

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

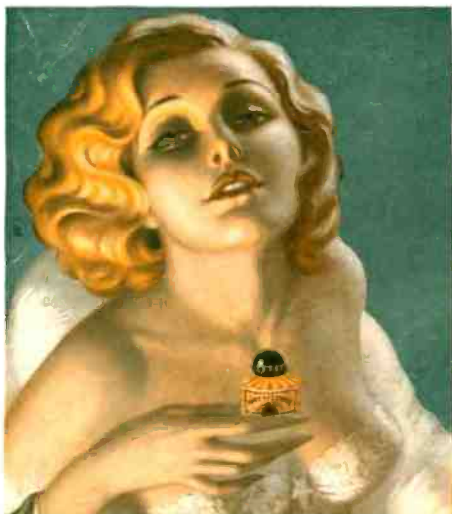
MAY
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CENTS



Jane
Froman

Earl
Christie

CONFESSIONS OF A CROONER'S "WIFE"



NIGHT and DAY

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You, yes you, can become divinely Irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women...tempting, exotic perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill...excite senses...madden hearts...with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

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Talc that's soft and soothing as a perfumed breeze



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen

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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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This SAFE treatment stops the pain of an ACHING CORN instantly

removes the corn safely and scientifically in 3 days . . .] METHOD USED WITH SUCCESS BY 30,000,000 FORMER CORN SUFFERERS



(1) No one but a corn sufferer can know how such a corn really hurts!

No wonder people with corns try any way to cure this. Some even use ear blades—little knowing the danger! Other is a new, untried method—the "corn knife." Both of these rocks are useless. Only Blue-Jay offers a safe, scientific method of removing corns.



(2) WHY A CORN HURTS

Perhaps you have wondered why such a small thing as a corn can cause such excruciating pain. A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. The inverted cone, under pressure from the foot, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and nervous system. That is why the corn seems to hurt "all over."



(3) But there is no need to go on suffering with corn pain at all. This safe, easy, Blue-Jay method has ended corn suffering for millions of people during the past 25 years. It will end corn suffering just as surely for you. Make us Bauer & Black, world-famous surgical-dressing manufacturer.

No muss or bother when you use Blue-Jay. It's as simple as A, B, C. First, you soak the foot for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



(4) Then, apply a Blue-Jay Corn Remover, centering the pad directly over the corn. The soft, snug fitting pad stops the pain outwardly by removing shoe pressure. Does not show under the smartest shoes. Wet Proof adhesive strip holds the pad exactly in place . . . allows free bathing . . . does not chafe the stocking. You walk in comfort . . . forget you have a corn.



(5) In the meantime, the mild, gentle Blue-Jay medication is slowly undermining the corn without your knowing it. At the end of three days take off the plaster, soak the foot again in hot water, and the entire corn lifts right out. Old, tough corns may need a second application—Blue-Jay, though sure-fire, is mild in its action.)

Read these typical letters from BLUE-JAY users!



Recommendation to Nurses.
"Blue-Jay is the most effective corn plaster I have ever used."



Corn Pain Shows in Face.
"My father, Mrs. H. S. Jones, has a corn on his foot."

I have never used a corn plaster before. It will remove a corn in 3 to 4 days, without any pain or discomfort. I am a nurse and can testify to most of the time, so it is very important for me to get rid of it as soon as possible.

When it hurts to walk, it is a nervous system affliction because of the pressure of the shoe on the corn. I want to look for a corn plaster that will relieve the pain without the use of any medicine. I am thankful to Blue-Jay for their safe and instant relief from pain.



Do You Do This, Too?
When I see a woman who is holding a sore, red, inflamed, or chafed foot, I have the inclination to lean over and whisper, 'Why don't you use Blue-Jay?'



No Necessity of Rubbing.
"Blue-Jay does not do it. It does not hurt. It does not leave the toe sore and irritated and does not cause the inflammation surrounding the corn. I just put my foot in it and the corn is gone."

Long ago I regarded from that suffering over-looked by using Blue-Jay as soon as the need for treatment of a corn is felt.

Free of charge. Please send for your free copy of this book.

Every drug store sells BLUE-JAY • It is the most popular corn remover because the millions of corn sufferers who have used it have recommended it to their friends. Doctors and nurses often write in to say that they use Blue-Jay themselves because it is so safe and so easy. No muss or bother. Blue-Jay goes on in an instant . . . and that very instant the pain stops. In 3 days the corn is gone.

If you are one who has risked the danger of infection by cutting corns or using unscientific methods, just use Blue-Jay once. You, too, will be convinced.

Blue-Jay costs but 25¢ a package. (Special sizes for bunions and calluses.)



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CORN PLASTER

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"For Better Feet" - Free booklet contains value of 15¢. It contains 100 illustrations for foot exercises. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Mail coupon to Bauer & Black 2500 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Please send coupon on Government paper, and enclose 1¢ in postage.

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ANN DVORAK, WARNER BROS.



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Send for this booklet containing smart new Hollywood Hair Styles. 24 pages of photos showing how to dress your hair the way the movie stars do. Sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Choose from 12 shades in coupon. It does NOT dye or bleach.



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Duart new Movie Star Coiffures.

Name _____
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Mark your shade of rinse.

<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Flaxen	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown
<input type="checkbox"/> Tinted Reddish Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Tinted Reddish Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum)	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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RADIO STARS

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST- BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MACDONALD • EDDY NAUGHTY MARIETTA



a W. S.
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PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
**FRANK
MORGAN**
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

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NEWEST UNUSUAL
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for old frocks

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powder which, when
measured, won't
retreat of the package.

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Please send me FREE Silk samples of Newest
Paris Colors and your Booklet D-74.

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**BY DORON
K. ANTRIM**



(Right) Johnny Green,
who knew when he was
wrong
(Left) Richard Him-
ber, who took a long
chance.

Wide World

**WOULD \$500 A WEEK
SATISFY YOU?**

TEX TO ONE you would! It's
a lot of money! But there's a
catch to it. Would you be
satisfied with five hundred dol-
lars a week, and oblivion, or a
chance at really big stakes and
stardom? That's the problem
every orchestra arranger has to
solve sooner or later.

I'm talking about the lads
who style the tunes you hear
every night, dressing them up so
that orchestras do not all sound
alike. Paul Whiteman used to
spend fifty thousand dollars a
year on arrangements alone. His
chief arranger now, Adolph
Deutsch, pulls down five hundred
dollars a week.

Adolph Deutsch is top man in
his field. But you seldom hear of
the arranger. The music scrivener
remains a ghost writer all his
life, unless he decides to shake
a stick instead of a pen. It's a
move that brings with it plenty

of headaches and heartaches.
Which is why most arrangers
are content to sit in their ob-
scure corners. Only a bare hand-
ful succeed in stepping out of
the ranks of the forgotten man
to fame, and you'd be surprised
how often some little trivial
thing turns the trick.

Take the case of Freddie Rich.
If it hadn't been for the cyclonic
Eva Tanguay, he might still be
sprawling notes on paper, ab-
solutely insignificant.

Eva happened to be on the
same bill at the theatre where
Freddie appeared as arranger
and pianist with the Prisco Jazz
Band. Hearing him at the piano
one day she asked him to make
some orchestral arrangements of
her songs, including her big
number, "I Don't Care." Result,
Freddie left the jazz outfit and
went with Eva as arranger and
pianist. (Continued on page 58)

But Oblivion Goes with It!

Kilocycle Quiz

(We present more questions about Radioland, the stars and their work. Can you answer them in five minutes?)

1. Who are the sisters appearing as individual soloists on the Fred Waring programs each Sunday evening at 9:30 p. m. EST?

2. What star celebrated his 2000th broadcast recently on the House By The Side of the Road program?

3. Who is the Singing Cowboy on Death Valley Days program on Tuesday evenings?

4. Who is the Jack of All Radio Trades who has a part on six different programs?

5. What feminine star is a recent radio contribution to the Metropolitan Opera Company?

6. Who is the English composer and conductor, famous for his arrangements, who made his radio bow in America recently.

7. Guess how much money approximately is spent during a year on radio fan mail?

8. Which one of the Pickens trio is the youngest?

9. What band was offered \$30,000 a month for a tour of Soviet Russia?

10. What popular couple on the air can and do imitate eight different nationalities?

11. A descendant of the man who invented the steamboat is heard over the air with his orchestra each morning on a five day a week broadcast. Who is he?

12. What is Eddie Duchin's theme song?

13. Who is the radio actor, weighing almost 300 pounds whose reputation rests on the strange noises he can make as the script calls for them? He recently had to spitwak like an ostrich on a Fred Allen Town Hall show.

14. How old is Eddie Cantor?

15. Who plays the role of Red Davis on the air?

16. Are "Lazy Dan" and "Mr. Jim" the same person?

17. What is Jan Garber's given name?

18. Where does Fraumoa White on the Otto Harbach musical drama every Monday night, come from?

(Answers on page 85)



That hideous feeling of panic —now ended by the new “CERTAIN-SAFE” MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

... more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable.

... more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing “accidents!”

It is the new “Certain-Safe” Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with*

Modess. It is the combination of all three features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection!

Just do this. Get a box of the new “Certain-Safe” Modess. (You won't risk a penny... see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See and feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!



Here's a challenge! We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it! Get a box. Wear us many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Cary Grant
PICKS MOST
KISSABLE LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST!



Famous startle!
why Tangee
lips appealed
most to him

● "I see too much grease paint on the lot," said Cary Grant emphatically. "Away from the studio I want a girl to look feminine. She can't do it if her lips are caked with paint."



• Cary Grant takes time out from "Wings in the Dark", a Paramount picture, to make this unusual lipstick test.

Tangee lips are never "caked with paint". Because Tangee isn't paint. It is the one lipstick in the world with the Tangee magic color-change principle... one lipstick that *on your lips* changes to your own most becoming shade of blush rose. It costs just 39 cents and \$1.10. And if you'd like to try *all* the Tangee products, send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE

New

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
FACE POWDER now carries the magic Tangee color principle



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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MMS5
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Lawson
Janet Ayres, Singer with
Abe Lyman's orchestra.



Ulderico Marcelli, on the
Tony Wons' show Sundays.

MAESTROS ON PARADE

CHANCES ARE that everyone who reads this column has his or her favorite dance band and all the network vice-presidents and all the stiff-shirt announcers in the world can't change that opinion. That's why we have variety on the air.

But when we come to make some feeble effort to place a value on dance bands, we must resort to those things called polls—a sort of election, so to speak. The New York *World-Telegram* conducted such a poll recently and Alton Cook, its radio editor (he's on our own Board of Review, too), announces that two hundred and sixty of this country's and Canada's radio critics found these bands to be on the top: (1) Guy Lombardo, (2) Wayne King, (3) Fred Waring, (4) Casa Loma, (5) Paul Whiteman, (6)

Richard Himber, (7) Eddie Duchin, (8) Jan Garber, (9) George Olsen, (10) Ted Fio-Rito, (11) Isham Jones, (12-13) Ben Bernie and Hal Kemp, (14) Jack Benny and (15) Ozzie Nelson.

All except Kemp, Olsen and Benny have their own sponsored programs, and Benny did have one when the poll was conducted. Another thing, we note, is that the top two feature soft sweet music rather than hot jazzy rhythms. All of which gives us something to think about during 1935.

For the first time in too many years, Freddie Rich and his band are on a sponsored program. But that isn't so newsy as the fact that it's on a program featuring his cousin, Jack Pearl. (Continued on page 11)

Mark Warnow, ready to give his orchestra a cue.



Roy Noble, English orchestra leader over here.



Maestros on Parade

who plays the clarinet in Pat's Quartet. Then in theirs were some of the really good folk. I can be talking to you in some neighborhood in New York City.

Sometimes it's necessary to be an American citizen or at least show intention of becoming one in order to crash the party works. When Ray Noble, celebrated young British conductor, composer and arranger, was brought over from England to the States this summer and they said "No, you're not an American citizen," what they consider more important than passports, Meatsville records of the Englishman in New York were busy trying to fix things up. But nothing could be done until N.M. applied for citizenship papers. That done he got a check and a good commercial program. His was the first scheduled to play in Radio City's Rainbow Room, the sixty-fifth story night club, until immos and such mixed the idea.

The two opposites in radio bands, in case you hadn't noticed it, Florence Richardson, a woman directing an all-girl band, and Paul Spitzing, a man directing an all-girl orchestra. Yes, there is a girl directing an all-girl band, but she isn't on the air yet. She's Miss Ray Hinton and Her Melodians, now doing a weekly radio show to think of it, however these are a high old fall combination. It's a doing of a thing left for 1945.

Miss Richardson says she'll be out to take it another year. A lot of things.

When you have nothing else to do, it's making a survey. Someone in New York recently made one and says that the South wants dreamy waltzes, that the West is going in for hotcha stuff and that the dear old East is conservative. The survey was made with twenty-nine fraternities and sororities of universities and colleges, all representing innocent states.

The recording companies tell us that the radio names are: 2199142 of records, Jessica Dragonette, Jerry Cooper, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting, Henry King, Benny Goodman, Little Jack Little, Paul Robeson, the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, Tex. Redman, Hal Kemp, Ted D. Rio, Ozzie Nelson, Andy Weis, Freddie Martin, Don Bestor, Dick Powell, Walter O'Keefe, Joe Martin, James Melrose, Rosanna Borden, and Evelyn Frank's Golden.

The labor at each the studios is, there's a problem of how to do it, it's to take it to the music library. This is the department that supplies best music disks off an extra line, when needed, musicians no one else can remember, and all that sort of thing. Not many records, 120.

(Continued on page 52)



Sally is a little
gossip...and
I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your doll's clothes. Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"Deed they can! My mommy says the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't stick all the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naphtha, mommy says—heaps of it!"

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets all the dirt. I wonder if..."



Four weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha! My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Little gossips are cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously white!

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—gold golden soap! And there's lots of naphtha in it. When these two cleaners get best,

dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is so gentle, too—you can trust your damtiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

BOARD OF REVIEW

- Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout and John Barclay (NBC)
- Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and Lennie Hayton's orchestra (NBC)
- Ford Sunday Evening Hour—Detroit Symphonians Orchestra (CBS)
- Jack Benny (NBC)
- Lux Radio Theatre (NBC)
- Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS)
- Chase and Southern Opera Guild (NBC)
- Lawrence Tibbett with Willard Pulkert's orchestra and John B. Kennedy (NBC)
- March of Time (CBS)
- Chesterfield presents Lily Pons with Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra and chorus (CBS)
- Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erin Rapee (NBC)
- Chesterfield Hour with Richard Bennett, baritone; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra and vocal ensemble (CBS)
- Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC)
- Chesterfield program with Lucretia Bori; Kostelanetz's orchestra and vocal ensemble (CBS)
- Stoddaber Champions with Richard Himber's orchestra (NBC)
- Paul Whiteman's Music Hall (NBC)
- One Man's Family, dramatic program (NBC)
- Cities Service with Jessica Dragonette (NBC)
- Alexander Woolcott—The Town Crier, Robert Atkinson's orchestra (CBS)
- Grace Moore with Harry Jackson's orchestra (NBC)
- Coca Cola presents Frank Black with orchestra and vocal ensemble (NBC)
- Beatrice Lillie, comedienne with Lee Perrin's orchestra (NBC)
- Hour of Charm, featuring Phil Spitalny and his all-girl vocal and orchestral ensemble (CBS)
- Otto Harbach-Al Goodman and orchestra, dramatic and musical program (NBC)
- Lombardo-Land with Guy Lombardo's orchestra (NBC)
- The Gibson Family (NBC)
- Immortal Dramas, stories from the Old Testament—dramatic cast of 16, chorus and orchestra (NBC)
- Lady Esther program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS)
- Edwin C. Hill (CBS)
- Ben Bernie and his orchestra (NBC)



"Stella and the Fellas" with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians.

TOP SHOWS

Members of our Board of Review have named the following as leaders over the network for this month. Only the programs in the box are listed in order of their rank; the others are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. •••• Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC)
2. •••• Town Hall Tonight (NBC)
3. •••• Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS)
4. •••• Jack Benny (NBC)
5. •••• Lux Radio Theatre (NBC)
6. •••• Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS)

- Excellent
- Good
- Fair
- Poor
- Not Recommended

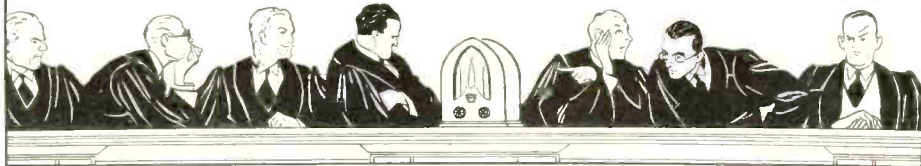
- Band Bread show with Frank Crumit and Julia Samsona (CBS)
- Kate Smith's Hudson series (CBS)
- Lavender and Old Lace with Frank Mayo, Hazel Glenn and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (CBS)
- Melodius, with Abe Lyman's orchestra; Vivienne Segal and Oliver Smith (CBS)
- Sentinala Spreads with Mme. Schumann Heink, Edward Davies and Josef Knechtel's orchestra (NBC)
- Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with Sarah Dr. Casby, Andy Samella and Abe Lyman's orchestra (NBC)
- Silken Strings with Countess Albani and Charles Previn's orchestra (NBC)
- Gull Headlines with Charles Winninger (CBS)
- A. & P. Cypria with Harry Horlick's orchestra (NBC)
- Contented Program with Gene Arnold, the Lullaby Lady, Morcan Eastman's orchestra (NBC)
- Lowell Thomas, commentator (NBC)
- Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman's orchestra and Phil Dwyer (NBC)
- Household Musical Memories with Edgar A. Gural, Alice Mueh, Charles Sears and Josef Kestner's band (NBC)
- Vic and Sade, comedy sketch (NBC)
- Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC)
- The Annour Program with Phil Baker (NBC)
- Ropes and Drums, dramatic sketch (NBC)
- The Roxy Revue with Roxy and his gang (CBS)
- RCA Radiotron Company's Radio City Party (NBC)
- Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Dan Ameteb (NBC)
- General Motors Symphony Concerts (NBC)
- The Public Program with Jane Frouman (NBC)
- Kansas City Rhythm Symphony (NBC)
- Warden Lewis F. Lewis in 20,000 Years in Slug Boat (NBC)
- Plantation Echoes with the Southernaires and Willard Robinson's orchestra (NBC)
- Sings You Love with Rose Bampton and Nat Shilkret with his orchestra (NBC)
- Swell Program with Sigmund Romberg and William Lyon Phelps (NBC)
- Pat Kennedy with Art Kassel and His Kansas in the Air orchestra (CBS)
- Lady Dan, The Minstrel Man (CBS)

Curtis Mitchell
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
New York World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Agr-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinhauer
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffatt
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
Den Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haefner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew G. Froppé
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar M. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.



