

JOE PENNER'S DUCK'S GOOSE IS COOKED!

Radio Stars

SEPTEMBER

10

CENTS

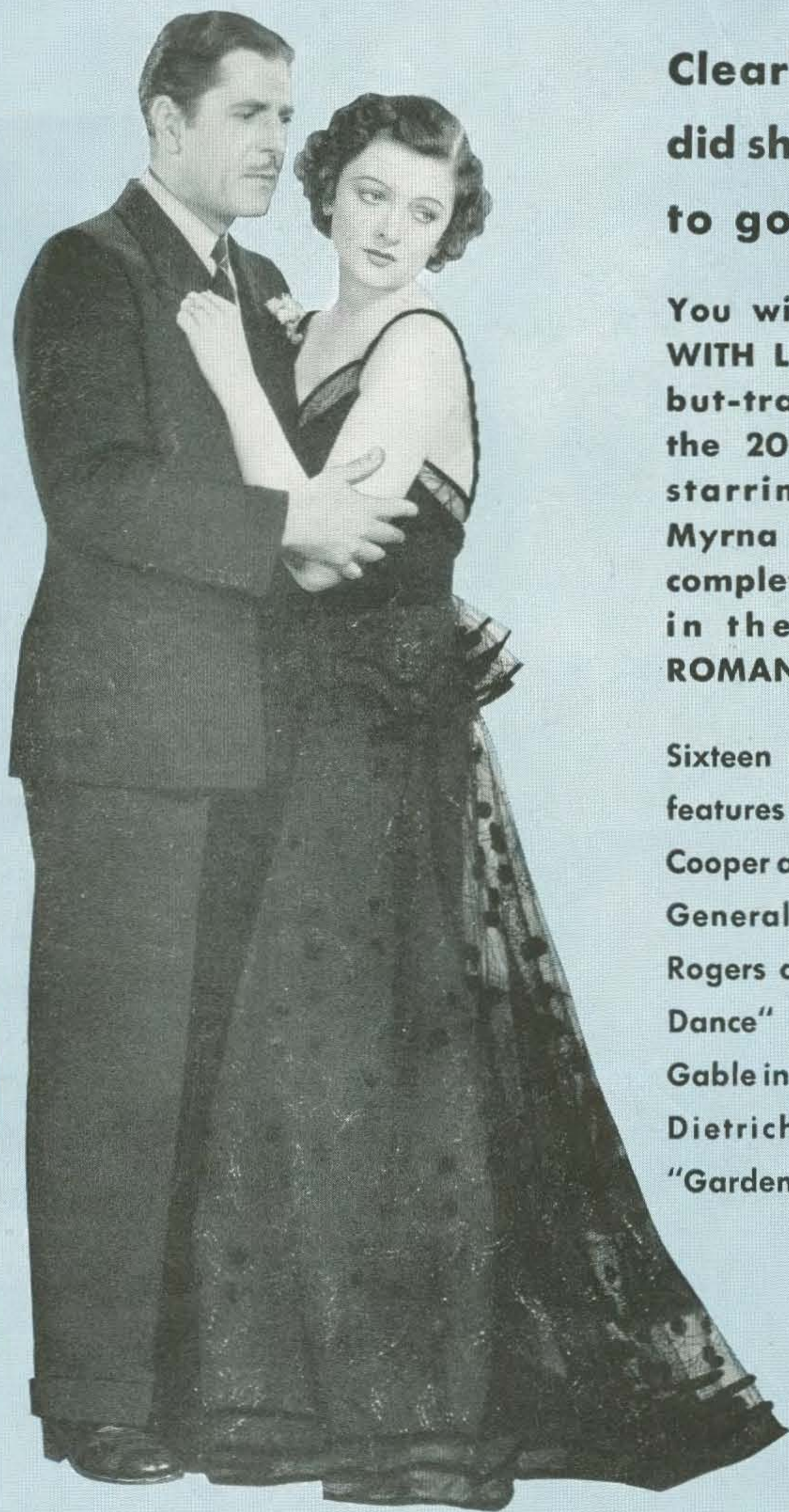
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE



*Jiffi
D'orsay*

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY GOES ON THE AIR!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT -



Clearly she saw it—but did she have the courage to go through with it?

You will thrill to "TO MARY—WITH LOVE," a tender and all-but-tragic romance, based on the 20th Century-Fox picture, starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Be sure to read the complete story of this new hit in the September **SCREEN ROMANCES**.

Sixteen complete screen stories and features for September include: Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll in "The General Dies At Dawn" • Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "I Won't Dance" • Marion Davies and Clark Gable in "Cain and Mabel" • Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in "Garden of Allah."

ALSO

A COMPLETE NOVEL
"LOST HORIZON"

starring

RONALD COLMAN

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

SEPTEMBER Issue Now On Sale Everywhere

Baby in Wonderland!

Special care ... special foods ...
even a special laxative ... no wonder he thrives!



YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a *special* kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a *special* food formula. He advises *special* baby soap... *special* baby powder... yes, even *special* baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made *especially* for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Yes, even in "half-doses!"*



Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—and only—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach—as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a *child's laxative*, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.



And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

25 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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CHIC
*The Luxury of
Quality
plus Quantity*



CHIC is a luxurious polish, yet it comes in an extra large bottle that makes your love of sumptuousness a real economy. With Chic only 10c, you can afford several lovely shades. Chic applies satiny smooth. It never chips or peels and its jewel colors range from natural to exotic. With Chic Polish Remover, plain or oily, and Chic Cuticle Remover, a Chic manicure takes less time than a "make-up." Chic gives the ultimate in quality, speed of application, luminous smart tones; in an over-sized bottle that will satisfy your desire for both beauty and value.

Chic Manicure Requisites at all Five and Ten Cent Stores **10¢**

RADIO STARS

AMERICA'S
GORGEOUS
GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once
Will Ever Be Content...!"

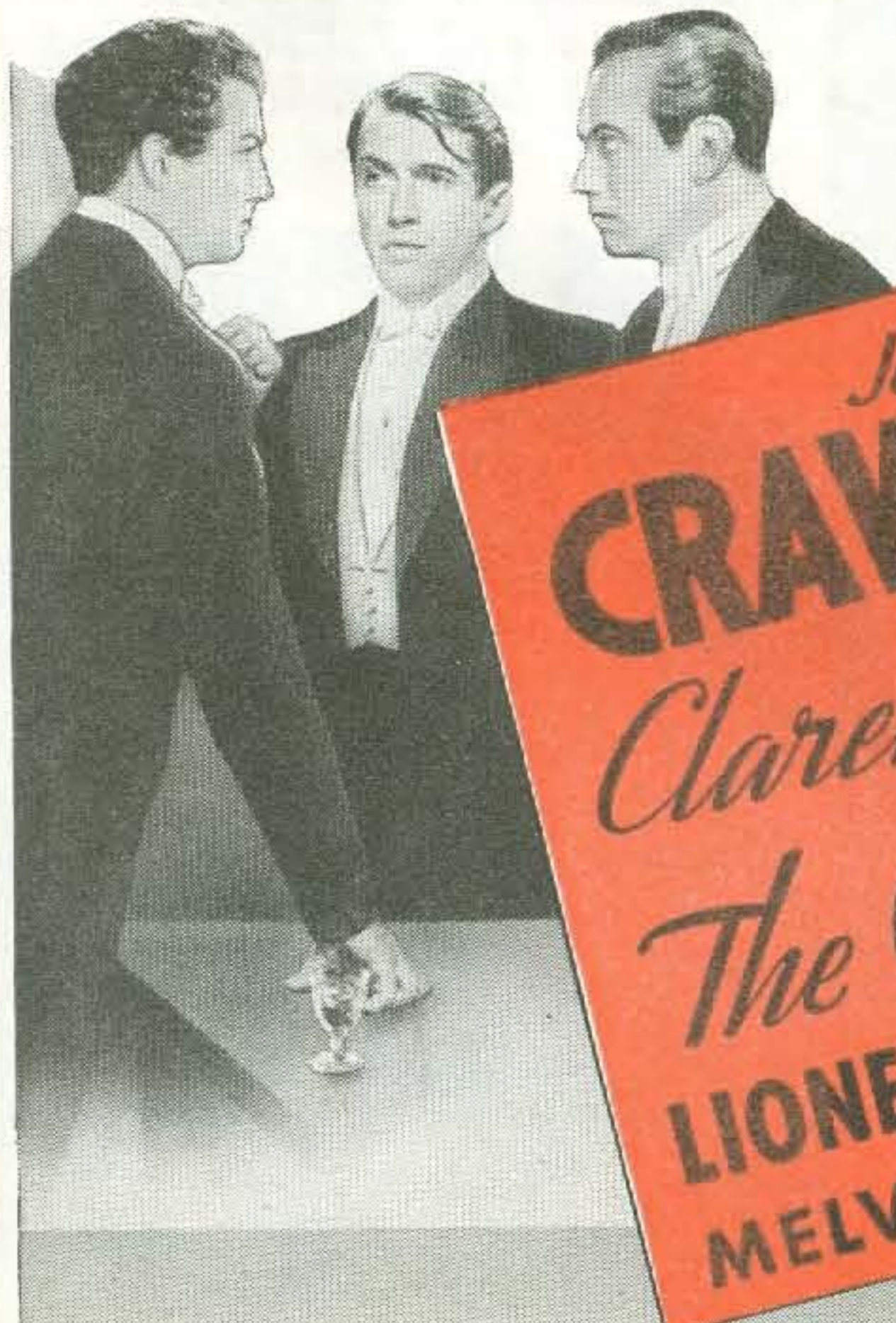
M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

*Six Headline Stars in the New
Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama*

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage—Franchot Tone (above).



Robert
TAYLOR
Joan
CRAWFORD · *IN*
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSY
LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by

CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Bringing you latest tidings of your favorites of the airways.

And so another month rolls around. . . . Sometimes we feel as if we were standing still while the seasons race past. It seems only a moment since we were looking forward to the first warm day. . . . Well, is this hot enough for you?

Offering distraction to the heat waves, the airwaves flow sweetly this summer. Even vacationing stars, many of them, continue their broadcasts. Others, temporarily absent, leave in their accustomed places delightful substitutes.

In place of Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddy, Margaret Speaks now stars on the *Firestone* program and its high order of entertainment makes the Monday night spot a welcome one on our dials.

Stoopnagle and Budd make a holiday of *Town Hall Tonight* during the absence of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa.

Phil Baker's Sunday evening broadcast is taken over for the summer by Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

Pick and Pat have signed on the dotted line for thirteen additional weeks on *Showboat*, which quashes the rumor that the Thursday night hour is fading.

Lanny Ross, however, is missing from *Showboat's* roster. With his wife, Olive White, he is enjoying a two-months' European holiday.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, pinch-hitting again for Walter Winchell, gives one cause to wonder why such delightful entertainment should not have its permanent place in the radio scheme.

Our old friends, Clara, Lu 'n' 'Em, radio's original back-fence gossips, are back on the air after a five-months' absence. During this time Clara (Mrs. Paul Mead) has become the mother of a fine baby boy. Em (Mrs. John Mitchell) has been enjoying a vacation in California and Mexico. And Lu (Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer) has been catching up on parties that busy broadcasting days made impossible.

They're on the air Fridays at 9:30 (EDST) on the NBC-Blue network.

Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, now is broadcasting from Radio City. Her husband, Walter Wicker, now on an indefinite leave of absence from *Today's Children*, is making a tour looking over the Wicker properties and Irene, with her two children, Nancy and Walter, Junior, her secretary and the Wicker dog, Mike, is settled in a suburb home on the eastern coast, which she has rented for the summer.

Lily Pons, who has been enjoying the past two months at her home in Silvermine, Connecticut, leaves it in August to fulfil a picture engagement in Hollywood with RKO-Radio Pictures.

August, also, will find Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon, with his concert (Continued on page 86)

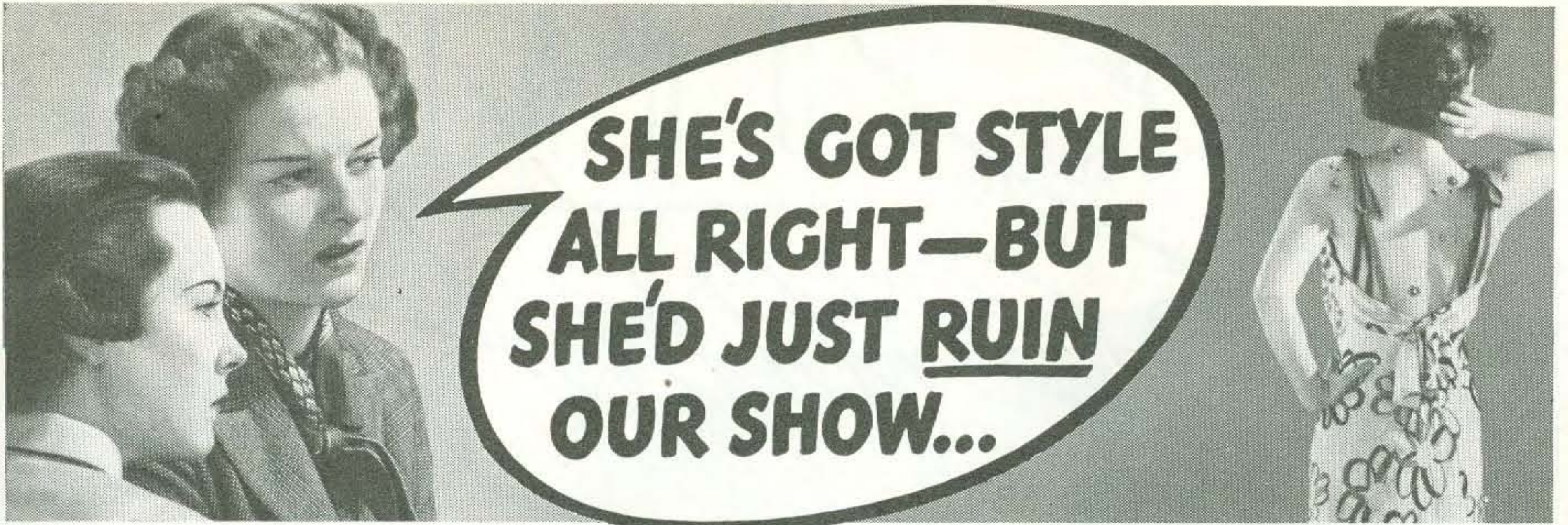
Ken Murray is a Texas Ranger! Marlyn Stuart presents him with Governor Allred's commission at Texas' Centennial.



Above, Alice Frost, Walter O'Keefe and Deane Janis of *Camel Caravan*, with Radio Stars' medal awarded them for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Below, Leslie Howard, soon to be seen as *Romeo* in MGM's *Romeo and Juliet*, strolling with his daughter, Leslie Ruth.





READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW



THAT'S FINE, KAY... YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU... SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS



HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?

SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!



I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO... EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW... IT CLEARED UP MINE!

IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!



LATER

BABS... JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!



WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

KEEP YOUNG AND *Beautiful*

ONE MAN'S FAMILY or another's—they all have much the same problems to meet, particularly where children are concerned. Guiding daughter through the oftentimes aggravating stages of personal beauty, from the rag-curler entry to the beau-surrounded graduation into a career or marriage, is fraught with problems and sometimes with minor crises. Eavesdropping on *One Man's Family*, or another, you would be pretty sure to hear something like this:

Very small daughter, weepingly: "But mommie, I don' *wanna* have my hair brushed!"

Small son complainingly: "Aw, mom, I *did* wash my hands once!"

Fourteen-year-old daughter, petulantly: "All the other kids use lipstick, why can't I?"

One Man's Family, as you know, is one of the

most popular dramatic programs on the air. Its author, Carlton Morse, has written a radio serial which is a true picture of American family life today. The Barbour family has become a real family to the radio audience. This four-year-old program brings to the air in popular form the age-old conflict between conservative parents and their more liberal-minded children. As such, it has definite social value and purpose, because it provides a dramatic means for getting both parents and children to understand each other's problems.

How important such an understanding is! I receive letters from so many daughters who confide in me beauty problems which they can't or won't confide in their mothers. Acne, that frequent adolescent complexion trouble, is a tragedy which has caused many tears. Yet girls write me so often:

"Mother says it's just my age—there's nothing I can do

Sweet, curly-headed, small Ann Shelley is *Joan*, the radio daughter of *Claudia*, of *One Man's Family*.



By Mary

Biddle



And here's Kathleen Wilson (Claudia) with her very own baby daughter, Joan.

about it. Other girls have nice skin. There *must* be something I can do. Won't you help me?"

Being a "Fatty" or a "Skinny" brings almost as many heartbreaks. One little girl writes:

"I come home from school every night and cry because the kids tease me and call me 'Fatty.' I can't tell mother because she wouldn't understand."

Another girl writes: "We are very poor, but still I try to keep nice and neat. I have to use laundry soap for my face, maybe that is why my skin is so bad. But mother says you have to be born pretty to be pretty, anyhow. Do you think this is so?"

Being "pretty" is tremendously important to girls who want to have friends and good times and a normal amount of admiration. Mothers sometimes don't understand how important "being pretty" is.

In the *A B C's* of beauty for a small daughter, I would have the *A* stand (Continued on page 74)

"It's amazing how quickly



Camay works its Magic"



ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Betty Drewry
(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

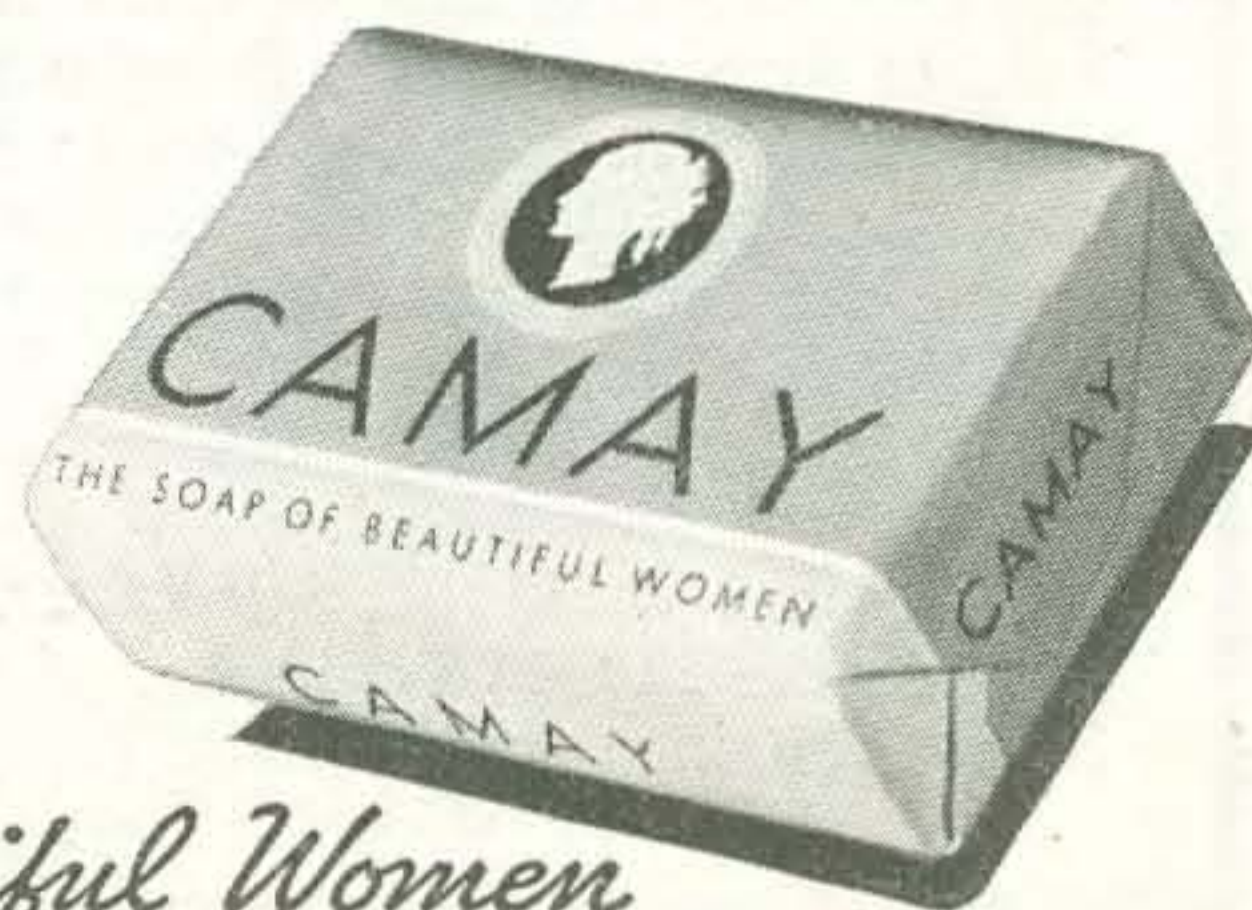
THE minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of *your* complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of

them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—*definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

THE RADIO HOSTESSES FRED ALLEN AND PORTLAND

Food favorites of your popular
Town Hall Tonight favorites

By Marjorie Deen

HERE they come, here they come, folks, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. For "*It's Town Hall, Tonight!*" and once again "*The Town Hall News tells all!*"

Only on this occasion it will be cooking news instead of madly improbable world events that will be featured. And Fred will relinquish his position as author, director and star for this special broadcast, in favor of his amusing *stooge*, constant companion and devoted wife, Portland.

Can't imagine Portland knowing anything about



Above, Fred and Portland sit down to a tasty lunch at their camp in Maine.

Left, casserole of cheese is one of the Allen family's favorite lunch dishes.



Courtesy Borden's

culinary matters, though, can you? Well, I'll admit she doesn't *sound* like the kind of a gal who would care to give a minute's thought to the preparation of a meal. But that just goes to show you that you should never judge radio performers by their voices or the characters they portray on the air.

Take Portland, for instance. The original "Tally Ho-o" girl of the radio is less like the type of person she represents on her husband's programs than anyone you could hope to meet. Furthermore it would take but five minutes of conversation with her to convince you that she really meant what she

said, when she told me: "One of the main reasons for looking forward to our summer holiday is the chance it will give me to get out into a real kitchen and cook to my heart's con-

tent! I expect to have a lot of fun doing it."

You and I might find it a little hard to believe that anyone could possibly look forward to cooking in summer! But Portland does. Why, she fairly beamed with pleasure at the prospect, as she described some of the dishes she plans to make during their three months of well-earned rest—away from the mike and studios.

In fact, right now, as you read this, the Allens are vacationing in their seashore cottage "down in Maine." In that restful spot Fred can relax completely and forget the winter's grind of writing an hour's weekly program. (He is one of the few comedians on the air, you know, who prepares all the material for his broadcasts.) And, for the next few weeks—while Stoopnagle and Budd pinch-hit for him amusingly on the *Hour of Smiles* program—Fred will give scarcely a thought to the hundreds who weekly crowd into NBC's largest studio and the millions who tune in on his broadcasts. No gags to write! No cameras to face! No amateurs to introduce with merry (and sometimes caustic) quips! Just a summer vacationer, even as you and I, with a few visitors—friends and family—and Portland cheerily doing the work in the simple five-room bungalow and cooking the tempting dishes that they both enjoy.

"It's such a simple little place, really," Portland said, in describing their summer home to me. "There is linoleum on all the floors so it's easy to keep clean. I have

PRESENTS HOFFA



only an oil stove to cook on but I can do wonders with it," she went on. "It has an oven, so I can roast, too. "Bake?" she said in answer to my query. "No, I can't bake, except hot breads. We often have corn bread and bran muffins, for we are very partial to those. But I don't go in for desserts, cakes, pies and the like. We would rather finish off our meal with a salad, anyway. But I'm so glad to get away from a hotel kitchenette that I really cook lots of things—all summer long. Generally I try to cook in the morning, when it's cool and before we've made plans for the day. Then the food is on hand when we get back from swimming, or if unexpected company drops in."

I was very much interested in that last statement of Portland's. For it placed her definitely in one school of thought where summer cooking is concerned. Women, you know, generally proceed along one of two lines when it comes to summer meal planning. The members of one group specialize in "just throwing a meal together at the last minute" generally to the accompaniment of much clattering of dishes and rushing hither and yon. The other group—to which Portland so obviously belongs—prefers to plan (Continued on page 52)

TROUBLE... at 22 Winterset Street



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1936

I swear I'm leaving John for good! I worked like blazes over that dinner party—but now he says my linens didn't look nice—and he's sure the guests noticed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1936

Can you beat it? Mother says my clothes do have that tattle-tale gray look. It's not my fault, she claims, but my soap doesn't wash perfectly clean. Guess I better take her advice and change to her pet soap.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1936

Wh-e-e-e! Fels-Naptha did the trick. That grand golden soap is so packful of naptha it washes spic-and-span and John's as pleased as pie. From this day on, I'm telling the world—
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



Bernice G. Rutledge
NOTARY PUBLIC



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. MAM 9-36

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EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the summer months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. MARCH OF TIME (CBS).....86.8
Dramatic news highlights of the world.
2. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS).....85.0
No matter what your choice, Andre plays it and plays it well.
3. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).....83.6
Stoopnagle and Budd successfully subbing for Fred Allen.
4. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).....81.8
The biggest stars of Hollywood in radio versions of screen hits.
5. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....81.7
Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.
6. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA; JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).....81.5
Musical delights with Jessica's voice featured.
7. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC).....78.7
Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe and the songs dearest to your heart.
8. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (NBC) (CBS).....78.7
Musical arrangements de luxe.
9. A & P GYPSIES (NBC).....78.4
Recent winner of the Distinguished Service Award.
10. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC).....77.5
The extraordinary soprano, Margaret Speaks.
11. AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).....76.8
Still specializing in sound philosophy and humor.
12. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC).....76.3
Guest stars have been cramping Ben's style somewhat.

13. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC).....75.9
Rudy Vallee continues to glorify the variety programme.
14. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC).....75.8
All-star attractions from everywhere.
15. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).....75.8
Sunshine for a rainy Sunday.
16. BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....75.7
Bing gets a bit too informal, at times.
17. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....75.5
The Lux program is stealing its stuff.
18. MELODIANA WITH FRANK MUNN AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....75.0
The ever-popular Frank Munn again.
19. YOUR HIT PARADE (CBS).....74.8
Favorite of the younger set.
20. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).....73.7
Gracie Allen and we dare you not to laugh.
21. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITE-MAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC).....73.4
Variety on a most pretentious scale.
22. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC).....73.2
Smith Ballew has turned out to be a much better m. c. than Al Jolson.
23. RICHARD HIMBER AND HIS MUSIC.....72.8
Distinctive arrangements.
24. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....72.5
The air's most popular drama.
25. ED WYNN (NBC).....72.3
Some of the jokes may be old, but Ed can twist 'em into new like nobody else.
26. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....72.0
Heart-throbs mostly.
27. IRENE NOBLETT, TIM RYAN AND DON WILSON WITH VOORHEES ORCHESTRA (NBC).....72.0
Pinch-hitting for Jack Benny.
28. PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).....71.8
Leo Reisman's music—sprightly, as usual.
29. FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" (CBS).....71.8
Roosevelt or Landon?
30. BOAKE CARTER (CBS).....71.7
Facts fearlessly spoken.
31. EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BARLOW AND COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).....71.6
Musical lessons.
32. WALTZ TIME (NBC).....71.4
Bernice Claire with Abe Lyman's music.
33. MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).....71.0
Puffing along without Lanny Ross.
34. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).....70.9
The critics and the Major don't seem to get along.



REVIEW

35. THE WORLD DANCES—LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....70.0
Major Bowes' opposition.
36. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....70.0
Putting the spotlight on what you should see in the news world.
37. CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).....69.3
The Lullaby Lady and you'll love her.
38. FOLIES DE PAREE WITH THE HOWARDS (NBC).....68.8
Eugene and Willie Howard with Fifi D'Orsay. Lively, tuneful.
39. MARION TALLEY (NBC).....68.5
The former Metropolitan opera star.
40. VOX POP, THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).....67.0
Professional questions and amateur answers.
41. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).....66.4
Change partners!
42. GANG BUSTERS (CBS).....66.2
Phillips Lord and his private war on crime.
43. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).....66.1
Gus Van, head man.
44. MUSICAL TOAST WITH JERRY COOPER, SALLY SCHERMERHORN, AND RAY BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....66.0
Jerry sounds like Bing.
45. EASY ACES (NBC).....65.5
Jane and Goodman should change the name of their act.
46. THE ATLANTIC FAMILY ON TOUR (CBS).....65.2
Bob Hope is the comic find of 1936.
47. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC).....64.8
Rachel Carlay—oo, la, la!
48. CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER (NBC).....64.2
Mistress of the monologue.
49. MARY MARLIN (CBS).....63.8
Her life unfolded.
50. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).....62.7
Trying to make you forget that Phil Baker is on vacation.
51. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (NBC).....62.0
Fibber's a great guy all right.
52. FRANK FAY (NBC).....61.8
Frank depends an awful lot on past performances.
53. THE SINGING LADY (NBC).....61.2
Irene Wicker. Be sure to listen.
54. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC).....61.0
Stock company of the air.
55. WILDERNESS ROAD (CBS).....60.3
Amusing melodrama of by-gone days.
56. VIC AND SADE (NBC).....60.0
Genuinely funny.
57. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (Continued on page 68)



Flatters your Skin in glaring sun! NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!



POND'S "SUNLIGHT" Shades soften the hard glare of the sun on your face

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond's new "glare-proof" powder shades change all that! Scientifically blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, they soften its glare on your skin... Make it flattering! Away from the dark, deadening "sun-tan" powders—Pond's "Sunlight" shades give a rich, glowing look to your tan. Lovely with no tan!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.
2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



SCHOOLED TO SMARTNESS



Left, a culotte in hunting-green jersey, blouse of red and green plaid flannel. Jersey tie matches the culotte. Below, a one-piece blue velveteen, with nickel note-book rings fastening white pique collar and cuffs and the belt. Right, black transparent velvet with pleated white taffeta "fins"—perfect for tea-dance or evening dates.



BEING the baby of the family has its good and bad points, Patti Pickens will tell you. Or maybe she doesn't have to, because any girl who has had older sisters has the same sort of problem. You know how it is, older sisters never pay any heed to your desire to look and act the least bit sophisticated. Instead, they always give you advice about everything—make-up, clothes, beaus and lines. Of course, it's a little different in Patti's case because she shares a career with her sisters and has to be taken seriously, regardless of her youthfulness in their eyes!

Jane Pickens has been taking all the fashion laurels for the family this year, what with being voted one of the three smartest stars in radio. But little Patti can take her bows, too, because she has that dashing, youthful *flair* for clothes that is so eye-arresting in the 'teens and early twenties.

Patti has charm plus. Slender but softly curved, she's one of those lucky youngsters who can slip right into a small-size dress. Her voice is softly slurring, her hair is a pretty medium blonde shade and her eyes are mostly green. I asked her if she called their color "hazel" and she said: "I suppose they are, but don't you really think they are mostly green?" So mostly green, they are. As

she got a great kick out of posing in each of them, even though the *NBC* photographer told me that she recently had been asked to pose again and again for all sorts of publicity stunts.

Patti and I just fell for the new Gladys Parker clothes. And I bet you have, too, just from looking at these pictures of them. Gladys Parker, you know, is the gal who, for years, has drawn giddy *Flapper Fanny* for the newspapers and written those sage bits of advice under each picture. She looks just like *Flapper Fanny* herself—has the same pert way of talking.

Several years ago, she decided that young girls needed clothes that really expressed their individuality. And having a lot of grand ideas in her head, she set to work to design a whole collection of costumes, in order to show

for her hair, she wanted me to say it was her own color and had never been lightened. "And it won't go brownette, either," she added vehemently. "I don't like the sound of that shade, even if it may be the loveliest color imaginable!"

There's great naturalness to this youngest Pickens. And she has a tremendous enthusiasm for things. She thought it was fun to pick a school wardrobe from Gladys Parker's early fall collection. And

By Elizabeth

Ellis

fashion people what she meant. She not only made all the designs, but she sewed every costume and finally ran a one-woman fashion show of her own, modelling every dress! You can't beat that for initiative and it should prove an inspiration to all of you who hope someday to design clothes yourself.

Since that single-handed performance, Gladys Parker has branched out as an important designer of young, wearable and original clothes,



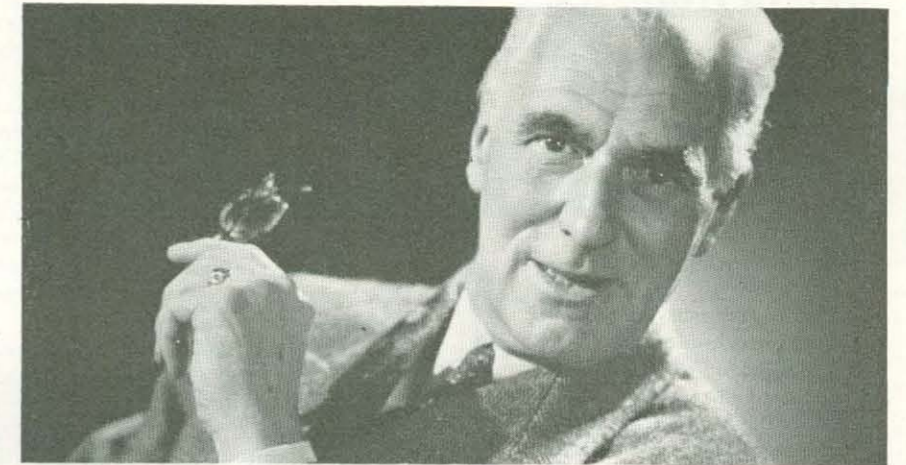
A perfect outfit for fall activities. Velveteen jacket, tweed skirt, flannel blouse.

which are sold all over the country. She gives provocative names to most of her dress designs and she can dash off the most swagger sports suit one minute and very swish, prom-trotter evening clothes the next. I think the best description of her fashion style is that it has "swing."

But back to Patti. I thought that it would be timely to talk about school (Continued on page 88)

career or home-girl

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



YOUR doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with per-

fect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to your children.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

If you have been taking nasty, druggish-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-96
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Patti Pickens selects a school wardrobe. Good, too, for a

RADIO GUNS FOR

Is radio, in bringing into homes a better understanding of political problems, going to elect our country's next president?

By George Kent

THIS greatest of all election years, it's up to the ladies—the girls who vote. They've had the ballot a long time and to date it hasn't mattered much. But this year they hold the key. The wisecracks all agree that the party that captures the female vote wins the *White House*. Which being the case, you're going to see history made between now and November. Especially radio history because this, above all, is a radio election.

You're going to hear eighty per cent. of the campaign right in your loudspeaker.

You're going to hear something like ten billion words. This, according to the best available estimates. Words poured into the air by some 50,000 speakers. Many of the voices untried. Rank amateurs. Some of the voices will be those of the great—President Roosevelt, Ex-President Hoover, members of the Cabinet, senators, congressmen, judges, captains of industry, farm leaders, and local big shots.

You're going to hear them over the three networks. And over the powerful individual stations. They're going to cannonade out of phonograph records in the honky-tonk sta-

tions. No ear, however small and pink, however plugged with cotton, will be safe from electioneering. The arguments, the statistics, the assaults, the entreaties will come hammering into tin cabins and onyx chateaus, into *Model T's* and *Rolls-Royces*.

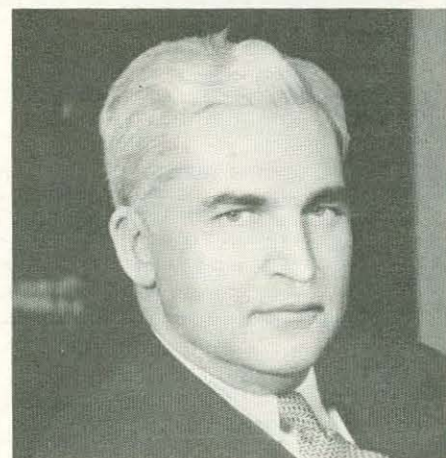
You're going to see more money spent on radio than ever has been spent before on a single enterprise. Between now and election day, the authorities figure, all parties will



Thomas L. Sabin, chairman of the Republican National Committee's Radio Commission.

spend between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Which is more than three times as much as ever was spent before. Which is about the sum the Rudy Vallee program has cost its sponsors in the seven years it has been on the air! Heavy dough and it's going to be squandered like water. Even the Communists will spend.

In the last Presidential election, Republicans spent \$421,123; Democrats, \$336,508. Less than one-million dollars. This year radio time is more expensive—and vastly more of it is going to be used. The President usually speaks free of cost, but has to pay like anybody else when he makes a campaign speech. He's



Indiana's popular Governor, Paul V. McNutt, brings youth and vision into politics.

