to put on my 'dancing contest' when Larry Ceballos brought over a shabbily dressed little thing about thirteen years old. 'Here's a little Irish girl, Ruby Keeler, for your dancing contest,' he said. I took one look at her. But this scrawny child with her heavy shoes out on that night club floor in competition with my glamorous beauties! But Ceballos insisted and I finally consented. Well, when she got out on the floor and started to tap, you forgot all about her awful clothes and those thick-soled shoes. What a sensation! She won the prize. I offered her a job with my show and she seized the opportunity. Her mother was always with her. That girl had the greatest capacity for work. She'd take every job that was handed to her. She needed the money because she was supporting the whole Keeler family, which consisted of about four or five younger sisters. She worked for me until midnight, and I got her a job at Guinan's from twelve to four. It was at Guinan's club that she met Al Jolson. But do you

## for the asking

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Complete Stories and Features in the September issue include "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers... Henry Wilcoxon and Loreta Young in "The Crusades"... Janet Gaynor with Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"... Shirley Temple with John Boles in "Curly Top"... Peter Lorre and Frances Drake in "Mad Love"... Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in "China Seas"... Ann Sothern with Roger Pryor in "The Girl Friend"... Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti in "The Big Broadcast"... Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak in "Broadway Joe"... Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams"... Spencer Tracy in "The Murder Man"... Judith Allen in "Reckless Roads"... Onslow Stevens in "Born to Gamble"... Charles Buddy Rogers in "Old Man Rhythm"... Dick Powell with Joan Blondell in "Broadway Gondolier."



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The Self-Nursing Bra



Lullie Jean Norman, Southern belle, who sings on Willard Robinson's Sunday programs.

think that marrying one of the most famous and richest singers in the world affected the size of her head: Not in the least. She followed my act around as though she still worked in it, and in between shows she'd call for the girls backstage and take them for a ride in her imported Minerva car. She knew from experience how uncomfortable it is sitting in a hot dressing-room between performances.

"Peggy Shannon was made of the same stuff Peggy—" back he raced to the floor again to introduce a new bunch of beauties. The orchestra blared up, a half-dozen languorous show-girls floated out—and Granny was back at our table.

"Peggy Shannon" he continued evenly, as though there had been no interruption, "is another chorus girl who lited herself in her own bootstraps and landed herself in Hollywood. She was working for Earl Carroll at one hundred dollars a week, when she suddenly got the urge to act. Nothing could stop her. She left Carroll and the hundred a week and joined a stock company at thirty-five dollars. And wait—of that money she had to furnish her own stage wardrobe. There was a new play every week which meant that almost her whole salary was gone on clothes. The hours were terrific, what with rehearsing for next week's plays all day long. Carroll wanted her back and offered her one hundred and fifty dollars—and think of it—the kid had the pluck to turn it down! There's a money-mad chorine for you! Believe me, she deserved that break in the movies!"

"There are girls in my show today who are going to follow in Crawford, Keeley and Shannon's footsteps because they have that same driving ambition, that same will to get ahead. Edith Rowlee is one. She was one of the most beautiful girls in my show. She's the sort of girl who is a Broadway columnist's meat. You know, seen at the smartest places with the town's leading blades. *"Edith Rowlee was at the Mayan with Harry Richman last night!"*—*"Edith Rowlee and So-and-So are dancing at the Versailles,"* and so on. Just a dizzy playgirl. A typical dumb, party-going showgirl. Well I'll tell you how dizzy and dumb she is. Edith wants to become a dramatic actress. So she's talking voice and diction and singing and French. No matter where she is—it could be the most brilliant party of the season—she leaves early and goes home so that she can get up refreshed the next day and continue her studies. Believe it or not! Why, I remember at one of these parties she had a group of some of the richest

young men in America—great 'catches' they were—swarming around her, and she left the whole bunch flat to go home because she had a dramatic lesson at ten o'clock the next morning. She has this chorus girl's creed: 'If a man can't do me any good, he's not going to do me any harm.' The last time I saw Edith she was in a little theatre playing in stock for the training. The money there didn't compare with her showgirl salary and the work was more strenuous. She'll go places, that girl! Yet I'll wager this whole Paradise cabaret against your cocktail that when she does get to the top people will wink knowingly and say: 'Just another lucky chorus girl who knew the right man.'