OUR "HOPE CHEST"

- Open House with Vera Van, Donald Novis and Freddy Martin's orchestra (CBS).
- Isham Jones and his orchestra with Guest Stars and Mixed Chorus (CBS).
- The Camel Caravan with Walter ("Kewie" Annette Hansman, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing (CBS).
- Mayor Bowes' Capital Family (NBC).
- Penthouse Serenade—Dun Mario, tenor (NBC).
- The Atmos Iron Master—Frank Simon's band (NBC).
- Red Davis (NBC).
- Caracas Carnival (NBC).
- Campion's First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Amosch (NBC).
- Dick Leithert's Musical Revue with Robert Aimbuster and Mary Courtland (NBC).
- Intimate Revue with Jane Froman, James Melton, Al Goodman (NBC).
- Let's Dance—Three Hour Dance Program with Kef Murray, Kayser Cugat and Benny Goodman (NBC).
- Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).
- Bing Crosby with the Mills Brothers (CBS).
- The Adventures of Gracie with Burns and Allen (CBS).
- Hollywood Hand with Dick Powell and Louella Parsons (CBS).
- Hammerstein's Music Hall of the Air (CBS).
- National Amateur Night with Ras Perkins (CBS).
- Club Romance with Conrad Thibault, Lou Bennett and Dan Voorhee's band (CBS).
- Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).
- Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's orchestra (CBS).
- Carlebad presents Morton Downey with Ray Sinatra's orchestra; Guy Bates Post, narrator (NBC).
- Kitchen Party, with Francis Lee Barton, cooking authority; Martha Mears, contralto; Al and Lee Reiser, piano team (NBC).
- Tito Guizar's Serenade (CBS).
- Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden's orchestra (CBS).
- Little Miss Bob-O's Surprise Party with Mary Small and guests (NBC).
- Gene Arnold and the Commodores (NBC).
- Sally of the Talkies (NBC).
- The Fitch Program with Wendell Hall (NBC).
- Lady's Children, dramatic sketch (NBC).
- Jan Carber's Supper Club with Dorothy Pace (NBC).
- Ninlala Greater Minstrels (NBC).
- Jackie Heller, tenor (NBC).
- Irene Rich for Welch, dramatic sketch (NBC).
- Death Valley Days, dramatic program (NBC).
- House by the Side of the Road with Tony Wynn (NBC).
- The Juggens Program with Walter Winchell (NBC).
- Bowke Carter (CBS).
- Ex-Lax Program with Lud Gluskin and Block and Siddy (NBC).
- Enu Crime Clues (NBC).
- Clineleene Carnival (NBC).
- One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (NBC).
- Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief (NBC).
- Johnny Ross and His Leo Cabin orchestra (NBC).
- National Barn Dance (NBC).
- Myrt and Marge—dramatic sketch (CBS).
- Harry Reiser and his Spoormint Crew with Ray Heatberton and Peg La Centre (NBC).
- The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).
- Dangerous Paradise with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson (NBC).
- Carson Robinson and his Buckaroos (CBS).
- Laugh Clinic with Doctors Pratt and Sherman (CBS).
- Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).
- Marie, the Little French Princess, sketch (CBS).
- Heart Throbs of the Hills, with Frank Luther, the Ethel Park Richardson, narrator (NBC).
- Dreams Come True—with Barry McKinley and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).
- Penthouse Party with Mark Hellinger and Gladys (NBC).
- Easy Aces (NBC).
- Voice of Experience (CBS).
- Little Orphan Annie (NBC).
- Deydai's Own Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch (NBC).
- The Gumps—sketch (CBS).
- Madame Sylvia of Hollywood (NBC).



-it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

At the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

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Of course, Ex Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolateated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolateated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes— at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

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174 V. Ave., P. O. Box 17	
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Please send free sample of EX-LAX	
Name	_____
Address	_____

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

DEAR FAY WEBB VALLEE:

The world hates a welsler. You hate a welsler, too, unless you are a lot different from most of the attractive California girls I've met. Yet through your recent court actions against Rudy Vallee in New York City, you are forcing newspaper headlines to paint a not-so-nice picture of yourself as just exactly that.

It isn't a pretty thing to imply that of a pretty girl like you, but the world is beginning to do it. Probably it isn't all your fault; possibly advisors poured into your young and inexperienced (in these legal affairs) ear so many rosy stories of what you were entitled according to law, that you began to believe them yourself.

By the way, just what are you entitled to?

For marrying Rudy Vallee and living with him for an elapsed period of sixteen months, less than twelve of which you spent at his side, what reward is yours rightfully? Down deep in your heart of hearts, can you honestly answer that question?

I know, of course, of the settlements that your lawyers have offered. Just the other day a newspaper story said that your representatives met in the office of Judge Eshel, Rudy's close friend and legal representative, and offered to call the whole thing quits for two hundred thousand dollars. That offer was refused and the quit-claim price finally dropped to fifty thousand dollars. I don't like to believe that you would bargain with Rudy or with anyone else. A wife's rights cannot be measured by money. To attempt to do so is to cheapen both one's emotions and oneself.

Another thing that sticks in the back of my mind (and my craw, too) is that court action you've filed in California. Unless the papers have mis-informed me, you have demanded a monthly payment from Rudy of seventy-four hundred dollars. You also claim ten thousand dollars for expenses, plus fifty thousand dollars for your lawyers.

Evidently you value those months spent with Rudy very highly. Much more highly, apparently, than does the man with whom you spent them. Just to clear up the record, he promised, didn't he, to pay you one hundred dollars a week for life, or for as long as you did not marry again? You signed a paper to the effect, didn't you, that you

would be content with fifty-two hundred dollars a year for the rest of your life or until you married someone else? You also contracted mutually not to talk for publication about your married life. Each of you was to have complete personal freedom. And you, Fay, agreed that you would not take part in any motion picture or play which purported to reveal incidents taken from your married life. Those were the general terms of your agreement that you signed, weren't they?

It's that agreement, the papers are telling the world, that you want to break. And the world is asking a one-word question: Why?

Don't think that I'm blaming you for anything—yet! I know so well how you must have felt in those "Vagabond Lover" days, when you met Rudy as he was making his first motion picture in Hollywood, I know the thrill you must have felt when he who was the most adored man in

America came to you and laid his complete devotion at your feet.

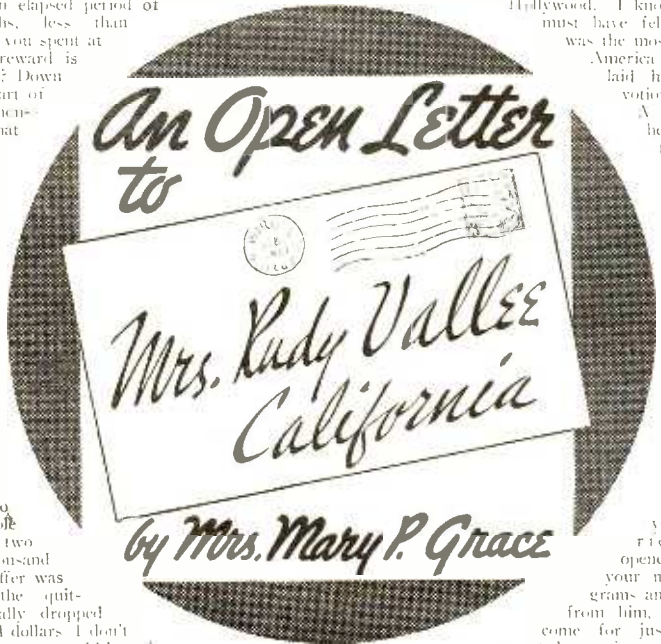
A man's love is a heady draught and there never has been any doubt in my mind that Rudy loved you utterly. His heart, which you held in your own childish, carefree hands, was yours long after his mind knew that you did not love him as he loved you.

Those trips to New York before you were married must have opened new vistas in your mind. The telegrams and telephone calls from him, begging you to come for just a few days, must have given you a deep and warming satisfaction. Doesn't the memory of those sweet days show how deeply you were loved, and how completely the man was under your spell? And doesn't that memory make something deep inside you ache and ache?

And then you were married secretly, but your precious secret could not be kept longer than three days. What a three days they must have been! What a three weeks, and then three months! Was it during the fourth month that you began to find that your marriage was faltering?

No sane person can deny a young girl her right to gaiety and happiness, but I wonder sometimes if merely being Mrs. Rudy Vallee didn't go just a little to your head? If you didn't begin, soon, to enjoy being Mrs. Rudy Vallee instead of being with Rudy Vallee.

Rudy has said, you know, that you did neglect him. Is



in which the writer suggests how Fay may find what

RADIO STARS

it true, for instance, that during the seven-months' run of George White's Scandals, in which Rudy was starring, you only visited him in the theatre four times, and on three of those occasions you came with a party whom you took backstage in order to introduce them to Rudy, your husband? And is it true that, during the months of Rudy's engagement at the Penn Grill, you came to hear him play and sing only three times, and each night hurried away swiftly to other clubs and other hi-jinks? These are things one hears, my dear, and things which should be denied if they are not true.

Please, Fay, don't think I'm being unpleasantly nosy about your affairs. I tried to get in touch with you while you were in New York. I wanted to hear your own lips say the words that would let me understand some of the damning evidence that newspapers are printing everywhere. I couldn't get you on the phone nor did I have the patience to explain all my affairs to your corps of lawyers. This published letter, I believe, you will eventually see.

As I write, I am told that you have gone back to Santa Monica, California. It's a lovely little town and I've heard that the home you live in is a darling place. I've heard, too, that Rudy gave your father (or did he give it to you?) the money to pay off the mortgage on that home—about forty-five hundred dollars, wasn't it? It will be good, I know, to get out there in the sunshine where you won't have to wear winter clothes, such as the mink coat in which you were photographed at the trial—the same coat for which Rudy paid thirty-five hundred dollars when he gave it to you before the crack-up.

Maybe that same sunshine will cleanse your mind of the poison that has gathered there during these last two years. You're too young to turn bitter, Fay Webb. The same stream of life that

(Continued on page 81)

she is seeking



Rudy Vallee, thrusting his way through the throng of sixty-five thousand people, which turned out eagerly for the opening of his two-weeks' engagement with his Connecticut Yankees at Manhattan Beach.

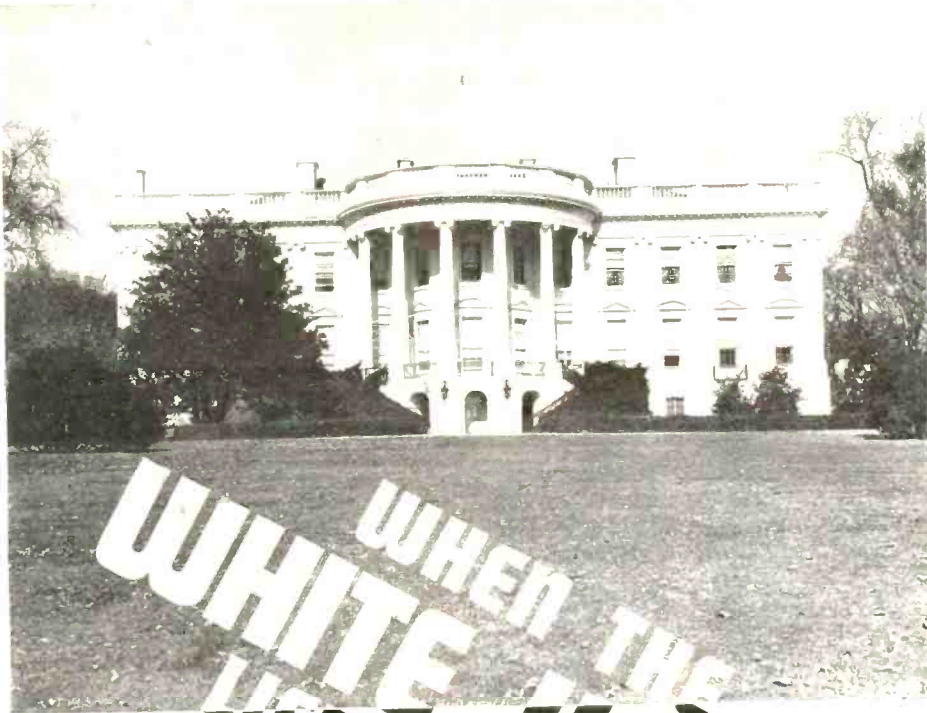


(Above) Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb Vallee. (Below) with Ann Dvorak in "Sweet Music".



Fay arrives at court with her father (above). The Crooner confers with his attorney (below).



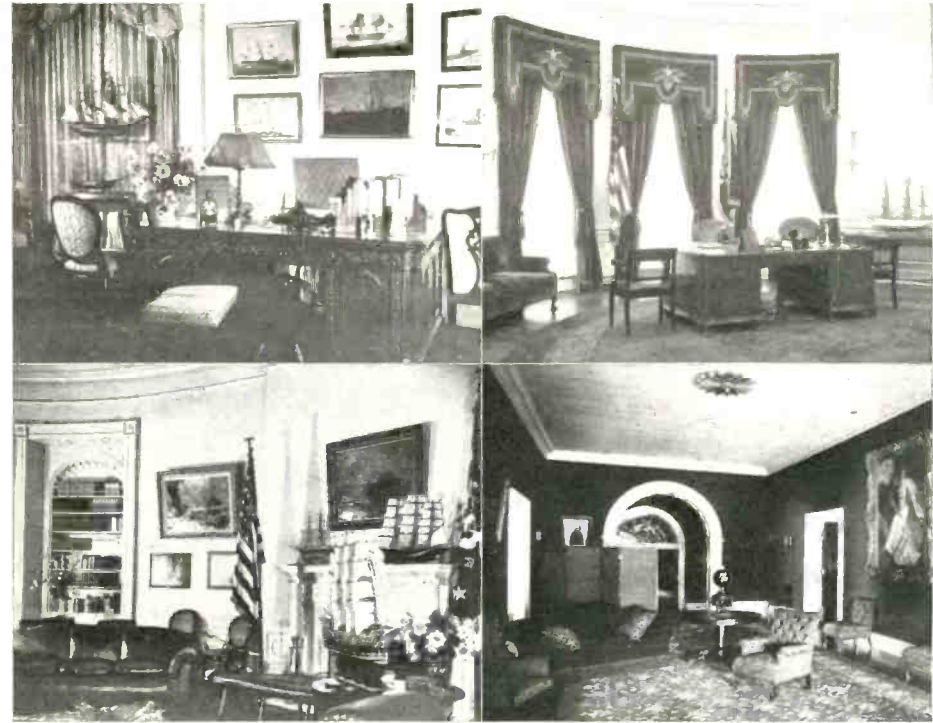


**WHEN THE
WHITE HOUSE
LISTENS in..!**

BY ANNA
LEE SWEETSER

RADIO in the White house . . . Dark magic, earlier occupants of the presidential mansion would have thought it. They carried the burdens of State with lonely courage, unrelieved by a bright half hour of classical music, of popular song or nonsensical mirth. No Amos 'n' Andy to divert their harassed thoughts. No Will Rogers to "kid" their pregnant conferences, their momentous decisions. No news broadcasts to tell them how the nation reacted to their

programs. Imagine Lincoln, his angular, stooped shoulders covered with a shawl, listening to radio comments on his Gettysburg address! But, like its present occupants, the White House of today is truly modern. Within its historic walls the new day and the new deal dwell. All the best that this amazing mechanistic age can produce supplements its storied splendor. And in the rooms within its portals are eight radios.



(Top) A corner of Mrs. Roosevelt's drawing room in the White House. (Above) Here in this interesting study, President Roosevelt spends some of his all-too-infrequent leisure hours.

(Top) Our Chief Executive's new office in the remodeled White House. (Above) The East Sitting Room on the second floor of the White House. The Portrait on the wall is of Mrs. Taft.

Harris & Ewing

You and I are satisfied with our single sets. Or, if your home is large, you may have two or three radios to accommodate its members. But the White House is not just a private home for the presidential family. Servants, House staff, officials, guests are a definite part of the pattern of its daily life. And although pressing demands upon their time preclude extensive listening on the part of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, they have made it possible for their menage to enjoy the offerings of the air waves. Hence the eight radios.

Let us go through the house and see where the various radio sets are. Mr. Stephen Early, one of the presidential secretaries, has assigned Frank Kelsey, a pleasant-faced Irish usher, to conduct us on our tour.

We walk through the small, informal dining-room in the left wing, where the family gathers together whenever possible at meal-time. Adjoining this room—we peep through the massive doors as we pass—is the State dining-room, with its long table, its walnut-pannelled walls, its richly carved chairs. This is the only panelled room in the White House, and was redecorated by Theodore

Roosevelt, when he was President of the United States. Somewhere, close by, we hear a radio, bringing forth lively dance music.

Through a swinging door we pass from the family dining-room into a large serving pantry. Here a group of colored boys sit listening to their radio. They look up, startled, as we enter.

"It's all right, boys," Frank says. "We just want to see the radio set, and find out what you are listening to." White teeth gleam as they smile. "One of the lads does a Dixie shuffle to the dance music.