And They Said It Couldn't Happen in America!

Mystic oaths of secrecy that curdle the blood. . . . Savage floggings by night. . . . Ruthless intimidation, political wire-pulling . . . and murder. *The Black Legion!*

What is the real truth about this terror cult menacing America with torture and lynch law? What part did women play in this amazing network? Is the combine smashed, or is it only waiting to strike at organized government?

Read "Secrets of the Black Legion" in the September **INSIDE DETECTIVE**. Chief Henry Piel, of the Detroit Police, gives the complete picture of the Black Legion—a picture that will startle those who believe that such things "can't happen here!"

Other important features for September include nine true stories of crime and punishment, illustrated by exclusive police photos.

The September Issue is Out!

INSIDE DETECTIVE

On Sale Everywhere . . . 10c

BALLOTS 'SWEETHEARTS FOREVER'

—when she learned—



H. V. Kaltenborn, noted political commentator, keeps us informed on current events.

going to deliver at least twenty. At the rate of \$30,000 or more, this is dough. His rival will talk more.

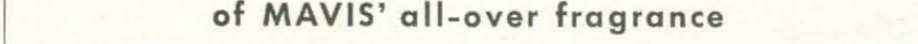
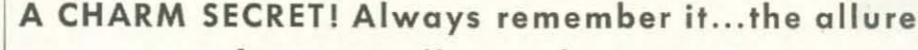
You're going to hear a more entertaining brand of politics than ever you heard before. Speeches will be shorter. Oh, yes, they have learned that mere radio time is not enough. The President has taught that. Two hours of *blat* and *blah* will bore the most conscientious. More eight-minute speeches. More fifteen-minute orations. Fewer hour-long political lullabies.

And more music. There also will be satires, skits, comic monologues. A lot of out-of-work stars are going to have political jobs these next few months, reading lines calculated to crush the rival candidates. Privately, the slogan is: "*Laugh them out of office.*" There will be singing. Political amateur nights.

Virtually every known radio record is going to topple during the next few months. For the first time in your careers you are going to enjoy politics.

The campaign which always, in all previous history, has been waged in the evening hours, this year will be fought out over the air in the daytime. At least half of this radio angling for votes will take place in the morning and afternoon.

The reason for this? Well, in the first place, radio time is cheaper during the day. In the second and more important place, these are the hours to catch the housewife. Mornings from now on will be less clogged with recipes, style and shopping talks and more (Continued on page 90)



A CHARM SECRET! Always remember it...the allure of MAVIS' all-over fragrance

Straight from Paris—comes this delightful first-aid to feminine charm. Mavis gives you a feeling of constant freshness—a tantalizing fragrance men can't resist . . . Always—after you bathe, before you dress—safeguard your daintiness with delightful Mavis all over. It keeps you fresh all day—or evening . . . Mavis brings you Spring-time enchantment at any season. And

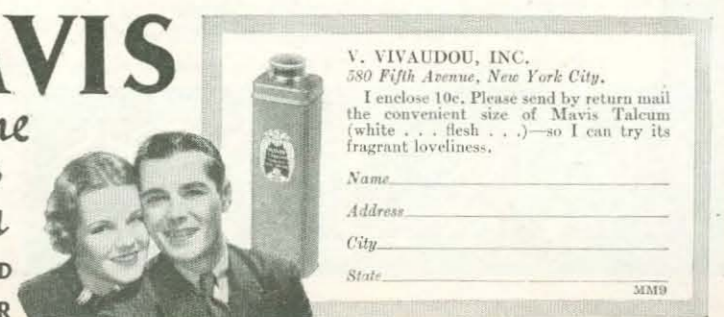
it actually *protects* your skin—prevents dryness . . . Remember this before-you-dress beauty rite. You'll enjoy it! And so will those around you! Try Mavis today.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum

IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .) —so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

WINNER!



Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of **MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH**, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms and legs. Marchand's alone keeps you dainty and alluring—*all over*. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in your drugstore. Or use coupon below.

WANTED! ATTRACTIVE BLONDE FOR FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK

Marchand Blonde-Of-The-Month contest. Full details in your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or use coupon.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... M.G. 936

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Ed Wynn

Radio has no performer who takes his job more seriously than does Ed Wynn, the genius of gagdom. He is consistently conscientious about the preparation of his programs. Little do his listeners realize the wearying hours he spends each week rounding out what he hopes is an enjoyable half hour for them.

Ever since Ed Wynn came to radio, he has succeeded nobly in making listeners laugh and laugh heartily. After he retired from the air in 1935, he was besieged with thousands and thousands of letters and personal requests to return. He was genuinely missed. He came back for Plymouth with ether antics just as laugh-provoking as he ever used.

Ed Wynn has become a symbol, not only of comedy, but of radio, as well. The mention of his name immediately suggests the best of fun and merriment. His humor is for young and old, for Park Avenue and Tenth, for the General Store and the ship at sea. It has no limitations.

Lending invaluable assistance to Ed Wynn on his Plymouth Program are Graham McNamee and his contagious chuckle; Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; the King's Men; and the Girls Octet.

To Ed Wynn and his Plymouth Program—a grand relief from the cares of day—RADIO STARS magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Lester C. Grady
—Editor.

"I'D GIVE UP MOVIES FOR RADIO!"

"I could live my own life, on the air," says
Ginger Rogers. "And work and grow with radio."

I SAID to Ginger: "If you had to make a definite choice between radio and pictures—if you were told that you could be a picture star or a radio star for the rest of your natural life—which would you choose to be?"

Said Ginger, without hesitation: "A radio star."

"But why?" I asked, while in glittering procession the Rogers screen triumphs panoramaed before my mind's eye.

"For so many reasons," said Ginger, "that I'll get jumbled up trying to explain them. First of all, because it would be something new for me. And I always take a vital interest in anything new. New countries, new people, new problems, new things to do, intrigue me! I dislike roots and rules of three and routines."

I remembered some of Ginger's enthusiasms—remembered Ginger's mother telling me about Ginger's childhood conquest of the piano. It seems that when Ginger was about eight, she took to thumping the piano keys lustily and with horrendous discord. Perhaps from an instinct of self-preservation, certainly because Mrs. Rogers always tried to develop any interest or talent of Ginger's, she got a teacher for Ginger. And for three months the small, determined Ginger ate and slept at the piano. Came the day of her first recital. The child mounted the platform. She rendered McDowell's *To A Water Lily*. There was thunderous applause. She banged into Bach with fervor and finesse. And timbers shivered with Fort Worthian plaudits.

Ginger does everything with the same exuberant enthusiasm.

When the world-famous team of Astaire and Rogers began their first picture together there were those who wondered how the little Rogers girl would keep pace with the nimble-footed maestro of the tap, Fred Astaire. Of course she made her first public success doing the

Charleston, but even so . . . *Fred Astaire . . . mmmm. . .*

Well, the little Rogers girl loses five to eight pounds per picture. She practises, *they* practise, for hours and hours and hours. They never know whether it is Christmas Day or New Year's Day or Easter or a birthday. The calendar is not. Calories are not. But the whole movie-going world knows now how the little Rogers girl keeps pace with Fred Astaire.

Ginger finished ordering poached eggs and grapefruit juice. She said: "Kinda funny of me to talk about what I shall do as a radio star! Kinda polite to wait till you're asked, don't you think? *Because I've never been asked.* I've never had any big radio offers. I've done quite a lot of broadcasting as a guest artist, you know. But I've never been on a real, sure-enough weekly program and no one has ever asked me to be. Once, I took Leslie Howard's place on the *Shell Chateau*. I've been on Mary Pickford's *Parties from Pickfair* broadcast. I've done other broadcasts on the *Shell*. I did a dramatic sketch on the *Hind's Hour*. On the *Parties From Pickfair* program I sang the song I—ah, there—wrote myself. You know, the *'I Can't Understand Why You Don't Understand Me'* little Rogers' number.

"*And I love it!* I am a radio fan. I want to be a radio star! I'm crazy about Fred Waring's program and *Amos 'n' Andy* and Jack Benny and Jack Hylton.

"I can sum the whole thing up by saying that radio seems to promise me the life I want. In every way.

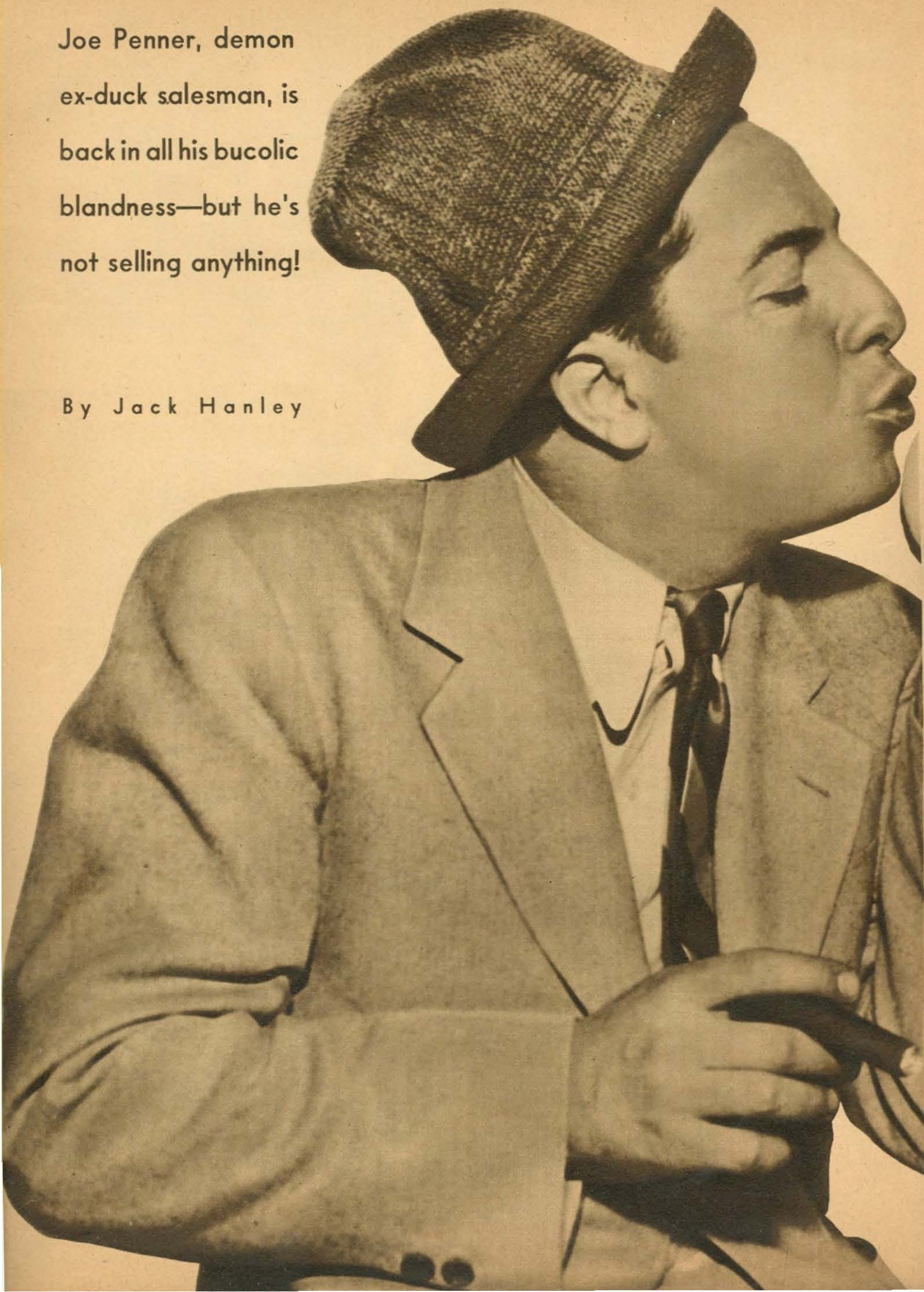
"In the first place—and though I'm probably not the first person to think of this angle—it's the only theatrical career which can certainly be as long-lived as the person having the career. *For ability doesn't age.* It mellows and matures with age and experience. Only the body ages, and the face. (Continued on page 66)



By Gladys
Hall

Joe Penner, demon
ex-duck salesman, is
back in all his bucolic
blandness—but he's
not selling anything!

By Jack Hanley



HIS DUCK'S GOOSE IS COOKED !

Joe Penner fondly
kisses his famous
duck good-bye.

LIKE many another axiomatic saw, *They never come back* is open to a certain amount of question. Fight champs, perhaps, never do. There are certain matters of stamina, age and legs concerned that seem insurmountable. But give a good radio comic a gag man and the will to try something a little different . . . and they do come back.

To mention only one of the more recent comebacks, Ed Wynn, after a long absence from the air, has returned, successfully, as funny as he ever was. And now—after just a year away from the microphone—Joe Penner, demon ex-duck salesman, is back, in all his bucolic blandness; still lisping fatuously—but *sans* duck, *sans* Nasty Man, *sans* gags.

"I've been selling things all my life," Joe says with what might come under the classification of a wistful chuckle. "It was nothing new to me to be selling ducks in the old radio show. But now I'm through—that's why the new show concentrates more on situation stuff instead of just gags and catch lines."

We were in Joe's hotel—Penner, Harry Conn and your reporter. Harry Conn is writing the new show, after having helped, for something over five years, to make Jack Benny's program one of the topnotchers of radio. Joe Penner mentioned rackets and somebody told about an old racket that had just been pulled on him.

"Say," Joe offered with disarming candor, "I used to work the rackets!"

Several pairs of ears wiggled simultaneously. I leaned forward, the reportorial instincts sharpened, with hopeful visions of a mysterious early life beyond the pale, while the *rat-tat* of tommy guns sounded in the mind. Then I looked at Joe Penner's amiable countenance and sat back. Joe looks like a young student, a clerk, a round-faced, medium-smallish, neatly dressed person, nothing like the dopey characterization he affects professionally, yet not wholly different. He might be many things—to look at him . . . but not a racketeer. Definitely not!

"Yeah, I was," he grinned. "When I was about sixteen years old, back in Detroit, I decided I had to make some money for myself. My folks were pretty strict with me and we didn't have much money. I couldn't even take a girl out. So I went to work peddling magazines—house to house canvassing. . . ."

"But the racket?" I suggested.

"That was the first racket," Joe grinned. "The magazine was the *Home Friend*, and I remember I used to wonder how they could sell it for ninety-nine cents for a three-year subscription and pay me over a third of that for commission. You know how they did it—it was a cheap little affair, printed like a small tabloid newspaper and full of patent medicine advertising. After I'd been selling it for about a year I figured I ought to do better, so I organized a crew of my own and promoted myself to crew manager. We used the old '*Good morning, madam, will you vote for me?*' sales talk. Every subscription counted for a thousand votes and enough votes were supposed to give me a college education."

Joe shook his head. "I believed in the racket—all the time I was working it. Then, one day in Hamilton, Ohio, I woke up with a funny feeling. I called out to my roommate and there was no answer. I felt still funnier when I discovered that he had ducked out on me with all my money, checks and three or four hundred dollars worth of subscription receipts. I was out of the magazine business, and stranded.

"There was only one thing to do—I called up home, on reversed charges. When I left home my mother warned me not to send for money. But I stuck, so I (Continued on page 60)

IT ALL DEPENDS ON US

TO RADIO listeners, as to theatre-goers, Jane Cowl needs no introduction. Her voice has come to us over the air in the *Lux Radio Theatre*. Last fall she gave us one of her outstanding stage successes, that tenderly lovely play, *Smilin' Through*, and in the early spring we heard her in *Lilac Time*. Of both these plays Miss Cowl not only was star but co-author. Too, we have heard her in a scene from *Romeo and Juliet* on Frank Fay's Friday night program.

One might fancy that radio would be peculiarly unkind to Miss Cowl, robbing us, as it must, of the privilege of seeing her in all her colorful and appealing beauty. But such is her skill as one of the major artists of the theatre and such the arresting, exquisite quality of her voice, with its emotional overtones, its ache of pathos, its lilt of joy, she admirably rounds out the picture for the listener on the air.

A radio listener herself, Jane Cowl especially enjoys the symphonies. Of the comedians, Jack Benny and Joe Penner are a delight to her. Radio drama, she feels, holds great possibilities. With more adequate preparation, such as the stage gives to its presentations, there is no reason why the full magic of illusion cannot be captured.

"There are good stage plays and bad ones," says Miss Cowl. "Some moving pictures are impressive and some are mediocre. There are fine radio programs and there is drivel! But there are playwrights capable of writing great plays for the air, and there are artists capable of presenting them. So we can have what we want. It depends on us."

"Do you like women's voices on the air?" I inquired.

"It depends on the woman. If she is someone with a trained speaking voice—yes. I enjoyed tremendously Geraldine Farrar's talks on opera at the Met, last winter. Judith Anderson was lovely on a recent Rudy Vallee



"Sleep till noon—and then get everything done before one o'clock! That's America!" pungently declares Jane Cowl.

By Nancy Barrows

program. She has a beautiful speaking voice. But many women's voices, on the air, are too thin, too high. They sound as if they hadn't breath enough. It's a strain to listen to them. They should have a basso profundo, like mine!" She laughed.

We sat at a small table in the hotel dining-room. It was dimly lighted, cool, quiet and, at that hour, practically deserted.

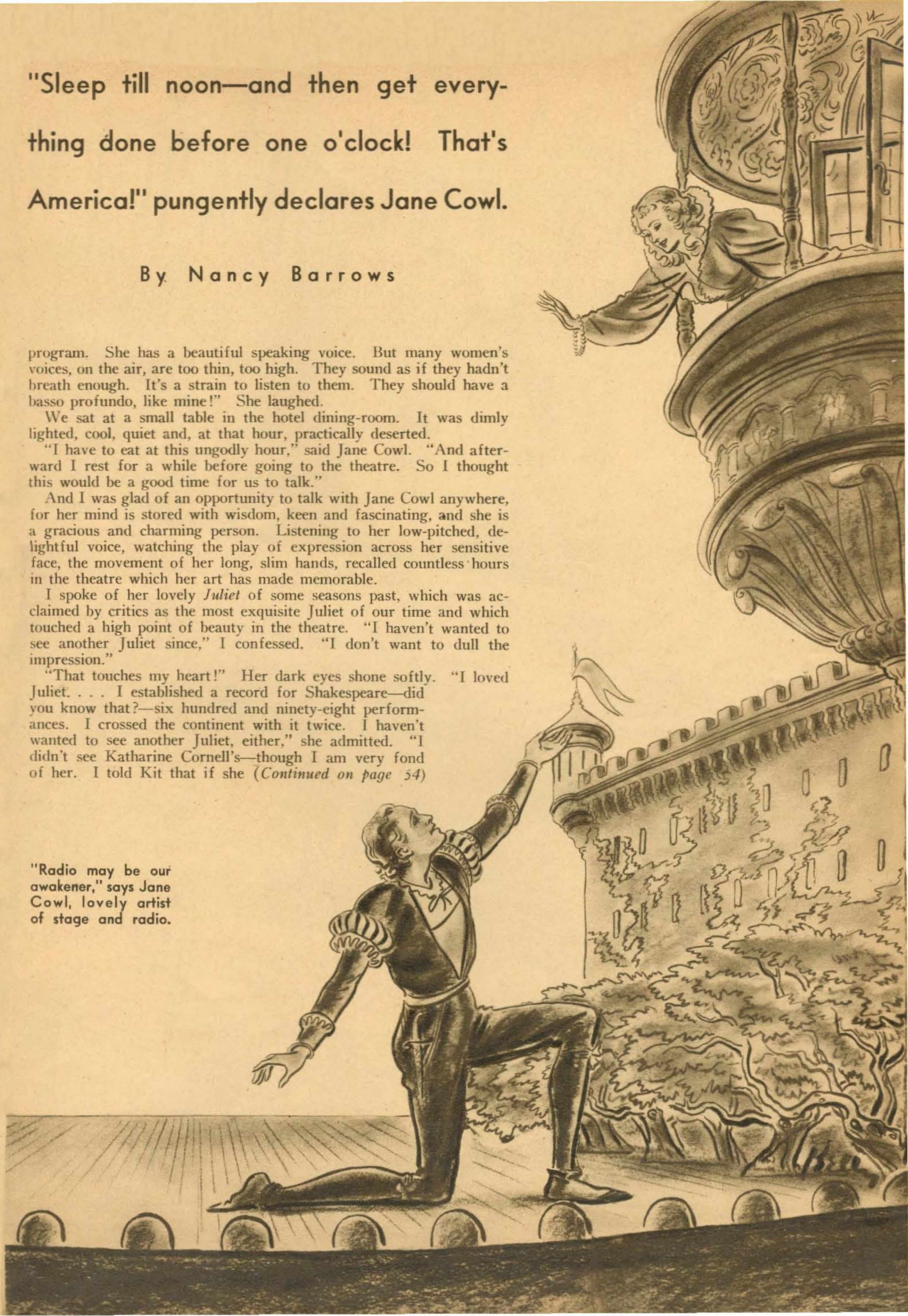
"I have to eat at this ungodly hour," said Jane Cowl. "And afterward I rest for a while before going to the theatre. So I thought this would be a good time for us to talk."

And I was glad of an opportunity to talk with Jane Cowl anywhere, for her mind is stored with wisdom, keen and fascinating, and she is a gracious and charming person. Listening to her low-pitched, delightful voice, watching the play of expression across her sensitive face, the movement of her long, slim hands, recalled countless hours in the theatre which her art has made memorable.

I spoke of her lovely *Juliet* of some seasons past, which was acclaimed by critics as the most exquisite Juliet of our time and which touched a high point of beauty in the theatre. "I haven't wanted to see another Juliet since," I confessed. "I don't want to dull the impression."

"That touches my heart!" Her dark eyes shone softly. "I loved Juliet. . . . I established a record for Shakespeare—did you know that?—six hundred and ninety-eight performances. I crossed the continent with it twice. I haven't wanted to see another Juliet, either," she admitted. "I didn't see Katharine Cornell's—though I am very fond of her. I told Kit that if she (Continued on page 54)

"Radio may be our awakener," says Jane Cowl, lovely artist of stage and radio.



This month the spotlight falls on friendly and familiar faces. Their voices beguile our summer listening.

IN THE RADIO



At fifteen Winifred Toomey is a veteran radio actress, heard on several NBC presentations.

Arthur Ainsworth (left), Clem McCarthy and Lee Goldsmith, as radio reports the Latonia Derby.



Twelve years ago Bob Burns and Martha Raye were in vaudeville together. She was seven. Now they're reunited in *Rhythm on the Range*.



SPOTLIGHT...

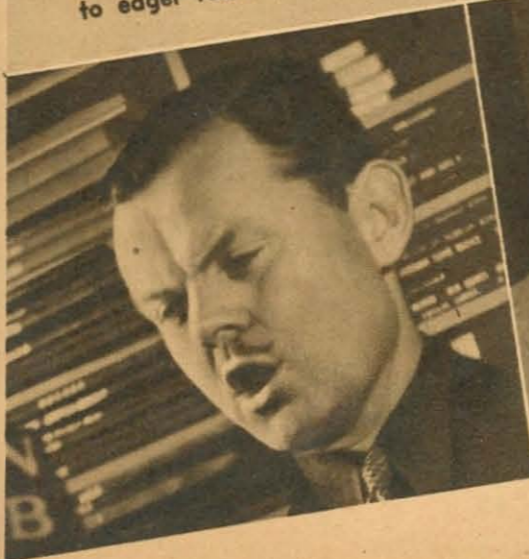


Walter O'Keefe of *The Camel Caravan*.

"Ken Murray Says—" goes to 60 papers.



Laurence Tibbett brings the magic of great music to eager radio listeners.



Your film favorite, Clark Gable, broadcasts a radio drama from Hollywood for *Lux Radio Theater*.



Ben Bernie hands out cigars. The girl reporters wish he hadn't!

Frances Langford finds half a loaf is much better than none!



Ross Allen (left) milks a snake for Bob "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley.

Gertrude Bogard plays the electric guitar on *The Hour of Charm*.



YOURS TO COMMAND

By Leslie Eaton



COMMAND performances may not mean very much to us over here, but they stand very definitely for genuine achievement abroad. Many of our own prominent actors and performers have been thrilled to heed that royal command and inspired to do their best in the royal presence. But to date an Englishman holds all records for popularity with the wearers of crowns and the most blasé American might well be proud of similar recognition.

The late King George and Queen Mary of England commanded Jack Hylton to appear before them not once, but four times—and he is the only person to have that honor. To appear before the royal family once is something to write home about, but four times—well, it had never happened before. But King George was delighted with the music of Hylton's well trained band, with his entertainers, with the entire, colorful revue—as delighted as any of his subjects, who already had crowned their favorite band leader as their *King of Jazz*.

Hylton long has been a favorite, too, with the present

Jack Hylton—idol of music lovers here and abroad, favorite of royalty in England and on the Continent

King and with his brother, the Duke of Kent. And he has won many distinctive honors in other countries. . . .

You wouldn't guess it, to see him, to talk with him. He is quiet, unassuming. A short, stocky man with sandy, curly hair and friendly, twinkling eyes behind shell-rimmed glasses. He is reticent, reluctant to talk about himself or his affairs, making light of the honors that have been heaped upon him and speaking in a voice so low it is difficult to understand him. But on the podium, baton in hand, he is a very different person, alert, dynamic, the master showman who, with a well-timed gesture, can bring out the full strength of the brasses, the sweet tones of the clarinets. His orchestra is note perfect, always. They have no music before them, but instead watch every gesture, every facial expression of their leader, who conducts with the skill and precision of a symphony director, though with less formal posturings.

I saw him first at a regular Sunday evening broadcast of the *Realsilk* program. He had been seated inconspicuously with his performers at one side but rose to smile and bow almost self-consciously at the announcer's introduction. He took his place casually, faced the orchestra and raised his hand. Thereafter, every movement, every gesture, as his shoulders swayed and his feet kept time, brought immediate response from the carefully trained American "band that Jack built."

It might have seemed to the average European that Jack Hylton had everything. He was "tops" in his own country, he was popular everywhere on the Continent. The late King

Albert of Belgium had called him a "tonic." In Berlin, crowds turned out to greet him. In Paris, they idolized him. His was the first jazz band to play in the Paris Opera House and he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—"for services to music and to France"—and later received the honorary title of Officer of Public Instruction. Italy's royal family responded warmly to his music. Mussolini had become an ardent fan. He had played for royalty in Sweden and Spain. In his own country, he was a member of the College of Heralds, which entitles him to a coat of arms and there is a rumor, which he himself discounts, that he may be knighted (and it is not unlikely, now that Edward, who danced so much to Hylton's music in other days, is king).

But America beckoned and he was eager to accept that invitation. New fields to conquer, a challenge to be met—Hylton knew that he never would be satisfied until he had won America's favor.

But there was one apparently insuperable obstacle. Eager as were those who had heard him abroad, or over the short wave, to have him here, he was refused permission to bring his English band to the United States.

"For ten years, we wanted to come," Hylton explained to me, "but it could not be arranged until last fall, and even then I could not bring my boys. They came over with me and we broadcast from the *Normandie*, but they had to return—with the exception of a few of my entertainers."

"Then this is your first glimpse of America?" I surmised.

(Continued on page 69)

Decoration by Hamilton Greene



MUST YOU *always* HAVE MUSIC?

By Sally Hobson

Cornelia Otis Skinner of the Jergens program explains the dearth of good drama on the air.

SUMMER days . . . Dog days . . . And some of them, in the classic phrase, "not fit for man nor beast!" But one bright boon they bring for radio listeners—in the return of Cornelia Otis Skinner to the Jergens program. Listening with renewed delight to her inimitable monologues, presenting the drama of life in its many and various aspects, one wonders why such gratifying entertainment should be so infrequent a part of our radio fare.

In the theatre, or in the movies, "the play's the thing." There we demand drama. We want to see life reproduced, either as we know it or in some strange, unfamiliar guise. But when we tune in our radios, our choice generally turns to music or comics or news, rather than to drama.

I asked Miss Skinner why she thought this form of entertainment failed to win on the air the popularity one might expect for it.

"We haven't, I think," she said thoughtfully, "the imagination necessary to set the scene, to build up the essential background, visualize the characters as we would see them on the stage. . . If you previously have seen the actor or actress on the stage, it helps greatly, of course. Take Ed Wynn, or Beatrice Lillie—I think they're excruciatingly funny! I've seen them so often on the stage, I know exactly how they look when they are speaking. When Beatrice Lillie, for example, lets her voice break in that amusing way, I can see just how she looks. But some people, who never have seen her, don't find her funny on the air.



"The voice alone," Cornelia mused, "cannot create a fully rounded picture. Our memories are visual, not audible. I saw Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, when she was quite old. But I don't remember the famous 'golden voice'—which then was somewhat tarnished—I remember her as an old, broken woman."

"Would it help in creating the illusion for radio drama," I wondered aloud, "if we put out the lights, or closed our eyes, to sit in darkness as we do in the theatre. . ."

"It might," Miss Skinner agreed. "It might help to preserve the illusion which the actor is trying to create. I always close my eyes when I am listening to music on the air. It helps to keep within the picture. In our homes, our attention is so easily distracted. . . We see a picture slightly askew on the wall, or a bit of dust on the rug. The back of a book reminds us of something we want to look up in it. Someone walks across the room. The dog scratches a flea, or chases his ball. And the mood is shattered. In the theatre, of course—" her dark eyes flashed, "we wouldn't be guilty of such discourtesy!"

That, I thought, as we sipped a cooling drink and gazed for a moment through the windows at the changing panorama of the East River, blue and brilliant in the mid-summer sun, is a point worth considering. Courtesy to the artist on the air. . . If a person, sitting in our living-room, were speaking, we would not move about, let our attention wander. But the person whose voice is coming



Cornelia Otis Skinner, famous stage star and radio's popular young monologist.

to us over the radio is not before our eyes, and we forget our manners—forget that someone unseen is working hard to entertain us—forget that the audience as well as the artist must contribute to the illusion.

"Some radio actors," I said, "have told me that they think of themselves, while broadcasting, as coming into



Miss Skinner in three popular rôles, Night Club Girl, Transatlantic Call and Hotel Porch Gossip.

Photographs by Ben Pinchot

the family living-room, speaking as person to person, without benefit of microphone. Do you think of your audience in that way?"

"Oh, no!" Cornelia said quickly. "I never think of the audience—never picture it—when I am broadcasting. The microphone terrifies me! It's a little easier for me this year," she went on, "but I never feel comfortable in the studio, as I do on the stage. . . On the stage you have the costumes, the lights, the make-up—and out in front you feel the response of the audience, feel it building up as you go on. . . It's a tremendous help."

"Does the studio audience help?" I asked. "Does it give the same, or a similar response?"

"No!" She smiled. "There are too many distractions. They are interested in the mechanics of the broadcast—the sound effects, the musicians, the microphones. . . There's no illusion for them! I don't blame them," she added sympathetically. "The mechanics of a broadcast are very interesting. I have some friends coming over from England this summer. I shall take them to see a broadcast. But I'm not having any audiences in the studio this summer!" And she laughed softly.

"What about the unseen audience?" I pursued. "Does your fan mail bring you any of the response you miss? Does it bring helpful suggestions, or criticisms?"

"It's brought me some awful scripts!" She laughed. "Of course I couldn't use them anyway—I write all my own. And criticism. . . Some (Continued on page 62)



Jack Oakie—
minus the beard!

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD

WE WANTED to call this story *At Last—Oakie Talks!* But, after a couple of hours with Oakie, we decided on *At Last—Oakie Stops!* That's probably why neither title is being used.

When we were handed an assignment to talk about radio with the Great Oakie we knew we had a grim task before us. Oakie, the unapproachable, silent as the Sphinx, moody as Garbo, seldom talked. Or seldom stopped, we couldn't remember which.

So this is the story of how, disguised as a movie executive—all it takes is two million dollars and a Rolls-Royce—we slipped past the Paramount gates and on to the set of *The Texas Ranger*, where the greatest matinee idol since Barrymore was sharing a scene with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray. First we stood, with the crew, watching The Great

One weave a dramatic spell such as he alone can weave. Aged prop boys, tense and motionless, wept honest tears as he ran the gamut of human emotions. Ran? It was just a walk for Oakie.

The scene over, Oakie retired to the sidelines, his distinguished pan partly concealed behind a growth of beard.

By

Leo Townsend

"That beard," we asked. "Is it yours or is it Paramount's?"

He gave it a tug. It was his. "I'm wearing it for MacMurray," said Jack. "You see, with two good-looking guys in the picture, nobody would look at Fred, so Oakie grew a beard."

He refused our offer of a cigarette. "If Oakie's beard burns, MacMurray's through!"

And if Oakie doesn't start talking about radio, we're through, we thought to ourself. So, grasping him firmly

"Right now," says Jack Oakie, "the air is full of Benny,

BOY ON THE AIR!

by the beard, we told him our mission and asked him for a statement.

He thought for a moment. It's always nice to have people think for a moment before they say anything. He was still thinking when we nudged him. He awoke with a start, and we introduced ourself and asked our question again. This time he talked.

"You can say," he announced, "that Oakie thinks radio is here to stay."

"The radio industry will be pleased to know that you speak so well of it," we assured him.

"Yes, sir," continued Jack. "It's an amazing thing. First the telephone, then the airplane, then the quintuplets, and now radio. Why, I remember the airplane when everybody said it would never replace the horse. Lindbergh's Folly, they called it. Why, I even remember the horse, but I can't think of its name. Now you take—"

"But what about radio?" It seemed to us we had come to discuss that subject.

"Radio? Oh, yes. A wonderful thing. As a boy, I used to dream about radio."

"When you were a boy," we reminded him, "there was no radio."

"I know," said Jack. "But that was back in Sedalia, Missouri, and we didn't even know radio hadn't been invented. As a matter of fact—"

"What we really came here for," we cut in, "is this. Is there any truth to the ugly rumor that you are about to head an air show?"

"Why not?" said Oakie. "Right now the air is full of Benny, Cantor and Allen. A little Oakie might be a good thing for it. As a matter of fact, I've already done an audition for a musical show for Gillette Razors."

All of which means that by (Continued on page 52)

Cantor and Allen. A little Oakie might be good for it!"



Nino Martini relaxes in a corner of his comfortable living-room.



The Williams sisters, NBC singing trio—Alice (left), Laura, Ethelyn. Niela Goodelle and Earl Oxford, in a scene from *Home on the Range*.

Breakfast Club, Don McNeill, Walter Blaufuss, Helen J. Behlke.



In her penthouse playground Virginia Verrill goes in for brisk exercise between broadcasts.



Fred Waring, maestro of *The Pennsylvanians*, conducts his popular program. Major Bowes writes his autograph at the Penn A.C. dinner. Sam Harris at the left.



Stoopnagle (left) and Budd go to seal. But they'll be back for *Town Hall Tonight*. Announcer James Wallington bids bon voyage to English film star, Margot Grahame.



BETWEEN BROADCASTS

DESIGN FOR MARRIAGE

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, who is Mrs. Crumit, find their pattern a most successful one.



Frank Crumit, with Vivienne Oakland, in *Betty Be Good*.



Life, to Frank and Julia, is still the same joyous adventure that it was nine years ago.



Julia Sanderson, with John Hazzard, in a scene from her musical comedy success, *Tangerine*.

IT WAS almost as if they were meeting for the first time again. An exciting first time. Each of them playing up to the other, the way a man and woman will when they find someone who holds an instant importance for them.

Frank Crumit had been talking with that easy friendliness of his and then Julia Sanderson came into the Broadcasting Studio, laughing in her breathless way and with her came half of the musicians on the program. The most popular girl in a smart country club could have come out on the verandah just like that.

"Here comes Julia with all her beaux!" Frank said and he really should have been ashamed of the pride in his voice! Doesn't the man know bragging about his wife like that isn't being done nine years after marriage? Or doesn't he care?

"Oh, hello there, Mr. Crumpmut!" Julia came over and held out her hand and immediately there was almost a shyness between them. The sort of shyness that holds tenderness and enchantment and dearness, just as her ridiculous pet name for him had held all those things, too.

That first time they met must have been like that. It was the day rehearsals for *Tangerine* began and Julia Sanderson was terribly excited because Frank Crumit was going to be her leading man.

"I had bought one of his records a few weeks before," she said. "And adored it. I used to play it over and over again until the day I saw father wink at mother when I put it on. After that I felt rather inhibited about it and played it only when I was alone. So when



the manager told me he was going to play opposite me I didn't even mention it at home because those parents of mine are just as big teases as they are incurable romantics."

It was Frank Crumit's first venture in musical comedy and you might have thought a young man from vaudeville would have been pretty thrilled over it all. But he wasn't.