No wonder Grammy thinks so lightly of his girls. And to prove it, he plucked his own wife right out of a "Vaudevians" front line. She was Rose Wenzel, one of the most sought-after little dancers on Broadway. Blonde and lively with a pert face and a slim, charming figure, she could go back to show business today, but she much prefers being Grammy's wife. And his sister-in-law is Eileen Wenzel, a stately, brunette show-girl. Do chorus girls make good wives? Rose comes to the Paradise every night just to be with him, and Grammy, a contented hubby if I ever saw one, says: "If we have any daughters they're going to be chorus girls, too!" So there!

This radio program isn't N. T. G.'s first venture into radio. Old-timers of the crystal-set days will remember when Grammy ran the tiny WHN radio station single-handed, putting on a four-hour show nightly. He brought all his Broadway pals to the microphone then Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Johnson, Richman—all were introduced to the air for the first time by the exuberant N. T. G.

I brought my 'babies' to the air then and I'm going to bring them to the air now. I want everyone to see them as the sweet, decent kids they really are."

So now you know what radio's newest purveyor of beauty thinks of chorus girls.

And what do they think of him? "Oh, Grammy—Grammy." A starry-eyed blonde with all-glistening deep-red lips rushes to our table. "Grammy, my boy friend is here waiting for you. You must meet him and tell me what you think of him!"

She pulls him away with her. "That smimed it up. Father comes over, advertiser, champion—"Grammy" to them all.

And why thousand chorus girls can't be wrong!

*The End*

**Born to be Gay**

(Continued from page 39)

love of a poor but honest man. I thought it was humk in its bunkiest form. But darned if it is! It's really true sometimes. And after you've read the missing romance chapter of Virginia Verrill's life, you can count the change in your coin purse take a big floating look at that honey of yours who tells you when and where you can step and feel a *ultra-ultra*

as you want it. At least you've got your private version of a caveman. And Virginia Verrill hasn't. 'Vee', you probably know is the first star ever to arrive at the networks via the "dubbing" route. "Dubbing" means doubling, and it came in with the talkies. Somebody had to sing for the screen actresses who couldn't. And whenever you've sat in the movies and thought you were

hearing the chants of Jean Harlow, Ruby Keeler, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Parker, Ginger Rogers and some more, you've actually been listening to the voice of Virginia Verrill. So you've really known her for a long, long time.

She didn't aspire to radio stardom but her career sort of tipped and happened anyway. She made her debut in pictures without a screen test, her debut on the air without an audition. And it neither event had bothered to happen it wouldn't have bothered Virginia. For at the time she was too young and gay to want to be famous and too wealthy to want anything she didn't already have.

(And if that makes you think some girls have all the luck—don't forget what this story's about.)

The Verrill homestead was a twenty-room mansion in Santa Monica Canyon. Mr. Verrill was one of the original land-owners in Hollywood and Mrs. Verrill was a former vaudeville headliner. And Vee then only child, had everything it takes to make little girls happy and gay. The Pacific in her front yard and snow-capped peaks in her back yard and a pony cart and dolls and dogs and a swimming pool and a governess. And a voice.

It was strange about that voice because it was always so much older than she was. From babyhood her singing tones were far more mature than her years. Once when she was four, Paul Whitman, who was a friend of her parents, lifted her up on a Los Angeles bandstand to croon *I Never Knew I Could Love Nobody* and the audience suspected ventriloquism and not Virginia. They simply couldn't believe such hot torch-burning of such a tiny tot. So to prove herself she stood in the middle of the dance-floor and went through three encores like a veteran.

Eight years later movie-goers saw Barbara Stanwyck in her first talkie "Taxi Dance". At one point in the picture, weary-eyed, wearing a tawdry lace evening dress, Miss Stanwyck swayed before a black curtain and moaned the now familiar tune:

*You can't a dance, that's what they pay me,  
Oh how they weigh me down . . .  
Butlers and waiters and bow-legged sailors  
Can all buy my love for a dime—*

Wouldn't those movie-goers have died if they'd known that the voice of the leading lady came from a twelve-year-old girl with long curls and starry eyes, wearing a middy-b blouse and bloomers, mink-trimmed to death and clutched very tightly her mother's hand.

Virginia Verrill had done her first "dubbing."