"They like their music after the family has finished luncheon and left the dining-room," Frank explains as we go on. "This pantry is a popular place every afternoon, too, when there is football or baseball or any sporting event on the air."

Outside the dining-room we step into an elevator which takes us to the second floor. In this we are especially privileged, for only members of the First Family, the House staff, and guests of the President ordinarily are welcomed here. Appointments (Continued on page 99)

Over the air, into the most famous and historic home in

our nation, come the self-same programs you and I enjoy



Some call it glamour
I call it FAOEN

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



says **FRANCES WILLIAMS**

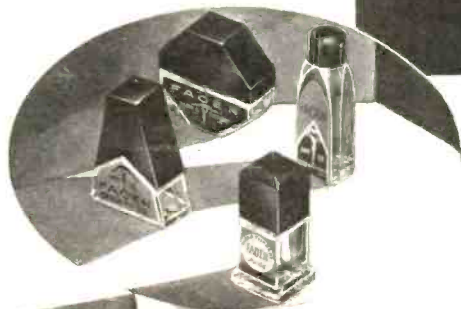
"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . glamorous . . . appealing . . . compelling . . . call it what you will—I prefer it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show you the way to glamour!

FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN
 (FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

P A R K & T I L F O R D



FAOEN Beauty Aids
 in tuckaway 10c sizes





FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Radio has a sensational new program. It is a musical program that turns hot or sweet or symphonic at the dashing beat of a baton. By all the precious standards of listening-in, this program surely provides eighteen-carets musical entertainment.

Not long ago, the unique orchestra which delivers that entertainment to our loudspeakers was just a musical director's dream. Its creation and its success make a remarkable story that you can read on page 44 of this issue.

Radio's newest sensation is simply this: a top-notch orchestra in which every single musician is a girl. Perhaps you've already heard it on that Thursday night Hour of Charm. Broadway calls it Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Band. Radio Row calls it a miracle, for not once before has an all-feminine aggregation managed to capture the



affection and interest of the radio audience as has this one.

You already know that it is the backbone of the Hour of Charm program. But the Hour of Charm is more than good music. It is a demonstration that women can present as fine musical entertainment as the males who have monopolized the musicians' jobs from the very beginning of broadcasting.

So we congratulate those who take part in this program. Particularly we congratulate Phil Spitalny and the girls whose talents he has blended into a sweet-voiced broadcasting unit. And to the Hour of Charm we present our April Award for Distinguished Service.

Curtis Mitchell



*Ruth
Robin*

Some years ago Ruth (above) won a Paul Whiteman audition, since then her life has been one round of song. She is now the featured humming bird with Leon Navara's orchestra and very popular.

*Lawrence
Tibbett*

Whether it's the radio you tune in, the movie you go to see, or the opera you expect to hear, this baritone is apt to be on the program. He sings on the radio every Tuesday.





*Rosemary
Lane*

and

*Ruth
Etting*

The youngster on the left-hand page—she's still under twenty—is that delightful singer who adds to the program of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Rosemary once dreamed of being a concert pianist, but one day Fred Waring heard her sing—and so began a new career.

Once a star of Ziegfeld's Follies, Ruth Etting went out and captured renown in radio. Then the movies grabbed her. And now, having secured her place on New York's Great White Way and under Hollywood's Klieg lights, she returns again to radio.

Cinderella Finds a New Way—The Story of a Girl Whose Ill Fortune Became her Good Fortune and Made her Dreams Come True

Wide World



Hausser



Hausner



Jackson

HELEN

JEPSON'S ROAD TO

Romance

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Radio's first feminine contribution to Metropolitan Opera greets her father, as he arrives in New York City from Cleveland for her Grand Opera début.

SHE SAT alone in the third row of the concert auditorium at Chautauqua, New York. Her long hands lay quiet in her lap. With his baton the conductor called upon the brasses. They filled the hall with their part of the symphony.

But for Helen Jepson that concert had not yet begun. Now the conductor indicated that one by one the brasses drop out. With his baton he called upon the wood winds. They came in, the piccolo, the oboe . . .

Helen raised her eyes expectantly. *Now, now the flute!* Hauntingly sweet it reached her heart. The way it always did. While her brown eyes, smudged in her pale face, softened and faltered.

With one exception the men in that orchestra were as impersonal to Helen Jepson as the instruments they played. She knew only that to the right of the platform sat a man older than she by about a dozen years, a man with brown hair that had the appearance of being sculptured on his head, a small moustache, kind eyes, and fingers quick and gentle on his flute stops.

She had noticed this man when she had been in Chautauqua the previous summer and never had forgotten him. With few exceptions every time that orchestra had played she had been there in the same seat, waiting, watching, dreaming.

She had inquired his name—learned that he was George Possell. She had learned where he lived—to walk around

and around the block in which his cottage stood, imagining chance encounters. However, on the day when she had glimpsed him in the shadows of the screened-in porch she had fled.

That afternoon, after the concert, Helen walked up the hill with the harpist and his wife, whom she knew.

"What's George Possell like?" She tried to keep her voice cool and casual.

"We'll let you judge that for yourself," the harpist told her. "George!" he shouted. "Hi, there—George!"

When the man climbing the other side of the hill turned Helen recognized George Possell.

"Hello," he called over his shoulder. "Hello, there." He didn't stop. It didn't seem to occur to him to wait.

"He's none too friendly, certainly." Helen slackened her pace. If he didn't want to meet her she didn't want to meet him either!

Then gradually George Possell slowed up. As if he would wait for them without appearing to, as if he would not seem too anxious.

There were introductions. Then all four continued up the hill. Helen and George led the way.

"I've missed you," he told her. "I grew accustomed to seeing you always in the same seat and the past few days when you weren't there seemed lonely."

Helen wanted to shout. To dance. He had been aware of her! Out of all the people in the audience it

had been her he had noticed! And during the few days she had been away visiting in Boston he had missed her!

After that they walked often together that summer, through quiet woods where spicy pine needles were thick upon the ground. They swam and rested for hours on a raft with the sun warm upon them. They drove along moonwashed roads. Helen tried not to think how it would be when the Chautauqua season was over, when summer burned itself out in the color and haze of September. Of how it would be when she returned to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia where she was studying on a scholarship, and he went to New York to fill his winter engagements.

"For him—" she told herself defensively, "for him this might be only a summer flirtation, nothing more!"

But a day came when she couldn't torture herself with that doubt any longer. She felt his eyes warm upon her and heard his voice turn tender as he said her name. They always would be together. She knew it.

She told George Possell about her childhood, of her high school years in Akron, Ohio. It wasn't the happy, triumphant story to be expected from a girl so slim and tall, with hair so golden, and brown eyes forever turning from grave to gay. It was a story of a little girl who lost her mother when she was just thirteen, of a little girl who looked after her three-year-old sister and cooked and washed and swept and (Continued on page 74)



Confessions OF A CROONER'S 'WIFE'

I SUPPOSE I'm one of the most envied women in the world. On the face of it, I've got everything. A husband whose fame is a household byword, along with his youth and charm and talent. Money that flows in on us in an inexhaustible golden tide. All the furs and frocks and jewels that money can buy—Hal is generosity itself, with his fabulous earnings.

I'm only twenty-five. Even if there are times when I feel older, my mirror tells me I'm still lovely to look at. (And sometimes Hal tells me so, too. . . .)

And—I'm Hal Robey's wife! The wife of one of the most popular and adored stars on the networks. Of the boy who, with his marvelous tenor voice, his good looks and charm—the charm that wings over the air-waves straight to the heart of every woman who tunes in on him—is every woman's lover! Lucky me, you say? I wonder. . . .

I gave an interview to a young woman from one of the bigger radio magazines last week. She wanted the intimate, inside story of our marriage. She got a good story. But when I read it, I wondered what had happened to the girl who fell in love with a lad with tousled fair hair and an unforgettable voice—and who married the sweetheart of a million women!

Perhaps if I write the real truth, I'll lay her ghost. It won't hurt Hal. No one who reads this will guess who he really is. His build-up and publicity have made our meeting, our marriage, our life together, a romantic legend. A legend so far from the truth that the truth can't imperil it. . . .

I was just twenty when I saw Hal for the first time. He wasn't the famous Hal Robey then. He was just a lovable good-looking kid of twenty-one or -two, scared stiff under his cockiness, gambling everything on a ten A. M. audition in Studio C!

It's funny to remember that I was, in a small way, part of the glamorous world to which he aspired. I'd been a hostess in Broadcast City for eight months, you see. Not that I kidded myself. My casual, daily contact with executives and stars and would-be stars was as thrilling as ever, but after all, I was just a pretty, competent girl at a desk outside the executive offices. I knew the glittering radio world behind those portals was, to

Molly Shannon, as remote, as inaccessible as Mars. What happened in the sound-proof studios didn't concern me—until the morning Hal showed up, with his seven-piece singing orchestra!

Of course, I'd got so that, at first glance, I could tell a newcomer trying to break into radio. Whether they're destined for fame and fortune, or heart-breaking obscurity, they all have the same look. Proud and excited and panicky. *'Mike'-fright* has a way of getting to you long before you find yourself in front of the microphone! This boy already was bracing himself for his big moment.

I gave him my best smile as he leaned over the desk. And even before he spoke or smiled back at me—with the smile that now is known all over the world—something passed between us like an electric current.

"I'm Hal Robey," he said. There was something about his voice, husky and endearing—well, I needn't describe it. You've heard it. "I've brought my singing orchestra here for a ten o'clock audition. Mr. Carlin fixed the date."

"Mr. Carlin? Just a moment please. . . ."

I had to tell a grenadierish-looking woman, with a group of schoolgirls in tow, when the next tour of Broadcast City would start, and when I got through with her he still was hanging over my desk.

"I didn't know they made anything as blue as your eyes!" he said. "And under that black bang, too. . . ." He flashed his lovely smile at me again. "Am I too fresh? Sorry! Where do I go from here?"

I could feel the color creeping right up to my temples. Funny, wasn't it, when I was used to being jollied by half the big shots in radio? (They're terribly nice, radio people. Maybe it's because you don't—or can't—get over in radio unless you've got that warm, friendly something that reaches right out and makes a personal contact with everyone!)

"Right up to the top, I hope!" I heard myself say in a funny little voice. "Mr. Carlin—you're to go to Studio C."

He drew a deep breath, and straightened his tie. It was sort of shabby, like his blue serge suit that had seen plenty of pressings. And I knew that I wanted him to make good in his audition as I'd

Had They Known What Lay Before Them, They Might Have Shrunk From That Mad Venture!

never wanted anything before. He must have known it, too.

"Will you wish me luck?" he asked. "I think you're pretty good, but this is our first try-out over the mike. . . ."

"I do," I told him. "All the luck there is. . . ."

And that was how it began. As it turned out, he didn't need luck. Hal Robey, with his collegiate orchestra, was just a natural. As everyone knows now, his scoring arrangements, his superb close harmony effects, would have put him among the headliners sooner or later even if it hadn't been for that voice of his. (That same winter Tom Waring introduced his own close harmony effects, by the way. Since then, they've had plenty of imitators; some good, some indifferent. But then it was new and it swept a radio-mad world like wildfire.)

I wanted to listen in on his audition but I couldn't, of course. It seemed as if he were in the studio forever. But when he did come out, I knew he'd made the grade. His cockiness was all gone. But his hazel eyes were as big as a little boy's on Christmas morning. And then he came straight up to my desk and grabbed both my hands in his.

"You brought me luck, all right!" he said huskily. "*'Small Town Boy Makes Good'*! Listen—I did my stuff and they liked it! I'm all signed up for a spot on a sustaining program, right here in Broadcast City! Doesn't that make us formally acquainted?"

I said I guessed it did and I told him my name. I told him how glad I was that his audition had gone so well, too. Stiffly, so he wouldn't guess how crazily my heart was beating under my black satin frock.

"I'm trying to get up nerve enough to ask you when you go to lunch, Molly Shannon!" he (Continued on page 66)



"My baby!" I cried out frenziedly. "I want you! What's what's the matter?" They they told me

FLOHERTY JR



RotoFabus, Inc.

The cabin of the ship's master suggests charm, dignity and authority.

Rumor lightly speeds its varying message over the air, but slowly truth comes home. Here are the facts

BY JOHN SKINNER



On deck, off Galapagos, the Skipper does some doctoring.



Chowder enough for all, in this big day's catch of the crew!



Wide World

Phillips Lord, radio entertainer and Master of the ship.

The Inside Story of Seth

Parker's Shipwreck

THE seas of the South Pacific, whipped by the sudden hurricane had been mounting for the past six hours, hurling themselves against the storm-racked schooner *Seth Parker*. The sails snapped and creaked in the gale.

Phillips Lord, master, floundered along the wet deck to the after companionway. Gaining it, he clung to the lifeline, breathing hard, listening to the scream of the wind in the rigging. An ominous rending came to his ears and he thrust his sou'wester back to peer upward through the flying spray. One look was enough. He plunged down the companionway.

"All hands!" he yelled. "Foretopmast giving 'way. Stand by with hatchets to cut away the rigging when she goes."

He swung to the radio room. "We've got to send it, Sweeny," he cried bitterly to the radio operator. "Can't hold off any longer. It's not so much the ship now. It's the youngsters aboard. Let her go!"

Sweeny flicked over a switch. His hand snapped down on the wireless key. Dots and dashes hit through the howling night.

"S-O-S!" they shrilled "S-O-S . . . S-O-S . . ."

Less than an hour later the New York broadcasting world was reading from freshly-printed newspapers the fateful words flashed from the schooner seven thousand miles away. And ironically enough, they were laughing.

"Fake," they jeered. "Publicity stunt for those travelogue broadcasts he puts on from the ship!"

One woman didn't laugh. She knew it was no fake. She knew Phillips Lord too well. She was married to him.

The hours since Mrs. Lord first had had word of her husband's plight had dragged grimly along in their Long Island home. Dry-eyed, she tried to smile reassuringly when their two little daughters, seven and four years old,

asked for news of Daddy. She would not admit that his life was in danger. But she knew that each wave that smashed at the disabled ship was a cruel thrust at his lifelong dream of sailing around the world in his own ship.

Worse, she knew what the radio world was thinking. She knew that the harsh rumors, circulated since the start of the expedition, were beginning again.

You've heard them. The critics said that he was putting out in an unseaworthy boat; that he was not a competent master; that he was gambling with the lives of the boy-crew. Despite this, they asserted, so eager was he for the money to be realized from the sponsorship of broadcasts from the vessel, so avid for the publicity, that he went ahead. They had made much of his clash with the American Consul in Jamaica.

I knew these stories, but not until I heard Lord accused of sending out an unnecessary distress call did I determine to track them down from every possible inside source. Such an accusation is too serious to pass by. In investigating them I've uncovered a gripping story of the sea—the whole story of the *Seth Parker* shipwreck.

When Lord first saw that schooner lying idle at a Brooklyn dock, all the dreams of his youth sprang to the foreground of his mind. Again he felt that long-suppressed yearning to visit faraway places with alluring names—Zanzibar, Bangkok, Singapore—a yearning which had been denied by the practical necessity of earning a living.

Now, somewhat released from that necessity, he was in a position to buy the ship. He didn't hesitate. From the moment the bill of sale was in his hand Lord was a different man. He devoted every energy to outfitting it for a world voyage. He spent thousands of dollars in the enterprise. By the time the ship was ready for sea with her equipment, she was (Continued on page 78)

The graceful four-masted schooner, Seth Parker, which came to grief in the South Pacific.



CAREERS ARE FUNNY THINGS

BY HELEN HOVER

Virginia Rea, coloratura soprano.



Jackson

Her Career Pushed Love Aside and Then Played Matchmaker

CAREERS are funny things. You and I know many famous stars who have thrown away their chances of marriage and real happiness to advance their careers.

Virginia Rea, recent star of The American Album of Familiar Music was one of those people whose entire life has been conditioned by her career. Many a time Virginia has turned a deaf ear to love, so that there would be no conflict with her ambition. And it was just when she was beginning to feel that she had sacrificed too much to it when an unexpected thing happened. That career of hers, by some strange twist, contrived to bring to her the great romance of her life. Brought her an adoring, fine young husband and even the vine-covered cottage she always had longed for in the country.

Today Virginia looks back at those bewildered years in the past when she had to decide between love and fame. And she shudders when she remembers how she was assailed by awful doubts as to whether she was making a wise choice!

The domination of her career started when she was five years old, in Louisville, Kentucky. When the other children were playing hopscotch, she was sitting at the piano in her parlor practicing for the church concert. And even later in Drake University, when her chums went out with football men, she preferred to stay in the dorm and practice. But don't picture Virginia as a horn-rimmed, stoop-shouldered student. On the contrary she was a very pretty girl who was rushed by the college boys. That was what made the sacrifice harder.

Later she came to New York to look for a job. She finally got one with the Brunswick Record Company. Then came concerts abroad and the first taste of adulation and acclaim for the little Kentucky girl.

By this time Virginia Rea had lost some of her

youthful shyness. Now she was a poised, lovely girl with soft black hair and a delicately lovely complexion. She travelled through France, Spain, England and Germany. And in all of these countries Virginia Rea had but to say the word and she could have had her pick of the most sought-after eligibles in Europe.

There were men—blond English sportsmen, dashing Spanish noblemen, gay French artists and serious German musicians—all of whom were attracted to this gray-eyed, talented girl. But men, Virginia felt, had no place in her life. She had seen too many careers ripped in the bud by the complications which generally come with married life. She wasn't going to risk that. So she shut her eyes to the romance of Venice and the heavenly moonlight of Barcelona, refused tempting invitations to gay parties, devoted every moment to hard work and, for a while, really believed that her life was complete.

It was when she went back home that her big opportunity came. The Brunswick Company had a program which featured their own artists. When Virginia's thrilling coloratura soprano floated out over the airwaves, her radio career was set.