From that first day he had rehearsals in an uproar. Climbing up chairs, scaling the ladder at the side of the stage, like the clown he is. Refusing to take anyone or anything seriously. Even Julia Sanderson, the star. And the whole cast laughing uproariously when they should have got down to the serious business of learning lines.

Even Julia found herself laughing with the others. Julia who had been on the stage since she was fourteen and whose parents had been there before her. Julia, to whom the theatre was the most important thing in the world. Julia, the glamorous musical comedy star, who was used to an awe from her leading men that practically amounted to reverence. Even Julia laughed.

Silly how it all started. Laughing like that. Laughing as she never had laughed in all her hard working young life before. And finding a laugh clutching at her heart even more than a tear could. Finding it catching at her throat. Finding suddenly that the only thing important to her in the whole world was Frank Crumit with his crazy antics.

Tangerine opened in Asbury Park in spite of Frank

Crumit and his tomfoolery. And that night, with every one beside himself with excitement and with that quickening tension backstage that always comes with an opening, Julia Sanderson didn't even mind when her forward young leading man came into her dressing-room for a little chat.

He sat there as casual as ever, for once the only sane member of the cast and for the first time in her life Julia didn't feel jittery at the prospect of an opening. When he finally left, she turned to her mother.

"Mamma, will you buy him for me?" she asked.

That was the first inkling her mother had that this time it was serious with Julia. But Julia had known it for weeks. Had known it since the day the song he sang to her at every rehearsal had suddenly become different. Had become *real*.

You all remember that song. It was called *Sweet Lady*. . . And after *Tangerine* opened, everyone in the country was singing it. You've heard it on the radio since, for Crumit and Sanderson have used it for their signature and will tell anyone who asks that they did it for sentimental reasons. Frank Crumit had written that song before he met Julia but from the time he did meet her it became her song and hers alone.

"Sweet lady," (it goes. Remember?)

"Sweet lady, make believe I hold your hand,
Sweet lady, make believe a wedding band . . ."

Only after the first few (Continued on page 83)

By Elizabeth

Benneche Petersen

THE HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL



A glimpse into the varied and colorful experiences, the chances and the choices that make the man—Edwin C. Hill

EDWIN C. HILL, as the star reporter on the *New York Sun* over a period of twenty years, was affectionately known, through the printed page, to a large metropolitan audience. Most of us may remember the day when, possibly quite by accident, we dialed into the middle of a radio broadcast of Edwin C. Hill. We stood listening to the most sonorous and bell-like voice we ever had heard over the air. We were further impressed by the dramatic appeal and the forceful and colorful quality of his language. Before the conclusion of the brief talk, a third impression sank deeper than all the rest. The human keynote—human intuition, human sympathy and human interest.

We had been curious for a long time to make a full-length portrait of Edwin C. Hill. However it was common report that this man, who has known and interviewed more world celebrities than anyone else, was a total loss when he came to being interviewed himself. After listening to him on the radio, one scarcely could credit this report.

The very first time we met Edwin C. Hill, in person, we were surprised. In the flesh this man did not seem to match the voice on the radio. We had pictured an idealized man, from the golden energetic voice. An entirely unreal person, who fairly danced on the waves of ether in his enthusiasms; a vibrant being standing on tip-toe to pour forth in resonant billows those winged words of sheer beauty.

We had been whizzed up to the twenty-third story of a New York skyscraper and found in the farthest corner of a tortuous hallway, a door labeled *Edwin C. Hill*. A

buzzer rang and we were admitted into the little "factory" where *The Human Side of the News* is manufactured.

A tired-looking man arose from a swivel chair behind a workmanlike desk and gave us a hand that was like ice. He was a symphony in gray; grayish eyes, gray hair and a gray suit, where those brilliant, flashing, dashing pyrotechnics of manner and speech had led us to expect a brighter color. There was a strained, anxious look in his eyes. "Pardon me, if I seem to be very nervous today," were the last words we would have expected him to say. The room was more of a study than it was an office. There was a bookcase filled with works of reference and books written by Mr. Hill's friends. The walls were fairly covered with large photographs of men famous in modern history: Presidents Taft, Harding and Wilson, Chauncey M. Depew, Ivar Krueger, the Match King, and a score of others, all autographed with some personal line of dedication.

"Persons you have interviewed?" we asked.

"Friends," replied Mr. Hill.

"Just how did you come to get into radio?" We had always been curious to know.

Without hesitation, he launched forth:

"There's an age-old argument," he began, turning towards us in his swivel chair, "as to which plays the greater part in determining a man's career—whether it is heritage or environment. Of equal fascination is the (Continued on page 72)

Two views of Edwin C. Hill—familiar to you as the reporter of *The Human Side of the News* and as the Hearst Metrotone commentator. In the latter rôle you see him up above, as he fits his voice to the action of the news film being projected upon the screen.

By Henry

Albert Phillips

NO MORE MEN



"MEN? I don't want to talk about them!"

Joan Marsh speaking. Joan Marsh who, in Hollywood, was one of the most popular belles of the town! What has happened to the vivacious blonde, who was beaded by a different fellow every night, whose name was linked with this person and that in rumored betrothals by columnists from coast to coast?

"At first I thought that kind of thing was swell," she explains. "I've changed. Perhaps I never really liked dashing from night club to night club. But I know definitely, now, that type of life is not for the real me, the true Joan Marsh." Her serious eyes beg to be believed. Her fingers fuss with a collapsible cigarette holder. "I have decided life holds so much more than just playing. I have found happiness, in the few months I've been in New York."

Why has Joan Marsh decided to concentrate on her work? Why has she turned her back on love? How has she been able to resist accepting one of the many proposals of marriage which have been offered to her?

"Because I didn't love any one man, I guess. I liked the idea of

Joining Walter Woolf King in some of the most pleasing singing heard over the air, Joan Marsh comes to you on *The Flying Red Horse Tavern*.

By

Miriam

Gibson

"Dinners and dancing aren't all of life" says Joan Marsh.

"There is so much more in this world—and I mean to find it."



"Some day I would like to go back to Hollywood," says Joan. "But only to visit. I'm through with pictures."



"I want to be able to say to myself: 'Joan, you're making the most of yourself!' To me that is success."

being taken to different places with different people. Jobs always have come easy for me. Perhaps that is why I've never been tempted to enter a loveless marriage. It isn't that I have left behind me all thoughts of love. As any other girl I hope, some day, to be married, to have children. But in the meantime, I must find myself. I must know what I want out of life. And until that time comes, one must do something. You can't sit still and let the world go by. That is why, to me, radio is the answer. It allows one freedom to think, to do the other things which are part of living."

Her eyes peep out from beneath a large picture hat of blue—the color so becoming to a natural blonde with saucer-like blue eyes.

"I want to study music. I rehearse two or three hours every day with an accompanist. I want to know more about the lives of great artists."

One of Joan's avocations is painting. She has sold four of her works. The check for the last one—twenty-five dollars—is framed. And it is amusing how this happened. A wealthy man remarked to a friend of the radio star that he needed one more picture for his den. The friend took him to see Joan's work. When he saw just what he wanted, he said to Joan: "What will you sell this for?" Joan was overcome. She had no idea what to ask. She was thinking of saying fifteen dollars, when the man said: "I'll give you twenty-five dollars." Joan, in her astonishment, gulped that the price was satisfactory.

"And it was so satisfactory, and I was so thrilled that I had the check framed!" she remarks.

Besides acting, singing and dancing and painting, she recently had a song published, *My Very Own*, which she herself composed. Her talents spread in every direction. She intends to improve herself continually.

"I've just been given a gorgeous book by Thomas Craven on the lives of the modern artists. I am thrilled to death with it!" (This book is one which requires intelligent reading. Joan has indeed become serious minded to find enjoyment in such works. It is the continual effort to find herself.)

Joan's younger days were not very happy ones. "From the time I was twelve, when I was just a kid," says she who is now only twenty-two, "I was terribly unhappy. My home environment was anything but pleasant. (Joan's parents were divorced when she was fifteen.) I was in boarding-school most of the time. I hated it so that I would cry for hours at a time. I vowed I'd run away. I used to go out in the woods and write unhappy poems.

These poems must have carried something of a child's heartache, a childlike sincerity, for a publisher, upon reading them, offered to publish them in book form if Joan would write ten more to go with them. But in her busy life she had not yet found time to do this additional work.

"When I was sixteen I started (Continued on page 64)



INCREASINGLY POPULAR

Four favorites feature the popular summer radio programs.

Margaret Speaks (upper left) is starring on the summer series of the Monday night *Firestone* show. And listeners are delighted with her lovely songs. The jovial gentleman in the center is Don Wilson, Jack Benny's sport-announcing stooge, starring on the *Jell-O* summer show while Jack's in Hollywood. Upper right, Hal Kemp, whose popular orchestra is featured on Phil Baker's *Gulf* program. His ultra-smart syncopation continues to make dance history. And here is "Honey Chile," of *The Atlantic Family* program. In real life she is Margaret Johnson, and is known as one of radio's most beautiful girls.



One of the air's newest personalities and one of the few American-born symphony conductors, Antonio Modarelli conducts the *Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra* in its weekly broadcasts. Born in Brad-dock, near Pittsburgh, Modarelli is noted as a pianist, composer and conductor. Until the start of this network series, however, he was better known abroad.

MAGNETIC MODARELLI

Bob Hope of *The Atlantic Family* is hailed as radio's

THE first thing you think, when you meet Bob Hope, is that somehow you must have got into the wrong apartment on Central Park West. A secretary opens the door and with a hurried: "This way, please," leaves you standing at one end of an enormously long all-green-and-white living-room. Far down by the windows, across the tops of low-slung white coffee tables and streamlined chairs, a tall young man in a yellow sweater rises from a window seat and comes to meet you. When he stands up two Scotties tumble from his lap; he lays aside a fat volume which turns out to be *Education Before Verdun*.

"Hello," he says and grins. "It's still raining a little, isn't it? Are your feet damp?"

By that time you're sure this isn't the Bob Hope whose fun is a star part of the *Atlantic Family* broadcasts, who is being hailed as radio's comedy discovery of 1936. In the first place he just doesn't look like a comedian. He's still in his twenties and his cheeks are rosy and a couple of boyish cowlicks keep his brown hair from being the plastered cap he has tried to make it. He might be a tennis pro or a Yale undergrad or even a young doctor—but never a zany of the mikes. In the

second place he just doesn't act like a comedian. He hasn't one of the earmarks of show business, none of the smart crack, personality-boy, hail-fellow-well-met stuff. He doesn't say: "Well now, let's get to work—what do you want to know about me?" He says simply: "I'd like you to meet Suds and Amos," and points to the Scotties. "Suds is Amos' mother. By the way, do you like war stories? I read *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—"

The secretary pokes her head in at that point. "Excuse me, Mr. Hope, Frank Parker wants you on the 'phone."

And you feel relieved at this evidence that at least

The little swimmer and the brave lifeguard—Bob Hope and Honey Chile.



WHERE
THERE'S HOPE
THERE'S LIFE

comedy discovery of 1936

By Mary

Watkins Reeves



He just doesn't look like a comedian, does he? Bob Hope himself!



"Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!" begs Honey Chile.

you're in the right place and this is the right man. But how he got to be a comedian, how this lean youngster in the yellow sweater got to be the rave of radio in the past few months—well, it looks as if that might be a pretty interesting story.

As Bob himself told me: "I guess comedians aren't born or made, either. They sort of happen."

Now the evolution of funnymen is a very curious thing. Heaven knows if anybody could dope out a way to evolve a few he certainly could make a fortune, because radio's biggest under-supplied demand is for competent laugh-getters. People are successful singers because they've sung all their lives, they're successful actors

because they've acted all their lives, but show me a big-name comedian who's successful because he's gone around all his life being just naturally funny and I'll give you half the CBS network—well, two tickets to a broadcast, anyway! Every one of the gagsters on the air today was formerly something else, everything from dancers to violinists to advertising men to coal dealers. And suddenly, you never know exactly how, they discovered they were funny.

Look at Bob's case. He was born in London in 1908, and if it really takes an Englishman till next Monday to see the point in a joke, then you'll have to hand him some credit for courage in undertaking a comedy career. His mother was Avis Townes, a noted concert singer on European stages. Shortly after Bob's birth the Hopes moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Hope settled down in the printing business.

There were seven boys in the family and no girls. The third oldest son, who was to turn out to be a comedian, spent a normal childhood doing the things all normal kids do. There is nothing on record to show that he ever panicked the neighbors with any stunts funnier than those every growing boy thinks up—except, perhaps, the time he decided to become (Continued on page 76)

IT MIGHT BE YOUR HOME

"OF COURSE we aren't really Vic and Sade, and our lives are different—but they are similar. We really lead the same sort of simple, normal life. I don't think we'd disillusion anybody!"

It is Bernardine Flynn speaking. She is younger than you think of Sade as being, perhaps—young and slim, with dark brown hair and dark eyes and a small, sensitive face. She is shy and quiet, but with a delightful sense of humor underlying her gravity.

She is very happily married, though not to Vic. Her husband is a prominent doctor and to Bernardine, the



"Do you like my hat?" Sade (Bernardine Flynn) asks of Vic (Art Van Harvey).

nicest thing about radio is that it gives her a chance to pursue her career and still live quietly and contentedly at home.

The main charm of the "house half-way down the street" is its naturalness, its simplicity. It might be your home or mine. The people who live in it—Vic and Sade and young Rush—are so real, we feel that we actually know them. And the things that happen to them, laughable or sad, are the sort of things that can and do happen to everybody in this everyday life of ours. Hum-drum, sometimes, but it is the human way that Vic and Sade and Rush react to those little everyday dramas that makes them so vital, so appealing. And always the saving sense of humor, the quiet understanding that pervades their daily life together.

And in meeting the real people behind the familiar characters, I was particularly impressed with that same delicious humor evident in their friendly bantering. You

see at once how well they understand each other, how thoroughly they enjoy being together and working together. They've worked together now for four years, in this program and on others. (*Vic and Sade* have been on the air four years and over a national network, with *Proctor & Gamble* as sponsors, for a year and a half.) And because they like and respect each other so much and because they like and respect *Vic* and *Sade* and *Rush* so much, they bring to their parts an understanding and sincerity that make these characters living, breathing people.

"Of course we have a very clever author," Bernardine explained. "It isn't an easy sort of program to write, because each day's episode is complete, has to have its little climax. Other daily programs are regular serials, with consecutive action, but this is a series of little episodes strung together. And although there are as many as twenty-five characters, *Vic and Sade* and *Rush* are the only ones who ever speak. That is handled very cleverly too. The author—Paul Rhymer—makes the others seem real, even has them in the same room, but they don't speak!"

"Except Rush's dog, *Mr. Johnson*," Vic laughed, "and he only says 'whoosh!'"

Vic is, as you know, Art Van Harvey. He is a genial, friendly, soft-spoken person, of medium height, with gray hair and warm gray eyes behind glasses. "I am not an old-time thespian," he said. "I never strode any boards—thank goodness!" All three laughed and he went on to explain: "I think that, in radio, it is an asset not to have had much stage experience. You see, everything depends on the voice, on inflection. Stage actors become used to depending on gestures, (Continued on page 80)



The "house half-way down the street"—Vic and Sade and Rush (Billy Idelson).

HOME

Vic and Sade and young Rush are so real, we feel we actually know them!

By Miriam Rogers

Getting Rush all slicked and shined and all ready for school is no small task for our Sadel!



HAPPY - GO - LUCKY ?

Is Benny Rubin really as happy as he would have you think?

By Ruth Geri

"I'M the luckiest guy in the whole world—and the happiest, too!"

It was at least the tenth time in a short half hour that Benny Rubin had reiterated the statement, almost defiantly. Restlessly he paced the floor of his modest hotel suite, gesturing intensely with hands, arms, shoulders. His jet eyes glinted with fervor.

A child could have seen that Benny Rubin was playing a performance. A magnificent show it was, too, and not for the benefit of the press but for the benefit of the *real* Benny Rubin, the most heartbroken clown ever to toss a quip up the canyon of Broadway.

He whirled about, drew a deep breath and plunged into a cascade of words as a man dives into an icy pool.

"See what I mean? Look at me . . . I'm not a good lookin' guy. I have no education except what I've picked up. I don't have what they call background. I was a bad kid. I spent three years in a reform school in Shirley, Massachusetts. And now look at me! I've got—well, I've got my health. I've got work that I love, and believe me, you'll never know what my radio program means to me—helping kids to get a break, helping them to get jobs, giving them a little encouragement when they need it most.

"Did you notice that kid who was typing when you came in? He's my secretary. He has a magnificent voice. He sang on my program. The kid was out of work, needed a job badly. I was able to give him one. Last week I placed three young people in jobs—and I'm placing others right along.

"Of course, it isn't much that I do—but it's my little bit. If I were rich like Rockefeller I'd endow institutions to help kids. But I'm not. If I was real smart and had an education maybe I could discover a cure for tuberculosis or cancer. But I'm just a plain guy. All I can do is give what little money I've got and my time and effort to

make things a little pleasanter for poor kids, sick kids, blind kids, bad kids—all kinds of kids.

"Now take this afternoon, for instance. I'm taking my ball team to a baseball game. We go nearly every day during the season. Wonderful bunch of boys! I picked them up in the park. They're all poor, like I was. Don't get much fun out of life. When I bought uniforms for them and gave them balls and bats and equipment they were in Seventh Heaven. Maybe a little thing like that will keep some of them from going sour on the world and ending up in a reform school like I did. I have four ball teams—one in Chicago, one in Boston, one out in California and another here in New York. The boys write to me regularly and I send them money—not much, but enough to show them that someone cares something about them. That's all kids need to keep straight—a little interest.

"I know that probably sounds like bragging—but it isn't. It's all selfish on my part. I get a terrific glow out of watching those kids get some pleasure out of life. Take a look at these letters—"

Benny pulled a sheaf of mail from his desk. The letters were brimming with gratitude and thanks from all sorts of institutions for children, acknowledging his help in raising money and bringing cheer to their unfortunate wards.

"They oughtn't to thank me. I ought to thank them," he explained fervently. "Why, last year I sat in a room in this very hotel, so discouraged, so broken, that the only way out seemed to be the window. I mean it! I was going to jump out and end it once and for all! But now, you see, these kids have given me an interest in life. I have something to work for now. I *had* to succeed on the radio because I had to have money to go on with the work I'd started. And believe me, I've been paid (Continued on page 56)



Here is Benny Rubin in a happy interlude with his little daughter, Lila.



One of Benny Rubin's loyal friends is Claudette Colbert, lovely movie star.

By Mildred

Maştin



AMERICA'S IDEAL NEIGHBOR

Martha Deane is as folksy and welcome as your best friend

WOMEN have been teased so much about talking a lot, it must be gratifying to the ladies of the nation to know that one of the most sensational hits on the air is a program on which a woman talks for forty-five minutes a day, six days a week. No star, no music, not even a script. Just Martha Deane—talking on in a chatty, neighborly kind of way. And making everybody listen.

When Martha Deane was created, two years ago last May, nobody—not even the sponsors—expected her to make a great stir. The station—*WOR*, at Newark, New Jersey—simply wanted a woman to conduct an afternoon program which would be of special interest to housewives. Fifty women, prominent in various careers, applied. *WOR* chose Mary Margaret McBride. Nobody realized then that she had a good radio voice and an attractive over-the-air personality. They chose her because they thought her experience as a newspaper reporter and successful journalist would be a good background for the work.

So they gave her the folksy name, *Martha Deane*, and set her down before the mike. She was to talk for half an hour. And over the air that's a *long* time, even for a woman! Later her period was increased to forty-five minutes.

Martha Deane admits now that Mary Margaret McBride was scared. Fifteen minutes after she went on the air, she knew that she never could do the program if she had to use a script; that she never could talk in a stagey, so-called cultured way. She had to be natural. She had to

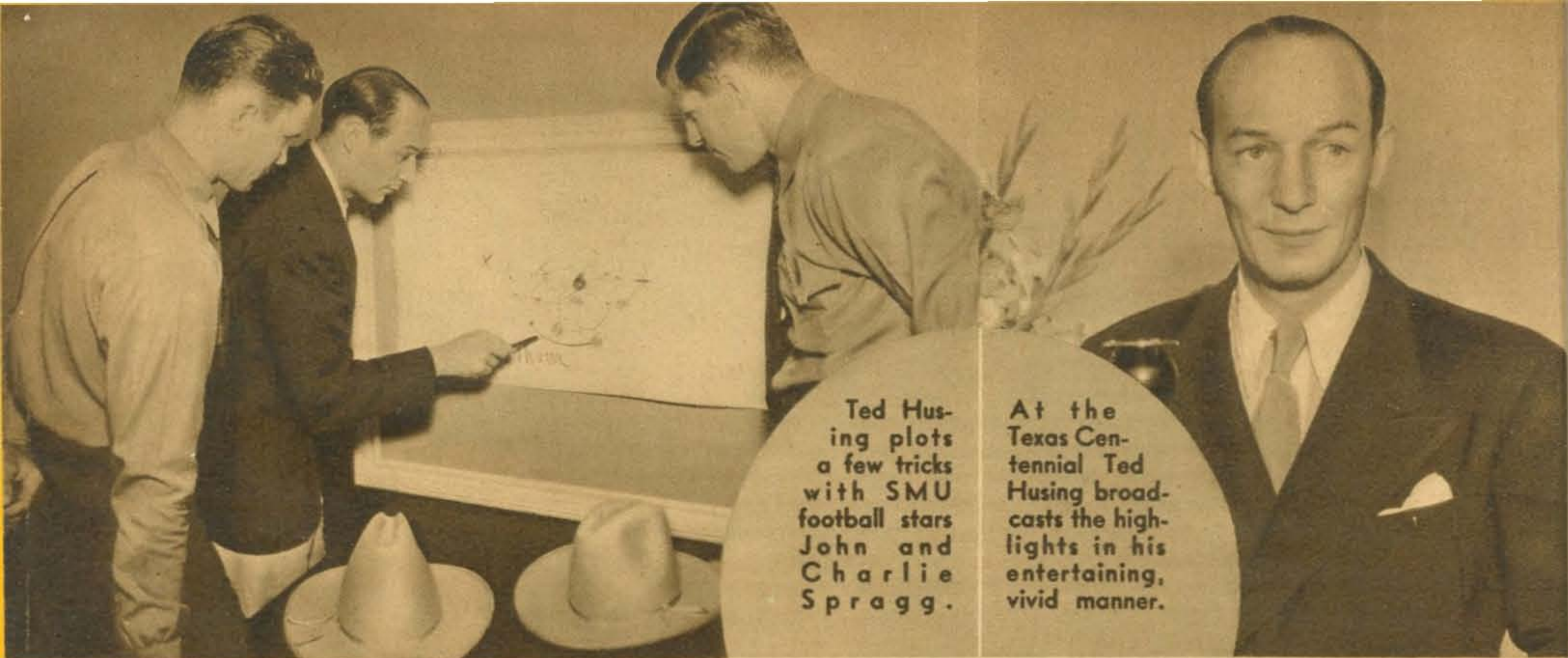
be herself. She had to forget the microphone, the radio, and talk just as if she were dropping in to see the woman next door back home in Paris, Missouri. She had to say "tomayto" and "neether" and "you all" and leave the final "g" off "ing" when it seemed natural to. She couldn't talk any other way.

Of course, as it turned out, it was her very naturalness that enchanted her listeners and skyrocketed her program to success. When Martha Deane hesitates over the pronunciation of a three-syllable word, or falters over whether to say "set" or "sit," following her choice with: "Well, I *hope* I said it right,"—her listeners are delighted. It makes her seem as human as your best friend.

And when she says suddenly to the announcer, Vincent Connolly: "Vincent, you still look sleepy!" Then, with a little laugh, aside to the radio audience: "You know, Vincent overslept this morning. He was almost late for our morning broadcast at Bambergers." It's a spontaneous little snatch of conversation, trivial perhaps, but as genial as a handshake. And it makes the listener feel as if the program concerned no one but Martha, Vincent and herself.

Or she says: "I thought this last week-end was the nicest smelling week-end of the whole year; didn't you?" There is a slight pause, while she seems to wait for your answer. Then: "Well, I really did—" and she launches into a description of her week-end in the country.

She never is glib. Rather, at times, she is delightfully inarticulate. So she tries, (Continued on page 58)



Ted Husing plots a few tricks with SMU football stars John and Charlie Spragg.

At the Texas Centennial Ted Husing broadcasts the highlights in his entertaining, vivid manner.

By Anne Waring

Ted Husing, at first, wasn't interested!

GETTING RICH IN RADIO

WHEN 1942 rolls around Ted Husing will be a multi-millionaire. Three million is the mark he's set for himself and in the past two years he's already made a quarter of it. His first ten years on the air he didn't make anything but a living. That was the way he wanted it. His first ten years he was *getting ready to get rich in radio*.

And that's where Ted Husing was smart, smarter than any of his colleagues now in the business. He told me so—with typical Husing candor—but he needn't have bothered to state the obvious. Anybody who hears his story will have to admit the microphone's mile-a-minute man has played his cards like a wizard. A patient wizard. And now he's cashing in heavily on the results.

For most stars radio is a quick-money racket. It has to be. Fame is fleeting and the future's fickle and you either grab the gravy while it's rolling your way or not at all. Ted Husing turned down plenty of juicy chances to make a fortune during his first ten years at the mike and nobody could understand why. Well, now they know. In two seasons he's coined more dough than he could have in all those years put together. And he'll keep on coining it for a long, long time, because he's earned a solid-rock foothold in the ether industry.

"I'll tell you how it was," Ted reminisced for me the other day, "in '34, you know, I celebrated my tenth anniversary on the air. As special occasions go, it was a washout. In the first place Bubbles (she was ex-Follies girl, Helen Gifford, wed to Ted for a dozen years and lately married to orchestra leader Lennie Hayton) and I



had just reached the parting of the ways. It had to end and it did and I felt it pretty keenly. Our marriage had been the most beautiful relationship I'd ever known and for a while there I was—well, like a lost soul.

"I remember sitting in this very chair until almost daybreak one morning, all by myself, thinking back over things. I didn't have much to show for ten years in this business. No money to speak of—and, suddenly, no happiness. I'd come a long way and

worked like the dickens and had fun doing it. I'd made a lot of enemies and I knew it and I was sorry. I'd made some friends, a few good ones. But I hadn't a single thing that I could look at and say: 'See, Husing, it took you ten years to get this but here it is!'"

He took off his silver-rimmed glasses, blew his breath across their lenses and wiped them on a plaid handkerchief. "I didn't have," he added, "a single thing to show for it all—but one."

We were sitting in Ted's office in the *Columbia Broadcasting System* building. It's an unpretentious office, small and narrow with only one window looking out over the rooftops of midtown Manhattan. On the glass in the door is printed his name and under it Les Quailey's, his right hand man. You knock and walk into what could be a disarranged study room in any boys' dormitory. The walls are covered with trophies, emblems, pictures, newspaper clippings, bookcases, unidentified junk and autographed photographs. The floor is uncarpeted, the desks are pencilled and marred by everything from cigarette burns and spilled ink to (Continued on page 78)

People Notice Skin Faults

LINES

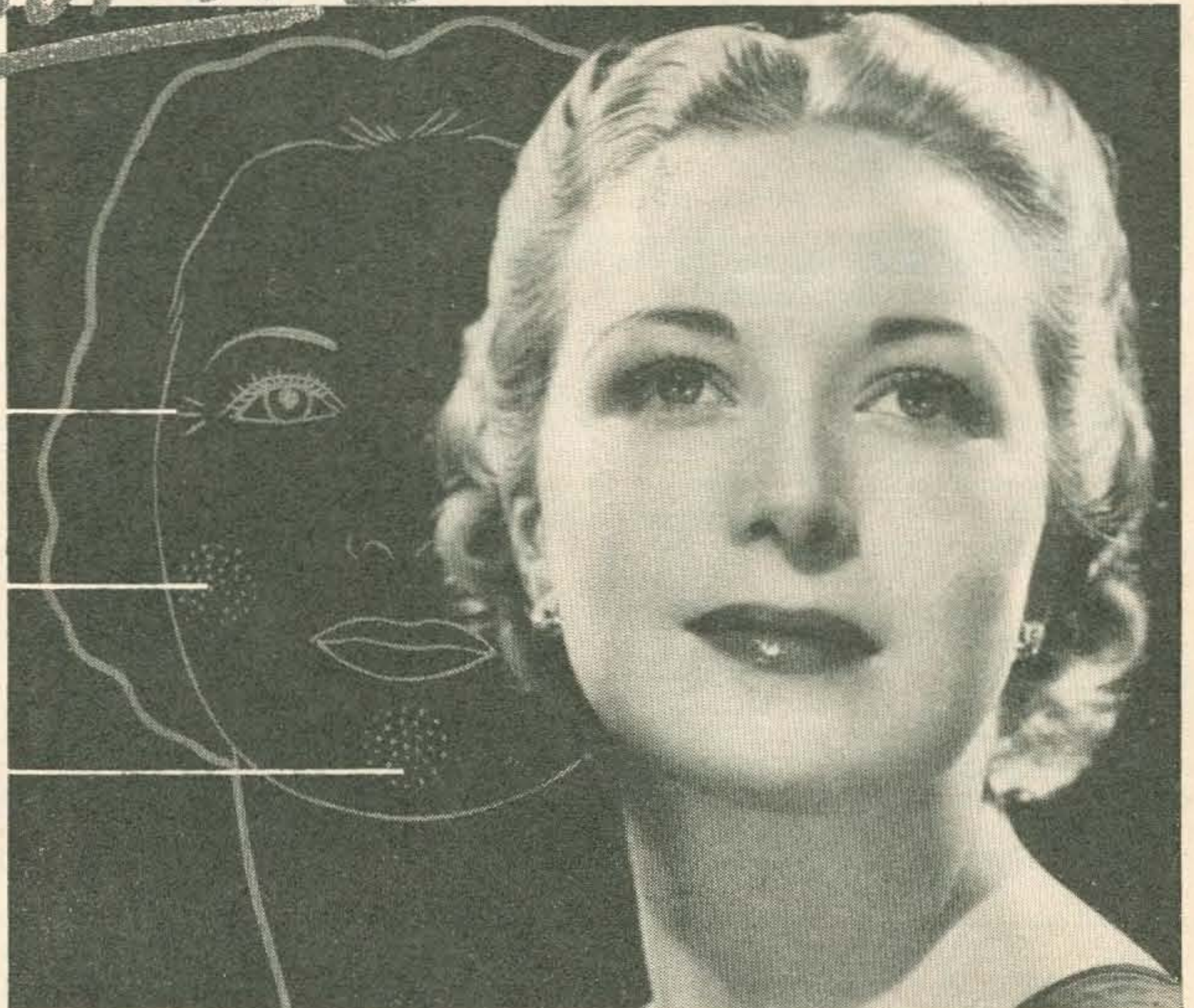
"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES

"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES

"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"



Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

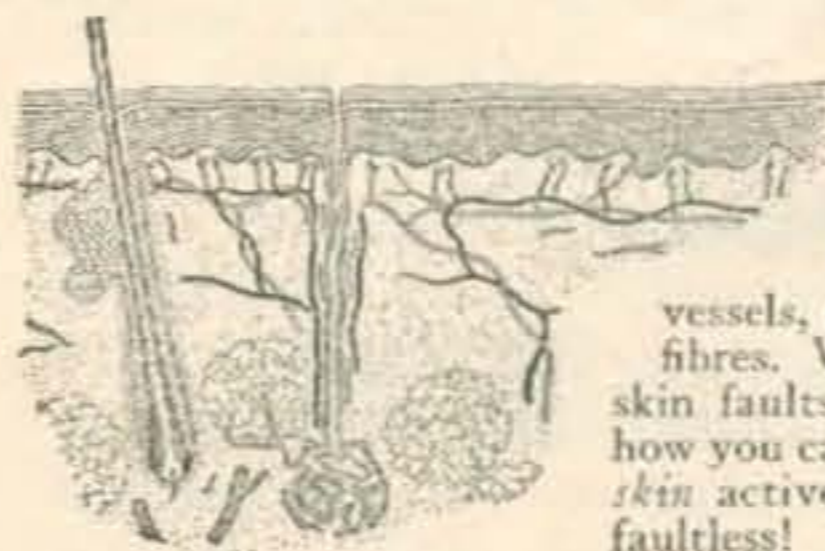
These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

AT GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish . . . "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in . . . "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores . . . "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that! . . . Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at

the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.



Good looks start here . . .

Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—skin faults come . . . Read how you can keep this *underskin* active, your outer skin faultless!

But you can *keep them active!* Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine,

specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason . . . It's so fresh and clear and smooth . . . *beautiful!*

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. J-128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Bettina Belmont

"I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY ON THE AIR

(Continued from page 33)

the time you read this (provided you do, of course), Jack Oakie may be one of your favorite radio comics.

Frankly, Oakie is anxious to get on the air. He's been in pictures a goodly number of years now and he thinks he knows what audiences like. Besides, a good radio program does a lot toward bolstering up a guy's picture popularity.

It's on that last point that Jack has persistently argued with his studio. The powers that be seem to feel that a radio program might lessen Jack's prestige at the box-office. They point to Jimmy Durante and shake their heads. When they finish, Jack points to Eddie Cantor.

At the same time, Jack realizes radio is no pipe dream. He knows it means plenty of hard work, even more exacting than pictures. He knows that the Jack Bennys and the Eddie Cantors are on the top because their half-hour shows represent a whole week of diligent preparation. When a guy is working all week in pictures, a radio show means a lot of extra-curricular activity.

Since Jack's "reform," however, he has more time and more ambition to help him along. It wasn't so long ago when he

tried his best to live up to his title of *Hollywood's Bad Boy*. Every night the gay spots were full of Oakie; he was the head waiter's delight and, to that large group of chiselers in Hollywood, he was a dream come true. Oakie always picked up the check.

Then something happened. Love came along when he met Venita Varden. He married the gal, and the next day four night clubs closed forever. No Oakie—no drinkee. But let's get back to our subject while we still clutch his beard.

"While I think the Jack Benny type of show is swell," he said, "my own preference is for character stuff. What I'd like to do is dramatize a lot of the old Ring Lardner stories. There's plenty of material there and most of his characters are like the guys I play on the screen. I think they'd be a scream on the air."

If you know anything about Lardner's *Elmer, The Great*, you should have a pretty fair idea that Oakie is correct.

"Here's another idea I'd like to work out," he continued. "If I'm doing a master of ceremonies act, I'd like to get a dignified guest star—someone from pictures—and do a little kidding with them. Kay

Francis, for instance. She used to play comedy with me years ago and now she's gone in for the higher things. She'd probably enjoy letting her hair down once in a while—especially at a price."

"And what about the little wife?" we asked. "Practically all the comedians on the air make their wives work."

"I believe," said Oakie, "in the sanctity of the home and the 8-hour wife. I think every wife should work. In some cases, I think even the husband should try to help a little.

"Besides, he added, "Venita's voice on the air is a ringer for Mary Livingstone's. Now if I can get to sound like Benny, the Oakies are set."

It looks as though the Oakies are just about set anyway, for at the moment of writing Jack has several high-powered sponsors on his trail, just in case he doesn't sign with Gillette.

"It's all very simple," said Jack, tucking in his beard and preparing for a getaway. "They want Oakie, Oakie wants money. They get Oakie, Oakie gets money. Government gets Oakie, government gets money. You can just say I'm doing it for my country!"

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 11)

ahead, work in the cool of the morning and cook sufficiently large quantities of certain foods to have a goodly supply on hand for several meals. Then with the help of the trusty can-opener the meal can be "filled in" with such things from the pantry shelf as canned spaghetti, baked beans, soups and fruits, to supply a well balanced menu without much last minute fuss.

To my way of thinking this advance preparation and quantity cooking idea has much merit. So much, in fact, that unless you are just camping out this summer I'm sure you would profit by carrying out some of Portland's suggestions along those lines.

"I roast a leg of lamb or a large ham," Portland informed me with her cute, pert little face as serious as could be. "That gives us plenty of cold meat to have with salads and to make up into sandwiches, for days and days. In the oven, with the roast, I'll sometimes bake sweet potatoes *à la Jack Smart*. You know Jack, don't you?" she inquired. "He's one of the comedians on our program. He's a marvelous cook!"

Yes, I knew Jack, who is fat and jolly and looks like a person who enjoys eating.

"Many's the fine meal Jack has prepared for us," Portland went on. "He's with us on every broadcast, you know. Fred, you see, keeps his company of comedians intact so that it's just like a stock company. And isn't it great," she laughed, "that Jack is as good a cook as he is a comedian! The sweet potatoes I mentioned are his own invention. They're baked until tender and then split lengthwise. After the potatoes have been mashed

they're put back into the shells and topped with marshmallows and almonds. But first they're flavored divinely. Dressy? Oh my, yes! And scrumptious! Would you like to have the recipe?"