Also middy-bloused and bloomed, standing on the set watching, were her best chums Midge Evans and Benay Venuta—who were later to shine themselves in pictures and radio respectively—very excited over a trip to a studio and Vee's ten-cents-a-dancing, after school, for fifty dollars an hour.

From that day on her career just happened. She received an audition-less invitation to sing on the popular "California Melodies" program. Director W. S. Van Dyke of the M-G-M channel to be listening, sent her a wire to report on the lot next day. Adrian lifted twenty yards of red velvet on her twenty minutes after she arrived, while Percy Westmore scooped

her curls up in a puff and glorified her Cupid's bow, and Vee sang "All I Do Is Dream Of You" over her shoulder at the camera. You saw and heard that in the picture "Hide-out."

Before long she had all the microphone and movie work she could handle, what with completing Hollywood High School at the same time. She was soloist with Orville Knapp's band, vocalist at the Colony Club and the Coconut Grove, featured singer for a time on the "Hollywood Hotel" program, and her latest "dubbing" was for Jean Harlow in "Reckless." West coast radio officials and Paramount were so taken with her talents they both proffered long-term contracts. But Vee's mother, wise to the ways of show business, considered her eighteen-year-old daughter too young to undertake a real acting career.

So radio won and Virginia recently arrived at the Promised Land of all microphone artists—New York.

And now that you have the Verrill vital statistics we'll go back and get the sentimental part of this story.

Now it's hard, at first, to believe a girl like Vee can't find romance. She has five-foot-three of chorus girl figure, green eyes with lashes so long they actually tangle sometimes when she laughs, and a tilted nose like Myrna Loy's. She spends her mornings sleeping late in her Park Avenue apartment, her afternoons rehearsing at Radio City, and her evenings singing for society atop the fashionable Biltmore Hotel. And if there exist any more attractive young men than a girl would run into around those three zones, then I don't know my masculine map of Manhattan. On top of it all she has a charming young mother who entertains luxuriantly for her daughter and all the younger set of radio.

Vee gets around plenty, too. She hasn't been in New York long, but she could tell you the headwaiter's name in any of the swankier night spots. She's met all the dignitaries worth getting excited over, she's been dated and feted and lauded and gaudied-and insisted and proposed to till it would make your head swim. Not only in New York—ditto in Hollywood, since she's grown up.

Her whole life, in fact, has the perfect butterfly build-up to a deluxe modern love story. All the moonlight and tuxedo, and gav little Gladys Parker gowns and soft music and sweet nothings love stories need to make them glamorous. Every single item—but the love. That's the missing romance chapter of Virginia Verrill's life.

And do you know why? Why she can't fall in love, no matter how hard she tries? It's the simplest but most doggone feminine reason in the world: *no man has ever been a man to her and made her like it!*

Just because she's a pretty little celebrity who's always had everything she's ever wanted, including a career, men treat her like a pretty little celebrity who's supposed to keep on having everything she wants. They have the notion that she must be handled in cotton batting like a china dolly, and humored. Not one in the lot has ever stopped treating her like a radio star long enough to swear he'll walk out of her life forever if she gives that midshipman a date, or put his foot down flatly on going dancing "again tonight!"

And Vee is un-poked and sane and swell

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by  
Jane  
Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—to enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.



Hold  
the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! TWEEZ-LITE, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! \$1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye makeup liberally and defy detection! Try SHAUERTE, at \$1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also \$1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Your bluish will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.; The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3



enough to have to be treated like a regular girl in order to really fall in love.

She doesn't quite realize that though. She only realizes that there's something else she wants besides all the hubbub and adoration. She tried to tell me the other day, in her very naive and eighteen-year old fashion, how it is. The other day when we sat over tea on her terrace and discussed everything from clothes to good-bye animals to hysterical polish to—must-ably, men.

She said "Men boys, rather—are too nice to me and I just can't fall for them. Please don't think I'm haggard or conceited or snooty or anything when I say that—I'm not any of those things. But honest they are too sweet. The boys I meet try too hard to please me—they make me say how well I spend the evening—they compliment me too much—they—"

Suddenly she broke off, thoughtfully embarrassed. "Gosh, it's awful telling somebody who's going to write a story about you that all the dates you have always try to be too nice to you. Look—please do understand—"

It was mean of me, understanding, to sit there with an expression like the Great Stone Face and let her go on trying des-

perately to make herself clear. I wanted to see how she'd finish, though. She did.