But it was at this time that she was tormented by vague doubts. She was still young, yet she could feel the years passing by. Could a career ever make up for the fuller life of a homemaker? Had she made a wise choice? I think that for the first time in her busy life Virginia sat down and thought over this problem that has confronted so many other women.

Now you must know Virginia to understand exactly how she felt. In spite of her rigid determination to make a name for herself, she is not the hard, shrewd business woman such as are so many "careerists." I think it must have been the most difficult thing in the world for her to shut love and (Continued on page 105)



When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt went on the air, her sponsors could think of no one more fitted to accompany her than Willard Robison. And here on the right the noted singer and composer of negro spirituals, with his wife.

HE FACED STARVATION FOR A DREAM

BY DORA ALBERT

Pioneer in Music, He Found the Road to Fame a Cruel One

THIS is the story of a man and a dream. It is the story of how that man clung to the dream through lean and bitter years; faced starvation for that dream; threw away promised security to keep the dream alive. Time and again sponsors offered Willard Robison dazzling sums if he would make his music a little more commercial. But he couldn't do that. And so he starved.

Now at last the man has come into his own. Three times a week you can hear him over a network on the program called Plantation Echoes. And nightly he broadcasts from the St. Moritz Hotel. When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt went on the air, her sponsors could think of no one more fitted to accompany her than this same Willard Robison. His Deep River Orchestra meant something fine, deep, sincere.

"Why," I asked Willard Robison once, "did you turn down the sponsors' offers? When you were so badly in need of money, why didn't you do what they asked?"

"It wasn't that I wouldn't do what they asked," Willard

explained in his slow careful way, "it was that I couldn't do it."

And if you understand that, you understand Willard Robison.

When he first sent to music publishers the songs he had composed, they gasped. For these songs were semi-spiritual in type. Without losing the tone of reverence, they somehow modernized spiritual songs. Today there are countless imitators of Willard Robison. Today the air is filled with semi-spiritual songs. But when Willard first wrote such songs as "Wake Up, Chillun, Wake Up," "Truthful Parson Brown," and "Head Low," songs of this type never had been sung over the radio, and music publishers assured Willard: "The public never will stand for this kind of music."

And that's the way things have been through all of Willard's life, one rebuff after another. For always he has tried to do things that are different and original, and the road to success is always rocky and torturous for pioneers in any direction. (Continued on page 103)



FIRST PRIZE

Lawson

What could be more dramatic than this Rudolf Sunday-night dress of printed satin? That high neck, those immense sleeves and clinging look would add appeal to any girl.

Free Frocks

One of these delectable Niesen is pictured on these own—if you want it!

YOU—and You—and You—here's news!
You can win one of these fascinating frocks which Gertrude Niesen is wearing in these pictures—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Yes, these are the same Everglades dresses which have created such a stir in the fashion world because of their fine dressmaker touches and the beauty of their hand-embroidered details. These Everglades frocks and the Rudolf evening gown (pictured on Page 32) are sold only in the smarter shops all over the country. They're the glamorous type of clothes which your favorite radio star wears.

Let us repeat—you can win, absolutely free, one of these stunning models which Gertrude Niesen is wearing in these pictures.

Here's how you can do it: Gertrude Niesen, singing star of "The Big Show," sponsored by Ex-Lax and heard Monday evenings over a national network, has been labelled "The Exotic Personality of Song," for so long that she feels that the slogan has lost its freshness. She wants a new and original slogan. And she is putting the problem of creating it up to you RADIO STARS readers. *The four best slogans each will win one of these four pictured frocks!*

AND IN ADDITION: The writer of the slogan which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best of the four will also receive the gorgeous, hand-embroidered Captivante negligée (shown on Page 33). It's one of those darling, frivolous things you've always wanted to own but hesitated to buy for yourself!

The judges will be Gertrude Niesen herself, Mr. Ben Larson, Radio Director of the Joseph Katz Company, and the Editor of RADIO STARS.

Isn't this a grand prize offer? And what could be more fun than originating a clever new slogan for Gertrude?

Think of the thrill of receiving one of these gorgeous gowns—if your slogan is one of the four winners! Think of the double thrill, if your slogan happens to win the marvellous negligée as well! And think of the still greater thrill of knowing that Gertrude Niesen is going to use the smart slogan which you, yourself, invented for her!

For Milady

dresses in which Gertrude dresses in which Gertrude pages may be your very Read how you may win it

Here Are the Rules

- (1) This competition is open to everyone except members of the staff of RADIO STARS and their families.
- (2) The writers of each of the four best slogans characterizing Gertrude Niesen will win one of the frocks pictured here.
- (3) The best of these four winning slogans will win an additional prize, of the Captivante negligée.
- (4) The judges will be:
MISS GERTRUDE NIESEN
MR. BEN LARSON, Radio Director
The Editor of RADIO STARS
- (5) Slogans will be judged on the basis of their originality, cleverness, catchiness and charm.
- (6) Slogans shall not exceed eight (8) words each.
- (7) You may send in as many slogans as you wish. Where two or more are held by the judges to be equally good, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- (8) Send your slogans to:
CONTEST EDITOR
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
- (9) Include with your letter a list of your measurements—size, weight, height. Be sure your name and address also are on your slogans.
- (10) All letters must be mailed before midnight of April 30th, 1935.

(11) The frocks will be awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE

The Rudolf Sunday-night dress
(pictured on Page 32)
with the additional prize of the Captivante negligée
(pictured on Page 33)

SECOND PRIZE

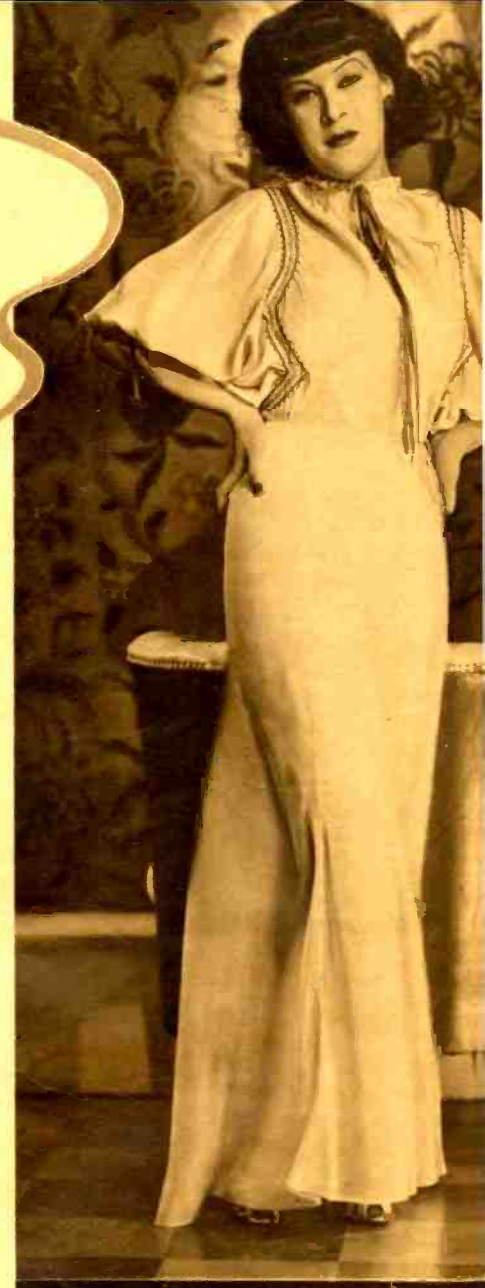
The Everglades two-piece sports dress,
with rope girdle
(pictured on Page 34)

THIRD PRIZE

The Everglades four-piece sport suit
(pictured on Page 34)

FOURTH PRIZE

The two-piece Everglades sport dress,
with coin-dot blouse
(pictured on Page 34)



Lawson

FIRST PRIZE

Here is "Captivante"—the negligée gown that goes as an added prize to the First Prize winner. It is accented by vari-colored ribbons and rich hand embroidery.



SECOND PRIZE

Lawson



THIRD PRIZE

Lawson



FOURTH PRIZE

Lawson

This Everglades two-piece sports dress steps forth in Peasant linen. The plain skirt a smart contrast to the striped jacket. And the rope girdle supplies a fetching note. Notice the soft, flattering neckline of the scarf collar, the sleeves flared at the wrist and the tricky polka-dotted scarf tucked in smartly.

And here is a four-piece Everglades suit—chic and intriguing! You can live in it all Spring and Summer. Gaze on the smart tailored suit. Then, zip open the skirt and you've a perfect outfit for beach or tennis. A halter blouse beneath the jacket, and matching shorts beneath the skirt.

Large appliquéd coin dots and a matching fringed bandana make the Everglades sport dress natty and distinctive. The wind-breaker blouse is very flattering and gives a girl that much-desired slim line. The short sleeves are a cool and smart detail for summer comfort. The kick pleat lends easy freedom.

Put on your thinking caps now, and create the most original, most stunning slogan. What would you suggest for Gertrude? (For instance, Kate Smith is known as "The Songbird of the South," Jane Froman is referred to as "The Lovely Lark of Radio," Vera Van is called "The Girl with the Blue Velvet Voice,"—and—well, you get the idea?)

Get your pencils out . . . Get set . . . Go—and write your slogan! . . . And make it the cleverest, the

smartest, the best slogan ever invented. One that will be on the tip of everybody's tongue!

You may send in as many slogans as you wish. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. No letters or slogans will be returned, and the judges' decisions will be final. Be sure that your name and address is plainly marked on your contest entry.

The names of the four prize winners will be announced in the August issue of RADIO STARS, on sale July first.



I'M GLAD MY WIFE DIVORCED ME

Because It Meant I Could Marry Her Again

"I'M GLAD my wife divorced me," Mark Hellinger said to me. Yes, the same Mark Hellinger whose inside stories of Broadway big-shots hold us enthralled every Wednesday night. And the wife in the case? None other than the glamorous Gladys Glad, Broadway's pet beauty, who shares the Penthouse Party program with him. Three years ago Gladys Glad and Mark Hellinger came to the end of the road. Their patience with each other was completely worn out. They were sick of the whole cockeyed business of marriage on Broadway. A sympathetic judge gave them a divorce. And then a year later they were married again. To each other! Today they claim they are blissfully happy.

Yet handsome, devil-may-care Mark Hellinger says soberly: "I'm glad my wife divorced me."

Why does he make such an insane-sounding statement? And if he was so pleased with the divorce, why did he rush glamorous Gladys into remarriage, when the final divorce papers were hardly dry? And what subtle alchemy has changed a marriage which then was such a disheartening flop, into one long sweet song?

Mark Hellinger, who is Broadway's most famous Play boy

The story of the mistakes and disillusionments

of their first marriage and the rebirth of their love, with its happiness and understanding today, gives all the answers. And it should serve as a warning signal to every boy and girl who expect a little gold band to make two young, wilful people into one.

To understand it fully, you must know something of the background of these two. At the age of twenty-three, when Mark met Gladys, he probably was one of the most spoiled young men along the Great White Way. After a brief, checkered career during which he had been fired from one job after another, Fate had tossed into his lap the job of columnist on the New York Daily News. And almost overnight this boy became Broadway's white-haired lad.

Everyone from gangsters to millionaire captains of industry called him "Buddy," fawned upon him. Life was a gay song and dance to him. He went to bed when most of us are getting up to go to work. Just as we sit down for our evening meal he ate breakfast. Turning night into day was his regular routine. For Broadway's night-life was his most colorful source of material, and he was an

Gladys Glad, the world's most beautiful and glamorous young woman

(Continued on page 82)

More or Less

Radio Stars' Gossip-Gatherer turns up with a cheerful little



By WILSON
BROWN

Mrs. Schumann-Heink prepares for her broadcast with the Sentinels.

We cock our weather ear to the wind—and you'd be surprised how much floats into it! In one ear and out the

ether is our motto! Listen to this:

Opportunity sneaks up on you sometimes. Ask Arthur Marcus, twelve-year-old Brooklyn school-boy who recently made a network debut. Arthur, one of a party making a tour of Radio City, was missing when the tour was completed. A page-boy, dispatched to find him, discovered the boy playing on a studio piano. And playing so well that the surprised page summoned the program department. Result: one contract. And the tour cost only forty cents!

This tickled our listening ear: A little matter of one hundred dollars a week brought about the parting of Ted Fio-Rito and the Edgewater Beach Hotel five years ago. Ted, getting two thousand a week for his band, insisted on a boost of one hundred dollars. The hotel bosses said "no,"—and added that if he walked out he

never could come back. Ted went west, organized a new orchestra and made good in the movies and in commercial radio. On June eighth he is coming back to the Edgewater Beach Hotel, for five thousand two hundred dollars a week for the entire summer season—the largest sum ever paid by a Chicago hotel for an orchestra.

A good backer-downer, that fellow who threatened to sue Amos 'n' Andy, charging that they appropriated his idea for their Webber City. He backed down when Correl and Gosden offered proof that they never had heard of him or his idea. Complainant claimed that he had given the idea to a network executive several months before A 'n' A launched their City. But the boys never had discussed the matter with said executive.

NBC is burned up! On a recent program Rudy Vallee introduced the Boswell Sisters as radio's finest trio. He added that every other sister trio on the air is imitating the Boswells. This happened on an NBC network. And the Boswells always have been identified with CBS! It also happens that NBC

"The Lady Next Door," Madge Tucker is on the air five days a week.



Jackson

Ed Wynn explodes at Graham McNamee's gift—a curry comb! "Curry up, Graham!"

Louella Parsons, prominent writer, interviews Francis Lederer, popular RKO-Radio player.

RKO-Radio

in Confidence

earful. Gather 'round him, fans, and listen to the latest!



Young blues songstress, Ruth Carhart, on the air Saturday evenings.

has a flock of trios it is trying to sell, including the Pickens Sisters. Hence the burning. The Pickens', incidentally, have been sold to the oil sponsor who has that CBS show using Charles Winninger, alternating with Will Rogers.

Which means that the trio must pay a commission to NBC for their CBS show!

Ho-hum! For years Bob Brown, the Singing Lady's announcer, has been fighting the soporific effects of her bedtime stories. The other day the Singing Lady was in the midst of an Indian legend when Bob's head dropped on his chest. Just before she finished Bucky Harris, production man, noticed Bob fast asleep on the studio sofa! He rushed out of the control room just in time to revive Bob for his snappy talk about cornflakes.

And here's another bedtime story: Fred Waring, we hear, objects to Walter O'Keefe's sign-off. O'Keefe is on the air just preceding Waring, and ends his show with the line: "Good night, and now go to bed." Which, Waring maintains, is no introduction for the program to follow! Oddly enough, how- (Continued on page 10*)

Frances Lee Barton, cooking authority and Warren Hull, master of ceremonies of the Kitchen Party.

Merrill



Dora Rinehart, featured soloist with Roxy and His Gang.





(Above) Jack Smith, one of radio's pioneer entertainers whispers his melodies again over the network.

SHAKE HANDS WITH A WINNER



(Above) Jack smiles as he softly sings to his many radio fans. (Left) He plays the piano and composes.

"Song, Women, Wine and Song Again" Tells the Story of Whispering Jack Smith's Life

BY RUTH GERI

TAKE the trite and worn-out "wine, women and song." Twist it around to read "song, women and wine"—and there in a phrase you have the life story of Jack Smith, radio's "whispering baritone." That is the order in which they came in Jack's life. Song made him famous. A woman's caprice made him forger career, friends, fortune. Wine made him forget unkind fate and dragged him, almost overnight, from fame to obscurity.

But wait. The tale is not all told in those four short words. There is more. It should read: "Song, women, wine—and song again." For Jack has come back. He is singing once more. Here is the story as he told it to me: the story of a man who fought the heritage of the curse of drink, lost the fight, set his jaw and fought again—and won.

"Jack Smith has been my own worst enemy." There was no affectation or trace of theatricalism in this simple statement Jack made. "You see, I'm a May thirtieth child," he continued. "Most May thirtieth children are complex—sort of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Oh, yes, I believe in such things! I have great faith in the stars. Now in the year I was born, May thirtieth fell under the sign of . . ."

"But, tell me, what do you mean when you say you've been your own worst enemy?" I interrupted, curiosity getting the better of manners.

"Well, that's a long story . . ." He paused to let his mind travel back over the years—years filled with triumph, and with despair.

"I suppose you remember 'Cecilia' and 'I'm Knee Deep in Daisies' and those other records of mine, don't you?" he asked. "Well, when I made those, money poured in. For the first time in my life, I had all the money I wanted. And I wanted money mainly to give my mother all the little comforts she deserved—for when I was a kid, and my father died, mother scrubbed floors to support me so she wouldn't have to place me in a home. But as I was saying, money came easily. I bought her a nice home out in the suburbs.

The radio was something new then. When I wanted to try it they wouldn't let me, because they said my style of singing was too soft for the microphone. But one day I got a chance, and then the money came in faster than ever before. I went to London, and played in a musical comedy. I met the Prince of Wales, and we became good friends. For six years I practically commuted between Europe and America, and if ever anyone had reached the top of his profession I had.

"I didn't drink in those days. You see, my mother always had been afraid of liquor, because my father had been too fond of it, and she always thought of him. I did, too; often that kept me from taking 'just a few' drinks on some merry party.

"Then, one night, in Berlin . . ."

Jack's soft voice trailed to nothingness, and he sat staring into the past. At length he went on: "That night I met a woman. She was a Hungarian dancer, and I fell madly in love with her. My show had been running for two years at that time, and was soon to close. We agreed that when it did, we would be married. Shortly before the close of the show I received an offer to return to America, but I could think of nothing but her and our marriage. I couldn't even think of my work. I refused the offer, in order that we might have a honeymoon.

"After the show finally closed, she kept postponing the wedding. Sometimes she wouldn't see me for two or three days at a time. She would make this excuse or that. That was when I began to drink. It made the time seem shorter until I could see her again. One night I was to meet her, and she wasn't there. I never saw her again. She had run off with another man."