Would I like to? I certainly would! And would you like a copy? Well, you may have it. For I not only copied it down as Portland gave it to me, but after testing it out myself I had it printed as one of the regular monthly Radio Hostess recipe cards. You'll love the delicate flavor of these potatoes (it's the orange juice that does it!) and you'll especially appreciate the fact that they can be prepared in the morning or any old time when your oven happens to be going anyway. Then, just before dinner, into the oven they go for a final heating and browning process that brings them to the point of perfection—at which point they are served to the flattering accompaniment of the *ohs!* and *ahs!* of the assembled diners. In order to get your copy of this recipe—neatly printed on a card, ready for your recipe filing cabinet—all you have to do is ask for this month's free Radio Hostess leaflet. Use the coupon at the end of this article for convenience.

But let's go on to some of the other dishes described to me in great detail by Portland and for which you also will find recipes in the same free leaflet. The roast ham she mentioned is one of these—and Portland's way of fixing it is something pretty special. For ham cooked according to her directions comes to the table hiding the excellence of its flavor under the most tempting of glazed coats—all brown and shiny and studded with cloves. No South-

ern Style Roast Ham can compare with it, I'm convinced, after trying out this splendid recipe!

With this ham, Portland often serves a Casserole of Cheese and Macaroni. This too can be prepared in the morning, although it is well not to add the topping of buttered crumbs until just before the final heating.

"We're very partial to all cheese dishes," Portland told me, after describing the above mentioned main course accompaniment. "Recently a friend gave me another cheese recipe that I plan to try this summer. I've never made it myself but I've tasted it at her house, of course. That's how I happened to get the recipe—it was so delicious that I asked for a copy on the spot. It's a Cheese Ring for salad. It's unmolded on to a large platter for serving and the centre is filled with fruits marinated in French dressing. I have a couple of combinations of my own that I plan to fill the centre with, but I'm not going to try to improve on that cheese ring because it can't be done! What I like especially about it is the fact that a salad of this kind takes the place of dessert for any occasion no matter how formal. Not that Fred and I are ever formal, really," she hastened to add.

"I've never gone in for making ring or border molds before," Portland admitted almost apologetically. "But I'm surely going to try my hand at it this summer. I've always liked these gelatin-base borders and I've been particularly interested in them since the trip we took to Hollywood when Fred was in a picture, last year. They go in for things like that

extensively out there, you know. It does make such a pretty-looking dish, too, with the centre of the mold filled with bright colored fruits or vegetables. But honestly I'm not quite sure how you go about it!"

Right then and there I stopped to explain to Miss Hoffa—pardon me, Mrs. Allen—how to "go about it." And I'm going to repeat this explanation here, too, because I feel that many women, besides Portland, are a little baffled by this molding and unmolding process, especially when it comes to larger molds such as the border molds mentioned in this recipe. But as I told Portland in my very best lecture-demonstration manner, "It's really very easy when you know how!"

First, chill your mold or molds. (You'll find metal molds more satisfactory than enamel or glass ones because they are lighter to handle and their contents will chill more quickly. You can buy aluminum border or ring molds for as low as twenty cents in chain stores and smaller ones for even less.)

Some people think that rinsing the molds in cold water facilitates unmolding. Frankly I've never noticed much difference. Fill molds almost to the top, place in refrigerator and chill until firm. If you are looking for speed you can use the freezing compartment of an automatic refrigerator, or place the mold directly on ice; whether in the ice box or in a bowl doesn't matter. Be careful to *chill* and not to *freeze* the mixture, however. When adding fruits, vegetables, meat or fish, allow the gelatin base to thicken somewhat first, then the food you add will not "float" but will remain evenly distributed throughout the mixture after the "folding in" process is completed. When the content of the mold is firm, loosen the top edge with a thin, pointed knife. Then dip the mold in warm—not hot—water and hold it a moment. (Not too long, mind you!) Dry the outside of the mold, place the plate or platter you intend to serve it on over it, bottom side up, with mold carefully centered. Invert plate and mold, holding them together firmly as you do so. Shake gently once, place on table and lift off the mold. Garnish large molds with lettuce after unmolding. Small, individual molds may be unmolded right onto a lettuce leaf if the lettuce is held on the plate before the plate is placed over the mold.

And presto! There you have a salad of which a chef might be proud. Especially if you make it according to the recipe given me by Portland and fill the centre of the mold with one of the two special combinations of fruits and vegetables that she also supplied. With this new-found knowledge all you need is the list of ingredients given in the leaflet.

And remember, the leaflet also gives you the Glazed Ham recipe, the Casserole of Cheese and Macaroni and Jack Smart's Baked Sweets. Then for those who prefer fish to meats in the hot weather, I have included a Special Salmon Loaf that is a great Allen favorite. "I use canned salmon, with mayonnaise to bind it together instead of eggs," Portland informed me, thereby providing further proof (if any were needed) that her knowledge of cooking has been gained through actual experience.

With the ham, I suggest that you serve,
(Continued on page 65)



HURRAH! I'VE FOUND A DISH MY HUSBAND LOVES—AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



JANE, I NEED HELP. I HAVE TO WATCH MY FOOD BILLS, BUT JIM'S SO FUSSY ABOUT WHAT HE EATS

MY PROBLEM EXACTLY. BUT HERE'S WHAT I DO

SHE TAKES JANE'S ADVICE



SAY, THIS IS MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI—A REGULAR "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE! IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION



LET'S HAVE THIS KIND OF SPAGHETTI OFTEN. IS IT HARD TO MAKE?

NO, EASY AS EASY! IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED. I'M SO GLAD JANE TOLD ME ABOUT IT

You, too, will find that this delicious spaghetti helps you serve better meals for less money

It's the thrifty woman's friend, all right—this tempting, savory, ready-cooked spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-and-tomato sauce that good home cooks declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!

You'll marvel how many things you can do with Franco-American. It's the perfect accompaniment for meat or fish . . . It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch or supper. It gives zestful flavor to cheaper meat cuts. It's simply grand for "dressing-up" leftovers. And everybody likes it. Even those who once thought



they didn't care for spaghetti at all, are delighted with Franco-American.

Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't possibly buy all your ingredients—Franco-American chefs use eleven in their sauce—and prepare spaghetti at home for so little . . .

And think how much easier Franco-American is, how much time it saves you! . . . No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve . . . Truly, you'll never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again once you try Franco-American. . . . Why not get a can of this delicious Spaghetti today?

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

IT ALL DEPENDS ON US

(Continued from page 25)

were better than I, I'd be cross because I hadn't done so well—and if she were not, I'd be cross because she hadn't done better!" She smiled whimsically. "Everyone says she was a lovely Juliet," she said sincerely.

We spoke of her play, *First Lady*, then in its final week of the season—and selected by Burns Mantle, dramatic critic, as one of the season's ten best plays.

"I have enjoyed playing in it," Miss Cowl said in answer to my question. "I like working for George S. Kaufman, the author. But the pace of the play has been wearing, these hot nights. Mr. Kaufman likes it played very fast. I set the pace and if I keep it up throughout, I feel I have kept faith with him. But sometimes I think I'd rather play six emotional rôles at once than a fast-paced comedy. It would take less out of me! On the other hand," she amended, "there is the tonic of the audience response. It lifts you up . . ."

I asked Miss Cowl if she were interested in politics, with reference to this play, in which she creates considerable confusion in the course of a preliminary presidential campaign.

"But *First Lady* really isn't about politics," said Miss Cowl. "It's a satire on social life in Washington. And I am only moderately well informed about politics and candidates . . ."

"I feel deeply, bitterly, about many things," she went on, "but how far can one know the actual truth of them? What does anyone know of the invisible elements of any situation?"

"I'd like to know what actually is happening in Russia," said Miss Cowl. "Whether the experiment really is a success. . . . But I can't know. If I went to Russia, I should see what they wanted me to see. I know nothing about machinery. What marvels they have accomplished in that line are beyond my comprehension. I know there is genuine beauty there in the arts, the theatre. The Russian ballet again is on the way to being what it was in the days of the Czar. But what it all means to the middle class, the thinking class, I don't know."

"But," I suggested, "a comparatively few years ago that class sat about, discussing Lenin and Trotsky and saying: 'They represent a small minority,'—thinking 'it can't happen here.' And all the while it was happening—and they, themselves, became the helpless minority. Suppose we are undergoing a similar experience?"

"I am American," said Jane Cowl. "My parents, on both sides, are New England for generations. I was born in Boston. I have within me a deep, instinctive, inherited passion for liberty, for independence. . . ."

"But I could bear a certain amount of regimentation, if it were for the good of the greater number. I could bear being told that I must wear a uniform and hat of potato sacking and eat black bread. I don't care much for white bread anyway! All I ask is that they leave me alone *up here!*" And she tapped her forehead.

"Leave me the right to think for myself."

"But regimentation doesn't stop at uniforms," I argued, smiling at the picture of Jane Cowl in potato sacking. "It goes on and on—and how can you be free 'up here,' if you're not free anywhere else? 'If you take the first step, you will take the last,'" I quoted.

"I think America will fulfill its destiny," said Jane Cowl with conviction. "We go along, sometimes indifferent, sometimes complaisant, sometimes indignant—then, suddenly, we wake up and go into action.

"Look at the crime wave. . . . For years it rolled on, unchecked. Then we woke up and did something about it. Capone is in Alcatraz, the G-Men have made kidnaping unprofitable, Luciano and his henchmen have gone to their reward—I hope!

"That's America!" she smiled. "Sleep till noon—then get everything done before one o'clock!

"The rising generation," she went on earnestly, "is a thinking generation. They're not the flask-toting, jazzing youngsters of a generation ago. They'll think, and act. . . . And among them are future statesmen—who will not be venal.

"We shall have our awakening. Maybe it will come through radio—I don't know. Maybe it will come through terrible suffering—I hope not! But America will work out its destiny."

"Do you think radio is awakening national consciousness?" I asked her. "Is it educating us, its listeners, to awareness of our own responsibility? Are women, do you think, becoming, through political broadcasts, more interested in politics?"

"It depends on the listener—on the woman—the voice on the air. . . . There is nothing," said Miss Cowl, "more powerful than the human voice—regardless of what it is saying—in its effect on human psychology. . . . Suppose one man has a charming voice, a winning radio manner—and another speaks harshly, belligerently. . . . Which voice, do you think, will ring with the most authority?"

"The average woman—whoever she is," she went on, "the woman who has no personal connection with public affairs—whose husband is a grocer or a butcher and not a congressman—what is she going to get out of a political broadcast? How is she going to know whether she is listening to statesmanship or strategy—to patriotic principle or political expediency? She can't listen to all sides and form a sound opinion. She can't listen to Borah and Roosevelt and Farley and Landon. . . . The best she can do is listen to the commentators and draw what conclusions she can from them.

"I like the commentators," said Jane Cowl. "Especially Boake Carter. I feel that he must know what he is talking about. If he didn't, they'd skin him alive! I don't like the ones who seem to attack things just for the sake of stabbing at someone. There's too much of that in the world! And we, who want the truth, are confused, misled by it."

"What do you think would have been the reaction," I asked her, "to nominating a woman for vice-president?"

"Again it all depends on the woman. I'm not a feminist *per se*. I wouldn't vote for a woman merely because she was a woman. But if she possessed the essential qualifications. . . . For instance, Ruth Bryan Owen, our Minister to Denmark—brilliant mind, sterling integrity, never venal—she would be admirable in any office. It would," she mused, "have drawn a tremendous response from women voters—to have nominated someone like Mrs. Owen. . . ."

"Heavens, what have I got here?" she broke off to stab with an inquiring fork an innocent-looking breast of capon which the waitress had placed before her.

"You need to eat—" I smiled. "You've a hard evening ahead of you."

"I'll have a hard evening if I eat all that!" She sighed. "It's difficult to think of anything you want to eat, when it's so hot. . . . How I shall enjoy my vacation!" she murmured.

"Do you visit your family in Boston?" I asked.

"I have no family—no father, mother, brother, sister—not even a cousin. . . ." She looked suddenly small and lonely as she spoke. "I have no one in the world. . . ."

No one, perhaps, in the sense of relationship. But friends, and loyal ones, Jane Cowl has beyond counting. From these, stage associates and other friends of long standing, I have heard talk of Jane Cowl that warms the heart.

Still, one does want "someone to come home to." "Have you a dog?" I inquired.

"I had a dog. But when my husband died, I sold my home in the country. One person," said Jane Cowl tersely, "cannot make a home. And the servants, the ordering, are a responsibility. . . . So, when I decided to come in town and live at a hotel, I gave my dog to a friend who loved him. I wouldn't keep a dog in a hotel. I can't get up early in the morning to take him to walk. And I wouldn't leave him for a bellboy to walk. . . ."

"He used to travel with me," she went on, "when I was on tour. . . . At first he hated the noise of the trains—then he got used to it and didn't mind it at all. He had a little traveling box and when the trunks and the box were brought out, he'd jump in his box and sit there, all eager and expectant, ready to go. . . . They're such companions. . . ."

"Speaking of dogs—and of the impossibility of knowing the truth about anyone. . . ." Jane Cowl's voice quavered huskily. "It's a curious trait in human psychology—that when anyone reaches any eminence in the public eye, there always are hands reaching out—to tear him down!

"One evening, in the theatre, some friends of mine sat in front of a man and a woman. During the intermission they heard the man say: 'Isn't it a delightful play! Don't you like her?' And the woman said: 'No—I don't like her. If you hadn't especially wanted to see this play,

Romance comes to girls like these

we wouldn't have come. But I couldn't like her in anything she did!' 'But why?' the man asked. 'Because she's cruel to dogs,' the woman said. 'But how can you possibly know that?' he demanded. 'I heard,' the woman said, 'that she went off to Europe one summer—and left her Pekinese shut up in her apartment—and it died!'

Miss Cowl seemed visibly to shrink. Her eyes were misty with pain. "Who could have started such a dreadful story? That woman never, never will believe I didn't do anything of the sort! Never in the world!" Her lips quivered. "Why do people invent such things? How could they make up such a story—out of what whole cloth?"

"'They'—who start these malicious and destructive stories," I mused,—"that vague, unidentifiable *They*, of '*They say*'—must be a group of disembodied demons! No human being could be so heartless and irresponsible! I suppose, if *They* could hear you—see you now—*They* would say you are acting, to hide a troubled conscience! It's abominable!"

She nodded wordlessly and lighted a cigarette.

"Shall you spend your vacation in Europe, or in England?" I asked, seeking a happier subject.

"England!" Light routed the shadows from her eyes. "I love England. My people came, originally, from Somerset. I hope, too," she added, "to go to Lake Como and to visit two or three other places on the Continent. But England always delights me so, it's hard to leave it. I usually take a house somewhere in the country—or a flat in London for a few weeks.

"Have you heard of the new voice culture in England? I'm going to look into that when I get there. . . . You call Central on the phone and ask to be put through to a certain number. When they answer, they ask you to speak a sentence or a phrase. They listen to you and then tell you just what are your faults of speech—perhaps you don't sound your consonants correctly, or your inflection is wrong—or what not. It seems to me an admirable idea—and a fine national spirit—to make correct speech available to anyone, to eradicate unpleasant or provincial or cockney accents. . . .

"Voices," mused Miss Cowl again, "are the most potent, the most compelling things in the world. And, coming over the radio, divorced from form and background, they are especially powerful. . . .

"But through those voices on the air," she repeated, "may come our awakening. At any rate, they will make us think—and when we have thought, we shall act—some time between noon and one o'clock!"

We had finished our coffee now and we rose and walked toward the elevator. She seemed small, I thought, as she walked beside me—tiny, almost. But her true stature, I felt, was well above the average—tall as she seems to be upon the stage.

The right to think, I reflected as we said good night—the right to be free "up here," is, as Jane Cowl aptly says, the essential liberty. It is what distinguishes free men from slaves. And if radio preserves for us that liberty, we need not fear for others.

But again, as Miss Cowl has said, it all depends on us!



Wise girls guard against COSMETIC SKIN the screen stars' way



CAROLYN M. JACOBI, Boston fashion artist, says: "My skin grew nicer after I used Lux Toilet Soap. When I was married, people said the bride had lovely skin! Naturally, I always use this soap."



CHERIE OVERTON, popular New York debutante, writes: "I could never think of facing the whirl of parties and dates if I wasn't sure about my skin. Lux Toilet Soap has done wonders for it!"



AILEEN RYAN, young Morristown, N. J., secretary, writes: "Everything you say about Lux Toilet Soap is true. It keeps my skin so clear and smooth. Nobody knows it yet, but I've met *the man*."

"GUARD against Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap," says Ruby Keeler. "I use powder and rouge, but I use this soap regu-

larly to keep my skin smooth."

Cosmetics left choking the pores cause Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use it before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!



Ruby Keeler

WARNER BROTHERS STAR



HAPPY-GO-LUCKY?

(Continued from page 48)

big dividends. Look at me! I'm happy."

As Benny spoke my mind strayed to schooldays and Shakespeare. What was that quotation? Something about someone who "doth protest too much." But I listened with wonder at the unfolding of this man's story because it revealed amazing courage. Your throat would tighten, your heart would ache at his pitifully brave effort to convince, not the world, but himself that life, after all, had been wonderful and just and kind. As he enthused about children and the joy it gave him to work for them, my eyes strayed to a handsomely framed photograph of a cherubic, ringleted little girl. Benny's voice died away. His eyes followed mine.

"Isn't she a honey?" he whispered tenderly. "That's my little daughter, Lila." He was silent a moment. "She's out in California—with her mother," he added.

For a brief fleeting moment Benny Rubin forgot that he was supposed to be the happiest man in the world. The mask was off and there revealed was bitter, stark pain and the ache of longing. There mutely was explained the feverish enthusiasm and the philanthropy on behalf of children. Benny's drawn face told, plainer than any words could, that all the children in the world could not fill the void in his heart left by his own little daughter—a daughter whom he had given up in one magnificent gesture of self-sacrifice.

Few men could have survived the buffetings of even one of the tidal waves of unhappiness and misfortune that have engulfed Benny Rubin each time he struggled toward what he thought might prove a little haven of peace. Benny survived three such catastrophic disasters and, like a drowning man going down three times, each time he saw a saving oar held out by a woman's hand—and each time saw it snatched from his grasp.

For the right perspective on Benny's three cataclysmic loves, it is necessary first to understand him and the little boy from which the man of today was fashioned. Born in Boston, fourth child of a brood of eight boisterous boys, his eyes opened upon the seamiest side of life.

"I never learned to swim or skate or ride a bicycle or to do any of the things most kids do—because there wasn't any money," he explained. "The only amusements we ever had were fights and baseball. That's why I'm nuts about fights and baseball today, I guess. I didn't mind being poor so much until I went to school. But then I knew my clothes looked funny. They were always handed down to me from my older brothers, and by the time those three got through with them there wasn't much left except rags. The other kids laughed at me. Maybe that's why I hated school so much. I wouldn't go."

Had that been enlightened 1936, sociologists might have taken little Benny Rubin and inquired into the reasons for his refusal to attend school. But sociologists were rare in those days and child psychology almost unheard of. So little Benny, at the age of eleven, found himself in a reform school.

"I hated people. I hated everybody in the reform school. I hated the whole world. I wanted to give as much trouble as I could—to get even," Benny said soberly. "Then they taught me to play the trombone. We used to have minstrel shows and I used to sing and dance and do comedy bits in them. Why, I'd never had that much fun before in my life! Before I knew it I found myself liking the reform school and liking everyone in it. And above all else, from the very first time I played the trombone out there on that platform—I wanted to go on the stage."

Benny was sixteen before the opportunity to realize that ambition came along. The two years that intervened after his release from the institution had been spent in working at odd jobs and playing in amateur shows, wherever and whenever he could find them. When his chance came, he had found more lucrative employment as a traveling salesman. He sat one night in a hotel in Westerly, Rhode Island, regaling some fellow traveling men with stories. A man who heard him proved to be the manager of a "tab" show playing the town, and he offered Benny a job as an actor. The job paid far less than Benny was getting as a salesman of rubber heels, but it opened the door to the magic world of the theater. That was enough. Benny wired his resignation.

There in the world of the theater, the world where he was to find riches and success and heartbreaks and despair, Benny met his first wife. His first impression of the theater was girls, girls, girls! They surrounded him. It was his first real contact with women, for he had grown up in a family of boys and then spent three years in an institution for boys. Women baffled Benny. They made him feel shy, awkward, inferior, as he had felt years ago in school when the boys laughed at his tattered clothes.

There was one girl in particular. . . . For a year she scorned Benny's every gesture of friendship. Of course, then, it would have been that one girl he wanted above all others. In the end they eloped.

Nervously Benny ran his hand through his black hair. "I can't talk about it. . . . I can't! It had a terrible effect on me. . . . I was only seventeen. It made me think marriage was a ghastly joke. When it broke up two months later I swore there never would be another woman in my life."

Time has a habit of shunting aside such impetuous promises as that which Benny made to himself—that there would be no more women in his life. Ten years passed and he was rich, successful. He had achieved that *Ultima Thule* of all vaudevillians—he had trod the sacred boards of New York's Palace. Then he met her.

Sweet, old-fashioned, carefully brought up, she had been sheltered by an adoring family. To Benny, satiated with the familiar "show girl type," she seemed like some lovely angel. The cynicism of ten years fell from him as though he had cast off a cloak. There was reverence in his adoration, too. Benny had never heard of

Sir Lancelot, but if he had he would have felt in that noble a kindred soul. Each day was a new miracle with its fresh realization that this vision of demure loveliness and purity returned his love. He knew the success he had won had not brought the happiness he had expected from it; that, he supposed, came with the quiet contentment of a home, a wife, and children.

At that time the motion picture industry was such an infant it had not yet learned to talk. The screen was at the height of its silent eminence. Benny was offered a job in Hollywood. Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand were in their heyday. Benny, writing script and appearing with glamorous Marion Davies, felt that despite its ill-omened beginnings life had been good to him. He was making big money—and saving it. His favorite diversion was accompanying real estate men to home sites. He had picked a location for a beautiful home for his bride-to-be.

Evenings in Hollywood are long and dull for a man who likes excitement—and can't have it. New York seemed ten thousand miles away and the long-distance telephone was a poor substitute for a warm, flesh-and-blood girl. Everyone went out on dates at night. It was a case of "when in Rome" . . . and the little extra girl seemed pathetically lonely. She was pretty, too, although then, as now, a pretty girl in Hollywood is as common as a personal pronoun on Broadway. In short, Benny took the little extra girl out. Casual enough. No harm in it. She knew his heart was in New York. They just dined and danced and laughed and chased away their loneliness. But the girl in New York heard of it.

Her disappointment hurtled through thousands of miles of wires. Benny made no effort to deny he had taken the other girl out. He admitted it frankly. Patiently he tried to explain to the girl in New York that of course he loved her—only her. A few days later a registered letter brought about the termination of the engagement. So closed the unfinished chapter of the one most nearly perfect in all Benny Rubin's checkered life.

He was bitter. He might, he reflected, have lied and stemmed the fateful fury. He sought solace in the little extra girl and found her sympathetic. They didn't love each other—didn't pretend to. But between them stretched a tenuous bond of sympathy. One night Benny leaned across the expanse of red and white checkered table cloth.

"What say we get married, kid?" he blurted suddenly. "You need somebody to take care of you."

The girl looked at him with listless eyes. "All right, Benny," she agreed quietly.

Strangely enough, the loveless union turned out better than the most optimistic prophet might have foreseen. When little Lila was born Benny felt that he had not been cheated out of happiness, after all. His love for the chubby, blue-eyed, golden-haired child surpassed all else. He had a

lovely home, a child he adored. What more could he ask? You couldn't, he reflected, have *everything*.

Then an obscure cloud on the horizon blackened suddenly. Benny's wife, never robust, fell ill. An ambulance came one day and took her away to a sanitarium. For three years she fought against tuberculosis and when she did finally return home she was oddly changed and moody. Benny's fortune had been spent on her cure and while she had been away, he had been both father and mother to little Lila. The blow fell with the suddenness of a pole-axe.

"Benny, I want a divorce," his wife said.

Slowly Benny's stunned mind functioned again. He understood. He nodded dumbly. He knew that love had come for her.

"Okay, kid, if it'll make you happy," he answered miserably.

Lila's mother married the man with whom she had fallen in love while in the sanitarium. Benny, with one last gesture, gave her his blessing, their home with all its expensive furnishings, his automobile and every penny in his bank account. And a monthly allowance.

"Of course I couldn't stay in California—work out there knowing that . . . knowing . . . well, it would have been too hard, that's all. Eddie Cantor loaned me \$1,000 at his request. I came to New York. I'd been away a long time. People forget quicker in show business than anywhere else. I hadn't any money or any prospect of making some. I don't think I cared very much, though. When I kissed my little girl goodbye, I felt my life was finished anyway. Do you know, she came to see me last month," he amended eagerly. "Say, she's some kid!"

Benny digressed for an hour to talk of nothing but little Lila.

"Of course, I'm all right now," he resumed. "I got all straightened out, and you know what did it? That night I was telling you about, when I was sitting in this hotel thinking about the window, the phone rang. It was the chairman of some women's committee. Wanted me to appear at a benefit. I started to say 'no.' I didn't see how anyone who felt like I did could cheer anybody else. I hung up on her.

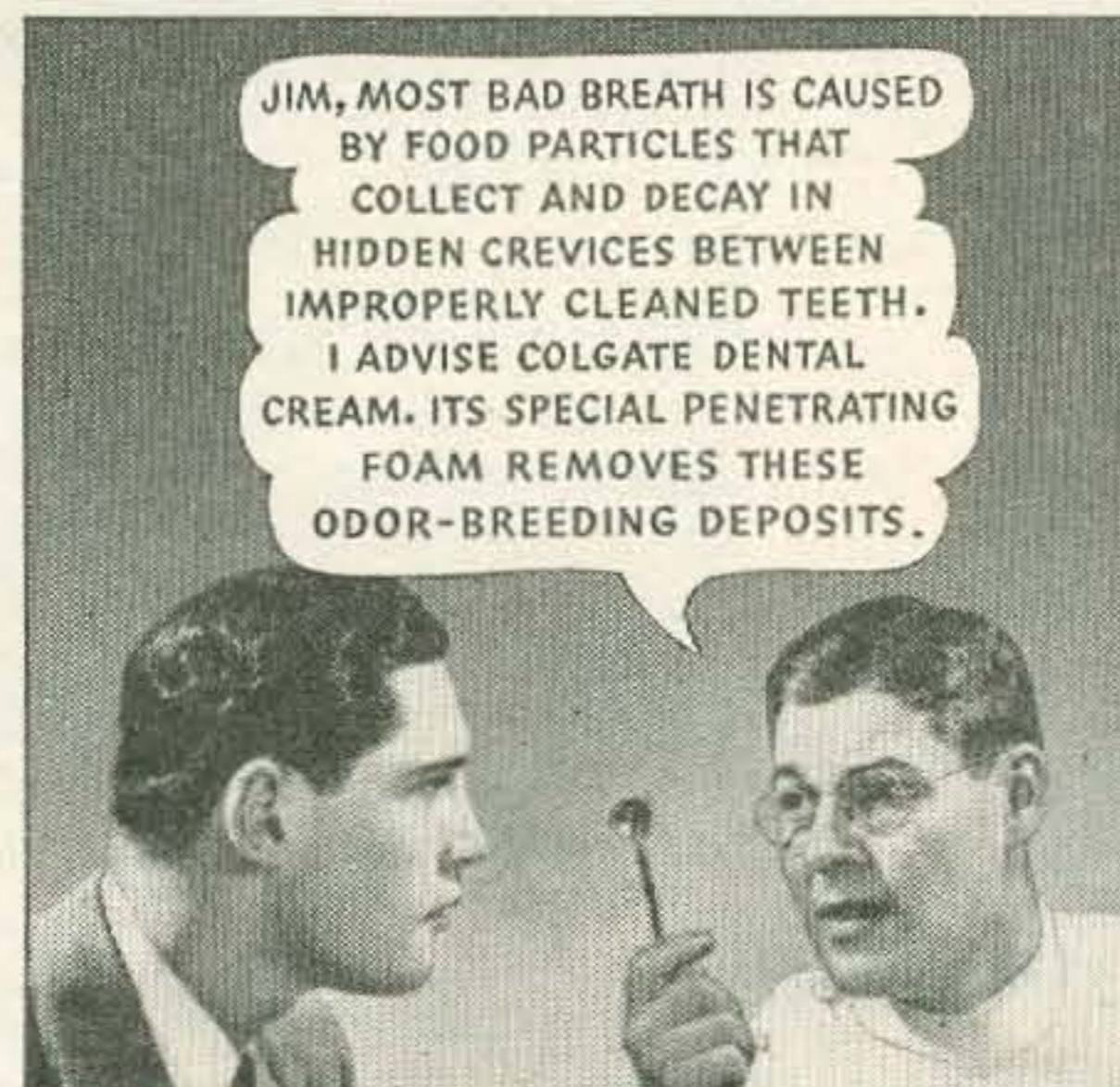
"Then I sat down in a chair and began to talk out loud to myself like a crazy person. Maybe I was a little crazy.

"Don't be a fool, Benny. Pull yourself together," I said to myself. 'Lots of guys have had tougher breaks than you have. Stop thinking about yourself all the time.'

"That was it. Stop thinking about myself. That was what I had to do. I called the woman back, and told her I was sorry I'd been so rude. And I played the benefit. After that I visited the reform school I went to when I was a kid. Say, by the way, did I tell you they made me a member of the board of directors? That's a hot one, what? Me!

"But I got all straightened out, see? It was fun being of some use in the world. More fun than anything I'd ever done before. Why, before I knew it I had my radio program. I told you I was the luckiest guy in the world, didn't I? Yes, sir! The happiest, too." His voice trailed off. "The happiest man in the world!" he whispered doggedly.

No, Benny. The bravest, maybe—but not the happiest.



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WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

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penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



AMERICA'S IDEAL NEIGHBOR

(Continued from page 49)



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unsuccessfully to describe for you the odor of the honeysuckle, but gives up, ending her sentence with an expressive little sniff. She tells then of the sweet smell of grape blossoms, warm with sun, but adds matter-of-factly: "I couldn't smell them so well, because I was eating a piece of cabbage." And she laughs. But that reminds her that somebody told her about cooking cabbage in milk. "I never heard of it before; did you? It's delicious! It really is."

So, the program grows on you. And becomes as welcome as a neighbor who drops in with: "I can only stay a little while—keep right on with your ironing—"

It sounds so casual. So easy. But of course, it can't be. If you analyze the program, you'll see it is much more than forty-five minutes of amiable chatting. Listen critically and you'll discover that into each program Mary Margaret McBride slips six or eight first-rate human interest stories—stories any good newspaper reporter would love to get. They are brought in casually, without headlines, told with the news sense, the color and economy that is the art of the best reporter.

Now it takes time to find these stories. Every day there must be a fresh supply. Each day, after the exhausting business of broadcasting, she must begin the search for the next day's material. Something new, something amusing, something human. Something that will interest everyone and offend no one. This program that sounds so natural and easy—that sounds as if you or I could do it with no fuss at all—really takes a superhuman amount of judgment, time and thought.

Mary Margaret McBride carries it alone, too. Except for the helpful "um-hums" and "I don't think so's" of the young, blond announcer, Vincent Connolly.

But while you marvel at a person who can conduct, successfully and all alone, nine broadcasts a week (she has two-a-day on Monday, Wednesday and Friday,) the really amazing thing about this young woman is that she has reached the top in two separate careers. Until June of this year she still was shouldering the responsible position of editor of the Women's Page for the *N. E. A. Syndicate*. And there are many people to whom Mary Margaret McBride, the writer, is a much more important person than Martha Deane, the radio artist.

The magic of her dual success probably is her firm belief that you can do anything you want to do, if you want badly enough to do it.

She always wanted to write. Even when she was a tiny child, scarcely old enough to spell out the large letters in her brightly colored picture books, she wanted to write. When she was five years old she decided that since she was going to be a writer, she might as well start. So she wrote a poem called, *The Ocean*. Having lived all her five years on a Missouri farm, Mary Margaret never had seen the ocean. But, anyhow, she wrote the poem. Her father sent it to a farm paper, *The Drovers' Journal*. Almost by return mail the paper sent Mary Margaret a note of acceptance

and a check for three dollars.

But the story has a sad ending. Mary Margaret was extremely shy. Friends and relatives came from every corner of the county to the McBride farmhouse to hear the details of how the five-year old had written and sold a poem. With each new batch of arrivals, Mary Margaret was trotted out, check in hand. Painfully self-conscious, she suffered tortures! Finally, one day, in the agony of her embarrassment, she turned suddenly, tossed the check into the fire and fled from the room. But anyhow, the poem was published and everybody was very proud.

Among the proudest was an aunt who was determined to make Mary Margaret Lady Principal of *William Woods College*, a small school in Missouri, founded by the aunt's husband. Mary Margaret told the aunt that she couldn't be a lady principal because she had to go to New York and be a writer. But the aunt said that was a lot of foolishness and not to argue with her. She was going to see that Mary Margaret was properly educated and turned into a first-class Lady Principal.

It wasn't until the end of her freshman year in college that Mary Margaret finally convinced the aunt she was going to be a writer, not a lady principal. The aunt then withdrew her support. And Mary Margaret found herself, at the beginning of her sophomore year, penniless, down at the *University of Missouri*, wondering how she could work her way through three more years of school.

There was a small, sad daily paper in the town. Mary Margaret offered the editor her services. He hired her—for ten dollars a week, if and when he could pay her. She was to be reporter, society editor, proof-reader, copy reader, and help make up the paper when it was necessary.

It was hard work, but wonderful experience. She was clever, too, at simplifying the work. For example, she knew a man at the local ice-cream plant. Each day she called him and he told her what families in town had bought a lot of ice-cream. In that way she always knew who was giving a party.

Every month or so the owner of the paper despaired of keeping it alive. But Mary Margaret wangled a few new subscribers, or sold an extra column of advertising, or wrote an especially bright feature—and made the paper take a new lease on life.

Two weeks after she was graduated from the University, the paper breathed its last. Now she says: "Isn't it marvelous that it kept alive till I was graduated? It seems as if the little paper's destiny was to see me through school; doesn't it?" It never seems to occur to her, even now, that the energy she poured into it was what kept the paper alive!

Her goal after graduation, of course, was to get to New York and be a writer. She took a job offered her on a Cleveland paper because Cleveland was nearer New York than Missouri was. She had just received a raise to forty a week when a religious organization in New York of-

ferred her a publicity job at twenty-five. She didn't hesitate. What if the salary was less? New York was her goal!

Two weeks after she arrived there, the religious organization collapsed and Mary Margaret found herself in a strange city without a job.

It was a catastrophe. But she wasted no time in weeping. There were other jobs to be had. She was in New York where success was for the taking.

But it is somewhat ironic that her success as a writer—the career for which she had natural talent and great ambition—should have taken years of hard work and struggle to achieve. And that success in radio came easily, almost over night.

It still is difficult for her to believe that radio fame has come to her. That she, Mary Margaret McBride, is also Martha Deane. She speaks of Martha Deane in a detached kind of way that is as surprising as it is amusing. She says: "I listened to a recording of one of her broadcasts, and I didn't think she had a particularly pleasing voice." (This was said after someone quoted Mary Pickford as saying that Martha Deane had the best radio voice of any woman on the air.) Martha Deane to her always is "she;" never "I."

Yet she takes her radio audience with a seriousness that almost approaches awe. Until recently she carried the daily batch of fan mail with her from the studio each day. It was quite a bulk, but she packed it into a brown paper shopping bag and hauled it along to teas and on errands, opening and reading the letters eagerly as time permitted. Finally her "bosses" convinced her that it not only was exhausting to carry it around so, but it looked funny! Now her secretary opens the mail and holds it for her.

It was characteristic of her to have been surprised and touched when a group of women's organizations recently awarded Martha Deane a medal for her contribution to radio. She says with almost child-like candor: "I don't know what I contributed. Somebody said naturalness. Doesn't seem like that's anything to get a medal for, though; do you think?"