"She said: 'But darn it, you *will* fall for boys who are always too sweet, can you?' I told her last night I never could fall in love with anybody who wouldn't just absolutely *be* me," and she laughed. "But you see—well, it may sound silly but I've got to have somebody who'll make me look up to him and make me walk a chalk line and please him and worry about him and—"

"Oh do forget all this. Please do. I've jugged it so terribly. You asked me why I'd never fallen in love yet and I tried to tell you really why and—"

You did. And you told me lots about Virginia Aerrill, too. That she's just plain wholesome and enough to want her beaux to be the approved, Grade A, drawing room variety of cavaliers and not just romantic cavaliers with a repertoire of sweet-sounding speeches and a reservation at the Bamboo Room.

And I not only think that's swell, but I think it's high time some of these beaux—the big boobies—caught on. You see, I want to write that romance chapter too—when it's no longer "missing."

LUR LYN

## Take a Tip from Benay

(Continued from page 42)

scribed her first dinner there.

Their dining-room was enormous, and the inner table beautifully set with rare old silver. There were huge water pitchers of silver. Champagne was served in them. When I sat down, servants were wheeling in on carts enormous cans set in blocks of ice. "Caviar!"

So overawed had Benay been by the splendor of her surroundings, drinking it all in, that she hadn't noticed her dinner companion at her left.

"Oh, my," she breathed. "Imagine serving champagne like that!"

At her left a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired young man smiled at her in disapproval. But when his eyes met hers, blue, round as saucers with wonder and delight, his expression changed. A dimple showed in his right cheek.

"I've never been in a place like this before," she breathed. "In America, it's all so different."

The young man leaned toward Benay, his eyes approving her slim figure, beautifully modeled under her simple white organza evening frock.

"Do *not* wear *any* *Hains*," he whispered "Beautiful!" And then followed a flood of German.

She didn't understand a word of it—but no one had to tell her that he was complimenting her. He spoke very little English. She spoke no German at all. It wasn't till he switched to French that she understood his extravagant phrases. And thanked her lucky stars that the teachers at Byopric had insisted upon her mastering this language.

A few dinner, servants brought them Benay a tin. "You will have a drink, no?" he inquired.

Benay shook her head no. Her heart was too full for speech. She needed no stimulant. Gently, caressing, his hand

together for an instant her shiny, wavy hair. "My California gold," he said. And that was his name for her during the idyllic days that followed.

A little later they danced, and the young Baron Heinrich forgot his stiffness in reserve. Benay talked him lamely—"It was as if we were floating on air," she told me. "I've danced with professional dancers time and again. But never the way we danced that night."

Finally the guests began to whisper among themselves. That young American girl! The Baron! *Blitz*; *still* *stand* *or*.

Fortunately, his family wasn't there to see, or to hear the whispered words of undarkness that poured from his young, eager heart. Later when the rest of the guests had come to sleep, when the night was hushed, two youngsters stood out on the porch, looking down at the forested red lakes and mountain slopes. There were three lakes together a trozen white mists, in the starry night. Heinrich had thrown his great coat over her slim shoulders. Both were covered by its protecting folds.

"I love you!" he whispered.

"I love you!" she answered breathlessly.

Early the next morning, before the rest of the guests were stirring, Benay dressed in her flame red sking suit, brushed her big golden hair till each strand shone like California sunshine, and rushed down to the dining-room for breakfast.

Heinrich was waiting for her in the dining room, as they had arranged. He looked so nice and straight and clean in his brown wooten sking suit, she drew tongue-tied with happiness.

And in that huge room the two breakfasted together every morning, long before the flurs were up. It was as if they were shut apart from the rest of the world. So in it, to happiness—together.

## NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT A Few GRAY HAIRS IF YOU GET BUSY



Almost every woman in her early 30's is alarmed to find a few gray hairs. Foolish to fret when it is so easy, clean, safe, economical to touch them up before they are noticed.

### FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

the most modern, perfected preparation for darkening graying hair; used with absolute confidence in the hygienic privacy of home. No costly expert attention needed. All the hair becomes one even lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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## Hydrosol for Itching Skin



Benay didn't know how to ski, so Heinrich taught her. Every morning they went to one of the many practice slopes. For an hour, patiently, gently, he would guide her. Then, laughing happily, they would repair to one of the many confectionery shops of St. Moritz, where all the young crowd gathered, for hot chocolate and delicious frosted cookies.