Again Jack paused. Tactfully I glanced about the room, for I suspected there was moisture in his eyes. "My next clear recollection was two months later," he resumed. "I had been on a bender all that time. When I finally recovered, I couldn't bear to remain in Europe, so I returned to America.

"But in those months I had been away I had been forgotten. Memories are short in the show business. A new crop of stars had sprung up. Not that I cared. I didn't care about anything then. I drank more and more,

for in drinking there was forgetfulness. I always told myself that I could stop whenever I chose. I suppose everyone who drinks tells himself that. One thing I'm proud of is that when I was making plenty of money I always had given my mother plenty, and now she was comfortable. I stayed away from her, though, for I'd have been ashamed to have her see me that way.

"One day I landed an engagement in Washington. Of course I wasn't a star any more. Liquor had hurt my voice and I'd been away too long. But funds were low and I needed work. On the way to the theater I stopped off for a drink to brace me up. The next thing I can recall is being in a speakeasy. A decrepit old beggar with a violin was playing mournful tunes. I remember taking the fiddle from him, playing it amid drunken applause. Suddenly, somehow, that sobered me.

"I guess that fiddle carried me back to my boyhood. . . . Long ago, when I was just a kid and Mom scrubbed floors, she came home one day with a fiddle and got a man who lived near us to give me a lesson whenever she had a spare quarter to pay him. I always hated that fiddle, but young as I was I realized what a sacrifice it had meant for Mom to buy it and I didn't have the heart to hurt her, so I played it. . . ."

"I guess it was the (Continued on page 57)



PEEK A BOOING IN BROADCASTLAND



(Above) Charming Arlene Francis and John Griggs rehearse their lines for the principal speaking rôles in "Roadways of Romance," radio musical comedy serial, in which they appear in dramatic support of baritone Jerry Cooper (shown below)



(Above) Wit and raconteur, Alexander Woolcott rings the Town Crier's bell, presented to him by admirers, for his Sunday evening program. (Below) Fred Allen, most popular star of radio, writes his autograph for clamoring crowds



(Above) Beloved diva of two generations of music lovers, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, in her own home. (Below) Four-year-old Jean Lee with Roy Perkins, master-of-ceremonies, who is her stooge in the "National Amateur Night"



"To the Winnie belong the spoils!" says Ed Wynn (above) to Winifred Best, Queen of the National Motor Boat Show. (Below) Gabrielle de Lys, French Canadian singing star, with Phil Baker, with whom she sings every Friday night



Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra director, Lucezia Bori, soloist, and David Ross, announcer, enjoy a merry moment before their broadcast on a cigarette program.



Tough sledding, we'd say! But Mrs. Cobina Wright, Ray Perkins and Curtis (Buck Rogers) Arnall seem to have enjoyed the January snow in the Park.



Jack Pearl, who, as singing-master Peter Pfeiffer, has a new radio character as proprietor of a Family Hotel and singing instructor of a class in the basement.

Vacationing before beginning on his new Ipana program, Eddie Cantor joins the enthusiastic crowd for winter sports at St. Moritz. Guess he's razzing the cameraman!

What this country needs is a good fifty-cent cigar and three or four sensible lines for Jane to toss into the microphone, maintains Goodman Ace, of the "Easy Aces."



Pussy at the bar, watching her master, Jack Denny, shake up a milk cocktail for her. The NBC Band Leader and the feline toper are shown in Denny's home.

A quartette of crooning Crosbys! Gary Evans, nineteen months old, the twins (six months) Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, and proud Papa Bing.



The microphone cocks a listening ear while this quartette goes in for a rubber of Bridge. Richard Himber, Don Wilson, Frank Parker and Ted Pearson.



Rosaline Greeney
the announcer.

Spitalny and
his orchestra.

Maxine of the
Hour of Charm

DeWitt Sisters,
the singing trio.

WHY

BY JOHN SKINNER

YOU don't know it but Phil Spitalny's all-girl broadcasts presented each Thursday night have knocked the opinions of radio's *I-know-it-all* boys into cocked hats. The time, if you haven't heard them, is eight o'clock, Eastern Standard. That is the hour at which the mellifluous strains of music from his remarkable orchestra haunt millions of living-rooms where once the listeners held weekly seance with vibrations of Vallee.

"A girl orchestra?" demanded the too-clever lads. "Silly idea, Phil. Why? First, you'll never find enough capable women musicians. Second, females are flighty. You can't get them to work together smoothly. Third, they can't compete with experienced male orchestras. Fourth, you'll probably have to be responsible not only for the girls' incomes but for their manners and morals as well."

How Phil Spitalny flung the smarties' words right back in their teeth is best told in the experiences of the girls themselves. But first you should understand the affection they have for Phil, amazing in the hard-bitten, devil-take-the-hindmost world of New York entertainment.

Don't mistake me. They don't look on Phil with romantic eyes. More than once I have sat in his living-room with the girls as they waited for him to finish getting ready to go with them to the broadcast. Suddenly he'd emerge from the bathroom, shirtless, and through the lather of shaving cream on his face, sputter last minute instructions for the program.

Hardly romantic. But not one of the girls cracks a smile. They take their Spitalny seriously. They're very fond of him. What if he does criticize their clothes sometimes, or ad-

30 GIRLS LEFT HOME

Wise Ones Called It a Wild Idea, But He Took a Chance

monish them for drinking a cocktail? They know how deeply he feels the responsibility he assumed when he brought all of them to New York on a gamble more than one radio executive said was pure folly.

Phil has fought mighty hard to win the gamble. He doesn't want the girls to be thrown on their own in a strange city. He knows how it feels. He was kicked around in his threadbare pants pretty much for the first few years after he came to this country.

Here's what I mean. Twenty-three years ago he was a sap—a sap, that is, in the eyes of those conscienceless fellows who prey on unsuspecting immigrants. Fresh from the cattle boat on which he and his brother had worked their way from Odessa, Russia, a sly clothier persuaded him to part with a dollar-ninety-eight of his last three dollars for a pair of overalls, telling him he had to have that kind of uniform to get work in America! They didn't get him any work.

He and his brother had been educated at the Imperial Conservatory of Music in Odessa, but while that might mean plenty of kopecks to them over there, it meant mighty few pennies over here. They were always bumping into hard luck. They were cheated, for example, of their salary by a crooked looking agent after weeks of playing on a Chautauqua tour. They hitchhiked the sixty miles back to Cleveland, whence they had started, and were glad to play in any sort of a place—just for their meals.

It seemed like pretty big money to Phil when his brother was engaged to direct an orchestra in a Cleveland movie theatre and himself to play in it. But things didn't go as smoothly as the music they produced. Phil rowed with his brother over the conducting of the orchestra. His brother snapped the Russian equivalent of: "If you don't like it, you can lump it."

Phil lumped it. Right out on his own. And it looked for a time as though he were to be kicked about no longer. He organized an orchestra and was given engagements in such hotels as the Statler in Cleveland and the Pennsylvania in New York. Radio contracts came tum-

bling into his lap. But he had yet to pay the paradoxical penalty often meted out for broadcast fame—having the listeners tire of a name and forget it.

If it hadn't been for you listeners setting him aside in your minds in favor of some newer radio conductor, he might never have had to summon the courage to organize his amazing all-girl orchestra. But Phil was pretty desperate. He had to do something startlingly new and original to regain his former standing. Why not such an orchestra, he asked some of his radio acquaintances.

He was annoyed when the smarties laughed at the idea. "Wild idea, eh?" he muttered. "I'll show 'em!"

He wheedled a contract for appearances of the projected orchestra at the Capitol Theatre in New York and in vaudeville, provided, of course, he could organize a satisfactory one. He went to the bank, drew on his dwindling funds, and started on a tour of the country to get the girls the wisies said weren't to be had.

He flung his money into talent auditions in city after city. He haunted theatres where amateur shows were being given. When he could think of nothing else to do, he roamed the streets.

Lady Luck was pretty good to him at times. Consider his remarkable discovery of Gypsy Cooper, the first saxophonist of his group. He was wandering down a street in Erie, Pennsylvania, dejected, almost convinced that he never would be able to round out the orchestra.

Suddenly his ear caught the sound of a saxophone playing Weber's intricate "Concertina." He rushed to the house from which the music was coming and knocked on the door. A girl answered.

"Let me speak to the man who was playing the saxophone," he babbled. "I'm looking for talent for a girl orchestra and I thought he might know where some is."

Gypsy Cooper burst out laughing. "I'm the man—I mean, the girl—who was playing."

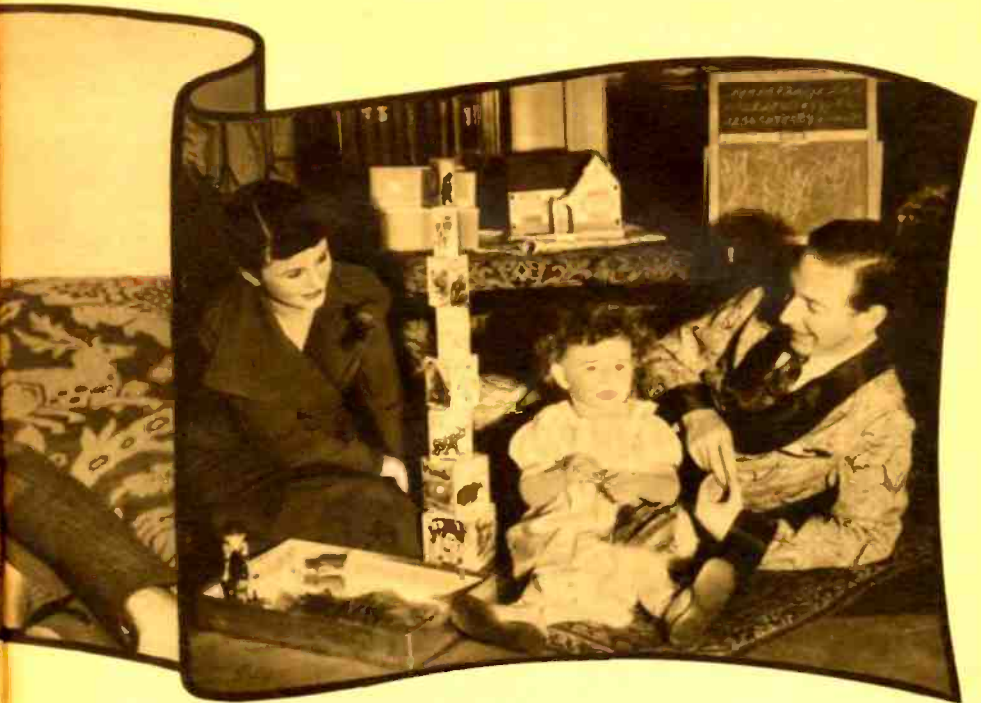
"You're hired," Phil (Continued on page 91)



Phil Spitalny



Wide World



(Above) The Prince of Wales who solved Hal Kemp's Love Problem. (Above right) Hal Kemp and his wife, the former Betsy Slaughter.

BY LESTER

GOTTLIEB

(Above) The Kemps with their daughter, one-year-old Sally Kemp. The next time you see a picture of this family group, look for the twins!

HAL KEMP'S UNTOLD ROMANCE

HAL KEMP owes his happiness to the Prince of Wales!

Had the next monarch of a great Empire not taken the trouble to tell this lanky lad from Alabama to go back to the girl he loved no matter what the cost, some other band would be tooting away tonight in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania.

The Prince of Wales was captivated by Hal's naive charm as thousands of other radio listeners have been. You might not believe that this much-burdened Prince who some day will govern the destinies of four hundred and eighty million people could figure in the love story of Hal Kemp and Betsy Slaughter. But remember

the old saying—"Truth is always stranger than fiction!"

Great bands aren't born behind microphones, they are planned by ambitious youngsters on road trips that encircle the globe. One night they play before sailors and gangsters in vast dance halls. The next night finds them inveigling gay young blades and devastating debutantes to trip the light fantastic.

Ten years ago Hal was an undergraduate at North Carolina University. Professors frowned on the Kemp scholastic activities. The only scales he studied were musical ones. Let the other fellows become doctors, lawyers, and bankers. Hal was happy only when his slim fingers gripped a baton.

Once out of school he was busy accepting engagements to play 'at college hops and swanky southern hotels. The band became famous south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Of course you couldn't blame Hal for flirting a little. Too many lithe and lovely ladies glided past the bandstand. Most of them smiled up at the handsome leader with the twinkling blue eyes. It would take a rock-ribbed constitution not to smile back. Then Hal Kemp came to Houston, Texas.

Here, amidst a crowd of dancers, a pair of big brown eyes met his own. How many times have you seen a pair of haunting eyes stand out from a sea of faces? Did it ever send the blood rushing to your head? Hal

became transfixed. All he could see in the dimly-lit room was a crop of wavy black hair, luscious, curved lips, a slim, tanned figure, and that searching pair of restless eyes!

This time it was no casual flirtation. It was as if Fate had decreed that they meet this way. The strange hypnosis lasted until the song ended. Hal was still waving the baton when the band had stopped playing!

He jumped off the stand and waited until the girl's partner had vanished. Then he whispered into her ear: "Whoever you are, whatever you are, I'm crazy about you!"

Instead of answering Betsy (Continued on page 86)

"If you love her, go back to her—no matter what happens!"

the Prince of Wales told the despairing Hal Kemp

Programs for Forgotten Women

BY GEORGE
KENT

Claudine Macdonald



AT four o'clock, New York time, each Wednesday afternoon, there is a strain of music and a door opens. . . . And into the homes of a million women the world enters, a radiant world, a world of gay and gentle happenings. An orchestra plays. Beautiful voices sing. A man or a woman high in the headlines speaks. Dullness in shack and chalet is plowed under for a half hour of entertainment.

A woman weaves together the pattern of informality and friendliness. She is Claudine Macdonald, announcer, hostess and mistress of ceremonies of The Women's Radio Review. A chic, small, handsome woman, she has the distinction of being for many years the only woman announcer in the networks, and also the only mistress of ceremonies.

Talking into the mike is the smallest part of Claudine's job. She writes every word of her own material. And when speakers on her program are tired or overworked, they give her brief notes on what they want to say and she writes their speeches for them.

Another difficult part of her job is getting the celebrities for her program. First they have to be located. Then the idea must be sold to them—which isn't easy, because most of them are very busy people. Next a subject must be selected for them. And then they must be got to the studio on time. But Claudine is equal to that. She has been presenting headliners for four years now, four times a week.

Then there is the music to be considered. For ex-

ample, the program deals with the Campfire Girls. Claudine appropriately chooses selections by woman composers. The music department digs them up. With the aid of her orchestra conductor, Joseph Littau, she selects the numbers. Then to the library to get some information about the composers. Copies of everything must be routed through to the press department, the promotion department and other places. There are soloists to be chosen. Finally, there is the job of rehearsing and whipping the entire program into a smooth, harmonious entertainment.

Sitting over breakfast, paper propped against the sugar bowl, she reads that Emmy Beckman, woman member of the Prussian Reichstag, has arrived in New York. But the newspaper has omitted the address of her hotel. The coffee grows cold as Claudine telephones the steamship office, the Consulate, the newspapers, until Frau Beckman is located.

"Hello," she calls. "Frau Beckman?" To herself she murmurs: "Suppose the gal doesn't speak English?" A voice, using perfect English, comes over the phone. A sigh of relief. Frau Beckman will see Mrs. Macdonald. And so, breakfastless, Claudine dashes out, persuades the visitor to speak, makes arrangements to have a copy of her address in advance.

All this is for a program to go on the air in the future. Right now, Claudine has today's program to consider. Margaret Bourk-White, one of the nation's great photographers, is to speak (Continued on page 60)

Presenting Claudine Macdonald, announcer, hostess, mistress of ceremonies of The Women's Radio Review

THE THRILLING STORY OF BRADLEY KINCAID

LISTEN to Bradley Kincaid sing bitter-sweet mountain songs on his NBC morning programs. His fingers pluck poignant melodies from his Houn' Dawg Guitar as he visions the poverty of his youth, the struggle to keep his family alive, the log cabin that was his home. Time has softened these memories, but the stark, human drama of this poor Kentucky boy's fight to success will live as a story for every person who has ever said: "Life never gave me a chance."

*"There was a little frog lived in the spring
Sing a song kitty won't you ki-me-o. . ."*



Bradley Kincaid with his "Houn' Dawg" Guitar.

Jackson

Twelve-year-old Bradley Kincaid, meagre lunch in hand, skipped down the rocky trail. He paused before the rough log schoolhouse to sniff the earthy, piney air of Spring in the Bluegrass country. His worn pants strained at their patches as he bent to pick up a stone to stly at a tree. He turned and trotted into school.

A stout lad, young Kincaid. He wouldn't be as tall as his strapping father had been, the mountain folk predicted, but he'd be a mighty strong fellow just the same. His father had been a mountaineer after the hearts of the Bluegrass folk. A fine hunter. A man who loved the music of the mountains.

Bradley remembered the day Dad Kincaid came over the hill with one of his fox hounds missing. Then he saw he was carrying something under his arm. It was a battered old guitar. He had traded the dog with a negro for the Kincaid family's first musical instrument. On it he played the songs Bradley's mother had been singing to the lad from his birth. They named it the Houn' Dawg Guitar.

Then Bradley's father died, but he left a fine heritage for the boy—a stout heart and a love of mountain folk music.

*" . . . yet my mother's hands were the fairest
And the loveliest hands of all."*

Fourteen-year-old Bradley Kincaid sang as the mule made its way up and down the cornfield with leisurely regularity. The memory of his mother, now dead a year, was a dim poignance. But with both parents gone, Brad and his brother were being hard put to it to keep themselves and their four sisters alive.

He turned to see how much corn was in the hopper of the corn seeder attached to the mule. Then he leaned far over to look at the strap from the mule's left hind leg, to the device on the seeder which automatically planted the corn. *Up left hind leg. Down. Out drop seed corn. Up left hind leg. Down.* (Continued on page 95)

**Life Never Gave
Him a Chance,
but He Won Out**

BY JEAN PELLETIER

Radio Stars' COOKING SCHOOL



"Arroz con Pollo" alias
Chicken and Rice.