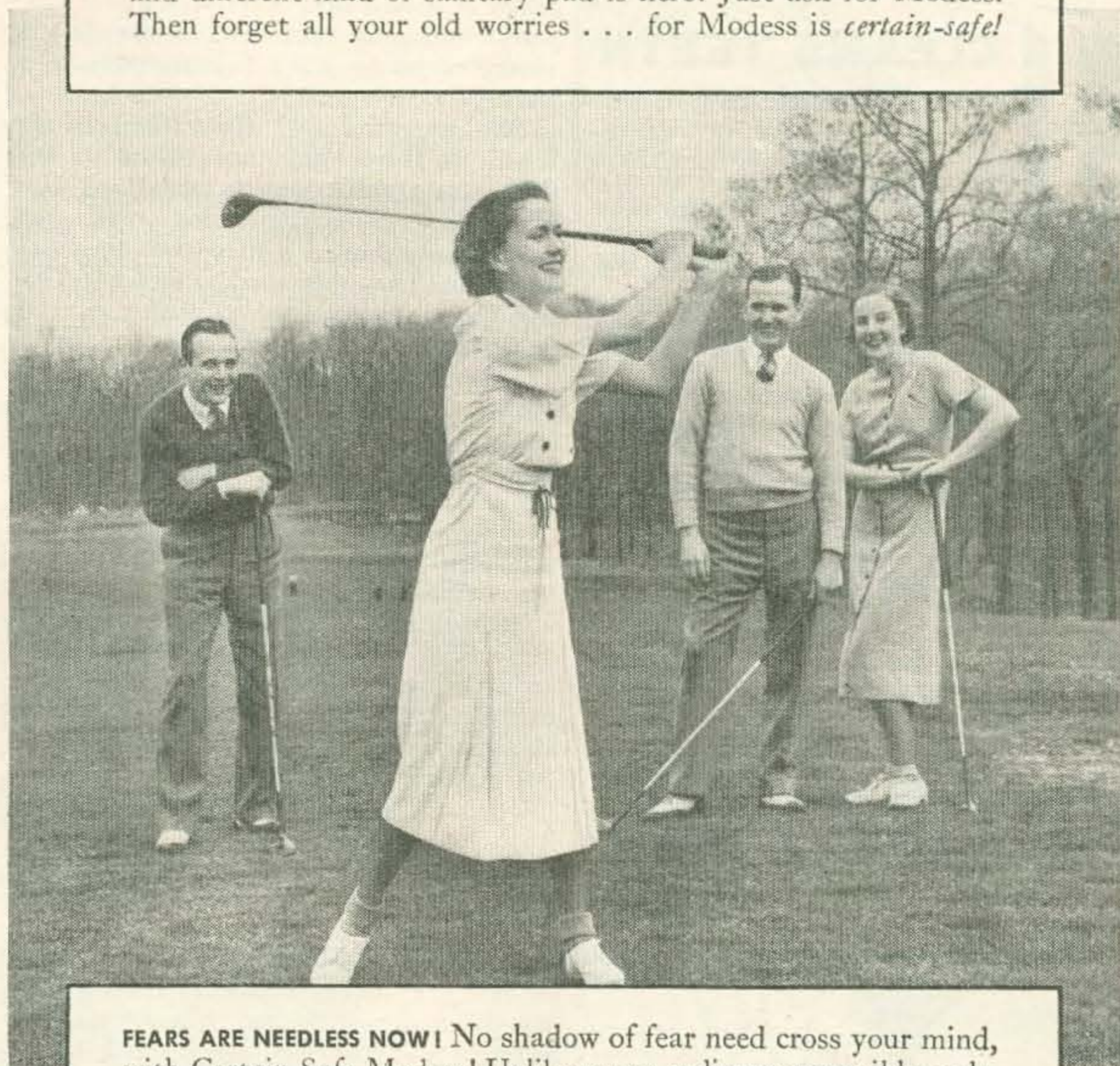
The medal was presented at one of her regular broadcasts held, for the occasion, at the Grand Central Palace in New York. Twenty thousand women rushed the doors to have a glimpse of Martha Deane. It also is characteristic of her that the broadcast wasn't particularly successful because, she says: "I couldn't keep my mind on the program. I kept worrying about all those women, some of whom had come long distances to attend. It was a terribly hot day. They were crowded in there, most of them unable to hear. I was so upset, I simply couldn't think.

She is one of those rare persons to whom success is sweet chiefly because it enables her to make others happier. Giving security to her family, sending her Mother and Father to Florida for the winter, putting a younger brother through college.

Some prophesy that some day Mary Margaret McBride will have to choose between her two successes and that her choice will be in favor of her first love, writing. But she denies this, saying that she never, now, will be satisfied to give up radio. Good news that is, too, for the thousands of homes where she is as welcome as the sunshine, every day.



WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*



FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.

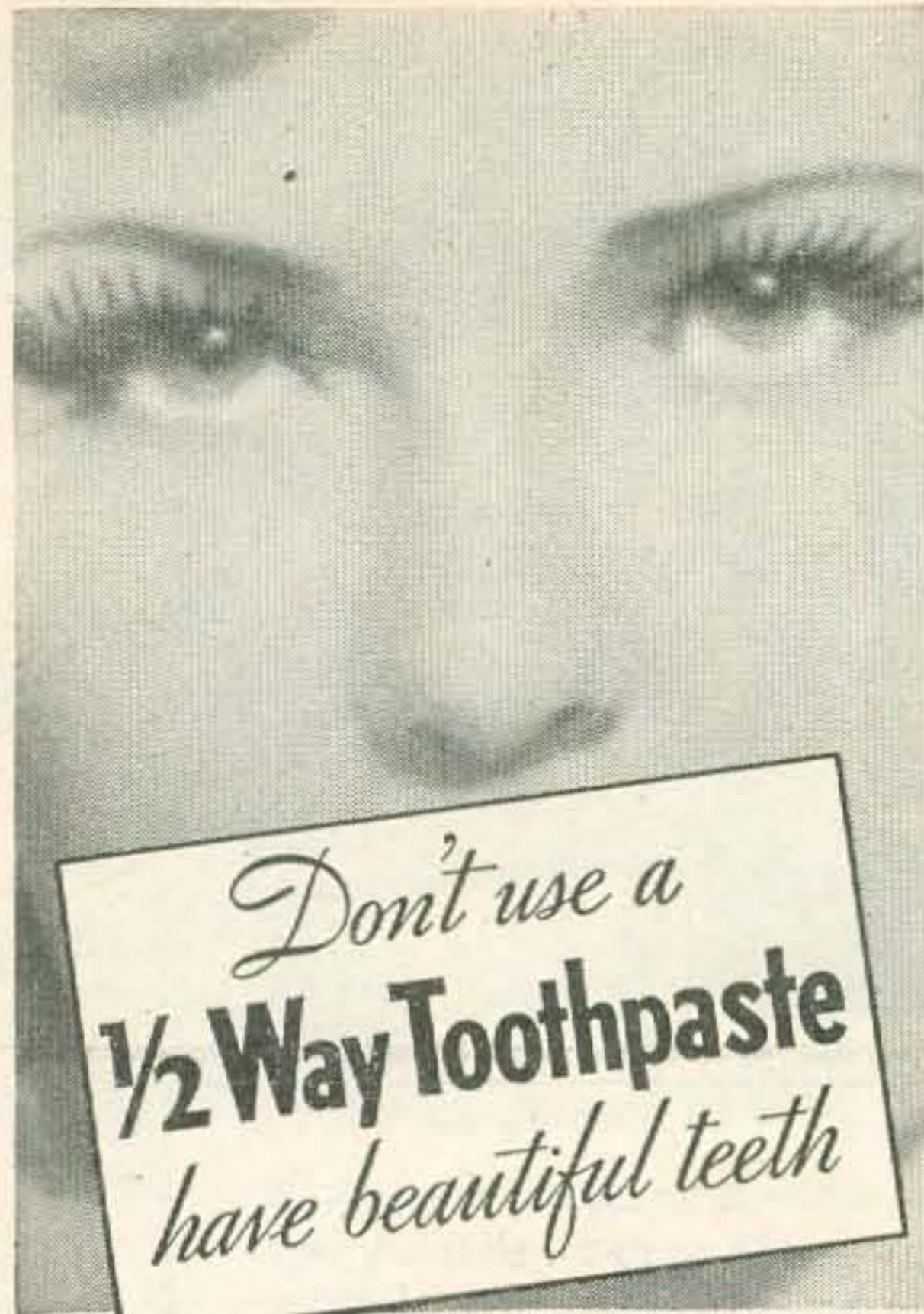


End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

● Try N-C-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.

HIS DUCK'S GOOSE IS COOKED

(Continued from page 23)



Don't use a
1/2 Way Toothpaste
have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you two-fold protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

asked for a hundred bucks. My father was working for five dollars a day and I had no idea where the hundred was coming from. But they sent me enough to get home on. Then I stayed at home for a while until I began to get the itch again to travel around."

Joe Penner has few reticences and no affectations about his origin. He was born in a small Hungarian town called Magy Becskerek and on his recent European trip—his first—he made a point of revisiting the home town. "It used to be Hungary," Joe says, "but now it's Czechoslovakia or something."

He came to America when he was nine, in June, 1913, and he'll tell you with relish that he came over on the old Carpathia—the ship that rescued the Titanic survivors—and came, incidentally, in steerage.

"We were the only Hungarians on the boat," he says, "my father and I, and there was at least one of everything else. My father was sick as a dog on the trip, but the only thing I disliked was the black coffee and buns they used to feed us. That and the hose they used to wash down the quarters at six o'clock every morning. You'd sit on the edge of your 3-decker bunk and if you didn't get your feet, shoes and clothes off the floor when the water came swishing along, it was just too bad! While I wasn't sick at all on the crossing, two weeks later, after we'd landed, the ground started swaying under me and I was sick."

Penner, elder, worked in Detroit in an automobile factory and when Joe had grown a little and had some schooling he worked for a time with his father until, at about sixteen, he left home, as noted, to sell magazines.

One of Joe Penner's greatest ambitions is to lead an orchestra. As a youngster he studied violin—and talking of that brings us to another "racket."

"The next job I held," he says, "was to give away fiddles. We had a shiny violin in a cheap, imitation leather case and the trick was to hang around a school as it let out and pick out some kid that looked like a good prospect. I'd pick some studious-looking kid, wearing glasses, maybe, get to talking to him and show him the fiddle. 'Look, sonny,' I'd say, 'how'd you like to have this for nothing?' The kid would say he'd like that. 'And how'd you like to play in a school orchestra I'm organizing?' Usually the kid would be sold, so I'd get his name and address and go around to see his mother. 'Smart young man you have there,' I'd say. 'He's very anxious to have this violin. And I'm here to give you the chance to get it absolutely free.' Then I'd tell her about the school orchestra that was forming and wouldn't she like her son to be in that, too? The gag was that the boy had to go to this music school for lessons—at two dollars a lesson. After thirty-eight lessons the fiddle was his! And the first six bucks he paid were mine!"

"But that isn't really a racket," I offered. "After all it's just a selling scheme."

"Sure—and it's still going to-day," Joe grinned. "There was one time when I was stranded in Toledo, Ohio, and I saw a sign for a music school that was working the same gag. I figured there was a chance to make my fare home . . ." He sighed ruefully. "But nobody in town knew me and they wouldn't trust me with the fiddle for a come-on. I tried to work it without the fiddle but it didn't go."

"Then there was the 'picture racket'. I carried a big case with a beautifully colored and framed enlargement in it. I'd set the case down outside the door so it wouldn't be seen at first, when the door opened, and ring the doorbell. The trick was to get inside the house. If necessary we'd set the case inside the doorway as the door opened, to keep from having it slammed shut. Once inside I'd pick out a picture—a snapshot or a photo and rave about it. I'd haul out my sample pictures and sell the woman the idea that her picture would be enlarged and colored just as beautifully—and for only two dollars. It seemed unbelievable, and a bargain. Usually I'd get an order."

"Where was the racket in that?"

"Well," Joe looked sheepish. "You can believe it or not, but all I knew was that they really *did* make a handsome colored enlargement of the picture for two dollars. I was—so help me—a hundred per cent. sincere in selling housewives the idea. It was some time afterward that I found out just what happened when the picture arrived."

"A follow-up man would arrive with the elaborately framed enlargement. He'd exhibit it and help the buyer rave about what a good job had been done. Then he'd flash a bill for twenty-eight dollars. The woman would say: 'I paid two dollars for the enlargement,' and it would turn out that the twenty-eight was for the frame! If they squawked he would agree that the picture could be sent back to the factory and removed from the frame and returned. But by this time he had managed to have it hanging in a prominent place. And the picture was sealed in the frame so thoroughly that she could see he couldn't just take it out without ruining it. Besides, it might take eight or ten weeks before the factory could get around to removing the picture and sending it back to her. Why not, he'd finish, just pay the difference and have this beautiful thing intact? And more often than not he'd make the sale."

"As I say, when I found that out I quit that selling job—and it was one of the last selling jobs I had—until the Duck Salesman, on the radio."

You remember the show, of course. It started in the "catch-line" era. Every radio comedian had a catch-line that was plugged; there was Ed Wynn's *So-o-o-o-o*, Jack Pearl's *Vas You Dere, Sharlie?*, and Joe Penner's *Wanna Buy A Duck?* Joe's new show isn't using that. He's the Black

Sheep in a family and the comedy is based mainly on situations rather than on gags.

This new show, incidentally, was one of the quickest sales in radio. Eight hours after his first reading of the script, Joe played an audition of it for *Cocomalt*. And a half hour after the audition the directors of the company had bought the show.

Meanwhile Joe will be making three pictures for *RKO* and broadcasting from the coast at the same time, so it looks like a pretty busy season for the ex-salesman. But there'll be no more selling if Joe has anything to do with it—pictures, fiddles, magazines or ducks!

"Going on at six o'clock Sundays is a better time for kids to listen," Joe says. "Although they managed to hear the old show, and pick up the catch-line well enough to kill it for me, eventually. But that's the worst part of a catch-line. If they don't pick it up it's no good—and if they *do*, it's killed in no time."

So the duck's goose is cooked! Enter the Black Sheep.

Oh, yes—there's one other ambition of Joe's. When he was on the coast last he looked around for a house in Beverly Hills. "I didn't bother much about the house or swimming pools or anything. The first thing I did was to measure off the backyard to see if there was enough room to pitch ball in it."

Joe likes to pitch. And if the house had too small a backyard, the deal was off. But he never pitched professional ball. "I only like to pitch to a catcher," Joe grins, "and I don't let anyone stand too close to the catcher!"

He doesn't think making a single picture means anything, because before you get around to making another one the public has forgotten the last one. You've probably seen him in Paramount's *College Rhythm* and *Collegiate*.

He's played in circuses, vaudeville and stock burlesque, finally winding up in two musicals on Broadway, both of which flopped. His first hit was on the Rudy Vallee show as guest artist, in 1933, and he's been doing all right ever since.

He's not particularly worried about the new show; he thinks it's good and there's no particular idea in his mind that he's making a "comeback." The old program is through—so he's back with another one and a different idea, which is, perhaps, as it should be.

He's thirty-one years old, married to Eleanor Mae Vogt, a former *Follies* girl; his speech has a slight trace of the natural flat lisp that he emphasizes in his performances. He's a very natural guy and a likable one. He doesn't take himself seriously, works pretty hard and seems to enjoy it.

But he's through selling things!

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress...



IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor... in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono

gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odorono and descriptive leaflet.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9E6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

In the October Issue of
RADIO STARS
*One of the Frankest
Articles Ever Written*
**RADIO AND THE
RACETRACK**

MUST YOU ALWAYS HAVE MUSIC?

(Continued from page 31)



Postscript

WHEN the evening's entertainment is over — and you've turned off the radio — turn your footsteps toward the kitchen. There, satisfy that hungry feeling with a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. They're satisfying, full of flavor. And so easy to digest they help you sleep. Sold by grocers everywhere.

You'll enjoy these programs:

HOLLYWOOD TALENT PARADE

A weekly promenade of future stars—on the Mountain and Pacific Coast N. B. C. Red Network Thursday nights.

KELLOGG'S SINGING LADY

Every day except Saturday and Sunday — 5:30 to 5:45 over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home in leisure time. One Lewis Student writes: "Hostess-Manager of Country Club, open all year.

Salary \$135 monthly and full maintenance for my two children and self." Write for Free Book. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, S'a. MP-8101, Washington, D.C.

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific

way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

have criticised my natural speech—not my character dialects—they say it's not American!" She looked puzzled. "I don't think I speak like an English-woman! Do you?"

"I wonder," she mused, "why people seem to resent cultivated speech? Why do they feel that if it is habitual for them to use a rolling 'r' or a flat, nasal twang, they mustn't change? They change everything else, to make themselves more pleasing, more attractive. Even the Sears Roebuck catalogues advertise the latest beauty aids! Everyone, all over the country, wants to be smart, polished in their appearance—but not in their voices!"

"I have a friend," she went on, "a really beautiful woman, smart, *chic*, up to the minute in everything but her voice. I said to her one day: 'Do you realize that you have the most atrocious 'r'? And she laughed and agreed with me. 'But—' she said, 'I can't change it—that would be an affectation!'"

"'But why?' I asked her. 'When short hair became fashionable, you bobbed yours. When suntan is smart, you have the most luscious tan imaginable. Why shouldn't your speech be equally *chic*?' And she agreed that it was logical—but she couldn't do it!"

"And I," Cornelia finished with a laugh, "I suppose I could change my speech to suit my critics—but that would be an affectation!"

I laughed with her. It seems absurd to think of Cornelia Otis Skinner's "affecting" anything. She is utterly straightforward and sincere. Charming without pose. Spontaneous and friendly. Oddly, too, she is rather shy. Not in any gauche sense, but with a modest reticence. Daughter of a famous stage star, Otis Skinner, beloved by theatre-goers of more than a generation—and famous in her own right, Cornelia moves in no glittering aura of superiority and success. Meeting her casually in the gracious setting of her New York apartment, you would think of her as any happy young wife and mother. In the room where we sat chatting were evidences of simple taste, of keen and various interests apart from the theatre.

"This is my own room," Cornelia said. "I love it."

Open bookshelves lined one end of the room, opposite the wide windows looking toward the river.

"It's a trite expression," Cornelia said, "but they're 'friends'—George Eliot, Bret Harte, Dickens—I re-read Dickens constantly—whenever I travel, I take some one of his books along. . ."

On one of the shelves stood a medal, mounted on a wooden plaque. It was the medal awarded by Radio Stars Magazine to Cornelia Otis Skinner last summer, "For Distinguished Service to Radio." A medal richly earned by her distinguished work last season on the Jergens program.

"It is a beautiful medal," Cornelia said.

"I'm very proud of it."

That brought us back to our discussion. "Do you," I asked, "have to rewrite your skits largely for radio broadcasting?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's difficult, too—the cutting, the timing—making room for the descriptive lines that must substitute—inadequately—for the visual impression—the sound effects—the commercials. . . I work and work on them. . . It's months before I dare use one! I try them out on Mother and Father and on my husband. From my father and mother I get the theatre reaction. From my husband I get the layman's reaction. That's very valuable to me. I haven't tried them on the cook," she smiled. "But I think that might be a good idea. I never feel satisfied. . ." She sighed.

I recalled several of Miss Skinner's "monodramas" which, heard during last season's broadcasts, remain vividly in the memory—the young mother helping Junior with his homework, the Southern girl in the Louvre, Anne Boleyn on her way to the scaffold—and wished that I might hear them again.

"I do repeat sometimes," she said. "But not till after a long time."

"I wonder," I said, "why it wouldn't seem worth while to a sponsor to repeat current programs? For instance, repeat your Sunday night broadcast on Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the week. . . So often you wait, eager to hear a certain program, and then—just as it goes on the air—the telephone rings, or someone comes calling—and before you can get back to it, it's over and gone and you never can get it again. In the theatre, if you miss a play one night, you can see it the next night. Or, if you have especially enjoyed it, you can see it again and again. Mightn't repetition help build up an interest in dramatic programs?"

Cornelia considered. "It might—" she agreed. "I don't know. Dramatic programs face so many difficulties. The time, for one thing, is too short. . . You can't, in a fifteen-minute period, or in thirty minutes—not even in an hour-long program—create for a listening audience over the radio the same effect that is created immediately in the theatre. And," she reiterated, "to create the illusion, the voice alone is not enough. Real enjoyment of drama on the air will have to wait till there is some means of seeing the actors. . ."

I ventured another question: "Do you enjoy radio drama?"

"I don't—" her eyes held a whimsical smile. "This is a dreadful thing for me to say—but I don't listen to it! I listen to music—I never miss the symphonies—and I enjoy the news broadcasts, and some of the comics—"

Like a child slightly embarrassed by its own frankness, she veered away from the subject. Thoughtfully she regarded a moth-ball which rolled out from among the cushions of the couch. "We're just in town for the day," she explained. "The

apartment's all packed away in moth-balls. We're staying out in the country for the summer. We just came in to go to a dinner tonight." Her eyes strayed to an enlarged kodak picture of her boy, standing with his dog beside his grandfather and grandmother in a lovely sylvan setting. "He's bigger than that now," she said, as I commented on it.

"Tell me," I asked, "do you answer your fan mail yourself?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "A good deal of it. . . Some of it is very, very kind. . . When anyone writes me that he or she has listened to a certain sketch, or particularly enjoyed a certain character I have portrayed, I always answer those letters. . . Many of them, of course, are from very young people. . . I used to write fan letters myself, when I was fifteen! So few older people take the trouble to tell you they have enjoyed something you have done. A friend of mine," she went on, "told me, the other day, that she had not missed one of my broadcasts last summer. But she never wrote or told me at the time! It helps so much, to hear kind things," she said sincerely.

An outer door opened. A man's step sounded down the hall.

"Alden!" Miss Skinner cried. "Alden—" she said breathlessly, as he stood in the doorway, "they're coming! They're coming!" Her voice was electric with joy. "I got the cablegram this afternoon. I've been paging you all over New York! I couldn't wait to tell you! There's the cable on my desk—I cried when I got it—I was so happy!"

Her tall, lean husband picked up the cablegram and read it aloud. "This—" he said, "this makes the year perfect!" And the light in his eyes matched that in hers.

They turned to me. Both half incoherent with delight, they tried to explain. Some very dear friends of theirs in England—they never had been over here—they had invited them to spend the summer with them—they had been afraid they wouldn't be able to accept—but they were coming!

"Radio—" murmured Cornelia Otis Skinner very softly, her eyes shining mistily, "makes this possible. . ."

And I knew she was speaking to herself.

And in that swift little scene I saw another illusion created—the picture of an ideally happy home life, of mutual friends and shared delights.

I realized, too, that not even the mingling of those two ecstatic voices could create that picture so vividly as did the sudden shining light of happy faces, of eyes eloquent with wordless joy.

Illusion, I was forced to concede, owes much to the visual image. Yet, as I left, I found the lilt of happy voices still echoing like sweet music in my mind.

UP...UP...UP... IN POPULARITY



Sales of KOOLs tell a story. Unknown three years ago—now up among the leaders. The reason? Try a pack. Enjoy the agreeable coolness of the mild menthol. Taste the rich flavor of the better tobacco blend. Notice the easy-on-the-lips touch of cork tips. And

in every pack comes a B & W coupon good for nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only) . . . Smoke up, cool down with KOOLs. They're better for you! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



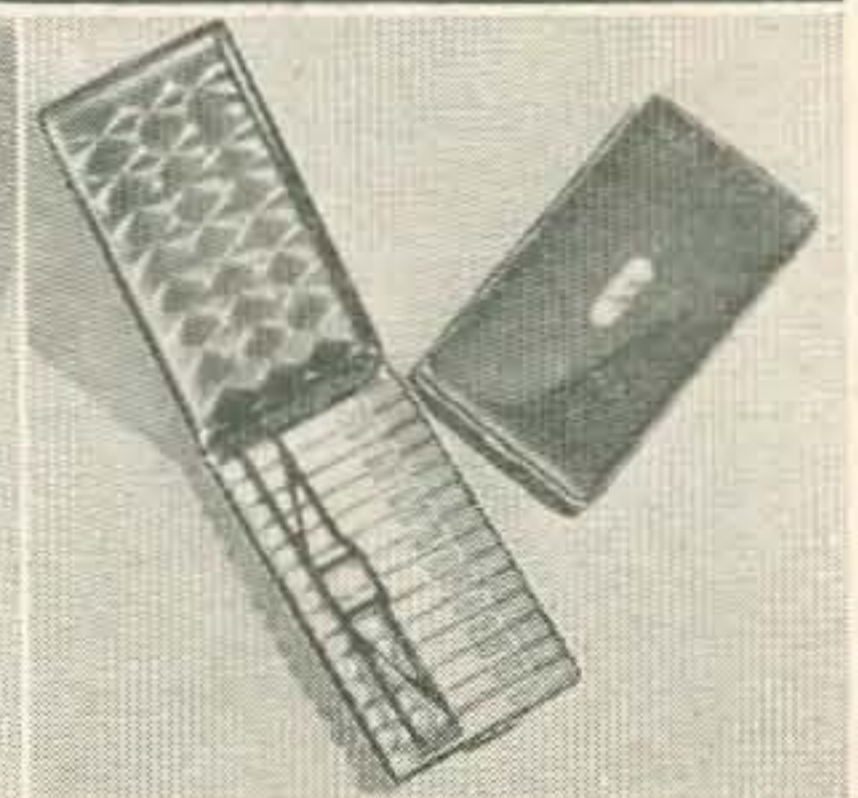
SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



U.S. Royal Golf Balls—Famous for distance and durability. 3 balls . . . 200 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet No. 11



Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver nickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons

WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING TO JAMES WALLINGTON? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF RADIO STARS

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

NO MORE MEN!

(Continued from page 41)

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

MY GOSH! WHY DON'T YOU MODERNIZE AND ALKALIZE INSTEAD?

I HAD TO SLEEP ONE OFF, OL' MAN, SO I STAYED RIGHT IN BED

NOT MINE! WITH ALKA-SELTZER I AM JOHNNIE ON-THE-SPOT.

I HOPE MY PICNIC LUNCH WON'T TIE YOUR STOMACH IN A KNOT

I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO.—IT ALWAYS CLEARS MY DOME

O DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO, I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME

MORNING MISERY

ACID INDIGESTION

HEADACHE

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK

30¢ 60¢ AT ALL DRUGGISTS

ALKALIZE WITH ALKA-SELTZER

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness. Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully for millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

running around to night clubs—I was out morning, noon and night. I thought these things would counteract my morbidity, which was becoming so intense."

Joan Marsh, at twenty-two, talks as though she were an old lady. Perhaps it is because she has seen a bit of life in her few years on this earth. She has known heartache—the kind of heartache that only a child in an unhappy home can know, a terrible sense of insecurity. She has known success as a motion picture star. And she has been in love, a love which she knew couldn't last, so turned her back upon it.

"We were too young," she said. "When a girl and boy marry before they know what they really want out of life, that marriage can not possibly last. So I knew it was better to stop before we made that mistake.

"I do not believe in regrets, either. I think a person should profit by mistakes, not waste time and energy in regrets. That is the way I look upon the crazy life I led in Hollywood. At that time I thought that 'good times' was the road to a happy life. How wrong I was!" Her head was slightly turned, her eyes looking off into the distance. It is with her eyes that Joan seems to portray her emotions. For the first time during luncheon her hands were still, the cigarette holder lay on the table, forgotten.

"I wasn't making any progress," she continued. "True, I was making a success on the screen but I, Joan Marsh, wasn't getting anywhere. I wasn't any less sad than I had been back in boarding-school days. I, myself, wasn't growing. It had to stop. Do you see what I mean?"

"Of course I like to go dancing. I enjoy the company of a young man as any other girl does. But dinner and dancing isn't living. As a diversion, fine. But there is so much more in this world. And I mean to find it."

Joan Marsh deserted Hollywood a little over a year ago to make a personal appearance tour. That was her first step in getting away and meeting different people. Her ambition was to do radio and stage work in New York City. During her tour, she played a theater in uptown New York—that was a year ago. She was sitting in her dressing-room one day when her maid announced Ray Pierson, who had played with her in pictures.

"I was driving by when I saw your name on the marquee out front. I had to come back and say hello," he said.

Joan was delighted to see him. He introduced a friend, Jean Paul King, one of radio's ace announcers.

"Why don't you do some radio work?" Pierson asked her.

She replied: "I'd love it!"

Mr. King remembered the enthusiasm of Joan Marsh and the next time she was in town—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Hollywood was reticent about releasing its singing and dancing star. Joan was called back to the film capital to make three more pictures. But not until after

she had made a personal appearance record—twenty-five consecutive weeks to packed houses.

When she had finished the remaining pictures called for by her contract, she said to her mother; "I'm going to New York. I'm tired of Hollywood and pictures. I've got to get away. I'm in a rut."

Mrs. Barr (her mother has remarried since her divorce) knew her daughter's determination, will power and courage. She said: "All right, my dear. If that is the thing to make you happy, by all means do it."

But why, with a successful motion picture career, with men at her feet everywhere, was she unhappy?

"Because I was tired of playing. I was tired of going with a lot of people who were nice enough, it is true, but who meant very little or nothing to me. I have a few close friends in the movie town—people I love. About six, I should say, and they are all married."

Why has film town's playgirl turned from it? Is it the influence of radio—a strict master to its workers? Or is there some hidden reason locked in the secret chambers of Joan's heart?

"There is nothing secretive about my feelings," she hastily says. "I am just like any other healthy normal girl. I decided I knew all there was to know about pictures." (She's been in pictures off and on since the tender age of nine months.) "I am not a careerist—that person who, above all else, must be true to her art. I want to be true to myself. Of course I like to accomplish things. But I don't want fame. I want success."

True, these two go hand in hand but Joan is not interested in the glamour of the movies, in having heads turn wherever she goes.

"That doesn't mean I don't like to please people, either. But I don't want to be successful just so people will notice me. I want to be able to say to myself, 'Joan, you're making the most of yourself.' To me that is success. It is a selfish desire, perhaps, and yet pleasing others gives me great happiness."

Joan told of a recent week-end when she was the house guest of a friend whose home was in the country. Sunday afternoon friends dropped by. Joan was asked to sing.

"An elderly couple sat in a love seat, listening to me," she went on. "The gentleman's arm was around his wife. A sweet picture. Then I finished my song. I nearly wept with joy when I heard one say to the other: 'Wouldn't it be nice if we had someone like that in our home?'" As she recalled the incident, her large blue eyes filled with tears.

It is easy to understand what that couple meant. Joan has such a young, naïve way about her. She is not the movie star with arched eyebrows. In fact, she allows her eyebrows to grow absolutely natural, much as a girl of sixteen. Her make-up is extremely conservative.

"When I came to New York in April,

(Continued on page 85)

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 53)

as Portland does, Corn Bread Cobs. These are individual corn meal muffins made by the following recipe and baked in special iron pans which have "cups" for the batter the exact shape of an ear of corn. Gives quite a party-ish air to one of the world's easiest hot-bread recipes. Bake these in regular, small muffin pans if you don't care to be quite so fancy.

CORN BREAD (CORN MEAL COBS)

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1/2 cup white flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening

Combine corn meal, flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg, add milk. Combine with dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and beat together thoroughly. Pour into hot, greased Corn Cob moulds or muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes or until done.

Another great favorite of the Allens in the hot-bread line is Rich Bran Muffins, filled with raisins and equally good whether made with sweet or sour milk. An especially nice feature of these is that they stay fresh for a considerable length of time so that you can make up a large batch and serve them at several meals.

RICH BRAN MUFFINS

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 1/2 cups all-bran breakfast cereal
- 1 cup flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2/3 cup seedless raisins

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, sour milk and cereal. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and soda. Add raisins to flour mixture. Combine with liquid mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°F.)

If sweet milk is used instead of sour milk omit the soda and increase baking powder to 1 tablespoonful.

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"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

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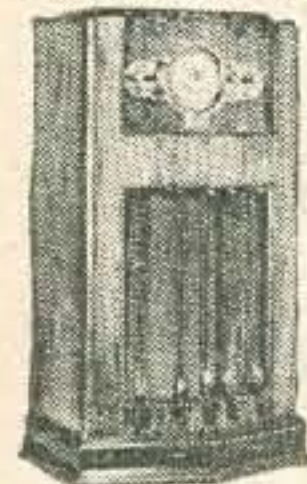
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I'D GIVE UP MOVIES FOR RADIO

(Continued from page 21)

And the face and the body are not on exhibition on the air. And so, unless I should be struck dumb at sunrise, I could keep on broadcasting until the last dance step had danced away from these dancing feet, until this ole red head becomes an ole grayhead.

"And that's a consideration for any person—and most certainly for any actress and more than most certainly for any screen actress. You know the familiar Hollywood slogan; 'The life of a star is five years.' Well, that's the curse of the cinema actress. That's the sword of Damocles hanging over our heads. And the radio has no such sadistic slogan and no such sword to mow us down in our prime. It is rather dreadful, really, when you think of working as hard as we do in pictures, putting all of our eggs into one basket which may collapse in five years!

"And then I feel that radio is peculiarly what I want, being me. You know me! I don't give a darn about being dressed up, very often. Oh, now and again I like to put on the glad rags and step out to the Grove or the Trocadero or somewhere. But usually I'm to be seen floating about town in a pair of overalls or slacks, as guiltless of lipstick as the day I was born. But I always have a guilt complex about it. I know that I shouldn't go about as I do. I'm probably letting my public down.

"Well, I wouldn't be letting the radio audience down if I should broadcast with cold cream on the Rogers face and curl papers on the Rogers hair. Because I wouldn't be selling the Rogers face and form on the air—praise be. Radio fans wouldn't know or care how I looked and I wouldn't have to care, either.

"I guess I can't be called conceited, anyway. Maybe I haven't a normal interest in myself that way. Freud might give me a break and tell me that I am not an exhibitionist. But I am, of course, in a way. All actors and actresses are, or they wouldn't be actors and actresses. But I wouldn't miss not being seen, not one bit. On the contrary. I could just be myself."

It did seem to me, looking at Ginger as we lunched together in the RKO commissary, that the Rogers face and form, however lightly their owner may hold them, are as good arguments as any I know for speeding up television. For she had come to lunch with me straight from the set of *I Won't Dance*, straight from the arms, as it were, of Fred Astaire. And she wore a dinner gown of sheer, breath-like metal cloth, an underwater color of palest, faintest blue. A sleek gown with a smart little jacket . . . And the beautiful, long-waisted figure, the red gold hair the color of melted new pennies . . .

"And then, too," Ginger was saying, "I could live almost anywhere I might feel like living, if I were a radio star—anywhere in the United States, that is. I could plug in from New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington—wherever I happened to be when my broadcast went on. As it is I have to stay in Hollywood, whether I like it or not. I happen to like

it. It's home. And so it's no real hardship. But there are times when my feet sprout little wings and I'd like to be off and away. There are times when the wanderlust has to be downed. It wouldn't have to be downed on the air," laughed Ginger, "just curbed a bit!

"I believe, too," and Ginger's eyes were serious, "that I could build for myself the kind of a career I want—on the air. I wouldn't run the risk of being typed. I certainly would not be called upon to dance. Not until television, anyway. And why cross bridges until you come to them? I could gain a pound or two. I want to get away from dancing, too much of it, anyway. I started in pictures as a dramatic actress. People seem to have forgotten that. I want to do dramatic work. And on the air, I could.

"And I wish," said Ginger, earnestly, "I wish you would ask the public a question for me when you write this story. Ask them what they would like me to do when, or if, I go on the air. Ask them whether they would prefer me to do the light musical comedy type of thing? Would they like me to do scenes from my pictures? Or would they prefer dramatic plays and sketches? Or what? I hope they'll tell me. Because I could use their response as a sort of thermometer for future use. I hope not too far in the future.

"Don't think," said Ginger, as Victor Young stopped at our table for a moment to tell Ginger he hoped she could rehearse for the *Shell* program later in the day, "don't think that I am being glib about this. I realize that it is not as easy as it sounds.

"I think that radio work is easier than picture work. I'll say that without knowing so very much about it. But it stands to reason that it must be. In the first place there is only one thing to work with—the voice. And it's certainly easier to perfect one instrument than many. In radio you don't have to worry about clothes. You don't have to spend the hours and hours we spend standing in for fittings. You don't have to give time and thought to make-up. You don't have to be photographed, for stills and portraits. You don't have to care how you look nor worry about the sets, the camera, the lighting. We spend weeks, Fred and I, just rehearsing. We spend many more weeks in production. After that, we have to stand by for even more weeks for possible retakes. We have not only to dance and to sing but we have to speak lines, to dress and to look as well as possible.

"On the other hand, each radio broadcast, assuming that you are on once a week, takes just that one week to prepare. There is the matter of learning the script, of one or two rehearsals for timing and so on, and that is that. Once I had learned the ropes, what kind of a microphone suits me best, the distance I should stand from the mike and so on—it would come fairly easily, I think. Just as, when you first make pictures, you have to consider timing and spacing and what your best camera angles are and what they are not—and

fter a time, all such mechanics become second nature.