After lunch they would go skating. Or to bus-sledding down the famous Creta Run, or lugging in tiny sleds which went so fast you couldn't breathe. And at night, after dinner, they would steal away to go riding in one of the old horse-driven sleighs, up and down the quiet mountain-side.

On these long, quiet rides in the dead of night, when St. Moritz lay like a huge misty bowl beneath them, Heinrich told Benay all about his life, of the enormous estate his family owned along the Rhine, which passed from generation to generation, each successive family being trained to spend life peacefully, easily, gracefully.

And Benay tried to explain the different life in her America, where men and women both worked, and tried to carve out lives for themselves. How she had longed since tiny girlhood to be a great star, and how she had dreamed of a career.

"I suppose you will be going home to America to make your debut," Heinrich said.

"Oh, no," Benay laughed. "I've made my debut in the chorus of Fanchon and Marco."

She painted the mad, crazy life of Hollywood told him of her struggle to get ahead. She told him of her tour with the Ackerman and Hart nicknamed "The Aching Heart," vaudeville circuit; of the one-night stands; the mile in two-to-four towns. She told him of the time when she was flat broke, stranded in Seattle. And how her pride would not permit her to wire for aid to her folks, who disapproved of the whole business. She went around to night clubs, speakings, begging for a chance to sing.

Finally at the Hotel Bristol they had agreed to let her go on. That night, when she was dressing, one of the hotel officials had knocked at her door, ostensibly to go over her music with her. He had a flask to help him along.

Before long she realized what she was up against. Baldly put, it was "either you come across, or you can't sing here!"

Heinrich's strong hand over hers, clenched tightly, as she told him how she had sparred for time till her tortured brain lit on a scheme. Drink after drink she fed the visitor. And when he fell into an alcoholic stupor she rang for a bellhop to remove him, and went down and did her number, unmolested.

"Never again will you have such an experience, my sweet," Heinrich said brokenly, gathering her into his arms. "You shall live like a queen, with nothing to worry your gold head except what pretty dresses to wear. You shall see how happy we will be!"

Perhaps, had love not been such a potent drug she would have realized that such a life was not for her—that she wanted independence, striving, danger—that, once the glamour of being a Baronesse had worn off, she would not be able to live in a world of shadows. But love and

youth and the adorable Heinrich bending over her stilled any warnings she might have felt.

The Christmas holiday passed all too quickly. Tearfully the young sweethearts tore themselves away from each other. He had written his parents of his great love for this American girl, and they had wired they were coming to St. Moritz at once.

Benay had to go back to school. It was arranged that she should visit with his family during the Spring vacation, and that they would be married in the summer, directly after she graduated. They would spend their honeymoon at St. Moritz, where they had met.

Back at school, Benay had her dreams of Heinrich, tall, kind, gentle Heinrich. Perhaps she might persuade him to come to the United States, where she could continue her career. He was modern, broad-minded, not like other stiff-necked nobility she had met.

Daily she waited for word from him. But only a post-card came—which said:

*"I send best wishes for a happy New Year from the best place where I wish you."*

She was in an agony of doubt, of bewilderment. The days dragged along endlessly. She couldn't imagine why Heinrich didn't write to her, to assure her of his love, to plan for their future. Then Freda, her girl friend, told her what had happened. The Baron's family had objected.

When they heard that Benay had been in the show business, and that she possessed no great fortune, they exploded. If Heinrich wanted to throw himself away in such a misalliance they couldn't stop him. But they would disown him. He could starve, for all they would do for him!

And Heinrich, raised to do nothing, realized that it could never be. How could he support himself, his bride? He wasn't trained to do any work. And even with his "little California gold," he could not face the prospect of starving.

As Benay listened she choked back her tears. But in the privacy of her room, on her narrow bed, she collapsed. That dreadful aching in her heart! "He doesn't want you. . . . He doesn't love you" ringing through her brain.

Abruptly she quit school and came home. Europe no longer held anything to lure her. Slowly agonizingly, she tormented her way ahead on the air. And slowly but surely thoughts of the young Baron Heinrich gradually grew dimmer and dimmer.