BY NANCY WOOD

Olga, Countess Albani,
Spanish soprano.

GREETINGS friends and Radio fans: At the home of a well known orchestra leader the other evening we were listening to a new All-Wave Radio set.

"You see," our host informed us, suiting the action to the words, "just a couple of turns of the dial and I can get Barcelona, Paris, London—why I can listen in on the whole world right here in my own living-room!"

"Well," I replied laughing, "I discovered the other day how to achieve that same international atmosphere just by tuning in on the 'Silken Strings' program every Sun-

day night; and with my *old* radio set, at that."

"'Silken Strings'—why that doesn't come from abroad, it comes from Chicago," replied my friend in some surprise.

"True enough," I answered, "but the program features the lovely soprano voice of the Countess Albani, as you know, and she is a true world citizen, a cosmopolite if ever there was one. Why I discovered after talking with her that she is a whole international broadcast all by herself."

"Spanish, isn't she?" inquired one of the other guests, giving me the excuse I was seeking to launch into a description of Countess Albani's charm, good looks and interesting background.

Yes, Olga Maria Aurora, Countess Medolago-Albani, is Spanish. She was born in an old Spanish castle, of Spanish parents. But her family left Spain when she was but five years old, so she was educated in the United States. She spent her summer vacations on her father's sugar plantation in Porto Rico. She speaks French fluently, married an Italian, has brought up their son as a typical American boy and, further to carry out the international motif, she now has a German cook!

All this, as you may imagine, makes her a most interesting person, a sparkling conversationalist and a very gracious hostess once you have penetrated beyond the reserve which is a natural characteristic of every well-bred (Continued on Page 54)

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

Please send me the free recipes for **COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI'S** favorite Spanish dishes.

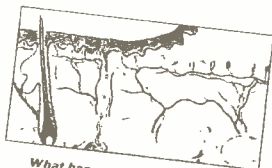
Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....City.....

State.....

It's an Old Spanish Custom to Serve Good Foods

FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES WHERE THEY BEGIN—IN YOUR UNDER SKIN!



What happens under your skin
Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *corium*. Here, myriads of tiny blood vessels, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands create the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines.

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often due to poorly functioning underskin, insufficient oil.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

WHERE do skin faults first begin? In the *under* layers of your skin.

You see, the *under* layers of your skin are full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—little blemishes, blackheads—as you grow older, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

Cleanse deep—keep underskin active

That is why it is so important to choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the



Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland says: "Pond's Cold Cream seems to wipe away lines and blemishes, gives the skin a fresh look."

underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, impurities from within the skin itself, are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores by these light, deep-reaching oils. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with

this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it *every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen your skin for the day, give it the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-ups so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do

It is very easy to try Pond's. Send the coupon for a tube containing enough for 9 treatments! Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—for Generous Package
including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and other beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept. E-125, Cheshire, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for several tubes 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.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ STATE _____
L. 09778-1, 1928, Pond's Extract Company

(Left) Myrtle Vail, who staged a brave comeback in "Myrt and Marge." (Below) Alexander Gray, who lost wife and child in one year.



SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you... how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only for each at your S and Be store.

Now, up an essential part of beauty preparation. You'll discover that the perfect perfume is Blue Waltz Perfume. It's the only perfume that can bring you the thrill of a lifetime. Buy it today. It's the only perfume that can give you the thrill of a lifetime.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK



WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL

Trouble cannot defeat these radio stars

By OGDEN MAYER

RADIO stars are just natural-born receiving sets for trouble. But they can take it. If anything, they thrive on it. They have, many of them, had their backs to the wall but out of suffering came the will to succeed, the talent purified by pain.

Questioning in and around the studios has brought forth tales of sickness, accident, incredible poverty, heart break—tough breaks of every sort, all accepted by the stars and taken in their stride.

For instance, Alexander Gray, the baritone, lost his wife, who was burned to death, and his child, killed in an automobile accident, both in the same year. Brovant, companionable before, he became for a time unapproachable, moody, a recluse. He's come out of it now but you can recognize the scar in his singing,

which is far tenderer than it was before.

Milee Faye also suffered from an automobile accident. She told me the worst period of her life was the four days that followed her smash-up in a car in which Rudy Vallee and several others were riding. She said:

"I was the only one hurt. Badly banged up. I was asleep. Relaxed. I offered no resistance. I woke up in a hospital. My face was bandaged. I asked for a mirror."

But the request was refused. She was told that her face was slightly cut—an injury of no consequence. She thought the doctor was deceiving her. She pleaded with him for a glass, but he refused, fearing that the sight of an unhealed wound would... (Continued on p. 17, 61)



**YOU'VE WON HIM—
NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...**

**Don't let COSMETIC SKIN
spoil your good looks!**

SO much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly removed, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deep down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

Spanish woman. A not intrinsically reserved

Fortunately it was not too difficult to overcome this tendency towards aloofness on her part because we had a common meeting ground in our mutual interest in good things to eat.

"Yes, I love delicious food and I really do know how to cook," Countess Albani assured me. "When I was a child our family had, for years, a cook who used to concoct the most delectable dishes in the world. I practically haunted her kitchen, which was silently but sincerely respected at first. The idea of a novice invading her sacred precincts, she seemed to be thinking. But then she discovered that I was truly interested in what went into a dish—that I enjoyed cooking, not merely tasting. Ah, that then was different! And so she took great delight in teaching me.

"Spanish people, you know," the Countess went on, warming to her subject, "are popularly believed to live entirely on such things as *Tamales* and *Chili Con Carne*. In the first place *Tamales* are not Spanish, they are Mexican. And *Chili Con Carne*, which was Mexican, too, originally, now is such a hybrid that it does not belong to any nation. Meats, however, play a very important part in the Spanish menu. And my cooking specialties naturally include many meat and chicken dishes. I think the brief point of my culinary career was reached when I learned to make *Arroz con Pollo*—which is a typically Spanish Rice and Chicken dish.

"The time when I most enjoy indulging my taste for cooking is after my bread-casts. Then out comes my chafin dish and the salad bowl and I display my culinary talents for the benefit of my friends. We have an *American* salad, a *French* Rabbit, *Spanish* wine and toasted *French* bread—truly an International Alliance of Foods!

"But let us return to our typical Spanish menus, since that is what interests you most," continued Madame Albani, obligingly. "Dinner in the Spanish manner usually begins and ends with brandy. No cocktails for the true Spaniard—that is an American innovation. Some however prefer to start the meal with sherry—a typical Spanish sherry such as *Domeco*.

"After the brandy or sherry come the hors d'œuvres—beets or artichoke, marvelous sausages, eggs and anchovies, Spanish olives, of course! This is followed by a delicious soup with bits of Spanish beans in it, or a garlic soup with crostons. On days of fasting, such as Fridays and special days in Lent, a soup of fish and vegetables is a great favorite.

"Following the soup comes the main course, if it is to be a simple meal. A formal or company dinner might include another course here, such as a fish or omelette. The main course, let us say, is *Arroz con Pollo*, (Rice with Chicken). Accompanying this there would be a red *Fand* *Wine* and string beans. No salad, if we wish to be typically Spanish, for salad is not a popular Spanish course. For

dessert—let me see—ah, yes, *Royal Yolks*—um! Delicious! Coffee? Of course! Not large cups, however, but tiny cups of egg-shell texture, filled with rich, very strong, black coffee, followed by brandy as I said before, or some sweet liqueur.

"This menu really represents a Spanish meal at its very simplest. In the cafes one often is called upon to eat one's way through an eleven-course lunch—not dinner, mind you, lunch!

"But let's return to the dinner menu and the wonderful dishes you described," I interrupted. "I do so want to know how to make *Arroz con Pollo*—that chicken dish you spoke of in such glowing terms—and I know my readers would be interested to hear how to make any dessert that bears so intriguing a name as *Royal Yolks*."

"The first thing to mention about Spanish foods," replied Olga Albani smiling, "is that they require patience, for in cooking as in everything else, Spanish people take their own sweet time. To my way of thinking, of course, the results more than justify the effort expended. Perhaps you think my opinion is biased by my heritage, but I've noticed that the most typical American eats the dishes I prepare with as much relish as any native of Spain. That is because Spanish dishes are, first of all, delicious in taste. Secondly they are attractive to look at, for we go in for color in our combinations—saffron in our rice to make it a vivid, appetizing yellow, with green peas, pink shrimps, red pimientos and green olives added to lend color contrast as well as to impart flavor. A combination of such foods as I have first mentioned is what gives *Arroz con Pollo* its distinctive taste. I will write out the recipe for you so that no detail will be omitted. Above all I want to remember to tell you how to cook the rice so that each grain stands out by itself! No soggy mass of rice is permissible for this perfect main course treat.

"The recipe for *Royal Yolks* is one that will delight you. Spaniards are very fond of this type of sweet.

"Now let us write down our menu for a typical Spanish repast so that we can see if there are any other recipes you would like to have," suggested the Countess, kindly. And out came the paper and pencil, which eventually produced the following appetizing menu and recipes for most of the principal dishes mentioned.

COUNTESS ALBANI'S SPANISH DINNER

Artichoke Hearts,	Eggs	Sliced Sausage
Olives	Eggs	Anchovies
	Soup	
	(either Garlic, Bean or Fish)	
	Spanish Omelette or Fish	
	Arroz con Pollo,	
	String Beans	
Endive with Cheese Salad Dressing		
	Royal Yolks	
Cheese		Fruits
Coffee		Liqueurs

NOTE FREE OFFER BELOW

AMAZING

WHAT A SINGLE BOTTLE OF

Hires EXTRACT
WILL DO

1

Makes 10 bottles of sparkling Hires Root Beer, ready, quickly with yeast. Economical—8 glasses for 6¢.

2

Instant Hires Root Beer Ade can be made using a teaspoonful of Hires Extract to a quart of ice water. Sweeten to taste. Add juice of half a lemon.

3

Nutritious Hires Milk Shake brings a new appeal in flavors, winning both children and adults. Makes children like milk.

Hires Root Beer is delicious, wholesome and economical—accepted by the American Medical Association's Commission on Foods and approved by the United Housekeeping Bureau.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
FOR REAL JUICES

FREE

FREE—a complete trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 10 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 5¢ to cover postage and handling.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me five bottles of Hires Extract, 1 cent for postage and packing. M-538

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Enclosure. Send mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The recipes I secured from Countess Albani are for *Sopa de Pescado* (Fish Chowder), *Spanish Omelette*, *Arroz con Pollo* and *Royal Yolks*. For good measure she also wrote out for me a recipe for *Spanish Pinchito*, a most unusual mixture of beans, beer, sausage and vegetables, which eventually turns out to be a three-course meal in itself! First, the liquor in which the meat and vegetables simmer provides a rich broth, then the beans and vegetables are served and finally the meats appear with a tomato sauce.

This recipe is printed on one of the cards in this month's Cooking School Leaflet, which features other Spanish dishes as well—Madame Albani's own recipes for *Arroz con Pollo*, *Spanish Omelette* and *Royal Yolks*. The coupon that will bring these recipes to you is on the first page of this article. Just fill it out carefully and send it along. The recipe leaflet is FREE—and you'll be surprised at the fun you'll have trying out these recipes. You'll also surprise others with the delicious results you will achieve!

I have room here to give you Countess Albani's Fish Chowder recipe. At first glance you may think it's pretty complicated but I assure you it's well worth trying, particularly if the Lenten season is still with us and you are looking for new ways to serve fish.

You will notice that I have tried to simplify the recipe somewhat by suggesting the use of canned vegetable soup. It is much easier to make the Chowder this way than it is to buy and fix a lot of fresh vegetables. Results are equally delicious, I assure you, as I have tried both.

Don't forget to mail the coupon for the other Countess Olga Albani recipes. They are simple and simply superb!

Sopa De Pescado
(Fish Chowder)

- 2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
- 1 medium size onion, chopped
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups canned tomatoes, (skins and pulp)
- 1 pound fish (preferably cod, halibut or haddock)
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 pinch of thyme
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 can condensed vegetable soup
slices of bread

Melt butter or bacon fat in saucepan. Add chopped onion, green pepper and tomatoes. Cover and cook 5 minutes. Add fish, water and seasonings. Bring to a boil and continue to boil gently until fish is tender (about 20 minutes). Remove fish, bay leaf and cloves. Remove bones from fish and separate fish gently with a fork into good size pieces. Return fish to saucepan. Add canned soup. Reheat all together until piping hot. Remove crusts from thick slices of bread. Place 1/2 slice of bread in each soup dish. Cover with hot soup and serve at once. Serves 6.

* * *

See Program section, Sunday night at 9:00 p.m., EST for station list.



What a surprise when I tasted its marvelous sauce!

"I'd always felt that no ready-cooked spaghetti could ever come up to the home-cooked kind. But I certainly changed my mind when I tasted Franco-American. What a delicious sauce it has—mine simply can't compare with it. Can you wonder I always serve Franco-American now? It means less work for me and better spaghetti for all of us."

Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste will tell you how different it is. Its sauce contains eleven different ingredients.

Luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . . choice Cheddar cheese . . . delicately piquant spices and seasonings . . . blended by the skilled hand of the trained chef into a delectably smooth, rich, savory sauce that good home cooks declare is the *best* they ever tasted.

No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve. Saves time and money, too. You never pay more than ten cents for a can holding three to four portions—less than it costs to buy dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare at home!



Shake Hands with a Winner

(Continued from page 39)

memory of that that sobered me. But when I finally reached the theater, I was three days late!

"Then there was the time in Boston when I stopped for 'just one' on the way to the theater, and the 'just one' turned into 'just one more.' When I came out on to the stage, it was obvious that I had been drinking, and I was fired. Things were pretty bad in vaudeville then, and there was no room for one who was not dependable. I could get no work at all. I went to Hollywood and did manage to get a couple of parts in pictures. But I wasn't getting anywhere, and I tried to make a fresh start in vaudeville.

"Finally, in Kansas City, I broke down. I had been burning the candle at both ends, and there just wasn't anything left. I was ill for a long time before I was well enough to go home to M-m. Even then I had to stay in bed most of the time. There, lying about the house with kindly, always forgiving M-m waiting on me, I began to think. One day I tried to explain to M-m all that had happened, and ask her to forgive me.

"Forgive what?" she said. "Why, you poor boy, there's nothing to forgive! It's just your father comin' on in you!"

"I broke down and cried like a baby. "But right then and there I put the past behind me forever. Memories, Everything. That day I started all over again. It had taken me years to make the grade before. You know, I was a song plunger for Irving Berlin when my peculiar voice, which had been made that way when I was gassed in the war, attracted the attention of a Victor agent and I became a recording artist. Well, that climb wasn't easy, and it took a long while, as I said.

"I guess this second climb will be harder and maybe it will take longer. But that doesn't worry me. I'll make it. You watch!"

When Jack speaks of his comeback, he doesn't seem to realize that he is already a long way up the ladder again. He speaks as though he were only beginning. I reminded him of his current success on the radio. He beamed appreciatively.

"Well, maybe Jack Smith's heckled Jack Smith," he laughed. He extended his hand across the table. "Shake with the winner," he invited.

We shook on it. . . .

See Tuesday's Program section, 7:15 p.m. EST for list of stations.

Passing Thoughts: Gogo DeLys, the singer on Phil Baker's show, is really Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Settemyre Belanger. Is it any wonder she changed her moniker?

Gene and Glenn are working on a Cleveland station just now, again for the old sponsor.

Bing Crosby never turns down a request for a photograph, which means he sends out about seven thousand a month.



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today)... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honestly, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW YORK NEW JERSEY



Johnny's make-up that saved the day when he got his chance. It came when he took the job as assistant arranger with Adolph Deutsch at the Paramount Studios in Astoria. Here Frank Tarr, the director, gave him a test try-out on the stand and taught him some bat-on instrumental.

"Even then," said Johnny, "I realized I was pretty raw and could never bluff with these experienced players, most of whom had forgotten more than I ever knew."

Here's what saved Johnny. He had the courage to admit when he was wrong. Instead of glossing over a boner or blaming it on someone else, as other neophytes have done to their regret, he simply stopped everything and said, "I'm sorry, how should I beat that?"

Naturally the men were for him. Johnny is going places. But he still claims that he does not know it all, and that is a great help to him.

Sometimes we are forced to a quick decision which means either backing down entirely or doing the impossible. If we take the chance of doing the impossible, and win, fame lies just around the corner. If we lose

Leopold Stokowsky took the chance. After playing the organ in the fashionable St. Bartholomew Church in New York, he used to spend his summers in London. Here he began directing orchestras and here he made a decision which brought him fame overnight and whisked him to the solitary peak where he stands alone as a conductor able to command a salary in six figures.

He was about to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in a concert at Town's Hall. This was before he had taken charge of the Philadelphia orchestra. Absorbed in going over the program, he got out of the cab bringing him to the hall and went in by the stage entrance. When suddenly he discovered that he had left all of his scores in the departing taxi which had pulled out and lost itself in the traffic. To try to find the music in the twenty minutes he had before ascending the stand would be foolish and futile; to locate other music like his just as futile. Should he back out and turn the baton over to some other conductor? No. He would take a desperate chance.

He would go on without a note of music. Taking the stand, he conducted the entire concert from memory. Just imagine what an amazing feat this was—to remember every note played the whole evening by eighty-five instrumentalists. But he did it and something significant happened.

Freed from the necessity of turning pages, both hands went into the air. The men were hypnotized by these hands and gave all they had in the performance. Thunderous applause greeted each number.

After the concert stories began filtering home about this remarkable young Apollo who did not use a stick or a note of music who sculptured loud freezes out of the air with his two hands. Returning home he made the Philadelphia orchestra, one of the greatest symphonic bodies in the world. But if he had not left that music in the cab, he might have been just another stick-waver, his nose buried in the score beating time.