"But, easier than pictures though I feel radio would be, there is plenty to learn, I know. Matter of fact, I think I did learn more during the few broadcasts I have made than in almost anything else I've ever done. I became fully conscious, at any rate, of what it means to have to put everything you've got, everything you *are* into one medium—the voice. A broken heart, a soaring, exultant spirit, brooding melancholy, ecstasy almost too deep for words—all of the major chords and minor keys of which the human spirit is capable must be registered in the voice. Registered so precisely that the fans can feel they are seeing as well as hearing. It's comparatively easy to play a symphony with an orchestra of many pieces. It would be a 'tour de force,' indeed; to play that same symphony on one instrument. But that's what must be done on the air.

"In the play I did when I took Leslie Howard's place on the air, there was a love scene where I was supposed to kiss the boy who played my sweetheart. I worried about that kiss when I read the script. I didn't see how we would get it over. After all, if you can't *see* a kiss . . .? I felt sure we couldn't make a resounding, smacking sort of noise to indicate that we had kissed! Well, I found that all I had to do was to put the back of my own hand to my mouth and make a little sighing noise, a sort of 'Mmmmm'.

"It seems," laughed Ginger, "that you sort of act with yourself on the air. I *kissed* myself!

"You're on your own on the air, too. It isn't like working in pictures, where the director and the assistant director and the camera-men and the sound-men stand by you until the last foot of film is shot and everything is safely 'in the box.' You have guidance and direction every foot of the way in films. But when you are broadcasting you are alone with your soul! You are rehearsed *beforehand*, of course. The producer of the program times you to the split fraction of a second. If you are singing on the air, you are synchronized with the orchestra. But once you step before that mike you are without benefit of direction of any kind. You are your own man. And there is no help for you but in yourself. No one can prompt you. If you go up in your lines; you are *up* and you stay there. There can be no retakes as in pictures. You can't see the rushes and insist on doing certain scenes over again because of this or that.

"Which is rather good for me, I think. One is apt to get clinging-vineish and pass-the-buckish in pictures. There's nothing but the air to cling to, once you are before the microphone. There's no one to pass the buck to. You stand or fall by your own voice. You haven't any face, any gestures, any painted backgrounds to divert attention.

"One thing I know," said Ginger, "and that is that if I am ever really on the air, really a radio star, I shall never read my scripts. I'll memorize my lines as I do for pictures. I'm a fairly quick study and I would make it my business to be quicker for the air. There would be something sort of sing-song and cut-and-dried to me about reading lines from a piece of paper.



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MACMURRAY**

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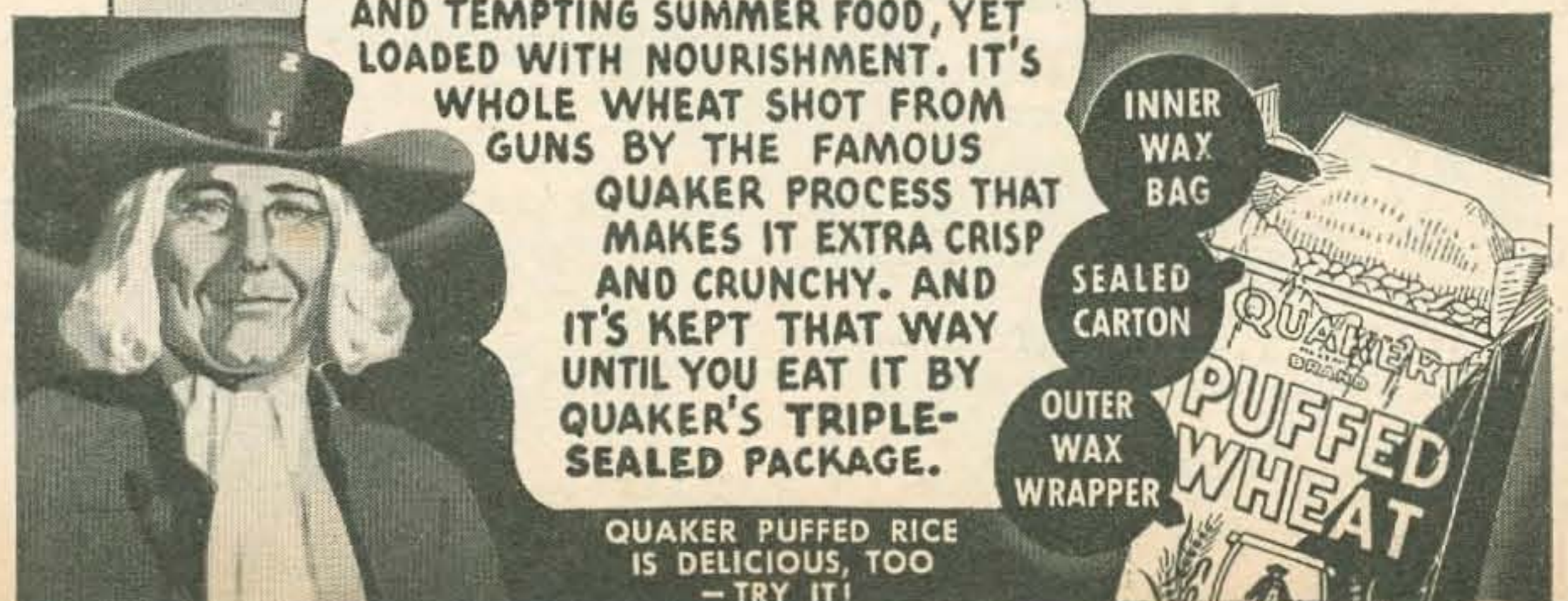
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I know that many radio stars do and get away with it beautifully. But I don't think I could. I wouldn't want to. The spontaneous type," laughed Ginger, "that's me!

"And I'd certainly take lessons in English, in diction. Most Americans speak carelessly. How carelessly most of us never know unless we begin to broadcast. Radio has certainly taught me how carelessly I speak. For instance, I always say 'Tell 'im to come over'. Most people do. I never thought about it. I never knew that I did say it that way, until I began to broadcast and was told to say 'Tell him to come over.' I usually say 'That'll do'—and it sounds all right to the naked ear. But for the ear of the microphone you must say 'That will do'. You can't slur your words.

"In pictures, on the stage, there is so much to distract the attention, the actual actors themselves, the backgrounds and so on, that the way words are spoken blends into the whole. But on the air words are all there are and they have to be said right.

"Oh, I'd love it" sighed Ginger, "I could live my own life—on the air. I could go to town... I could play around in overalls without a prick of conscience. I could gain ten pounds and who cares? I could have some time to stay at home and be

domestic—something I've never been able to do! I could have some fun with other girls as other girls do. I could shake off the Sword of Damocles. I'd never have to think: 'the life of a star is five years.' It doesn't mean, all this, that I am not happy in pictures, because I am. It doesn't mean that I don't love my work, because I do. But it does mean that I could work and develop and grow with radio and that my success wouldn't depend on my weight nor the color of my hair nor my birth dates on the calendar nor anything at all but just the accumulated experience and depth and understanding I could put into my voice. . . .

"Surely I'd give up pictures for radio, if I had to," said Ginger, "I'd rather not be faced with so drastic a choice. I'd rather not be torn between the two and I probably won't be. We were simply arguing an hypothetical question. But if I had to answer it, well, I have, haven't I?"

The assistant director wigwagged from the door of the commissary. Ginger gathered up purse and gloves. "He means me," she said, "on the set.

"Give my love to the radio fans," she called back as she left me, with that light-as-air tread which is Ginger's. "And ask 'em what they want me to do—someday—on the air!"

BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 13)

- (NBC)59.8
Joan Marsh of the screen heads the cast.
58. ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS)59.6
One of the air's best musical programmes.
59. ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).....59.6
Exciting crook dramas.
60. LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC).....58.8
Most popular of the rube comics.
61. HUSBANDS AND WIVES (NBC)...58.7
Husbands and wives actually voicing their troubles.
62. IRENE RICH (NBC).....58.2
Fifteen minute episodes featuring the former screen favorite.
63. MUSICAL REVERIES WITH STUART CHURCHILL (CBS)57.3
Stuart's following keeps increasing.
64. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED (CBS)55.8
Drama of the great outdoors, especially aimed at the kids.
65. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS)55.0
Juvenile favorite.
66. PICK AND PAT (CBS).....54.8
Molasses 'n' January in thin disguise.
67. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS)54.8
For feminine hearts.
- LET'S PRETEND (CBS).....54.7
69. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS)54.6
Everything but pink elephants.
70. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC)54.0
Fun from the farmland.
71. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (NBC)....53.8
Souls on parade.
72. THE O'NEILLS (NBC).....52.0
Another family story along familiar lines.
73. LAZY DAN THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS)51.4
Lazy Rhythms.
74. MA PERKINS (NBC).....44.0
Neighborly philosophy.



Once her lovely voice thrilled Metropolitan Opera-goers. Now Marion Talley is a radio favorite. She is soon to be seen on the screen in "Follow Your Heart," being filmed in Hollywood.

YOURS TO COMMAND

(Continued from page 29)

"Oh, no—I was here in 1929 and again later. I've been here several times, but only to visit and I saw only the East—New York, mainly. I have many friends there."

"But you didn't stay there this time—"

"No, we came directly to Chicago, and I was glad to start from here, to feel my way a bit before going to New York."

"And have you liked it here? Has it come up to your expectations?"

"It is amazing. I had no idea what your Middle West was like. I thought of it as an industrial country—which it is, of course—but I pictured it as very ugly. I never imagined anything like this!" He gestured toward the window of his hotel suite, overlooking Lake Michigan, radiant in the summer sun. "But then, no one over there knows how beautiful it is—that is America's fault, isn't it?"

But if he was wrong about geography, he was very much *au courant* with things musical and very much right about what people want to hear.

Arriving in New York on October 21st, October 27th found him in Chicago, playing at the Drake Hotel and broadcasting over the Columbia network for the *Standard Oil Company* of Indiana, who had been instrumental in bringing him over here. He built up an orchestra with Chicago talent and trained them intensively after his own distinctive fashion. In April, they went on the *Realsilk* program, over a coast to coast network. And made an immediate and tremendous hit.

"I did not try to pattern after your programs," Hylton said, "but to do things my own way, to give my own show. After all, that is what I was brought over here for. And I had my own stars—Pat O'Malley has been with me for years, as vocalist and dialectician. And Alec Templeton—did you like Alec? He's really splendid, isn't he?"

I admitted that I thought him marvelous. Pat O'Malley has a pleasant tenor voice and tells dialect stories effectively. He has been very popular here as well as abroad, but it is young Alec Templeton who has made the greatest triumph, next to Hylton. Radio listeners and studio audiences thoroughly appreciated his unusual gifts, and in Chicago, society—with a capital S—went wild over him, delighting in his remarkable playing and his clever musical impressions of people he had met.

Alec is a slim, dark-haired boy with fine features and a quiet manner, seeming very young for his twenty-five years and entirely unsophisticated, unspoiled by his achievements. Blind since birth, he was a musical prodigy and had a composition of his own published when he was four years old. He was born in Cardiff, Wales, and studied at Worcester College and at the Royal Academy of Music. He has several degrees and has won many prizes. He plays classical music beautifully and improvises charm-

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Come crashing down,
There's one way to soften
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The flavor makes dreaming
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BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

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RADIO STARS



EVEN the most beautiful eyes need regular care. Well tended eyebrows are essential... and for this you need good tweezers HENCO Tweezers are specially designed for plucking, thinning and training... They have platform points, corrugated inside, to assure positive grip without cutting the hair, and finger rest grip on handles. Each one individually tested. Keep a pair of HENCO Tweezers on your dressing table. Use them as part of your regular beauty care.



Ask for HENCO Tweezers . . . Nail Files . . . Manicure Scissors . . . at drug and 5 & 10c stores.



CHARLOTTE HENRY
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ingly. The touch of Jack Hylton's baton on his shoulder is the signal for a breathtaking performance, whether you are in the studio watching or listening over the air. He is one of Hylton's discoveries and does his part to give variety and interest to a program that is far above the ordinary in this respect.

Music is his world and he loves it, but his perceptions are more acute than those of most people and he has a quick insight into and understanding of those with whom he comes in contact, that, to seeing people, used to superficial judgments, seems almost magical. Some find it disconcerting to have him after a brief conversation, say: "This is you," and running his fingers lightly over the keyboard, translate their personality into song! One of the most amusing of his musical impressions introduced over the air is his impersonation of Boake Carter, to the tune of *Goody Goody*. It is a little gem.

Alec, however, is in many ways just like any normal young man, eager for adventure, meeting a new country and a new people with enthusiasm and ready for any excitement. One of his greatest thrills recently was an airplane flight. It left him quaking with nervous excitement but thrilled, ecstatic over a new sensation.

Others featured on Hylton's program this spring were Magda Neeld, a pretty Australian with a lovely soprano voice, Irish Peggy O'Dell, and the *Merry Macs*, a local harmony team.

In his own country, Hylton's revue included such well known American performers as Sophie Tucker, the Mills Brothers, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. (The two latter he introduced to European audiences). Bea Lillie is among the famous who have appeared on the same bill, and Maurice Chevalier is one of his best friends.

The end of his first season here found him looking forward to his return to this country in September as eagerly as to the few weeks to be spent back home.

"I know now what you people want," he said enthusiastically, "and so I know what sort of performers to sign up while I am in England. Some of those with me now will return, of course—Pat and Alec, no doubt—but of course a feature of the revue is variety, change, fresh entertainment. And it is easier to frame a program over there—for me, that is."

Knowing that he knew and played the best music, I asked him if he were satisfied with his career or if perhaps he had a secret ambition to conduct symphonies.

He smiled, shook his head. "This is exactly what I want. I like both kinds of music—there is room for both, even on one program. I often mix them. It is entertainment that is the test, isn't it? I want to give the most people what they like the best! In England, we play more 'hot' music—swing music, Negro music, whatever you call it—because there are no commercial programs, no restrictions and we play what we want. But of course you can get too much of that. It has to be spotted right on the program."

"And when you play yourself—do you play jazz?"

"I don't play much nowadays—or compose, or even orchestrate. I used to do all that—I was the first, I think, to orchestrate music for a dance band, but nowadays the planning and supervision of

my revue takes all my time. I have two splendid arrangers—Billy Ternent and Melle Weersma. . .

"But you were asking about the kind of music. In 1922, I toured with the Russian ballet. I've made the Rachmaninoff *Prelude* for the gramophone. I've played Wagner, Chopin, Tschaikowski, Debussy—but of course it is jazz that is associated with my name."

It was Johannes Strauss, grand-nephew of the great composer, who said to the English press: "Jazz music is a drug—but your Jack Hylton and his music belong to a different category. He has come to stay, with his clever symphonic syncopation. There is room for both his kind and for mine, in the graceful classic tradition."

And Igor Stravinsky, the famous Russian composer, was so delighted with Hylton's style that he wrote a special composition for Europe's Jazz King on the occasion of his first appearance at the revered Paris Opera House.

"Joseph Holbrooke is one of the few English composers who has dared to incorporate jazz technique in his serious music," Hylton commented. "Eric Coates wrote a jazz suite called *The Three Bears* for me, but the highbrows were profoundly shocked. It is different over here—people recognized its value sooner. Noted composers have written music for Paul Whiteman, George Gershwin's genius has been recognized and Ferde Grofe wrote a jazz symphony for the opening of Radio City. Germany appreciates it, Paris even more so—I gave five concerts at the *Palais des Beaux Arts*. Jazz, in my opinion, is not something to make excuses for, but a highly developed art, demanding the best from its exponents.

"My boys are chosen carefully with this in mind. They must have personality, sincerity, as well as instrumental ability. And they must not be afraid to work and work hard. I expect a lot from them and I expect loyalty, too—and give it in return!"

His American band has learned that and they like him for it. They know where they stand and that, if he drives them hard, he never will fail to reward them, and publicly, with sincere praise. He trains them to function perfectly, with or without him, so that he can wander away from the stand or an assistant director take his place and the troupe carry on with undiminished fervor. And he is intensely interested in them individually, treating them all as if they were members of his family.

These boys have not been faced with the problems that confront their English cousins—they have not had to make frequent Channel crossings and airplane flights and travel through five or six countries in as many days! But they did have a taste of touring, of one night stands and a week here, a week there, and Hylton was pleased to find them as ready to pack up and go as his English boys. And he was justifiably proud of the fact that the house record was broken in Milwaukee, that Detroit impatiently demanded a return engagement.

When I talked to him, they were in the confusion of packing and leaving for Detroit again and were anticipating their engagement in Washington and in Toronto with especial pleasure. And some of the

troupe were wishing they could go to England. And some of the entertainers were admitting to pangs of homesickness. . .

"You are not allowing yourself much time at home—what do you plan to do there?" I queried.

"Perhaps play at the Palladium, if we have time—we broke all records there with *Life Begins at Oxford Circus*," he replied. "Perhaps make a second picture—I am under contract with the same company that made *She Shall Have Music*—"

That was Jack Hylton's first picture, made just before he sailed for America last fall. From it he took the theme song that has become familiar to you on the *Realsilk* program, and *The Band That Jack Built*.

Jack Hylton is not a man whom one can know easily. His manner is friendly, charming, but there is a wall of reserve that excludes the stranger. We see the musician, the showman in action, we meet him behind the scenes, fire questions at him, are answered courteously and know him for a man of wide experience, of ability, of humor.

We go back a little in his personal history and the picture becomes a little fuller, more rounded. Back to a little boy in a small English village, a little boy who early learned to play the piano, but who did not like it very much. But his father, who had been a comedian and perhaps already dreamed of a stage career for his son, exerted his parental authority in traditional fashion. Beginning thus under pressure, the boy woke up one day to the realization that he liked it.

His early career was varied. From

playing the tinny piano in the bar of his father's hotel and singing in a church choir, he became the *Singing Mill Boy*, in clogs and mill clothes—and, at the ripe age of seven, he traveled with a troupe in North Wales. At fourteen, on a holiday, he hung around a small time concert troupe, learned that their pianist was leaving, asked for the job—and got it! At sixteen, he was conducting his own band, touring the provinces.

The war interrupted his career, but he passes lightly over the years he served his country.

"When the Armistice came I was on leave in London and so I stayed on—"

And there he took up his career almost where he laid it down so that, looking backward, the war years seem to have had no particular influence. In 1921, he formed the band which was to make him famous and each year has seen it grow in size and popularity. When he left for the United States, his organization boasted the largest personnel of any dance band and his fame had reached the far corners of the world.

The emperor of Annam, for instance, one Bao Dai by name, wrote to Hylton and asked him how to form a similar band, with native talent! Hylton wrote careful instructions, even suggesting pieces to be played. A unique correspondence school and undoubtedly with unique results!

As to hobbies and sports, he is an ardent golfer, likes tennis and Rugby, enjoys a good American baseball game and is the proud possessor of a racing stable at home. One horse, his especial pride and joy, has

practically paid for the upkeep of the stable.

He is, in addition, a good business man and has found time to identify himself with several concerns. Nowadays, however, he does not take an active part, for lack of time.

But with all this: "I am a very domestic person," he declared, "I like quiet evenings at home. I have a home in London and one on the coast—my mother and father are both living and I have many relatives—"

"And all these teas, night clubs and what not—do you enjoy them?"

"Oh, yes, a few, now and then. I like to meet people. But not too much of it, you know—I haven't been in four night clubs since I came to America."

He was looking forward eagerly at this time to a trip home on the Hindenburg, partly to save time but even more for the thrill of it. (He never takes a train or boat when flying is possible.) I reminded him that the Zep had been badly buffeted by winds on a recent trip.

He looked concerned, then laughed. "July should be better, shouldn't it?" He leaned forward, rapped sharply on the wooden arm of a chair.

"Superstitious?" I inquired.

He grinned, shrugged. "No, not really. I do what I see others do, sometimes—and then again, I ride in defiance of them all!"

And rides high and safely on the wings of a well-earned success, I thought—this fellow, Jack Hylton (to change but slightly his signing-off message to his radio audience) saying *au revoir*, and wishing you all the best!

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream removes little roughnesses at once . . . keeps my skin soft and white."



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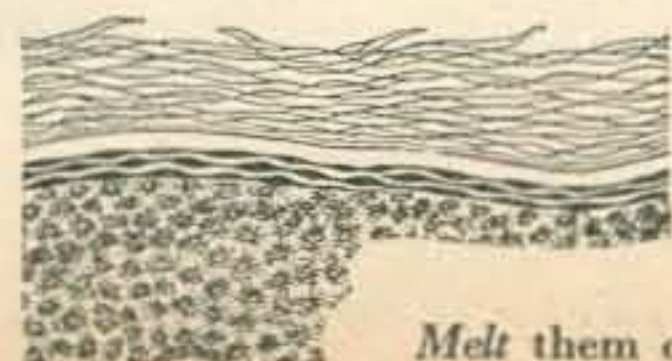
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A keratolytic cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly



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THE HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued from page 39)



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problem of what part pure chance plays in human advancement; the unexpected, the unanticipated turns of the wheel. The experience of a good many years in active newspaper work and in the most arresting occupation in the world—the observation of the human comedy—has convinced me, at least, that chance, luck—call it what you will—is of all the forces in human life, the phenomenon that makes or breaks human beings.”

We closed our eyes for a moment. The rich tones and the dramatic story value in that familiar voice of our favorite broadcaster made it seem as though we had turned the knob of a convenient radio. Or, rather, as if he had faced the microphone and turned on himself.

“I don't say that ambition, energy, integrity and education don't play a tremendous part in the scheme of things on this old earth of ours. But the operations of chance are so impressive—there are so many trivial and tremendous examples of its working for good or for ill as to leave no other conclusion possible.

“A most famous example in support of the conviction is Napoleon at Waterloo. At the turning point of Waterloo, Napoleon delivered his final and tremendous thrust—the charge of his Cuirassiers. The charge broke and was destroyed when hundreds of men and horses suddenly disappeared in the sunken road that the Emperor's scouts failed to detect between his cavalry and the main force of Wellington's British army. This incident changed the map of Europe, the history of the world, and has affected us Americans down to this very day and hour. Chance! Luck! Twisting our lives into patterns undreamed of.

“Character and ability count in this world, but so does luck. Who can doubt it? I, myself, have had an example of its fateful pranks. A few years ago, in 1931, I was vacationing in the Maine woods. I had been a reporter for the *New York Sun* for many years. Not a journalist, if you please, but a reporter. My only thought and ambition was to continue in active newspaper work. And while I was trekking the woodland trails and casting for trout, it happened that down in New York a famous publication was seeking a change of radio representatives. Many possibilities were being auditioned. I, certainly, never had thought of making an audition. But it happened that a young man on the publicity staff of the *Columbia Broadcasting System* was a friend who remembered that, in his cub reporter days, I had more or less taken him under my wing, had taught him the ropes and helped him to polish off his stories. Impulsively he said to the *Columbia* publicity head: “Why don't you send for Ed Hill? He has a world of newspaper experience and he has a good voice.” And the next day I received a telegram away up in the woods, calling me to an audition of a sample news broadcast for the publication

I am speaking of.

“I did not win that contest, but by mere chance, an executive of a big advertising agency was present at the audition. He had not expected to be there. But he heard my sample news talk, liked it, sent for me the next day and the result was that I found myself in radio—a field of activity of which I never had dreamed.”

He paused. We felt as though the radio suddenly had been turned off and we half expected to hear the studio gong or chimes announcing the split-second and a voice calling: “*This is Edwin C. Hill telling us of The Human Side of the News, signing off. . .*” It was all so glamorously realistic of the familiar broadcast. It took a half a minute for the illusion to fade, to realize that we still were sitting in a cosy little office half way up in the sky, with a man who still was a stranger to us when he ceased to speak, tapping his fingers nervously on the desk.

It was hard to say: “But, really, Mr. Hill, you haven't told us a thing we want to know, or revealed to us the human side of Edwin C. Hill. . .” He was running true to type, exactly as an old reporter had told us: “He will do everything but crawl under a bed when he is approached for his own story, but can't he tell wonderful yarns about other interesting people! Boy!”

There was something wrong somewhere and we fancied we knew just where. The environment was wrong. As long as we stayed here, he would remain Edwin C. Hill, the man behind the microphone. We knew of a little coffee house just off Broadway that every news reporter above Forty-second Street loves. People just had to be human there. . . .

We hadn't been sitting there five minutes before it was easy to see that while radio had gained one of its grandest commentators, the press had lost one of its greatest reporters. We could see that the recollection of his newspaper days was the breath of his nostrils. We got down to realities when we left the radio commentator up there in his airy castle.

“This place reminds me,” he said, looking around, animated, now reliving the life exactly as he tells about it over the air; “of a small, dirty café in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Two men sat drinking, engaged in animated conversation. One was Ed Hill, myself, reporter; the other was Lee Christmas, that most amazing ragamuffin and vagabond, drunkard, adventurer. Next day he took me in my white linens into battle and we captured an army! And it was in New Orleans that I found him, years later, in an infirmary, dying, calling for whiskey and raving that he would win yet another fortune—in oil—in Guatemala! You see, he gave me my chance, for I always wanted to be a soldier of fortune—even if only for a day.”

“But going way back—what did you really want to be—as a boy?”

“As a boy? Well, I'm afraid they had

RADIO STARS

me picked for teaching school. My little map was surrounded by teachers! My father was a schoolmaster and my mother had been a school-teacher, in our little town of 4,000 souls, Aurora, Indiana. The idea did a whole lot for my vocabulary, but I had other ideas. I always wanted to be a newspaper man." Those erst-while sad eyes were beaming now. This was Ed Hill, himself! "I don't think I can look back and say that I distinguished myself in a single thing during all my formative years. Maybe that's a record. High school in Aurora and then college, where I majored in English first and became a lucky victim of chance—" (but he wasn't talking about Chance clear above our heads, as he had upstairs in the radio laboratory). "We had a professor who illustrated his lectures from the pages of the *New York Sun*. Well, I made up my mind that I would join the staff of the *Sun* just as soon as I could get through college. It was not hard to see that I was a small-town brash youth. I went to New York by way of reportorial jobs in Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and Cincinnati. Without even a letter of introduction, I barged into the editorial office and faced the editor of the *Sun* one day. To crash the gates of the *Sun* in those days was equivalent to breaking into Paradise. The city editor never got over it. I was given an assignment and managed to stick around for twenty-two years. That's what Chance did for me then.

"The most human experience? Oh, they've all been human. . . For example, I shall never forget Ivar Krueger's eyes—he was the *Match King* from Sweden, whose billion-dollar schemes nearly blew up the economic world. The look in his eyes as we sat together looking from a window in a downtown hotel facing Gramercy Park, as though trying to pierce the haze that had settled over Manhattan and see the ruinous end of it all. 'Mr. Hill,' he said at length, 'I believe in three things: First, silence; second, more silence; and third, still more silence.' His silence made the whole financial world rock!

"Then I met a real Cinderella once. I had taken leave of absence of my chosen profession of the press to go abroad for a motion picture concern and bring home a new kind of beauty for the screen. It was in Italy and I had dismissed a whole day's crop of girls, when I happened to notice that another girl still sat in the corner, hands folded, eyes downcast. I was struck with her beauty and something more that touched my heart. She had the vital spark of a radiant personality. She was not a contestant, she said. She did not believe herself beautiful enough for that. She had come to speak for her younger sister whom I had just rejected. In spite of her shabby frock, she sparkled like a diamond. I brought her home. That girl became famous under the name of Maria Alba and played with Douglas Fairbanks in his last picture.

"I wonder," he added reflectively, "why the film magnates must go out of America to find so many of their beauties? It is an extremely doubtful theory that romance, fire and passion are to be found exclusively in Latin lands. In my humble opinion, there are more romance and fire and passion in the American girls—and more beauty, too!—than among the womankind of any other country on earth.

"I don't know, really, whether any success I have had is due more to my appeal to the human side, or to the appeal of the human side to me. I don't know." He drummed on the table, shaking his head as though he had just thought of it for the first time. "Certainly, I must have appealed to the human side of the editor of the *Sun*, when I trudged in out of the snow on the night before Christmas with a hundred dollars in my pocket—more human than useful! I've always written about people rather than places—people at the height or depth of human achievement or failure. I had known Warden Lawes of Sing Sing for years because I had been going up to the Big House. It was my 'Inside Story' as well as his, that we broadcast together.

"Always the human side and both fortune and misfortune seemed to favor me. Luck was with me when I happened to be at the side of my great hero—Theodore Roosevelt—on the night of his attempted assassination in Milwaukee. T. R. had just stepped into his open car when a crazy-eyed crank leaped from the crowd and fired a pistol into his breast. I remember that Colonel Roosevelt clutched his hand to his breast and that hand came away red. The next thing I remember was when the Colonel walked out on to the platform of the Auditorium and faced 15,000 people who sat in absolute silence as if afraid to draw a breath. None of us knew whether the ex-President had another hour to live! That was one of highest spots in all my adventures in human interest. Many years later, I stood beside another President Roosevelt and broadcast his inauguration from the portico of the White House. Again, I sat beside another great man in Rome and he, too, displayed his human side. Mussolini! In my opinion, there is no great, outstanding figure in the world today, except Mussolini.

"I usually have a hunch in every news story, and I follow it. While I believe in Chance, I also carefully watch my step, because I am a storehouse of fundamental human weaknesses. I throw spilt salt over my left shoulder. I won't light a third cigarette from one match. I knock wood according to tradition. I believe in a psychic sense that enables me to wake up at a given time without aid of an alarm clock. I always play hunches! Hundreds of times they have developed news stories for me, won bets at the race-track and empowered me to form the right judgment of strangers. I have succeeded or erred always on the human side. My first assignment in New York was a theatre fire and I got my raise overnight by writing a human story of the terrified crowd filing out to the music of *The Star Spangled Banner*. My next important assignment was the Slocum disaster, the greatest tragedy of the era. I toured the country with President Wilson, then battling to his death against the hostile sentiment that had risen against him—and that finally killed him.

"But I haven't told you what I really like to do best—to fish! Ever since I could walk, barefoot, to the brook near Aurora, I've been going fishing. Trout. I like to follow a stream. That's my real hobby—that and my home. Who would I want to be, if I was somebody else?" He

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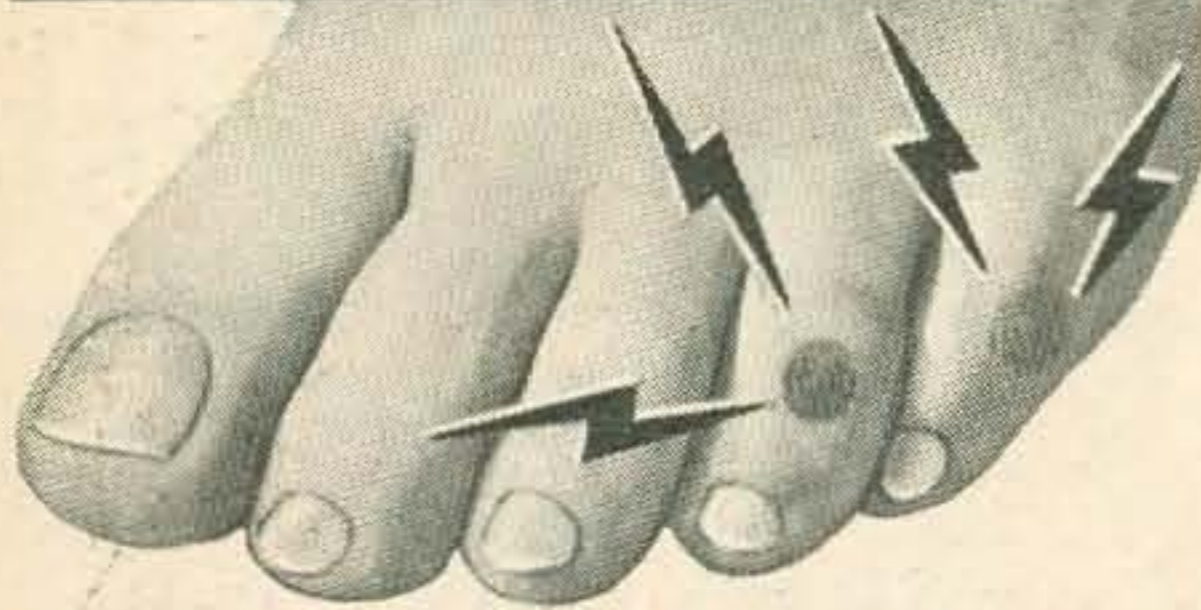
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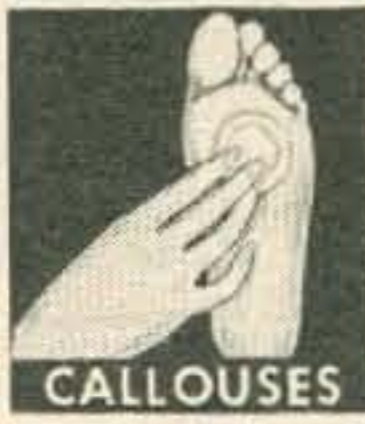
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Here's Margaret McCrea, the lassie from Laurens, South Carolina, whose voice you hear on the CBS *Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes* program. Margaret started out to be a school teacher, but after five months of it, changed her mind in favor of radio.

went right on without pausing: "My wife's second husband!"

Listening over the radio to his glorious voice, we had failed to take into account the ingredients that must have gone into the shaping of a human being capable of uttering such human sentiments. We shall always think of him as a barefoot Hoosier boy who loved to go fishing ever since he could walk and then came to be—as President Theodore Roosevelt inscribed his picture hanging in the office upstairs:

"Edwin C. Hill, of my Unofficial Cabinet, from his friend, Theodore Roosevelt." Finally, giving his mute lines of type a living reality with an eloquence equal to the richness of his experience and inspiration, on the radio.

When he shook our hand goodbye, this time it was warm with the throbbing heart of the world in which he had taken such a human part. We had been communing for the past half hour with the real Ed Hill, originally from Aurora, Indiana.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 9)

for *Application*, an old-fogey word, it is true (sounds a little like Papa Barbour), but still a good one. Oftentimes mothers are indulgent, yes, even lazy, where the beauty-grooming of impatient young daughters is concerned. Yet it is the everyday application of these things that lays the foundation for the future. Tooth-brushing is a habit pretty thoroughly ingrained in home teaching. But hairbrushing is sort of "slid over," and sometimes shampoos are, too. In the beauty alphabet, *B* should stand for *Brushing*, and *C* for *Cleanliness*.

Of course small daughters have a way of fussing over having tangly hair brushed and they sometimes show a none-too-fond attitude toward soap and water. But pride in self is the best wedge for overcoming these obstacles. For shampoos, one every two weeks is not too often. Young scalps must be kept clean and healthy. I know just the shampoo to recommend for tender young heads; it keeps the scalp hygienically clean, the hair soft and shining. It is soluble in hard or soft water, so you never have to worry about any sticky residue being left in silky hair. Gold medals have been awarded it; mothers swear by it and you'll want the name of it.

And you want your daughter to have curly hair, too? Well, you can't make straight hair into the curly top of a Joan Barbour or Joan Wilson (aren't they adorable?), but you can encourage curliness in hair that has any tendency toward natural waviness. Finger-waving and finger-curling the hair while it is still damp after a shampoo is one way; brushing the hair and making brush curls is another; and yet another is "doing up" the hair in the coil or rubber type curlers which are even comfortable for little heads to sleep on.

When little curly top has become a very grown-up young person, maybe she gets a new dressing-table for her birthday. I am often asked what cosmetics young girls of the 'teen age should use. Well, first of all, they should concentrate on soap and water, not on creams. Cosmetics for a young girl's dressing-table should include a good light powder, a hand lotion and a creamy lipstick, natural or colorless in shade. There is one famous lipstick which will satisfy both mother's anxiety to have her daughter "look natural," and her daughter's desire to use lipstick, like the rest of the kids. I'm all in favor of daughter using lipstick, "if the other kids do it." Don't fuss too much if daughter gets a spell of imagining her-

self to be a Greta Garbo, and applies her make-up accordingly. She will come out of it and an understanding attitude may help her more quickly to decide to become a winsome Janet Gaynor instead.

Adolescent acne should be treated at once; don't let your daughter suffer—take her to a physician or skin specialist for a diagnosis. Certain rules for hygiene, cleanliness and diet are always helpful; these are covered in my acne bulletin which I shall be only too happy to send you.

There is grand opportunity for companionship between mothers and their 'teen-age daughters. And one thing that mothers should understand is that their daughters want to be proud of them; mothers who are young and pretty and smart are a source of great pride. Keeping young with your children is your most important responsibility. As a matter of fact, it isn't just a responsibility toward your children, but also toward yourself and your husband. Young mothers often make the mistake of getting mother-complexes; they let themselves go. They forget to freshen up and put on "an evening face" for their husband's return from the office at night.