"At the time it happened," she told me. "I thought I had got a pretty raw deal. I thought that was the end of everything for me. It proved the beginning."

"Am I glad things turned out as they did? What do you think?"

"First I would have never had my career, and I've dreamed of being a star since I was that high. And secondly, I would never have known what real love is." For today Benay Venturi is madly in love with a clean-cut, genuine he-man, an American business man, who thinks her career is swell.

So, girls take a tip from Benay. Don't pass up boyish unpolished Teddy next door while you mean for a title. Stick to the home-grown product. And you'll be glad you did!

THE END



## Finale

WHEN the drummer has crashed the last crescendo and the bass viol has been put under wraps — then it's time to eat. And whether it's on the kitchen table or over a lunch counter — about the best you can get is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. Because they digest easily, they'll let you sleep so soundly that you'll enjoy that morning dash for the 8:18.

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# here are the answers



## Uncle Answer Man takes the matter up with the stars



**GRACIOUS** sakes, doesn't your Answer Man have enough trouble with missives without having to worry about chain letters? One correspondent writes that people out her way (Kansas) are getting thirty to fifty dimes in every mail. Your Uncle would gladly go into this thing, but if he made all that money he'd probably dash off to Bermuda or somewhere, and then where would all the curious readers of **RADIO STARS** be, eh?

The only kind of letter Unkie would go into would be one that would help his question-answering art. For instance, if a chain letter could spread his assurance: (1) That one of the surest ways *not* to get tickets to broadcasts is to write to him; (2) that he really can't answer letters personally; (3) that he must of necessity confine his answers to questions asked about network artists; and (4) that each correspondent should confine himself to two questions, then a great work would have been accomplished.

Having polished that off, Uncle A. M. will endeavor to show you in his own inimitable way how he turned inquiring reporter and took your last batch of letters around Radio Row to put the questions right up to the artists themselves.

**Unkie:** Ah, there, **Peggy Allenby**. Do tell me your birth-date, height, weight and stuff like that. And, by the way, are you married?

**Peggy:** Yes, I am. To **John McGovern**, the one who used to be the NBC production man—and don't be getting familiar, or I'll have him take you apart! Anyhow, I was born February 14th, 1907, in New York City. I am five feet six inches tall, I weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if you'd use your eyes you would see for yourself that I

have dark hair, brown eyes and skin that's fair. **Unkie:** Fair enough! *You hoo*, there, **Myrtle Vail**, I have some readers who're simply screaming for the cast of your Myrt and Marge show.

**Myrtle:** Which is no reason you should scream! Anyway, just to keep you quiet: **Myrt**, Myrtle Vail (that's I'm); **Marge**, Donna Danvers; **Jack Arnold**, Vinson Haworth; **Clarence Tiffinguffer** (the sweet thing!), Ray Hedge (who's really a regular guy); **Biddie**, the cop, Vincent Coleman; **Phyllis Rogers**, Dorothy Day; **Billy DeVere**, Eleanor Reila; **Mr. Hayfield**, Karl Way; **Sunford Malone**, Reg Knorr; **Mr. Armstrong**, Eugene McGillen; **Ayatha Folsom**, Violet LeClair; **Mrs. Armstrong**, Jeanne Juvalier; **Jimmy Minter**, Ray Appleby; **Lorraine Robbins**, Joan Myers. Now go 'way!

**Unkie:** Soitinty, Moit, on account of here comes **Carlo** of Captain Henry's Show Boat. Hey, Carlo, tell me something about yourself.

**Carlo:** With pleasure, Señor. My real name is Santos Ortega. My father was Spanish, my mother Irish. But strangely enough, I can't speak Spanish. I spoke it fluently when I was a boy, but I'm getting along in years now, I'm twenty-eight. Still, after experience on the Broadway stage, I've learned to play Spaniards, Irish cops, Italians, Russians and other types. I also like to play cowboys.

**Unkie:** Oh, goody! You be the cowboy and I'll be the Indian. Oh, no, here comes my assistant, **Snooper O'Flaherty**. Say, Snoop, did you find out yet whether **Lanny Ross** is going to make a picture this year?

**Snooper:** Well, the studio rumor mongers say certainly not until this fall, if at any time. Lanny wasn't satisfied with the rôle he played in his last picture, 'tis said, and if he does (Continued on page 72)

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