Miss Susan Hall, fair-skinned brunette (below) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls. They found that blonde skin owes its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant blue in it—brunette skin owes its allure to hidden tints of bright green. They blended these tints invisibly in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new Pond's shades—

Rose Cream—lovely on many clear-skinned brunettes

Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look

Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins

Light Cream—lightens the skin.

So that you may try Pond's new powder shades free of charge—we will send



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

you absolutely free generous samples of 5 different shades—enough of each to last five days so that you may test this powder thoroughly on the three points most important in a face powder—smoothness, staying quality and, above all, flattering color.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

... mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES JULY 2, 1933)

SENDS, Dept. E-36 Clifton, Conn.
Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Natural Cosmetics

Programs for Forgotten Women

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORD TIPPED



MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men! We offer an all-star feature! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentholated to give your throat a most *dee*-lightful, a most *ree*-freshing coolness. There are cork tips to save your lips. And—finally—there's a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). So step right up! Buy a pack or buy a carton. Have the time of your smoking lives! And write today for FREE illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

on photography as a career for young women. She develops lyrics too. Mrs. Macdonald munches. Taking the speech, she explains into the mike that her guest has a bad throat, *uh* the between paragraphs had to be in the main, *uh* she gets over it, *uh* the audience, *uh* she expresses it, *uh* this has been an interview.

Speakers drift in late, get lost, or do not come at all. A few come on time and then speak for twelve instead of eight minutes, knocking the program schedule over its kilter. Phil Stone, author of "Star Hour," crept into the studio a half-hour early, quaking with nervous dread of the broadcast. Claudine, hostess supreme, took him by the arm and showed him the studios, the buildings, the engine room. He became so engrossed he forgot his fear and his talk was delightfully smooth.

During her own pioneer days as program director Claudine found herself one day at the program's end with the script completed, the orchestra's pieces of music finished and *two minutes to go!* What could she do? She spoke rapidly of this, that and the other.

"There wasn't a sound in the studio but my own voice," she told me. "Not one of the boys moved. But I felt, I know they were looking for me. And when the tunes finally rang the end of the period, they applauded, all of them. I hadn't let them down. I wanted to cry. I was so happy."

Another day a magnificent Mexican speaker is secured. The music she develops must be Mexican. What to do for soloists. She thinks the cards, locates a Mexican tenor. Who else? Yes, she remembers that one of the studio orchestras has a Mexican violinist of unusual talent. She telephons. He can come. The music department scuds down a list of Mexican composers for the orchestra to play. The capers are an admirable times. After hours of teaching and telephoning she knows and is ready to tell you about them.

An extraordinary woman, this dark-eyed Chicago girl. When she came out of Northwestern University, her classmates gave her an American Beauty rose to commend that they had chosen her as the most beautiful girl in the class. The college authorities, for their parting gift, gave her a Phi Beta Kappa key as a reward for her high standing in scholarship.

She went down into Oklahoma to teach Indians and put on shows with Fiddler and had several others—something that never before had been done successfully. She explained that she has theatrical blood in her veins, her father having starred as a actor with the late Lawrence Barrett. He could spar three and a half acres and his pupils called his one of the best voices in the country. Her mother was an accomplished musician.

Returning to Northwestern University two years later she took a course in the non-did dramatic readings, coached amateur theatricals. Then last for a spell with a stock company in Pittsfield, Massachusetts and on. Providence, Rhode

Island. And life was gay and interesting.

Just about that time the stock market crashed and Claudine's lovely head rolled into the gutter along with a few million dollars. It was up to the payments of her loan and it was up to her to make up the 110,000 dollars in New York to make an "expected" air and serve "chartering material." She pounded them for almost a year. So a haunted advertising agencies, radio studios and all individuals or companies that might help her to start in broadcasting.

What did she have to offer? A true voice. A knowledge of diction. Some training on the stage. Self-confidence and an inborn sense of showmanship. Also an enormous capacity for work. One man whom she saw said that her broad *ah* would be a wash up. She replied that the use of the broad *ah* was her natural way of speaking. So it would be natural if she spoke differently. Besides, *ah* added, she had got along triumphantly with poor Italian women when she was doing settlement work, why not with average radio audiences who are of a far more sophisticated element?

At length she got her opportunity on a program called "Adventures in Home Making." It lasted about twelve weeks and then came another jobless period. On May 4th 1930, the Woman's Radio Review was started and she got the job. She told me that her first script cost her twenty hours of continuous labor.

Three or four years with this program she has acquired, she says, "stupendous respect for the mental intelligence of radio audiences. The women of America," she asserts, "are consumed with a real desire to know about things, to know what is going on in the world, they are hungry for culture, for progress that will raise them above their surroundings."

A woman living in a street that slants up the plants described the life she led and told Mrs. Macdonald what she she derived from the talks and music, how she picked up the iron wafers of her "nearly forgotten" benefit campaign, *uh* the light.

Another woman told Mrs. Macdonald she was of bearing nothing but "recipes, recipes, recipes," and what a solace it was to listen to a program that took it for granted that she was an intelligent human being.

A society woman told Mrs. Macdonald she and her neighbors were tired of the radio and listening to the daily talks on the Review sufficient to keep on their feet at the times. There are letters from naturalized Americans expressing grateful gratitude for the talk music in their native lands, and ward speakers in the blind, letters from business men and men in a distress period or of old age.

The wireless man explained that he was living in his bunk when the Review came on. He didn't care to listen to a woman's program but was too lazy to get up and turn it off. Along came Mrs. Macdonald's voice, giving a faithful description of her as it is, her life in Wis-

chester, England. Winchester was his birthplace, and he hadn't been there for ten years. He wrote to express his gratitude.

One month Mrs. Macdonald received twenty thousand of these letters—a true indication of the program's popularity.

Fifty Women's Radio Reviewers are summoned up in a phrase, and are described as the "top part" of the program, the tea and minus the gossip. That is, at all events, what the mistress of ceremonies strives for. She works to hold up a program that is an integral part of an entertainment and amusements week, one that few homes ever achieve, or where all homes would be glad to have.

Her listeners gather the impression that Claudine and her cohorts are having a delightful time. Which is true. It is a contagious atmosphere that passes through the microphone and accounts to a large extent for the program's success. Much of it is due to her great amiability and understanding.

She looks well in any colors and, ordinarily, the darker the day the sayer her gowns. Little imagining that her choice of clothes was under observation she appeared at the studio one rainy day in a black dress.

One of the violinists gazed sadly at her as he went to his place. "Where's the red dress?" he asked plaintively.

Claudine tells good naturedly of the spoiling she receives when now and then she stumbles over a word. Once she said *col's pants* for *polo coats* and she was razzed for weeks by the musicians, not to mention the gentle chiding from her audience.

Other items on the Review come and go, but the orchestra is always with our Curson soloists, now, such is the tenor Richard Maxwell, soprano Lilian Buchanan, and Alice Kitchell, contraltos.

As a concluding anecdote to this story of one of radio's most remarkable women let me tell you about her first experience before the microphone.

Like all others, she was extremely nervous. Then at last her turn came and in she marched to the microphone. These were the days when speakers had a way of throwing pages or manuscripts on the studio floor as rapidly as they were read through. About her feet was a litter of papers and as she spoke in attention humbled about picking them up.

His mere presence was enough to agitate her but to make matters worse he bumped into the reading stand. To a girl barely tall to the floor had she not had presence of mind to catch it.

There she stood, make no mistake, reading stand in the other, reading her first script for the first time, in the air! Curiously, however, the little episode quieted her nerves. It took her attention from herself. After that she breezed right along, doing a good job, making an excellent impression not only on the audience but on the studio critics who were there to see if she had what it takes.

They decided she would do—and after four years, they still think so.

Claudine Macdonald is on the air Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 4:00 p. m. EST over WFAE and network.

"If he were my youngster, I'd use the hairbrush"



Wait! Spanking may be the wrong prescription

At times a child's behavior may call for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—no!



If your child is mildly fretful, or hard to manage—suspect that something is wrong! Often you will find it is children's commonest ailment—constipation.



Give him a laxative, but—be careful! A bad-tasting laxative may upset his whole digestive system. A laxative which may be all right for grown-ups, may do your child more harm than good.



Give him Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. For it is safe. It is gentle, yet it is thorough. Your doctor will tell you that it con-

tains nothing that is not suitable for a child's delicately-balanced system.



And children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. Get Fletcher's Castoria today—and save money by getting the large, family-size bottle!



Dr. J. C. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

Keep Young and Beautiful



New!

AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient *Winx*. I bring women *anywhere* the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a *new* soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient *Winx*.

- 1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- 2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- 3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with *Winx* Mascara. Shape your brows with a *Winx* pencil. Shadow your lids with *Winx* Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my *Winx* eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for *any reason*, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



—especially for radio stars being champions. I was myself included with them for they have really lived their lives personally and yet have in some practical demonstrations in acquiring a youthful figure.

This month I'm really just Miss Rich's mouthpiece, you know. And what a thoroughly understanding and sympathetic adviser she is!

Most of us are hunting for men all our lives for easy ways to be successful and beautiful and happy. When we're young we think that happiness will come to us right out of the clear blue sky, that we can be beautiful if we just do the right new cream or powder or trick of personality. But as we grow older we learn that things don't come to us that way. We find that life is full of effort and disappointment and that some of us this is irremediably discouraging. We lose our faith in magic and we decide that beauty and success may be all right for some people, but luck evidently is against us and we might as well stop trying.

When I asked Miss Rich what I could tell women for her—women who are a little tired and discouraged and drab—she thought for a moment with that firm chin of hers cupped in her strong expressive hands. Then she said slowly: I wish you would tell the women just one thing that will make a difference in their lives, that we can do for ourselves at a large discount on that. I think a woman should have a model career for the thought, the inner expression that she puts in her face, the look of the things she puts on. Every one in a world she should be herself, thick as milk, let us respect her corners of her mouth, let us let it widen as she looks toward an inner landscape.

We all have problems, problems of the day that carry over in the sometimes torturous night, that keep our minds running around like squirrels in cages. Miss Rich has known as many of those problems as the rest of us. She has come to deal with some particularly perplexing. Finally, once her and has found the answer, forming a solution or a set of steps to follow. She suggests that most of us have on our beautiful faces the compound effect of life and mind. There are too many sleepless nights, too many long days, too many times we get up in a hurry, too many things that we have to do.

I recall a young woman I met and her face was in such a sad, unassuming, unexcited expression, who is the first woman I'm going to tell to do all I will sleep, or work, or study, or do anything that she relaxes mentally, smooths down the wrinkles before we go to sleep and

we can get a darkness at the top. Let's try a new way to get a good rested sleep.

When you're young you're more ready to accept the fact that life is a glorious game and that whether you win or lose there is magic in the game itself. Exercises are like that. They're hard work, it we make them a duty to be endured through while we think of a thousand and one other fancies that are young to us. But they can be what Miss Rich makes them, a game that calls for the exercising of smiles as well as muscles. She makes them fun. At first a good inspiration to make them just that, we suggest that you keep pinned right over our nose the picture in which she demonstrates her favorite exercise. It is a combination of standing, hip bending, deep breathing exercise. Inhale with your arms high over your head, exhale when you sweep downward. And if you feel more inspiration, surely Miss Rich in her way has sprigged you with the stimulant lines to inspire anyone to work with a will to achieve them.

Every day Miss Rich takes a walk, and by a walk I don't mean a few blocks' jaunt, I mean a three-mile walk. She may walk to her studio and to an apartment elsewhere, or she may walk over to the recreation of it, but she always put in for three miles a day. She says that walking does things for us spiritually as well as physically. It is something we've got to do in our time, and in a brisk stride, taking deep rhythmic breaths, she has her deep breathing down to a fine rhythm, she takes every deep breath like a New York Block. Now let's see it takes twenty New York blocks to make a mile, so to speak, let's do it with exercise for the day. Now let's keep splendidly well and has that serene pose that comes with inner calm!

Young people should exercise because their bodies crave it, and their minds need it for balance. Older people should exercise because they stagnate by inches in their diets and they are increased inches too. The hips take a little middle age expansion, the limbs are middle aged size. They've got to get some motion because the age picture that's fast and the rapid changes to get rid of them, being old is a laziness, it's a crime, you can't sit there, walk a lot, win a lot of money. People who live in the great hills, and take a lot of exercise, it's better, the sun will warm every morning and rain at night.

Next is breakfast. And there is Miss Rich's training in her new film in her kitchen in Paris, already so full of her

What is amazing GLADYS SWARTHOLT'S career? Read this surprising revelation in the June issue of Radio Stars.

charming breakfast table. Well, we can't all have Princeton bed-room jackets, but we can all have grapefruit! Miss Rich has some form of citrus fruit every morning for breakfast.

Which if you're guilty of eating a large breakfast, and then slumping over the table, or in a drowsy chair, and reading the morning paper? The guaranteed way to put on flabby flesh is to eat, and then sit around or lie around! You're tempting all the middle-aged fat devils to grin over you in triumph if you do! Get up and walk around your chair, if you can't do anything better, but get up and get into action. It is Miss Rich's infallible rule to take a walk or a few exercises after every meal. It should be your infallible rule to do the same, unless you have little folks to wait on who scarcely give you a chance to sit down to eat.

The middle of the day doesn't see Miss Rich sitting down to a dinner-sized luncheon; she contents herself with a salad, and possibly a glass of grape juice which, by the way, is an excellent pep drink. Dinner is in moderation, with fresh vegetables welcome and white bread taboo.

Well, I guess that outlines our youthful figure routine in full so let's sit ourselves down in front of the dressing table, and talk for just a moment about powder. Naturally I couldn't get through an entire article without interjecting some personal observation of my own. I'm like a powder box that has to spill over every once in a while in spite of itself. But I just read a booklet the other day that I thought you should know about, and the picture of Miss Rich at her dressing table made me want to complete the story with a dressing table hint. It is the only booklet of its kind that I've ever known for it devotes itself in a thorough, capable fashion solely to the art of powdering. It tells you about modeling your face with powder, about softening your too-prominent features and emphasizing the ones that aren't prominent enough, and outlines in detail the exact technique of powdering, and the slapdash business about it. The booklet is a demurely authoritative little study in powder makeup, and a copy of it should be on every woman's dressing-table. I've been promised a supply of as many copies as all our combined dressing-tables will need. So send in the coupon that is here for your convenience, and wish your face a Happy Easter!

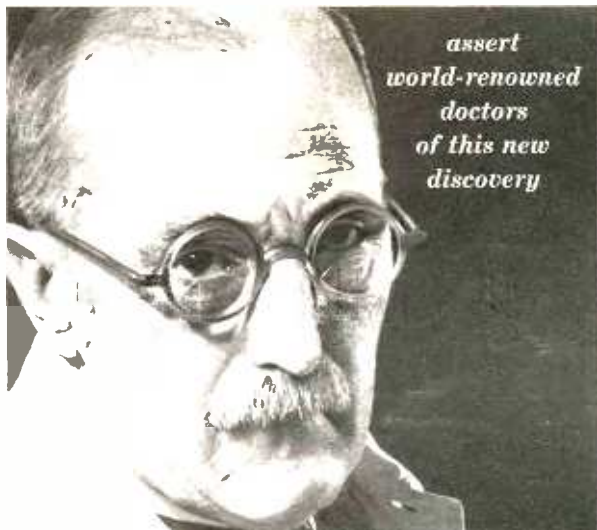
See Program section of Friday at 8:00 p.m. EST for list of stations.

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

Kindly send me the booklet in
"The New Way to Powder"

Name _____
Address _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

"— can end the cathartic habit for millions of people"



"BIGGEST STEP IN YEARS in the treatment of constipation and related ills such as indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition," says Dr. Richard von Stentzer, chief medical consultant at the famous Consular Academy in Vienna.

Constipation chiefly due to lack of certain substances in the diet. This food abundantly supplies them!

TODAY, in clinics everywhere, remarkable results are being obtained in cases of chronic constipation by a new food recently developed—the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It is the richest known source of certain "protective substances," the stomach and bowels need to work right.

Why people get Constipated

Unless your stomach and intestines obtain from your diet a sufficient supply of these "protective substances," your food doesn't digest fast enough and wastes collect. Constipation usually re-

sults, and you suffer from colds, skin troubles and poor digestion.

No diet—not even those containing leafy vegetables and fruits—contains enough of these substances. No laxatives supply them. But this new fresh yeast is so rich in them that it "conditions" the entire digestive tract. In one great eastern hospital, this new Fleischmann's Yeast overcame 93% of constipation cases—an amazing percentage!

Begin today to *overcome* constipation by eating it or more cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a half-hour before meals—plain, or dissolved in water. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

You'll eat, sleep and work better when rid of digestive sluggishness. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast!

TAKING CATHARTICS? Cut down on them gradually as Fleischmann's new Yeast corrects your constipation. No other food is as rich in Vitamins A, B, D, G and other protective substances needed for health. Get this new fresh yeast today!



Copyright, 1935, Standard Baking Company, Inc.

(As good as ever for baking!)

FO bottle's new design
Is my idea of something
fine!



CREME POLISH
AND
CREME POLISH
REMOVER

Cuticle Remover
Polish Remover
Oily Polish
Remover

At all 100 stores



6 Shades of
Clear Polish
and
Creme Polish

Colorless
Natural
Rose
Coral
Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

With Their Backs to the Wall

(Continued from Page 52)

depress her and thus retard her recovery.

For four days she worried, imploring nurses, doctors and friends to let her have a mirror. Her face was and is her fortune, and if her beauty was gone, so too was her career, or so she thought. On the fifth day she discovered that she had but a small scar over her left eye which does not mar her appearance.

Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, The Voice of Experience, did not escape quite so easily. An automobile accident changed his career. He was destined to be a surgeon. He had remarkable hands. He used them as well for playing the piano. He was of concert calibre and in his early twenties he was undecided whether to choose the stage of the concert hall or the stage of the operating theater.