It is true that some women seem born with the gift of keeping young. But it is a gift that can be cultivated, I assure you. Lovely Kathleen Wilson, who plays the part of Claudia Barbour in *One Man's Family*, has a curly-headed daughter in real life as in radio life and is a shining example of young motherhood.

If you are a young mother of just-over thirty and you have been concerned with embroidering little Mary's dresses, or whipping up a perfect chocolate soufflé, more than you have been with keeping a young face, a good tissue cream always is a good start towards "facing" in the right direction. Stroke on the cream with persuasive upward movements and let it stay on while you take a luxuriously long warm bath. Remove with soft cleaning tissues and then whisk out your bottle of skin tonic—which you have previously slipped into the refrigerator—pat on the ice-cold freshener and you have a face pinkly-fresh for the make-up box.

If you come in the over-thirty, young-mother classification, you will want to work out a definite program for keeping young. Women over thirty need to revise their diets; to be satisfied with balanced rations of less fattening foods. Extra pounds add years to the figure.

Some women eat sensibly and yet find

that fat nevertheless will settle "in all the wrong spots!" If you're in this class, you will want to work out a plan of exercise. Perhaps you can join the gym, or while summer is still here, go swimming with the kids. You may not need much exercise. A long roll on the floor, with hands high above your head, from one end of the room to the other, may be enough to massage away ugly hip fat. A few minutes of practicing correct posture before the mirror every day and a conscientious effort to maintain that posture all day, may be enough to accomplish wonders for you in the way of a youthful carriage. Even some young people have old postures.

Keep young in your activities. It is unfortunate that the only play outlet of so many young women is bridge. If you really want to keep young, cultivate one active sport. There is nothing to preserve youth in playing bridge in a stuffy room—and probably smoking cigarettes or nibbling candy all the while.

Keep your chin young, with deep breathing exercises, a few simple neck exercises (mostly consisting of stretching) and massage, patting and slapping.

Keep your feet young. You know that when your feet are tired and sore from ill-fitting shoes your whole body becomes tired and you simply can't feel young. Keep your feet well-shod but comfortable. If you have foot troubles, you can't afford to neglect them. Go to a podiatrist who specializes in just those troubles. And never, never wear rundown shoes around the house!

Keep young in spirit. Never lose your sense of adventure in make-up or clothes. Have your hair thinned and keep it sleek and well-groomed. Let the term "settling down" be a red flag to you all your life.

Keep your hands young. Busy mother hands so often get old before their time. Safeguard them with gloves while you are doing your housework and keep them on a lavish diet of creams and lotions. I have found a brand new hand and skin lotion which is a quick-as-a-flash beautifier. It's a lovely fragrant gold liquid, and it is worth its weight in gold for keeping hands young. Just a few drops smoothed into the skin are quickly absorbed, leaving the skin soft and supple, and best of all, non-sticky. When you're dashing madly to an appointment, after a session with the dishwasher, you still can have time to apply a dash of this lotion and it will be thoroughly absorbed into your eager skin before you're ready to put on your brand new gloves. To encourage you in your "keeping young" program, I am making you a free gift sample offer of this lotion. You'll love it . . .

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

Please send me your gift sample of new Hand and Skin Lotion.

Name.....

Address.....

Personal questions are always taken care of by personal replies. Please inclose stamped addressed envelope.



IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a penetrating face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil

that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes
Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of 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.)

WHERE THERE'S HOPE, THERE'S LIFE!

(Continued from page 45)



KEEP THAT
just-bathed
SWEETNESS
all day . USE

THE SUPERLATIVELY FINE
ORIGINAL
**BO-KAY
ORANGE
BLOSSOM** *Talc* 10c

Lovely companion is Bo-Kay Orange Blossom *Perfume* . . . the captured fragrance of the Southland.

MADE IN FLORIDA 'MIDST THE FRAGRANT ORANGE GROVES

Sold at all 10c stores. BO-KAY, Jacksonville, Fla.



Make Money Every Week Selling
STAMPED GOODS

New 24 page catalogue FREE . . . puts you in money making business. Get stamped goods direct from manufacturer—sell at 100% profit. Over 100 new items—scarves, pillow cases, table cloths, bridge sets, towels, aprons, etc., imported linens and novelties. Complete instructions for embroidery free. It's easy. Write: Merrilee Art Embroidery Co., 22 W. 21st. Dept. 156, N. Y. C.

PAYS YOU 100% PROFIT!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in
the Morning Rinin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

© 1935, C. M. CO.

a parachute jumper, sailed out of a second story window holding on to an opened umbrella and landed in the front yard with two sprained ankles. After a month in bed he gave up his daredevil ambitions and that was the last of that.

"I used to be a boy soprano," he told me, laughing. "I loved nothing better than to stand up in a church choir or on the stage of some amateur entertainment and sing a solo. When I was twelve the Cleveland Tigers, a professional football team, made me their mascot; they'd carry me with them on the train when they traveled and I'd walk up and down the cars singing jazz songs for tips.

"Usually," he added, "I'd arrive home with more money in my pockets than the ball players. I seemed to have a sixth sense for spotting the best cash customers!"

After high school Bob entered Western Reserve University and stayed one year. He might have remained long enough to graduate if he hadn't found so many other things that he liked better than freshman Greek and analytics—track, basketball, football and especially dramatics. He got a bigger bang out of acting and singing in campus plays and musicals than from anything else. He took tap dancing and soft-shoe dancing for six months, learned all the teacher could teach him, organized his own dancing-school of sixty-five pupils and conducted it at night when he was supposed to be writing themes and doing parallel reading in the library. It isn't surprising that when June rolled around Bob and Western Reserve parted company—and that suited him just swell because he'd wangled a job with a stock company at the Bandbox Theatre in Cleveland.

Bob stayed at the Bandbox ten months, playing the hero in everything the company produced. He made ardent love to the heroines, sang ballads to the heroines, even broke into a buck-and-wing when the script called for it. And he did it all so successfully that *RKO* nabbed him for one of its vaudeville units and kept him touring from coast to coast for the next four years as a sort of versatile song-and-dance man, a handsome young fellow who could fit into any act in a hurry and play any part.

In 1927 he got a minor rôle doing one number in *Sidewalks of New York*, at the old Knickerbocker Theatre but when the show closed he couldn't find anything else on Broadway. So he and a friend, George Byrne, worked up a comedy dancing act and went back on the road together doing one and two-night stands, which is death to the soul of any vaudevillian who ever has known the thrill of playing on the Great White Way.

They used to talk while they danced—just *ad-libbing*, silly patter, anything they thought of to say that sounded goofy. Sometimes they got a few laughs but the fact that he had the makings of a comedian never entered Bob's head until the night a

pit musician in Peoria spoke to him after the show.

"Look, guy," he said, "you ought not to be doing a dancing double. You oughta work up a single act—straight comedy. You're funny as heck, most of the time."

That gave Bob an idea. So when *Byrnes and Hope* laid off for a month's vacation before starting a western tour, he hopped a train for Chicago instead of going home for the visit he'd planned. He sat down in a hotel room and wrote out every gag he could remember that had ever got a laugh, memorized them, worked them into shape for a twelve-minute routine.

"I was determined to find out whether I could be a comedian or not," he reminisced. "So I made the rounds of the dinky theatres in and near Chicago and offered to do my act, one performance, for anything they'd pay me. Sometimes I got four bucks a show, never more than ten, but I lined up twenty-odd bookings in straight succession. I wanted to 'break in' my routine, try it out on different audiences. Every night I'd come back to my room and strike out the lines that had fallen flat and substitute something else to try again the next night. At the end of three weeks I *thought* my material was so sure-fire that I wired Byrnes that I was going to do a single and began peddling myself to big-time booking agents.

"Believe me, I *peddled*, too, and got nowhere fast! I stuck around Chicago till my landlady locked up my suitcases and I didn't have two nickels to rub together. Finally I took a job, dancing again, with a boy-and-girl act, for twenty-five dollars a week. It was an awful comedown because, with Byrnes, I'd been making three hundred. I decided then and there that the pit fiddler in Peoria had given me a bum steer!"

Three years later a revue called *Ballyhoo of 1932* was casting in New York. A friend of Bob's, who was helping to stage it, offered him a small singy-dancy part in the third act and Bob took it just to come in off the road for a while. The night the show was scheduled to open in Newark was a pretty terrible one—the producers were having money trouble, the cast hadn't got their salaries, it was forty minutes past curtain time and half the scenery and costumes hadn't arrived. The whole works was in a stew and a huff and the audience outside was furiously tired of waiting. The company manager begged one of the principals to go out and entertain the house a while. Only Bob Hope volunteered.

"I walked on the stage," he said to me, "and prayed to high heaven I could remember that old comedy routine I'd used in Chicago. I knew I had a swell chance to make or break myself that night and it scared me so I stood stock still behind the footlights and couldn't think of one single gag! So I just started talking. I kidded the audience about having to wait, I kidded the people in the cast, I clowned around a little and gabbed and said any-

RADIO STARS

thing that popped into my head."

The audience loved it. Bob Hope got the ovation of the evening. Four times he was clapped back and when the curtain finally rose at ten-thirty he already had become the star of the show! He had been hilariously funny for an hour and a half without one single line of prepared material. *Ballyhoo* opened on Broadway a week later with **BOB HOPE** in tall electrics; they've stayed there ever since. *Roberta*, *Say When* and this season's *Ziegfeld Follies* are only a part of his achievements.

When he was invited to make a guest appearance on *The Atlantic Family* program with Frank Parker last fall, Bob again was scared stiff. He'd never done any radio work excepting a spot on the Rudy Vallee show but he took the offer and made such a hit he has been kept on in a starring capacity ever since.

Thus the birth of another microphone comedian. "And it's without a doubt the toughest job I ever tackled," to quote the comedian himself. "In show business you can use the same funny stuff for months, even years. But try to be funny once a week for radio! Lady, I'm already getting gray hair!"

Bob has three writers who work for him. Early on Monday mornings they bring the prepared script to his apartment and the four of them go over it together. Sometimes it's swell and sometimes it isn't, and when it isn't they often stay up all night Monday and Tuesday trying to re-write it. They dig into the Hope collection of eighty thousand jokes for ideas, they try to rehash old material, to think up new

stuff. By Wednesday morning the sponsor must have a copy of the script. By Wednesday night he *OK's* it or doesn't *OK* it. If he doesn't, Bob and his writers have got to work all day and night Thursday re-writing it again. Friday it's rehearsed and changed and shaped up. Saturday it's rehearsed some more. Saturday night it goes on the air and Monday the whole procedure starts over again!

Whenever Bob has a scrap of leisure you can always find him in one of three places—in a fishing sloop on Long Island Sound, teeing off at Flushing's Old Country Club, where he was golf champion last year, or across the street from his apartment riding "Black Sally" in the park. The petite, pretty brunette who invariably rides beside him is blues-singer Dolores Read who changed her name to Mrs. Robert Hope two years ago down in Florida. It seems that Bob went to Miami for a rest after *Roberta* and found Dolores in front of the band at the swank Embassy Club. It was love practically pronto. They were married a few weeks later and they're a couple of the happiest folks together you ever saw. Dolores is sweet and pretty and witty and looks a lot like Myrna Loy. She's become one of the most popular hostesses among the air crowd; if you're invited to one of the famous Saturday night parties she gives for her bridge-fiend hubby, you've received as coveted an invitation as there is to be had in radio.

The nicest thing about the Hopes is that you seldom see Mr. without Mrs. and *vice versa*. Dolores sits in on all of Bob's writing and rehearsing spells and reads lines and offers suggestions and sees

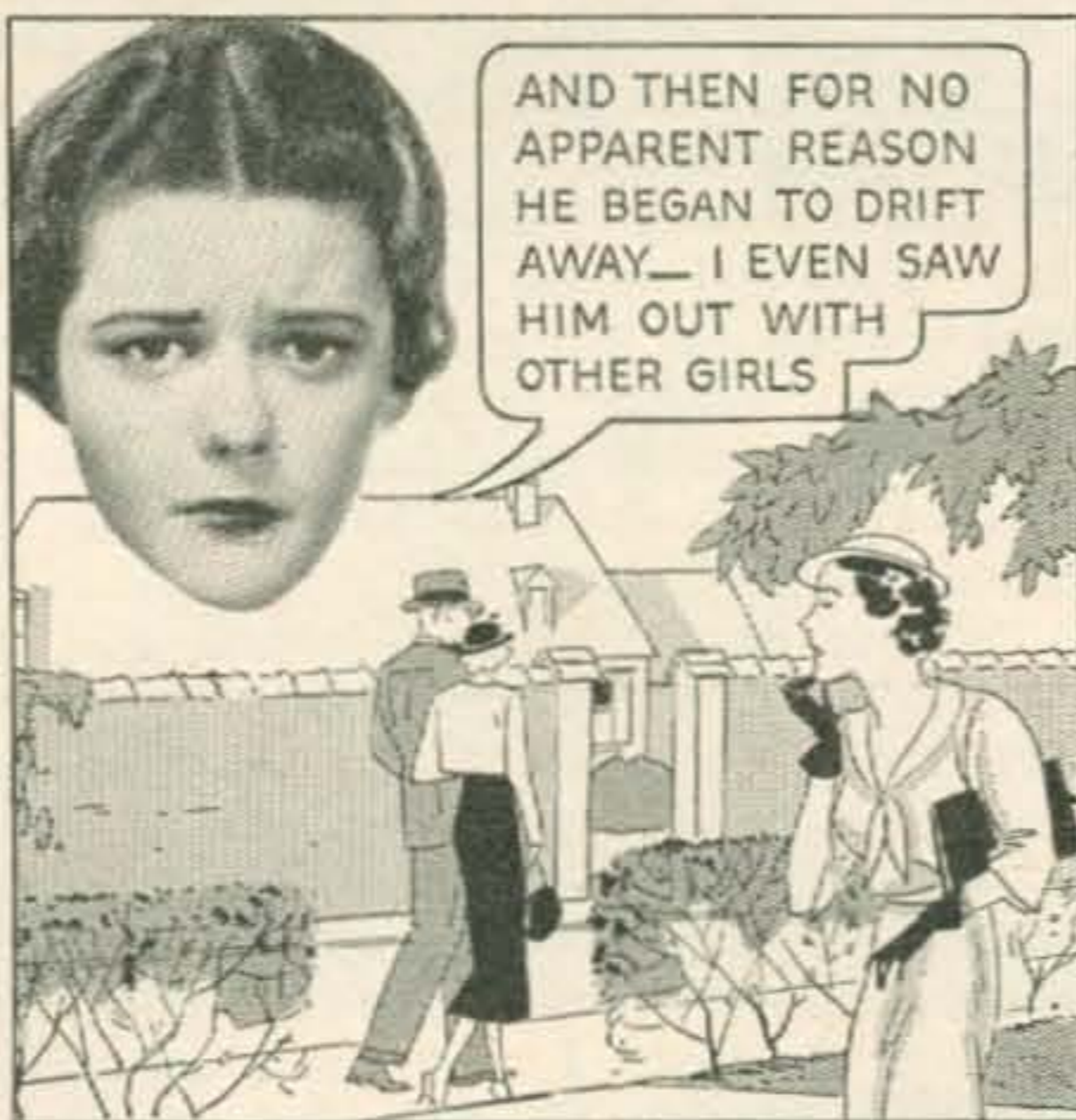
that he doesn't forget to eat his lunch. Occasionally she and Bob and *Honey Chile* play some vaudeville or a night club together, with Bob and *Honey Chile* handling the comedy and Dolores singing and wearing very lovely gowns and dancing a cute boy-and-girl soft-shoe routine with her lanky young husband.

"I just don't know what I'd do without her, that's all," Bob told me; which is about the nicest thing a man can say of the girl he has married.

"I'll have to say this, though—that people usually credit too much or too little the writers who prepare the material for air comics. I think it's about fifty-fifty between the authors and the fellow who gets the laughs. A sure-fire joke or "piece of business," as we call it, can be handled so poorly that it isn't funny at all and a bum gag can be handled expertly that it sounds funnier than it really is. Of course I collaborate on the writing of my material but I give my writers full credit for helping me to get along; they work like Trojans, especially when we've got only a night or two to change a whole program and consequently we're working under pressure. You have to be relaxed to write comedy, you have to be free and easy and have time enough to get yourself into a sort of goofy mood.

"And let me tell you—when your bread and butter depends precisely on *how many laughs you can get from an audience*, it's harder than ever, somehow, to get those laughs! My advice to all aspiring comedians is: Take up ditch-digging or selling insurance or anything but funny business—they're easier on the nerves!"

ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...



IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO



LIFEBOUY IS MILDER AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW

YES! Lifebuoy is milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

And yes—again! That "special ingredient" is the same ingredient that keeps you safer from "B. O."—penetrates deep into your pores to purify, to deodorize. And it keeps you safe, cool, fresh—even in torrid weather. Start today to make Lifebuoy a habit!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



GETTING RICH IN RADIO

(Continued from page 50)

Do You Yearn To Be
GLAMOROUS...?
SEDUCTIVE?



THEN lure with your lips! Give them the glowing red of smoldering inner fire... the witchery of a luscious, youthful pout... the intrigue of stunning, voluptuous curves... and YOUR lips will entice, hold, conquer! Nothing is more exciting than the tantalizing, blood-stirring red of HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK. Nothing so sure to make your lips irresistibly kissable! And no wonder! HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK is made by the same secret formula as the private brand of lipstick used by many famous Hollywood movie stars. Get yours today. Light—Medium—Dark—Raspberry.



HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK 10c, 55c, \$1

HOLLYWOOD MASK, INC., **SPECIAL OFFER!**
105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send stick of HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK. I enclose 10c to cover packaging & mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

HOLLYWOOD MASK LIPSTICK AT 5 AND 10c STORES,
DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

deliberate carving. A single straight-backed chair is for visitors. You feel that this is a place where men really work. You feel you aren't supposed to stay too long. You find out soon you're right.

Ted looks about the same as usual. Gray tweeds, a vivid plaid tie, his shirt sleeves rolled below the elbow. Sallow brown skin, deep circles under his eyes, thinning brown hair, nice teeth. He smokes incessantly, seldom removing the cigarette from his lips, and talks in quiet brittle sentences. He's a tall man but his hard lanky thinness makes him look smaller than he really is. You think that if he could fill out the shoulders of his coat and fill in the hollows of his cheeks he might be good-looking. He looks too old for thirty-four. But in his own way he's almost handsome.

He got back to the subject after his phone had rung a half dozen times in as many minutes, after a string of people had dropped in on business about the afternoon's baseball broadcast. "The one thing I had at the end of ten years was a background I could make money on. I'd been in the business since radio was a pup, I had seasoning and experience that no other announcer could compete with and I'd finally built up a name that was worth something. I was in a position where I could step out and ask almost any amount for my services and get it. I'd figured on exactly that all along.

"So, with Bubbles and the baby (Ted has an eleven-year-old daughter, Peggy Mae) gone, I decided I'd fill my life with getting rich in this business. There was nothing much left for me but that. I wanted money because I'd never had any. I wanted money to spend recklessly and insanely for things I didn't need. And I wanted enough to have an assured yearly income of \$150,000 a year. By 1942 I'll have it. I've already made a fortune in these two years.

"People never could understand why I wouldn't take any commercials during my first ten years. I worked on a flat salary—not big, but enough—for Columbia and I worked day and night and sometimes forty-eight hours on a stretch and I couldn't call five minutes my own. I didn't have to do that; I could have accepted any of a number of offers for one program a week and quadrupled my income and had six days out of seven to myself.

"The reason I didn't was simple: I would have been cutting my own throat. The guy in my field who signs a commercial contract too soon is hog-tied. The biggest sports or news event in history could come off in California or Chicago and he couldn't travel out to handle it because he's due in New York for a show Thursday night at nine o'clock. So what happens? He gets about one-half or one-fifth the experience he'd be getting if he were free—and some other guy, who didn't take any commercials, is getting that experience and developing into a better announcer. Pretty soon guy number two excels guy number one—and that's what happens to plenty of fellows these days.

That's why some fall off the pinnacle.

"Of course I wanted wealth and a little leisure those years and it was hard to turn down some of the offers I got. But I figured I'd be smarter than the others. I figured that if I waited I could make as much money a dozen times over, whenever I got ready to branch into money-making instead of getting experience. I decided I'd entrench myself in radio, I'd learn ten years' worth of everything there is to learn about my type of work, I'd get such a foothold in this business that I could commercialize my background and sail along on it for a while. I'd take every opportunity that came my way and work my shirt off and take a chance that I'd last long enough to collect my reward in the end.

"And if I never collected it, if something happened to wash me up before I could make my dough, it would just be my tough luck. I was willing to gamble on the future.

"That's what I was doing those ten years. When they were over I went to Columbia and said: 'Gentlemen, from now on I'd like to free-lance.' That's all there was to it. That was the day I started getting rich in radio."

Ted's a shrewd business manager for himself and he's made some amazing amounts of money. "I consider my services worth, at the least, a certain amount—I'd rather not say how much on account of the income tax boys but I can tell you it's plenty high—and all above that amount I can get." Mr. Husing goes to the highest-bidding sponsor and if one won't pay it there's always another who will. He knows that and commercializes on it. "I never dicker or bargain," he says, "I state my price and get it, or else."

For his sports broadcasts he is paid a fat retainer fee by CBS and his agreement with them allows him more freedom in his work than any other announcer on the air today. "If I can't work without a check-rein, I won't work at all. I insisted on and got three important words in my contract—'by mutual consent'—and they relieve me of handling any broadcast I have a good reason for not handling. For instance, I refused to have anything to do with the Lindbergh kidnaping because I knew from the first minute I heard of it that the whole thing was a mess. Although," he added, "although the Lindbergh case made Boake Carter."

The biggest check he ever got for the least amount of work was something like eight thousand for a brief spiel at the opening of the *World's Fair* in Chicago.

He took his long radio experience, rich in anecdote and interest, and decided to commercialize on it by presenting it to the reading public. "I didn't know whether I could write a book successfully or not, but I figured that I could talk and I ought to be able to get talk on paper. It turned out to be a cinch. I just sat down and reminisced out loud to a stenographer." *Ten Years Before The Mike* has sold into hundreds of thousands of copies.

Chaste

DEODORANT

CREAM or POWDER

APPLIED IN A JIFFY—LASTS ALL DAY

More Effective for Every Body Odor

Chaste instantly destroys perspiration odors. Any deodorant must be used freely to effectively kill body odors, therefore the larger quantity you get for your money makes Chaste the most economical... Does not clog pores nor stop perspiration. Odorless, invisible, greaseless, harmless to the most delicate skin and fabric.

Only 10c

AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

By now you've doubtlessly got the idea that Ted is pretty cocky about his earning power. You're right. I think he's justly so—and you'd have to know him to understand this—it's not braggadocio on his part one-tenth as much as it is just plain honesty. Take any youngster with as little to make good on as Ted had—born over a Bronx saloon, slight education, a down-at-the-heel furniture salesman auditioning for an announcing job on *WJZ* back in 1924—and put him through the sheer labor and competition and long years and obstacles Ted's been up against, and if he came out of it with a meek-as-Moses attitude about success you'd know it was a phoney.

Ted doesn't bother with phoneyisms. He started on nothing and determined to make good and he did make good and he's proud of it. This is his night to howl and he's doing it and the people who know the kind of honest hard-working guy he is forgive him for it. Even if his attitude is sometimes a little boring, it's still a pleasant relief from the common garden variety of stars who will orate to you for hours on how they're giving their all just to make life a little more enjoyable for the listening public. You know that's a big one. You know they're in radio for the same reason Ted frankly admits he is—and the same reason you yourself do the job you do—mainly for the enjoyment and reward you get out of it.

It's a pity that Ted's honesty, usually mislabeled conceit, has played the prominent part it has in the stories of his rise to the highest-paid announcer on the air. On the one hand there is the colorful moving tale of a twenty-one-year-old boy, unemployed, unprepared for any definite career, with a new bride to support. On a summer day when the sun beat fiercely upon New York's streets he walked all the way from Brooklyn to midtown Manhattan to answer an advertisement in a newspaper, that called for radio announcers. He got the job, held it a while, lost it. Again he was broke, hanging around the studios, trying his best to place himself again in an industry that had got into his blood. Finally he was appointed assistant to Major J. Andrew White, veteran *CBS* sports announcer, as a second-string substitute on sustaining programs. By applying himself heart and soul to his work, by making a *big job* of every slight opportunity that came his way, he arrived. All through the years he concentrated on work, not on fame and money. He watched the others with their yachts and penthouses and trust funds, played a long shot on getting his own reward. It came at a time when his heart was grieved.

On the other hand there is the colorful tale of the famed Husing conceit and ruthlessness—and this is the story that overshadows the real one. Somehow people don't remember the real facts of his long tough climb. They remember instead the unusual and not so complimentary incidents of Ted's career that have made choice news—the time he called a Harvard football player's game "putrid" and was banned from all broadcasting from the school stadium. The time the baseball league refused to allow him to broadcast its games because of his tendency to "umpire" at the mike. The times he has come



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to actual blows with prominent celebrities who angered him. His candid remarks about other people, his egotistic remarks about himself. His enemies. His divorce from his first wife, his recent sensational marriage. Those are the things you think of when you think about Husing—they're the publicized side of him.

"If I have a reputation for being conceited," he said to me once, "I'm sorry. I have never in my life *intentionally* bragged. But what I think I say, regardless of how it may be interpreted by outsiders. I'm honest with myself and my listeners and everybody I come in contact with; and I think any of the people who are my intimates will tell you I don't go around acting superior to anybody.

"It's just this—that when you're in the public eye you've either got to *pretend* to be neutral about everything and be quoted favorably for it, or be yourself and say what you think and do what you think you're justified in doing and take the consequences. The latter's my course. I don't like pretense of any kind, consequently I suffer.

"I'm not conceited, I'm *me*. That's all the excuse I can make."

Surely Ted's honesty with himself has been a big factor in getting him where he is today. "I was wrong," he says, "about thinking I could sail along on my background, once I'd established it. I'm working under greater pressure now than I ever have before in my life. There's one standard I set for myself: I must not be caught in any spot where I don't know something I ought to know." Often he devotes as much as three days to preparation for a single broadcast. He's a merciless slave-driver of himself, putting in

a regular nine-to-five day and several nights a week at his office and plenty of late hours in his den at home.

And how does he spend his fabulous income? Just seeing Ted around, you wouldn't think he earned as much as some of the lesser stars of radio. He owns one car, an expensive one, but it's three years old. He flies a lot but he doesn't own a plane. He doesn't take expensive vacations because he doesn't have time. Clothes mean little to him and he's far from being a best-dressed man. His home is a five-room apartment on Central Park, well but not lavishly furnished, with one manservant to cook and clean and valet. He hasn't any expensive hobbies because his work is his hobby. He doesn't spend money on active sports because he's got an athlete's heart condition left over from too strenuous participation in high school athletics; his rowing machine and ping-pong table and a daily long walk furnish all the gymnastics he can use. I had to ask Ted to find out what he's doing with his income.

"I'm buying security," he told me. "I'm buying peace of mind from financial worries, by putting my money in the safest places I can find to put it. I used to think I wanted money to spend recklessly on whims but as soon as I got enough to try it I discovered that that was just a crazy idea. A fellow who works hard doesn't have time to nurse a bunch of whims along.

"Money can go hang, if it ever has to, and I won't cry. All I ask of life is the chance to keep working in radio—television, maybe—until I'm a doddering old dodo. If I can just do that I'll be the happiest gink at 102 you ever saw!"

IT MIGHT BE YOUR HOME

(Continued from page 47)

on facial expression. We make gestures!" He chuckled again. "That's one reason we don't like a studio audience, because while our gestures help us in playing our parts, help us merge ourselves in these characters, they'd just look silly to an audience. We depend entirely on our voices to convince our listeners. . . That's what I mean by its being an asset, actually, not to have had too much theatrical experience.

"As to this program," he continued, "I love it—I live it—breathe it! In fact, most of my friends, even old friends I knew long before I went into radio, call me Vic!"

"We are all very fond of these people," Bernardine added. "We've grown into the program, feel it is a part of us. And in this sort of program, it is the naturalness, the sincerity that's important, isn't it? The audience mustn't be aware of any conscious effort—our attack has to be negative."

"We read over the manuscript, which we don't get until the morning of the broadcast," Vic continued, "and rehearse it once, timing it, cutting it if necessary, but we don't want to over-rehearse. We try to keep it light, unforced, so as not to lose the spontaneity. . ."

"But if you had no stage experience," I

asked, "how did you happen to get into radio?"

"As a boy, I was always anxious to go on the stage," Vic admitted. "I'd imitate different people—everyone I came in contact with—an Irish policeman, an Italian vegetable man. In that way I learned various dialects—I do eight of them, you know. And I did get a chance in vaudeville, but my mother was heart-broken and I gave it up.

"I spent seventeen years in the advertising business," he went on. "But of course I was still interested in theatrical things. I gave a number of amateur shows, some for my lodge, for instance. And when, finally, the advertising business started going down hill, I began to think of radio. I had an audition and found that my voice was good and played a few parts. I was selling pure-bred livestock magazines at the time, but in the depression years, when the livestock business went on the rocks, there was less and less demand for the magazines. And as the business went out, I became more and more entrenched in radio. I've been on the air now for seven years."

"It was just the opposite with me," Bernardine admitted. "My father would have been broken-hearted if I hadn't gone on the stage!"

RADIO STARS

Bernardine studied and took part in dramatics in school and college and did so well that when Zona Gale, the famous Wisconsin authoress, saw her in a college play, she recommended her for a part in Brock Pemberton's *Seven-Year Love*. After that, Bernardine spent several eventful months in New York.

"I got a lot of good experience," she commented, "but that was about all. It was the time of the stock market crash and plays were folding almost as soon as they opened. I understudied Muriel Kirkland in *Strictly Dishonorable*, but never got a chance to play in it. And I had a part in *Joseph*, with George Jessel, but the producer didn't like my mid-western accent! But I met a lot of fine people and the training was excellent. It was time well spent, but I felt there wasn't any real opportunity there for me then and I decided I might have a better chance in Chicago—not so much competition!"

An opportunity presented itself almost immediately. She auditioned at NBC and won a part and has been in radio ever since—six years now.

"I did some *ingenues* at first," she explained in her quiet, self-effacing way, "and did them very badly!"

I can't help doubting that, but her candor, her lack of vanity, is certainly refreshing!

Incidentally, she was at that time responsible for the radio debut of Don Ameche, whom she had known during college days, and who has since been so successful in radio and in the movies.

As for *Rush's* introduction to radio—I looked across the table at which we four were sitting, at the nice-looking boy op-

posite me. Bernardine looked at him, too, and smiled tenderly.

"Not very *p-r-e-t-t-y*," she murmured, "but awfully *s-m-a-r-t!*"

They all laughed at the familiar joke and Billy Idelson, who has been *Rush* from the beginning, explained shyly, while his fingers toyed with some paper matches: "I've been in radio since I was ten—*Skeezix* was one of my first parts."

"He used to read the comics," Bernardine interposed and Vic added: "He won out in an audition over a hundred picked kids. He happened to hear his sister mention the audition and begged and pleaded with tears in his eyes to be allowed to try—"

"It wasn't quite like that," Billy demurred. "My sister called me out of school—and I was glad of any excuse to get the day off!" He laughed. "I hated radio, but I had two auditions and—I don't want to brag, but I won them both. My first was for *Lum and Abner*."

Billy's sister, Mary Castle, was connected with radio and very much interested in her young brother's career, in spite of his indifference. "I owe everything to my sister," Billy admitted, "but the first program I ever enjoyed was *Vic and Sade*."

"I suggested you for this program myself," Vic reminded him, "and no one else was even considered for the part."

Billy is a dark-haired, dark-eyed boy of fifteen, very earnest and completely unspoiled. He lives in a suburb of Chicago and raises cocker spaniels. "I built kennels for them myself," he vouchsafed eagerly.

"You can imagine what they look like,"

Vic ribbed him genially.

Billy grinned. "I've had lots of compliments on them—they're not so bad!"

Like every other boy, Billy's favorite sport is fishing. When I met him, he was but recently back from a week-end in Wisconsin, where he had caught some "this big" and got a nice red nose. While there, he stayed with friends of his family.

Billy chuckled. "The lady I stayed with said she had heard my brother on the radio—I guess she didn't expect me to look so silly!"

But Billy has no need to be sensitive about his looks. He may not be strictly handsome—after all, he is in the growing-boy stage—but he is homely in a pleasant, attractive, real-boy way and his eyes—well, if I weren't afraid of offending his boyish pride, I'd say they were beautiful.

Later, as Billy was leaving us, Bernardine looked after him fondly. "You know, I think if we ever had a tendency to get big-headed, Billy would take it out of us. He is so level-headed, has so much common-sense and balance—and so much intelligence." And she added softly: "If I had a son, I'd want him to be like that!"

But big-headedness is the last thing you'd think of in connection with these likable people. They take their work seriously and fit it competently, unemotionally, into their own personal lives.

"We are not limelight people," Bernardine put it simply. "The average theatrical life is upside down, topsy-turvy, while ours is simple and quiet. That's where radio has been my boon. It's grand to be able to lead a completely domestic

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life. The only concession I've had to make is living in the city. My preference would be for the country, but I like it anyway—I'm happy!"

"Of course she doesn't care much for that husband of hers," Vic's eyes twinkled, "not very much!"

He had his little joke and went on thoughtfully: "We don't like publicity—that is, we are far from being publicity hounds. I live quietly in Austin—that's Chicago's west side—with my wife. It is something of a hardship now that we are on the air so early in the morning. The habit of a lifetime has been broken! I confess I don't like getting up so early—and I don't like shaving at night instead of in the morning. In fact, as you see, I forgot it last night, and not for the first time!"

Bernardine and Billy laughed. "We've threatened to get him one of those electric shavers that he can use anywhere, while he is rehearsing, for instance!"

"But as for publicity," Billy said unexpectedly, "I like it—I don't care how many times I get my picture in the paper!"

"But we don't court it," Vic insisted. "In fact, we slide into the elevator and slide out again. However," he added frankly, "we are flattered when people seek us out. For instance, during the Fair, people came out here to the studio just to look at us—people who had come all the way from Alabama, Florida, California, everywhere. Naturally, we were pleased."

But for all his love of publicity, Billy admitted when pressed that he did not like to have his associates in school know anything about his radio acting. "I keep it quiet," he said. "Most of them don't know anything about it."

Last spring, Billy was ill and in the hospital for quite a while. Since then, he has not attempted to attend school, but has been tutoring—he is ready now for third year high. Some change would have had to be made in any case, as the show now is on twice daily, once at 9 a. m., Eastern time, and again at 2:30 p. m., which pretty well ties them all down.

And, in addition, they all appear on several other programs. Mr. Van Harvey and Bernardine are occasionally on *Welcome Valley*, *Uncle Ezra* and the *Nickelodeon* programs and Bernardine also appears on the *Thank You, 'Stusia* program. Billy, too, appears on these programs now and then. They used to work together on the *Thurston* program and Vic carries in his pocket a lucky coin which *Thurston* gave him. He brought it out, remarking that it always seemed to have meant good luck for him. Which, of course, brought up the old question of superstitions. They looked a little serious.

"We never had more than a normal amount of superstition," Bernardine remarked, "but this spring we posed for a picture with a ladder and *'Friday the 13th'* and what not on it, supposed to show that Vic and Sade were not superstitious—and the next day, Rush went to the hospital. It gave us a sort of funny feeling!"

Rush admitted that he had a lucky charm, that he carried always, tied up in the corner of his handkerchief. And Sade said she really had been luckier since she

started wearing a lucky Indian bracelet which she had been given.

Spare time is something they have very little of, but when he has a chance, Vic likes best to sit on a bench and relax. "I play some golf, I love to play cards, I like to ride and I like to exchange good stories—" he summed it up.

Bernardine finds little enough time to devote to keeping house. She cares less than nothing for cards and dancing but loves to get in the car and drive out into the country. They never get a vacation, but once in a while a part is written out of the script and one of them can enjoy a long week-end. One thing each wants is to see the world.

"I'm dying to travel," Bernardine sighed. "I've never been anywhere except to New York—I guess Vic is the most traveled one."

"I've been to Canada," he agreed, "and traveled quite a bit in this country when I was in the advertising business."

"Four hundred miles is the most I've been," Billy chimed in.

Billy's voice rumbled deeply, then slipped up a bit. It has been changing for some time now and annoys him greatly.

"We've been telling him that if it gets much deeper and sounds much older, we'll have to switch parts and he play Vic and I play Rush," Vic said with a chuckle.

That they have many fans is evidenced by their huge fan mail and by the 700,000 replies they had in a contest held by their sponsors this spring.

"It is nice to sell something that, you know is good," Bernardine commented, "and it is nice to feel that people like what you are doing."

They themselves are crazy about *Lum and Abner*. "They are so real, so absolutely sincere. They are just grand," was their unanimous opinion. And one of their own most ardent fans is Edgar Guest. He listens to the program when he is at home, visits them when he is at the studio for his own program—in fact, never misses *Vic and Sade*.

They are so closely identified with the parts they play that I wondered if they did not have ideas, suggestions for the author.

"We have plenty of ideas and make plenty of suggestions," Billy grinned, "but they don't take. He listens and says, 'That's fine!'—but that is as far as it goes!"

But if they don't have a part in creating the little dramas of *Vic and Sade*, they assuredly contribute immeasurably to the life-likeness of the sketches. Sade's patient, soft-spoken ways and gentle sarcasm, Vic's leisurely drawl, the dry humor of his delivery, and Rush's extremely unaffected portrayal of a real boy make their characterizations perfect in their straightforward simplicity, their quiet restraint, their utter naturalness.

"We have a grand time," Bernardine concluded simply.

And who doesn't have a grand time listening to fifteen minutes of comedy-drama when the curtain is raised on the little house down the street?

No, they would not disillusion anybody, these three frank, sincere, unpretentious people. For in spite of the ostensible differences, the outward aspects, they are Vic and Sade and Rush to the life.

DESIGN FOR MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 37)

times he sang it, it wasn't make believe.

One day Julia Sanderson stopped laughing at Frank's foolishness. After all, when a girl has fallen in love with a man she begins thinking of his future.

"You've got to work so hard to get anywhere in the theatre," she explained to me. "And Frank wasn't taking it seriously at all. Making records was his business, he used to tell us, and the stage just a side line, just a way of having fun.

"It worried me and one day I asked the manager if he couldn't find some way of talking sense into Frank. So he got him over to the side of the stage during a rehearsal. 'Listen,' he said. 'You've got to realize you've got a long way to go to top Sanderson. A leading man has to dominate a woman star to make a play convincing. If you keep on the way you're going, the whole thing'll fall flat.'

"That turned the trick." Julia's eyes sparkled as she made a little face at her husband, the way a well loved woman will when she is telling tales out of school. "After that Frank was going to dominate if it killed him and it was a very serious young man who showed up at the next rehearsal."

It wasn't long before they became engaged. Before they began driving up to Julia's home in Springfield, after the Saturday night performance, to spend Sunday with her parents.

On one of those week-ends Frank saw a house. The kind of house that he had to have. A house you could have fun in. Big enough to hold laughter and love and friendliness. Lovely enough even for Julia.

He bought it, of course, and then came the joy of getting things for it. Comfortable English lounging chairs and sofas. French provincial tables and cupboards. Charming pieces of old glass and pottery and rugs and lamps. The sort of furnishings that are bought lovingly and individually and that no more fit into a set pattern than the Crumits themselves.

They were going to be married in the fall in the old church at Springfield that Julia had been attending since she was a child and on the first day in July they had nothing more important on their minds than buying kitchen things.

Julia's parents, who were getting as much excitement out of the house as they were, crowded into Frank's roadster with them and they started down to the shopping centre.

They had had fun buying all those lovely, charming things. But this was different. Closer to their hearts somehow. Egg beaters and cake tins and roasting pans, copper pots and kettles and long handled wooden spoons. Cannisters and kitchen towels and dish rags and a broom. Funny how romantic these things can be to two people in love. How much

the heart of a home they really are.

Afterward they all crowded into the roadster again, with Julia's father in the rumble seat, holding the broom in his hand and a dish pan on his lap and all the other bundles packed so tightly around him he couldn't move and so they started for home again.

Only they didn't drive directly home. Frank whispered something to Julia and she whispered something to her mother and then they all turned and shouted something to her father in the rumble seat. And then they all laughed and wondered why they hadn't thought of it before.

And so instead of going home they stopped at the church and Frank picked a bouquet for Julia from the rectory garden and they were married.

That was nine years ago and the Crumits have kept right on being happier and more romantic and thrilling than old married folks like them have a right to be. How could it be different? They give so much to life that life has nothing to do but give it right back to them again.

After all you can't fail at anything, if it's building a house or an ocean liner or a skyscraper or a marriage, if you have a good design to begin with.

And the Crumit design is perfect.

When you hear Julia's little giggle on the radio and Frank's deep laugh answering hers, it isn't part of the script at all.

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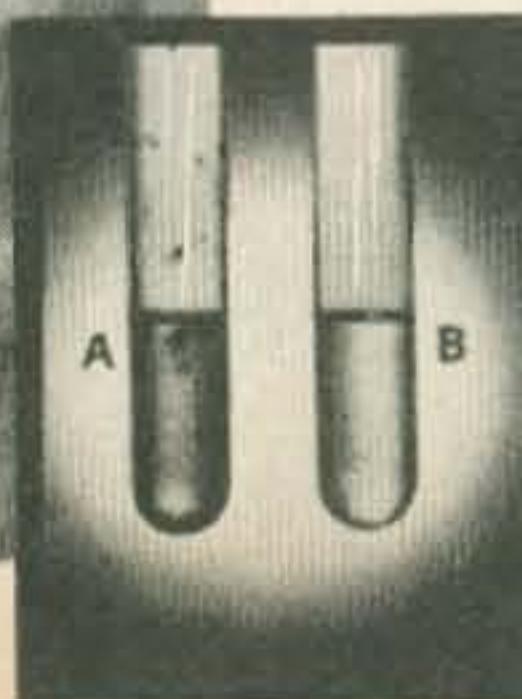
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ITCHING skin can be maddening! But—it's needless, in Athlete's Foot—poison ivy—rashes—eczema—pimples! Stop itching, burning torture; give skin new kind of help with HYDROSAL. Employs "colloidal" active principle. HYDROSAL is astringent—improves skin's looks. Use for any itching rash! Used by hospitals. Accepted by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At any drug store; liquid or ointment, 30c; 60c.



Hydrosal

It's the Crumits having fun. It's Julia not daring to look at Frank when some silly little thing happens during a broadcast and Frank not daring to look at her for fear they'll get to laughing so hard they won't be able to go on with the program.

Laughter. That's one of the things the Crumit marriage is built on.

"Julia is my favorite wife because she's such a swell playmate," Frank will tell anyone and everyone. "And because she has such a grand sense of humor. And because she likes the same things I do."

Compatibility, too. There's a strong foundation for marriage. Especially when it's reinforced with understanding.

"Frank has such a gift for friendliness," Julia said slowly. "He loves people and people love him. A regular man's man, if ever there was one. Sometimes I have to stop short when I find myself beginning to resent golf and the other things he likes doing with other men."

"So I do the things I like to do when he's out on the golf course and there's always so much to talk about when we're together again. It's exciting to hear Frank's car coming in the driveway and he's really a paragon because he always comes at the exact minute he said he would!" said Julia, smiling.

Consideration is necessary, too. Don't forget to put it in your own marriage plans if you want it to be as successful as the Crumit-Sanderson merger. Even if you have to squeeze out a couple of more alluring things, such as selfishness and a love of having your own way, to make room for it.

They have their quarrels, of course. Would they be as grand as they are if they didn't?

There was the time Frank scheduled a song for Julia to sing on their next broadcast and it just happened that she loathed that song for no good reason at all.

"I won't sing that song," she protested. "I hate it!"

Frank insisted it was perfect for both her voice and personality and Julia was just as insistent that it wasn't. But in the end she sang the song, even though she was still protesting, for the Crumits have an understanding that on the stage, which Julia knows so well, she's boss—while in radio and vaudeville, which is Frank's domain, he's tops.

Afterward, when she heard the recording taken of the broadcasting, she realized it was the best song that she ever had sung over the air. And she didn't hesitate to say so.

For she's generous, that Sanderson girl, with words as well as other things.

"It isn't hard for me to say I'm sorry, when I know I am!" She looked so much like a little girl sitting there, her deep blue eyes intent, her honey colored hair curling under the brim of her tricornc hat, the flare of the plaid silk bow knotted at her throat accenting the soft line of her chin. "I'm glad that I happened to be born that way, for I feel so sorry for people who never can admit that they have been in the wrong. They make things so difficult for themselves."

"Frank feels as I do about it. We've never discussed it or anything. Laying down rules for anything seems so futile, don't you think? You have to feel them or they don't work out. But even though we've never talked it out, we've

never gone to bed at night with a misunderstanding rankling between us. I couldn't stand waking up in the morning knowing that I held any resentment for Frank or that he held any for me. Knowing we had to overcome a quarrel before we could even speak to each other.

"And it's really so easy to avoid quarrelling altogether. To laugh at something that could be made into an issue if you took it seriously. Like that time, remember, Frank, when I was so furious with you?"

Frank Crumit laughed.

"It was a grand Sunday afternoon," he explained, "and I was planting some extra special delphiniums I had wheedled out of a neighbor and having a swell time doing it, when suddenly Julia came dashing out like a young tornado and hustled me back into the house and ordered me out of my garden clothes because we were due at a cocktail party at five."

"I crabbed a little but got under the shower and put on some nice clean pants and drove around to our host's house. It was almost six o'clock by that time but there wasn't a single car out front."

"We're just the acrobats as usual, opening the show," says Julia, who has a passion for being punctual—another one of the things I like about this gal," and Frank's eyes glowed as he patted her hand. A gesture he evidently thought very husbandly and very, very casual but that managed to look much more like the beginning of a flirtation. "But somehow that forlorn driveway didn't look at all like a party to me."

"Are you sure it was Elsa Adams who asked us?" I demanded, getting a bit suspicious, for Julia has been known to slip up on things like that before.

"As if I wouldn't know who asked us?" Julia flared. "She called up last Monday and I remember the conversation as well as anything. She said..."

"All right. All right." I said and hopped out of the car and rang the bell and the maid answered with that particular sort of blankness maids have when the folks are out.

"Well, it turned out that it was Elsa who had asked us, all right, but the date was a week later—which embarrassed Julia no end!"

When the Crumits came home they found the hastily put aside delphiniums wilted beyond any hope of revival. Now Frank might very well have made a rousing issue out of it all instead of that tender teasing story that shows his love for his wife so much more even than his intense admiration and respect for her do.

But what are delphiniums worth anyway, even prize ones? Frank will ask you. Certainly not even one misunderstanding with Julia.

They've had a lot of fun, the Crumits, these nine years they've been married. A lot of laughs. Excitement, too, and thrills. A joy in just being together, so that their weekly drive down to New York for their broadcasts is still as much of an adventure as it was in those days when they first met and love was new and they used to take that same drive to visit Julia's home.

It wouldn't be exciting to a great many men and women who have been married to each other nine years. Starting at the same minute of the same day, week after

week, month after month, year after year. Going through the same towns on a schedule as rigid as that of an engineer of a crack train. Seeing a woman in one town coming to her kitchen door, morning after morning, and taking the milk in. Seeing the same cat in another town mewing at the same window. Seeing children start off for school and then some hours later seeing another troupe of children coming home from school. But it's still exciting to the Crumits.

It's all a part of the pattern of little things that have drawn these two closer and closer in all these years. Unimportant things really, you might say, like the kitchen things they bought that day in July.

All a part of the design they have worked out for themselves since that day, nine years ago, when they stood in an old church together and Julia held the bright country flowers Frank had picked for her. Made out of little things, unimportant things and out of a laughter and love into the most important thing of all. The design for a happy marriage.

NO MORE MEN!

(Continued from page 64)

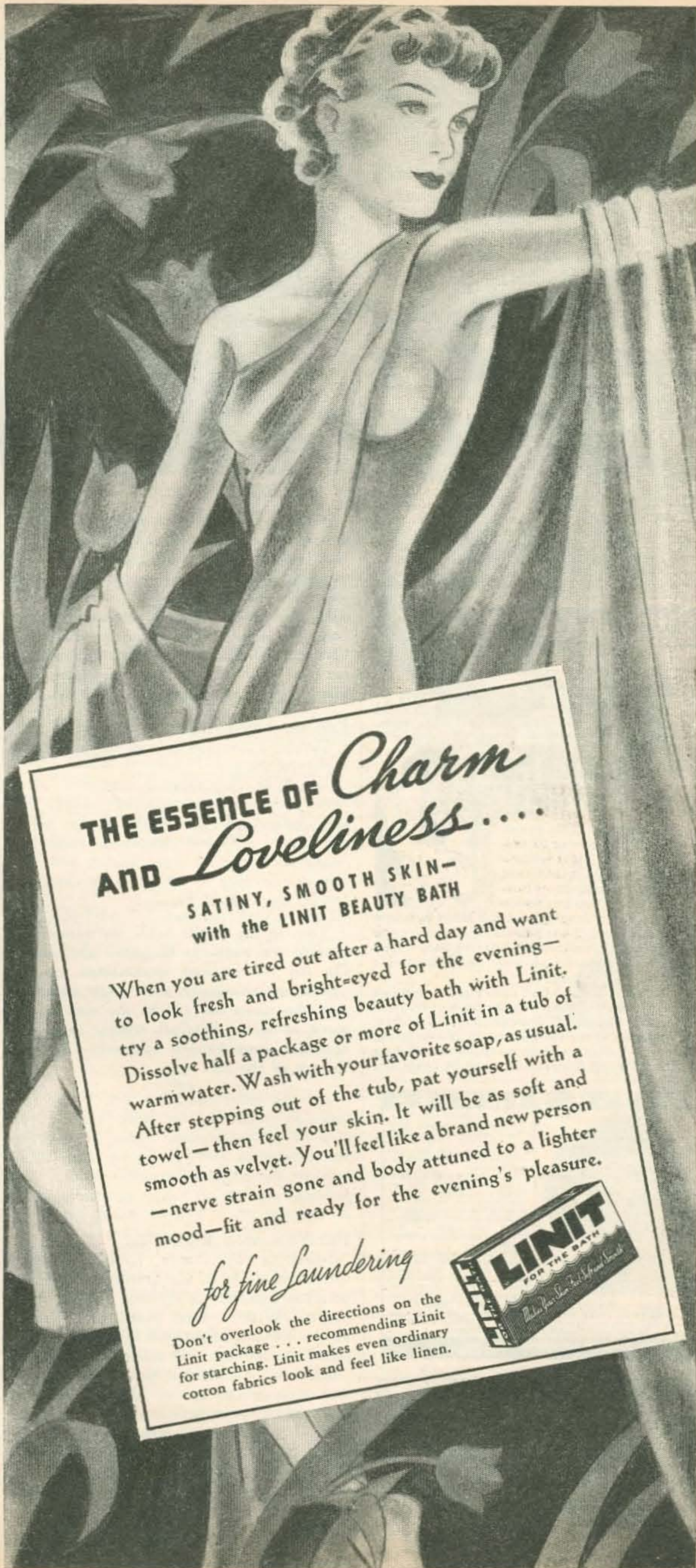
my mind was set on singing on the radio. I wanted desperately to succeed in that field. All the money I have earned in the past has been invested and I came to Manhattan with a small amount of cash. For three weeks, I made no progress."

She went to witness broadcast after broadcast, to become better acquainted with radio. She had been a guest star several times before, she had had a program of her own on the coast. But Joan Marsh is one of those youngsters who knows that there is always something to learn. Nino Martini invited her to attend a broadcast of the Kostelanetz show.

"As I sat in the audience of that Columbia Playhouse, I kept saying to myself: 'If only I could be on that stage, singing into that mike!'" She clasped her hands. "And four weeks later to the day, I was doing just that!"

The opportunity came in the person of Jean Paul King, that friend of a friend whom she had met the year before. He sent her to an excellent agency who, the day after interviewing her, had her audition for the Socony people who were in search of a successor to Beatrice Lillie on their *Flying Red Horse Tavern* program. Out of more than twenty applicants who were auditioned, Joan Marsh was chosen to be the star of this program.

"Yes, some day I would like to go back to Hollywood. But only to visit. I am through with pictures. I have never been so happy as I am in radio. And that is what I am concentrating on, right now. The future? When I meet the man I love, I shall forget all about my work!" (She won't use the word career.) "I believe that a woman can not combine marriage with anything else. It is a full time job. Until then, I'll go right on trying to be successful, finding pleasure in the worthwhile things of life."



THE ESSENCE OF Charm AND Loveliness....

SATINY, SMOOTH SKIN—
with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

When you are tired out after a hard day and want to look fresh and bright-eyed for the evening—try a soothing, refreshing beauty bath with Linit. Dissolve half a package or more of Linit in a tub of warm water. Wash with your favorite soap, as usual. After stepping out of the tub, pat yourself with a towel—then feel your skin. It will be as soft and smooth as velvet. You'll feel like a brand new person—nerve strain gone and body attuned to a lighter mood—fit and ready for the evening's pleasure.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 6)

HAY FEVER EYES!



SOOTHED IN SECONDS

A new, utterly different scientific discovery... **EYE-GENE**... gives amazingly quicker relief for smarting, burning, itching, miserable hay fever eyes. Not only soothes and refreshes irritated eyes almost instantly... but actually clears temporary bloodshot conditions in seconds, or money back! Stainless, safe. At all drug and department stores.

EYE-GENE

STOP Itching

TORTURE In One Minute

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

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Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 29-J, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

BANISH PIMPLES



No matter how stubborn your case may be, we urge every sufferer from pimples and acne to try **KLEAROL Acne Lotion No. 1**—an amazing preparation that has succeeded in cases considered almost hopeless!

Don't confuse **KLEAROL Acne Lotion No. 1** with ordinary preparations. It works amazingly fast because it is compounded of costly ingredients similar to those prescribed time and time again by skin specialists. Send 25c for generous trial bottle.

You can make up your mind right now to banish pimples and acne—and clear up your skin! Send for this delightfully fragrant, creamy white lotion—pleasant to use—not sticky—not greasy—won't stain bed linens. Made exclusively by **NU SKIN LABORATORIES, Inc.** Mail \$1.00 TODAY with your name and address, for a full 4 oz. bottle in plain wrapper. We prepay postage. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied after 3 applications.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ Age _____

orchestra and *The Revelers*, presenting their program from the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland.

◆
Fibber McGee and Molly are stay-at-home vacationers, busily overseeing the construction of their new Chicago home.

◆
British maestro Jack Hylton is visiting his native isle, while his Irish ballad singer, Pat O'Malley, enjoys a bit of grouse-shooting in the north of Ireland and Alec Templeton, blind piano wizard, visits his grandfather in Vancouver, B. C.

◆
In September Major Bowes puts his familiar *Amateur Hour* on the air under the sponsorship of the Chrysler Corporation. He will be the radio representative of the corporation's products as a group.

◆
With his present sponsor, the Major states, his relations always have been of the happiest, with nothing to mar their complete harmony. Nor has there been any discussion regarding compensation. The new association is the natural outcome of a long and intimate friendship between the Major and Walter P. Chrysler and the Major looks forward with pleasure to representing him on the air.

LOT OF LISTENERS

◆
Listeners continue to dial in ever growing numbers.

◆
What is the average audience of a radio broadcast, we wonder? There are, we understand, 22,000,000 home radios and nearly 3,000,000 automobile radio sets—and each one of these twenty-five million sets serving at least two or three listeners, one would assume.

◆
Too, in the fertile fields the farmer listens to his radio as he plows and reaps. On his rubber-tired streamlined tractor, operating noiselessly with high compression, he turns the soil to the accompaniment of song, baseball scores, campaign speeches, crop reports and other favorite themes of the air.

◆
All this gives one some idea of the far-reaching power of the radio voice. And also of its inestimable value to us as a free voice—of the people, by the people and for the people—not subservient to any political scheme of things nor dictated by expediency.

POLITICS AND PROMISES

◆
Speaking of things political, Boake Carter suggests to his listeners a test for political speeches as printed in the news pages. With a blue pencil, he advises, strike out all adjectives. . . With a red pencil, strike out all claims not proved—all that the candidate proposes or promises or hopes to do. . . Measure what is left against past performances and other records of history. Balance one candidate's claims against the other's—and try if you can to form a sound opinion in which to base your vote in the coming election!

◆
We have, however, this fall to make a choice that definitely conditions our coun-

try's future—our own future—the future, perhaps, of our children's children. A choice between two men about whom much must, of necessity, remain indefinite. As Americans we can have but one hope for our country—and we must follow that leader whose hope most nearly seems to coincide with our own.

◆
"Now is the time for all good men—and good women—to come to the aid of their party!" We have to work, as Boake Carter said. With a blue and red pencil when we read. With a mental blue and red pencil when we listen.

◆
As Jane Cowl, up in the front of the book says: "It all depends on us!"

ILLUSION ON THE AIR

◆
We looked in at a *Showboat* rehearsal one recent Thursday afternoon. And felt a curious sense of unreality about it all. That hour-long program which comes to us so smoothly in its precise pattern over the air here seemed to be a casual collection of curiously unrelated acts. It might have been a try-out for vaudeville! Groups of people sat about informally, some on the stage, some in audience chairs, awaiting their cue to come to the microphone.

◆
Lanny Ross stood before a microphone, speaking softly. Only occasionally could we catch what he said. Tiny Ruffner sat on a raised step on the platform, conning a script on his knees, jumping up presently to deliver the commercial. In a corner of the audience room Winifred Cecil chatted with a friend. Later she went up on to the stage to sing a duet with Lanny. As she sang, she gestured slightly, as if drawing out a note with her finger-tips, holding it thus till the measure was finished.

◆
Pick and Pat, two slim, white young men in summer flannels and sports shoes, went through a mirthful routine. The chorus, sitting at one side of the stage, laughed and applauded. Louise Massey and the Westerners, soon to be starred in a weekly half hour program of their own, took their places, clustered about a microphone. Their soft harmonies drifted faintly through the studio.

◆
The sound effects man contributed varying sounds which here seemed strangely extraneous and productive of little illusion. There was a group of listeners in the control-room. Another group in the sponsors' booth. Before a microphone in the center of the stage a man in his shirt-sleeves seemed to be coordinating the show. And extracting a degree of unscheduled amusement from it.

◆
Watching the progress of the program, we pondered the question of illusion on the air. For the audience that a few hours later would fill that huge studio, we fancied, there couldn't be much illusion or glamour. Wouldn't it be better, we mused, in the interests of illusion, to eliminate the studio audience? Any conscious

attempt to play to that audience, to build its interest, seek its response, would, it seemed, defeat the illusion for the listening radio audience. We've listened to programs over the air, where some studio audience's reaction was unintelligible to us, leaving us bewildered and resentful. The most successful way to achieve illusion on the air, we concluded, would be to keep it in the studio, by keeping audiences out.

We chatted for a moment, afterward, with Lanny, about his eagerly anticipated vacation. It's a pleasure to talk with Lanny Ross. There's no self-conscious pose of the successful artist in his make-up. Simple, straightforward, sincere and friendly, he is a grateful contrast to some who move through life like a procession, amidst an awed and ecstatic group of admirers. Lanny wears one of radio's brightest crowns as casually as he does his somewhat battered felt.

WHEN NELSON SINGS

A while ago this magazine printed a story about Nelson Eddy, called "What Kind of Love Do You Want?"—in which Nelson disclosed how his programs, in concert and over the air, are conditioned by popular requests for certain songs. Seldom can he sing the kind of music he, himself, would choose.

In a certain western city lives a delightful lady, ninety years young. A traveled and charming woman, distinctly a personage. When Nelson Eddy sang in her city, she attended his concert. Afterwards he was presented to her.

"I was somewhat disappointed in the concert," said the little old lady frankly. "I had expected to hear more real music from you—great music."

"Madam," said Nelson, bowing over her tiny hand, "you are a girl after my own heart!"

MEMORABLE MOMENT

It happened on a recent Friday evening. Frank Fay was calling. . . He was introducing to his radio audience a famous stage actress—Jane Cowl. We sat up, expectant of some blithe and biting give-and-take. And then it appeared that Miss Cowl was about to present a scene from her memorable stage triumph, *Romeo and Juliet*. Further, it appeared that Frank Fay was going to play *Romeo* to her *Juliet*. Funster Frank as *Romeo*? It sounded unbelievable! We trembled!

But without more ado they were beginning that achingly beautiful love duet—the *Balcony scene*. And we listened with deepening delight as Jane Cowl's exquisite voice made music of *Juliet's* familiar lines, while the voice of *Romeo* blended with hers in poignant passion.

Never, we thought, has beauty been more richly wrought in radio. Lacking other material, program makers well may fall back on *Romeo and Juliet*—provided they can get Jane Cowl. . . And we could listen again without complaint to Frank Fay's *Romeo*.

When the scene was done, we switched off the radio. Somehow we weren't quite in the mood for the *Elf of the Ether*—or any other program—at that moment.

See you next month!



Eye Make-up by
MAYBELLINE



Rose Saphire

Rose Saphire, New York's famous hat stylist, designs this gorgeous Roman-striped velvet turban—perfect with furs, and proper from noon till midnight. Here is a fashion hint from Mme. Saphire: "Turbans are famous for flattery to the eyes—and your eyes are your most important beauty feature. Therefore, since beauty orders 'Eyes to the front', your eye make-up must naturally be selected with utmost care. Women of discrimination choose Maybelline as the finest which money can buy."



Maybelline Cream Mascara, complete in smart zipper bag—separate pocket for brush. Black, Brown and Blue—75c.

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY FOR Beauty AS THE SMARTEST Hat

And really, how many smart and lovely women know this by heart! They study their eyes in the mirror, they discuss make-up with friends. And more than 10,000,000 modern, fastidious women now prefer the simple, instantly satisfying Maybelline way to lovelier, darker lashes! Let your eyes express the particular beauty that is YOU—with eye make-up in good taste! A few deft strokes of Maybelline and your lashes instantly appear twice as long and twice as luxuriant. You'll discover an entirely new beauty about your eyes, which adds thrillingly to the whole expression of the face.

There is no mascara more water-proof than either the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara or the marvelous new Maybelline Cream form Mascara (which is breaking all sales records for new-found popularity.) Both are perfectly harmless and approved by highest authorities. Neither is beady, waxy or gummy on the lashes. The new Cream form, complete with case and brush, and the Solid form in the metal vanity, may each be obtained for only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are on sale at leading 10c stores. Today—try this easy, certain way to lovelier, more enchanting beauty!



Maybelline famous Solid Form Mascara. Black, Brown and Blue, in gold metal vanity.



Maybelline Eye Shadow. Smooth, Creamy, in Blue, Blue-Grey, Brown, Green and Violet.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, smooth marking. Black, Brown and Blue.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



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The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS

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SCHOOLED TO SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 15)

clothes since so many girls are going back to school in another month. And, clothes that are suited for school activities usually are right for all the other girls who are pursuing careers or just batting about at home. That's why every dress we chose has such possibilities for varied uses.

Patti likes her clothes to have trick details and that is why she was so crazy about the Parker things. Take the one-piece blue velveteen, for instance. It is aptly called *Teacher's Pet*, for large nickel note-book rings are used cleverly to fasten the white pique collar and cuffs. Even the matching velveteen belt has three of the rings looped together for the buckle. Trickiest of its details is the partitioned pocket to hold bright red pencils. And those pencils aren't just props either, they are all set to be sharpened.

Perfect for campus wear, football games or just general fall activities, is the three-piece suit of velveteen jacket, tweed skirt and flannel blouse. Patti wanted to have one shot of this without the jacket because she was so mad about the blouse, but space didn't permit. The blouse is white with brown stitching and brown slide fastener, finished with a yarn pompon. The full, flared brown and white checked tweed skirt buttons on to this but doesn't make it look too "little girl," as you might imagine. The jacket is collarless because the blouse collar is worn over it.

That amusing, terraced brown felt hat is Patti's. She likes little hats best because she thinks brims aren't becoming to her. "My face is too small," she explained.

The culottes, or divided skirts, you have been wearing all summer, are going on to the campus, according to Gladys Parker. She thinks the culotte is such a comfortable, smart and practical style that it will be the popular daytime costume at most schools. Because she has such faith in it, she has designed one that is knockout. Patti went into raptures over it and our photographic aides were so sold on it that they wanted to know, to a man, where they could send their wives to buy them!

The culotte is a hunting-green jersey and the gay blouse is red and green plaid flannel. A green jersey tie, to match the culotte, trims the blouse and practically hides the slide opening. These are a slick idea for games because they are warmer than skirts and conceal their trouser-like character in a most ladylike manner.

The fourth item on our list is *Fins* and you don't need any explanation to show you how it got the name. Just look at all the pleated white taffeta from shoulder to wrist! This is one of those dresses that has so many uses you couldn't begin to enumerate them all. Perfect for sorority teas, tea dancing, evening dates, church—just name the occasion. In black transparent velvet with only a rhinestone button and buckle besides the white pleating for trim.

Patti's choice of a peaked off-the-face bonnet with veil was especially appropriate, I thought. And she wore patent pumps with flat bows for her shoes to accompany this costume.

"I love hats," she told me. "And when I get one I like very much, I wear it until there's nothing left of it. I do that with shoes, too."

She would love to wear sophisticated clothes but has the good sense to realize that they would look silly for one so young. She hardly ever wears red but otherwise has a very impartial eye for color. She "guesses" that she likes sports clothes best but she likes clothes in any form just so they are gay and very new. However, she has inherent good taste and can pick the right clothes for herself with few unfortunate buys.

When I left, Patti was decking herself out for a picture—she and the studio were about to perpetrate some of those one-man charades called *Handies!* You probably are going cuckoo trying to think up new ones in your set. You know how they go—you make all sorts of motions with your hands and the poor victim is supposed to guess what it means. Miss P was about to strike up a pose as an absent-minded Indian looking for his horse! I exited quietly but their laughter followed me down the corridor—she gets such a kick out of life!

If you are going away to school and are a little uncertain what the campus fashions will be, pack only a few good basic costumes like these shown this month. Then when you get to school, you can add the extra clothes you need to feel "in" with the fads of your particular campus. Every school has its pet fashion fads and it is foolish to try to stock up on a big wardrobe until you know just what the others are wearing. Not that you want to look like everyone else, but you *do* want to adhere to custom enough so that you don't feel left out. For instance, white sports shoes with brown saddles, worn with socks, are a *must* for Eastern girls' colleges—you'd feel awfully out of things not to have the same, but how would you know until you got to school? And in the far west, especially in co-ed schools, everyone dresses up more on campus. You'd need more afternoon dresses and semi-formal clothes.

A good tweed or camel's hair topcoat is an important item—and at least one dress coat of some kind, whether it is cloth with fur trimming or a fur coat. As for evening gowns, you'll need at least one real formal and several of the semi-formal, cocktail type. An evening wrap is nice to have but you can get along without one if you have a presentable fur coat.

Don't be afraid to invest in sweaters and skirts, they are the best campus uniform imaginable. And a couple of jackets in tweeds, leather or woolens are swell to have. Those little small-brimmed, round-crowned felts in various colors are inexpensive but high in chic and popularity.

And while on the subject of sweaters, I came across a gadget the other day that you will want to cart away to school with you. This a fibre board form, which is cut to sizes of knitted blouses and sweaters—it is folded in such a manner that it can be inserted easily in the washed

(Continued on page 90)

**THE ONE CLEANER
GOOD FOR ALL
WHITE SHOES**

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LARGER SIZES FOR GREATEST ECONOMY

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RADIO GUNS FOR BALLOTS

(Continued from page 17)

with straight from the shoulder electioneering.

Radio campaign managers on the Republican side get credit for the decision to use the daylight hours. They figured that in the morning the girls of the land have housework on their mind, are balancing their budgets, making up their shopping lists—and so, are in a mood to hear promises of lower taxes and smaller prices for food and clothing.

The Republicans started the idea. But the Democrats also will be doing it. So it will be tit for tat and argument for argument as the vacuum cleaner purrs and the icebox quivers.

All parties are radio conscious. They're not going to make the mistake of butting in on a program you like. When Amos 'n' Andy come in, they will let that program strictly alone. They know the easiest way to alienate the listeners is to elbow a favorite off the air. They will only displace the sustaining programs, those with only a scattered following. They will steal time from commercial announcements perhaps—but that is about as far as they will go where nationally known features are concerned. Huey Long is responsible for this sensible procedure. Remember how he made it a practice to speak late at night, usually at about 11:30 P. M. And remember his remarks, when he voluntarily interrupted himself to let an established program through? It ran something like this:

"My friends, I haven't quite finished but here is the broadcast of 'so-and-so.' It is a splendid program and let's all listen to it together. If you are still there at the conclusion, I'll tell you what it was I was going to say."

That was the spirit that, until he was assassinated, made Huey Long the greatest menace President Roosevelt had. It was the true spirit of radio—of coöperation with the listeners.

The President himself has taught the campaign managers a great deal. He has

demonstrated beyond cavil the power of the human voice in influencing the behavior of millions of human beings. The value of the simple, informal utterance. The use of laughter in a radio talk.

The Republicans concede Mr. Roosevelt's skill at the microphone to be their greatest obstacle to victory. They have no one who can compete with him. Most of us believe that this is a gift the President was born with. Few realize how hard he works at his radio delivery. Did you know, for example, that he employs Ralph Steinberg, as a radio advisor? Every time the President speaks over the radio, Steinberg takes it down on a wax record and the two of them play it back and study it, criticize it and practice a correction of the faults they discover.

Some of us may have noted an improvement in Mr. Hoover's technique at the mike. That again is due to careful rehearsals, study of records, honest criticism by experts.

So successful has this method been with Hoover, Roosevelt and others that the radio campaign managers are planning to put all their orators through the same process, calculating thereby to double their effectiveness. I repeat, this is going to be a hum-dinging lallapaloozer of an election!

The reason the radio barrage is going to be aimed at the ladies to such an extent is elementary. Right now, it looks as if Roosevelt will win. The Republicans believe, however, that by shifting a few hundred thousand votes to their side of the column they can beat him. It is these votes they are after—and they are convinced that they are held by the women. The Democrats agree with them because they, too, are making a play for the same votes.

But if either of them think they can kid, deceive or otherwise mislead the fair voters of this country, they are making a large and unfortunate blunder. The girls may not read the newspapers. But they

know instinctively—intuitively—the difference between the fake and the real. Nature has endowed them with the faculty of seeing through falsehood and of finding their way to the truth no matter how high the boloney is piled.

So when election day arrives and the ballots flutter and the voting machines click, the girls will be making their crosses in the place best for the needs of their country.

In all of this, they will be helped rather than hindered by radio. For these thousands of speakers and their billions of words will be giving them facts to digest, will be opening new vistas and views of what actually is going on. Politics, once dark and unsavory, lit only by torchlight parades, has been made clear and above-board by radio. With millions listening to every step of the campaign's progress, there can be no deceit. Not much, at any rate! In other words, Radio has put windows into the house of government. Through the loud speaker, the nation can look on and pass sure and sensible judgment.

The first Roosevelt—Theodore—campaign in the days before radio. He was said to be the most strenuous campaigner this country has ever seen. In one campaign, he traveled 30,000 miles and delivered 800 speeches. On wagons, soap boxes, train-ends, halls, school-houses, wherever he could get an audience. With all of it, how many do you think he reached? How many people? The most liberal estimate is 500,000. The present Roosevelt, without stirring from the White House, can reach ten times that number.

So, you and you, especially you who are feminine, and twenty-one or more—listen. Listen with half an ear or with all your soul. Be guided by your instincts. And when the time comes, vote true—vote not so much for a candidate as for your country. It's bound to be all right. Remember—it's up to you!

SCHOOLED TO SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 89)

garment and then opened to control the shrinkage to the desired size. It simplifies the whole business of washing knit things and is so inexpensive that it will not make even a slight dent in your allowance. If you would like to know where you can buy one of these "sizers", just write in to me and I will forward all the information.

After the freedom of wash clothes it is hard to realize that the transfer into woollens often brings the unhappy discoloration from perspiration, unless you take precautions to protect your new dresses. Any amount of dry cleaning won't do away with that particular type of stain and so it is wise to take the precaution of dress shields in addition to your usual cream, liquid or powder protection. The reason I mention this is because I came across

such a slick sheer shield recently. It is so thin that you would hardly know you had shields attached to your costumes. It is made of a new rubber product that gives you the ultimate in transparent texture with an amazing durability. Washing and ironing, even boiling, doesn't impair either the shape or quality of this shield. And it is shaped to give protection to your dresses without bulkiness.

If you would like to know where to buy any of the Parker dresses or these new costume aids I have mentioned, just fill in the attached coupon. Beginning this month and for every month hereafter, I will have a new service for all of you. *Radio Stars' Monthly Shopping List*. On this list will be new products, their prices and where you will be able to buy them. I know it will prove a great help to you and

you will want to get into the habit of sending in for it regularly.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, your new RADIO STARS' Monthly Shopping List. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Street.....

City.....

State.....

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades



Robin Red Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails

Rust Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. *Cutex Rose* is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken... it's usable

right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc. Dept. 6M9, 191 Hudson St., New York (In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Robin Red Rust Rose Ruby (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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