The accident crushed one of his hands in thirty-two places. His career as a surgeon was gone. And with it the alternative of becoming a great pianist. He put starch in his upper lip and went back to college and changed his course from surgery to general medicine. He became a doctor. Radio was the unexpected for him, the compensation for his lost dream.

Another automobile accident cost Isham Jones his job in a coal mine and he, too, thought life had ended in a blind alley. But for him, too, there was compensation for it sent him to music and thence to jazz emment. Tony Wons lay helpless for a year after a smash-up but that's where the scrapbook came from.

Fred Allen retreated before circumstances until he felt the hard cold surface of the wall behind him, then he fought. It was at the beginning of his career and he had just got his first break, a contract to appear in Australian theaters. The war was on and a hit in Australia meant London, Paris, Brussels and finally America with increased prestige.

"I started from Shreveport, Louisiana, after playing in the local theater, for Brisbane, Australia, probably the longest vaudeville jump in history. Outside of Santa Fe the train dived over and broke into flames. In the fire was everything I owned in the world.

"I just sat there and watched my career burn. I was so discouraged I couldn't think. A spark happened to alight on my lapel—my only coat. I jumped up and suddenly the onlyness was gone—it was like coming out of a dream. I rushed around, managed somehow to get to San Francisco, catch the boat and arrive in Australia.

"The officials wouldn't let me land because I had no passport. I cabled and discovered I had no birth certificate, having been born in a house that stood on the line between two towns! Everything got straightened out finally. I bought some new clothes and went ahead."

Trains have meant tears in the lives of other stars. Gertrude Berg, writer and principal of the Goldbergs, told me that the darkest hour was that in which she was forced to choose between her husband and her mother.

Husband Lewis, then as now, was in the sugar business and he had before him a long sojourn on a Louisiana sugar plantation. It was his first long trip, his first plantation. And he wanted his wife along. But Mrs. Berg's mother was critically ill—and Gertrude was the invalid's mainstay. It was finally arranged that she leave with her husband, get him started, and return later to take care of her mother.

"I cried all the way from New York to New Orleans," she told me. "People on the train thought I was bereaved. One woman came up to me and told me she knew how it was to lose a loved one!"

Howard Marsh's girl friend fell out of a tree when he was appearing in "Blossom Time" and he commuted between New York and Boston. He spent every cent he had in payments to specialists, in railroad fares, on medicines and operations. He wore himself to a wraith with worry and work. She pulled through, and as much due to Howard's strength as her own. When she was well he married her.

Then there was the train ride of Ed Lowry. Stranded in Little Washington, North Carolina, he and his wife, who had been appearing in a schoolroom act, controlled their money. Not quite enough for two full fares but ample for one and a half.

His wife, be it known, is a tiny thing and on the stage wore a pinafore which made her look even younger. Lowry dressed her as for the stage and getting on the train put her on his lap and passed her off as his baby sister. They got away with half-fare for her until Norfolk, when a smart conductor saw through the hoax and put them off. A traveling salesman remembered them and insisted they return to the train as his guests as far as New York.

At this moment George Jessel is fighting the hardest battle of his career. He has made and lost five fortunes and today he is broke again. Following Eddie Cantor's lead he dropped three hundred and thirty thousand dollars in Wall Street after the crash. Eddie lost several millions but at that had money left. George came out of the wreck with only six hundred dollars. Unlabeled he accumulated fortune number five. Then his marriage crashed and he gave his wife one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He was broke again.

Mr. Jessel's intention is, he told me, to win another pile—and keep it, but it's coming hard. Listeners love him but so far he hasn't found a sponsor. Broadway, where in the old days he gathered many an eagle, is washed up. All that remains for him is the radio and without a sponsor he can earn only what to him is trifling. There he stands, George Jessel, one of the great comedians, looking toward middle age, and the road to a sixth fortune dim and uncertain.

So let us pass on to Ramona whose story is not nearly so sad. This happened in Cincinnati.

Smooth Hands find Station "L-O-V-E!"

San Paul Wilson's Ramona after she had sung for Leo.

"You sing well—but you're not a radio star."

Kamona's story is simple. All the days she had dreamed of singing with Whiteman and now there was a chance! But in the morning Kamona took what she had instead of what she had! She dieted, exercised—and in a year lost forty pounds! When the year was over she went again to see the maestro—and got the job!

Paul Hunsch relates that his most crucial moment was the time he arranged the first three-point broadcast in which his orchestra in Chicago accompanied singers in New York and Los Angeles.

New York engineers for a national network refused to touch it and warned the sponsor against it. Paul whined, wept and swore until at last one of the Chicago engineers agreed to help him.

Marion Harris and Adelen Stanley were the New York singers, Jeanette MacDonald sang from Los Angeles. The singers got the opening chord by head phones, then dropped them and sang without accompaniment. Every member of the orchestra was equipped with phones and they played along. It was the first time the stunt had been tried and it was a success but Paul was a wreck when it was over.

Freddie Rich reports that his worst fall from occurred when he heard that his brother, a radio musician had died of heart failure. The news came in the midst of his broadcast. Arranged for him, he went on playing the city building melobos until his time was up.

Vera Vio has soul in her singing because of the suffering she has undergone. She has seen an accident sweep away a career. She started as a dancer and was crippled by a fall that injured her pelvis. Months in the hospital followed. When she came out, she set to work on her voice. The next time you hear her you may catch a note of the pain she knew when her castle tumbled.

We could go on for a long time. There is Myrtle Vail, of Myrt and Marie, who raised chickens for sixteen years and suddenly found herself broke. But she came back when she became Myrt.

Stories of boyhood sufferings abound. David Ross used to deliver papers in a baby carriage and to avoid the scorn of his best girl he often detoured a mile. George Burns was born Birkbaum. He and his brother used to get down to the railroad yards and stuff their shirts with coal until they presented a comical aspect. The neighbors laughed and called them the Burns Brothers—the name of the famous coal dealers. The name stuck.

So it goes. We all have our own troubles, but few are blacker or bitterer than those of the radio stars, who come to you so cheerfully, so serenely over the ethereal waves.

A Special Message for You!

Read about THE LISTENERS' LEGION OF AMERICA. It will be in the June RADIO STARS.



Your hands were born to be loved and kissed! They were meant to give him a smooth soft thrill! So get that exciting lovable smoothness quickly with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream!

Hinds soothes chapping, roughness and sore cracked skin at once. Yes, it works so fast because Hinds is liquid cream. Rich in softening oils, you see. Hinds does much more than leave a

slick surface-coating that lasts only an hour. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing balms and beauty oils. It softens dry harsh skin into silky-smoothness.

Keep ugly roughness, redness and chapping away—use Hinds after housework and always at bedtime! Hinds gives such economical care—25c and 50c at your drug store, 10c at the dime store.

Hinds

Honey and Almond Cream

Confessions of a Crooner's 'Wife'

(continued from page 27)

said with an embarrassed half-boy grin, "Only, it won't be the Ritz—yet . . ."

It wasn't just a pick-up. Had wasn't that kind. I was older, sometimes. I knew then that I was making a decision that was to alter irrevocably the whole course of my life.

"It could be Childs, Dutch!" I said breathlessly. "I go out at twelve."

He was waiting for me at the elevators downstairs when I went down. I was glad I'd worn my new red velvet beret in spite of the November sleet that lashed the city.

I don't remember what we ate. It was a forty-cent special, I know, for he wouldn't let me pay my check, and I was thinking of the shine on his serge suit. By the time we had finished coffee it was just as if we had known each other all our lives. I knew all about his people up-state, and how he had worked his way through college, playing at frat dances. How, in the past year, he had got together his orchestra, and perfected his stuff, playing in summer hotels, in third-rate night clubs, all over the country. How his one driving, burning ambition was to break into radio, and make good in a big way. And now, he had his chance!

Even before I heard him broadcast I knew that he was going to make good. I knew that he wasn't just a flash in the pan. And happy as I was for him, I had to stifle an unreasonable pang when he

talked at me in a manner his glowing eyes fixed on my splendid, glittering girdle and set of teeth.

I meant a lot to him, even that first day. A girl can always tell. But he would not be later on. I knew the ins and outs of studio life, you see. I knew what increasing fan mail and record sales in the radio columns and ever-increasing popularity do to a boy on his own. And Had's young, good-looking, charming, would-be associating with important radio people. With radio stars whose fame and beauty would turn any boy's head. How could I, little Miss Shemion, compete with them?

Funny that, even on that first day, I should torment myself with thoughts like those. Or not so funny? I loved him, you see. And I knew, with the frightening prescience that love gives you, that I was going to have to share him with a jealous, demanding world.

It's funny and sweet and heart-breaking to remember those early days, locked in my heart. But I'd rather have them than every jewel he's ever given me since. Even though remembering brings tears to my eyes . . .

We were so young and so much in love. I wonder, sometimes, how differently things would have turned out if I'd said "yes" to him the night he begged me to marry him . . . But I put him off, holding us dear, our heads to my breast, winking back the tears that stung my



STYLE DICTATES
WHITE SHOES
COMMON SENSE
DICTATES . . .
PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES
WHITER



A charming sextette—we mean trio! They are the Downey sisters, songstresses with the Gus Arnheim Band, now playing at Chicago's Chez Paree. Yvonne is seventeen, Irene, nineteen, and Dolores, twenty-one.

Beautiful Eyes ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

SAYS
DOROTHY
HAMILTON
Noted Beauty
Authority
of Hollywood



eyebrows—just because nothing mattered to me but him and the brilliant future in radio that was his for the taking!

I was just a thirty-dollars-a-week hostess in Broadcast City, I told him. He was already being crooned for radio stardom. His thirteen weeks' sustaining contract was only a start. He couldn't support a wife on the modest salary he was getting. Not with his had to help out his family as he did.

"Don't tempt me, Hal, darling," I begged, half laughing, half crying. "Not when I want to marry you so dreadfully! We've got to wait for your sake. You're going places, but you're still on your way. You mustn't be saddled with a wife and responsibilities yet. Not until you're so important that it won't matter I hear times at the studio. I love Carlu and all of them think you're the biggest find in years. You're going to be the greatest star of them all! A million people are going to wait to time in on Hal Robey—but your radio fans are mostly women!"

"And you think they're going to go sun on me if they figure I'm someone or just one girl? Oh, Molly—y a precious wase!"

But I forced his arms back, got in from the chair that was just big enough for two. I couldn't think straight while he held me in his arms.

"When you do your stuff at the mike, Hal, every girl who listens to you forgets the man she's with, thinks you're singing just to her. I've got bad forebodings her knitting and her rheumatism and was herself young and lovely and beloved again. That's the sort I heart-throb you send over the air-waves, Hal! But if they knew you were just waiting to get through and come home to me . . ."

Well, I persuaded him that we'd better wait. And I did more than that. I insisted that he treat me casually here at the studio. That we keep our love a secret from everybody. I thought it was all for the best. But if I had it to do over again . . . Fanny, how your most unselfish arguments can turn into boom-crangs!

My forecast of Hal's future was borne out. It wasn't a month before he was searched to a better spot, thanks to that malleable gang of a radio-singer's popularity—rainfall! Even though he was only on a sustaining program, letters came pouring in. The booking office of Eastern Broadcasts already was setting bids for him. Hal Robey was on his way up!

The big shots in radio were taking notice of him, too. His boyish good looks, his charm, made his mark. Till never forget the first time he had to break a date with me to go to one of Queenie Shaws' parties. I'll call her Queenie Shawn, because that isn't her real name. But you probably know her on her glorious contralto voice weekly, and read about her sables, and her pent house, and her Russian wolf blood . . .

"You don't mind, do you, Molly?" Hal asked anxiously. "You know I'd rather have dinner with you!"

I put my hand over his mouth. I made myself scarce. He shouldn't be out on, but I knew better! He was talking

Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her eyes express her*. More than any other feature *your eyes express you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

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

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic. Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10 store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK OR BROWN



DEEP BROWN, BLUE GRAY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORED



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

FREDERICS 50% COOLER PERMANENT WAVE

him to marry! Oh, it was reasonable enough. . . . They were going to make him a big star—they had a publicity program that would make Hal Robey the most publicized crooner on the network.

I sat staring into space for a long minute. Minute? It seemed more like a lifetime!

"But if you'd told them you were engaged, Hal—that it wasn't fair to me—they'd have omitted that clause. You're a big radio star and they know it. You could have called their bluff," I said at last.

He looked at me in dazed bewilderment. "But, Molly—you've been the one all along who wanted to keep it dark at the studio! Why, you had this very thing in mind!"

"There wasn't any use explaining, it he didn't understand! What he said was quite true—but I had no out to want full some such big chance as this came along!"

The orchestra was playing one of his most popular numbers and we danced. But even as we danced together, our steps and our heart-beats keeping time—Oh, he did love me!—there was an abyss between us that even his earnestness and dearness couldn't bridge. And he didn't know it! That was what made me feel so lost and alone.

And then, in spite of my forced brilliant gaiety, he did guess.

"Molly . . ." he said, and stopped. His chin, with the dent in it that I loved so, thrust out. I guess that was beginning to see things straight. I don't deserve anything as lovely as love, as you. But if you think I mean to give you up—sweetheart, you're the one big thing! You're what matters—not any radio contract! Not all the fame and money in the world! Listen, I'll tear up that contract!"

"Stop it!" I told him shakily. "I love you, darling! I can wait, Hal."

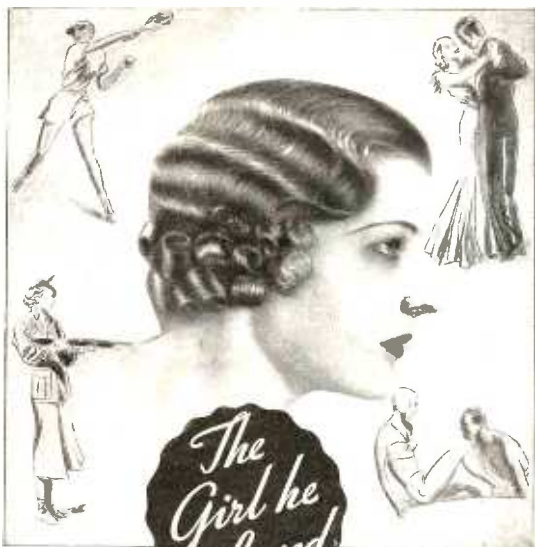
His gold-flecked hazel eyes burned into mine. "Yes?" Well, I can't! I can feel you slipping away from me right now. And if I lost you, Molly . . ." he drew a deep breath. "There wouldn't be any more Hal Robey, that's all! Maybe it's cheating, but I don't care! We're driving over the State line and getting married tonight, Molly! Secretly. No one will know about it until I can tell 'em all to go to blazes. But you'll be my wife!" And his voice was choked with earnestness.

I tried to dissuade him but it was a feeble, half-hearted attempt. I wanted him so dreadfully.

We didn't finish our chicken dinner, Hal paid the check, did some telephoning, and we left.

There isn't anything very romantic or climactic about being married in a stuffy, mission-furniture filled parlor, with a slopy woman in a dress-gown and an Irish Biddy for witnesses, but we didn't need Mendelssohn and a dimly flower-filled church to make it a wedding. The vows we took, the seal ring Hal put on my finger from his own, were enough. And his kiss, when Judge Dickson pronounced us man and wife.

That was a Saturday night. We had Sunday together in a lummy little country inn. Then came the struggle of taking up our respective lives as it we hadn't



The Girl he Loved

FLORENCE RICE
Collected Pictures

HAD A HUNDRED MOODS

OUT on the tennis court . . . basking on the sands! Always so different . . . always so adorable . . . but he didn't know it was her softly waved hair . . . glistering and tossing willfully in the breezes . . . never needing primping or dressing . . . that won his heart.

Many a girl has made her own romance . . . and "captured her man" by simply having a FREDERICS Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave. So natural, so beautiful, and so easily adaptable to every modern type of coiffure. And now, there's the new discovery that makes it possible to really enjoy this beautifying process. *It's the new . . .*

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The old fear
gone forever!



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made **periodic** pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. And the comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubtfuls should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

known paradise for a few short hours. If I had guessed what lay ahead of us in the months that followed, maybe I would have been more dubious about the deal. Anyway, I didn't want to remain in Los Angeles in the spring and summer of 1934. It hurts too much, even after these five years. For I was still just Molly Shannon, domain little hostess at Broadcast City. And Hal—Hal was going straight up the ladder to radio stardom. We had to play safe and not give studio boss a chance. But to greet him casually, one day when he came in for rehearsal, or his broadcast, to listen to all the talk about him and Queenie Shaw, or Marie Fortina, the opera star, was sheer torment.

When we were together and that wasn't so often now, for Hal's publicity manager was very much on the job and Hal had to be seen here there and everywhere with important people—my pain and loneliness died. It was enough to be in his arms to know that it was me he loved. Ah, he wanted, for whom he was building his future—at least that's what I told myself.

But it's never desirable to be too much alone. I'm no two-bit musician! He a big, proud, big being a wife who could make no claim who could only stand by and see her husband walk the heights alone—that was what made me a pain, was wasn't it the Molly Shannon that used to be.

At least I thought it was that. Until I saw a star rise. I had been toting wretchedly for weeks. But still I didn't ensue.

That night I dined dinner for Hal in his apartment. And he told me, exultantly, that the *Milk & K* six people were renewing his contract at double the salary. But he had to go out west to Los Angeles. They wanted him to broadcast from there, it seemed were Artim Hal on himself could supervise the programs. And then, at the end of the

thirteen weeks' contract—Hal blamed it. "Well be all set, sweetheart!" he said. "But I'm going to miss you!" He'll be coming five days the weeks the months—a bit longer, and get on Mr. Mid-Rose!

For I am was going around in a whirl "So will I!" I told him. "Lally." "But for a different reason, Hal. Listen darling. You've got to get around your sponsors, your manager! Don't you understand? I'm going to have a baby!"

The one thing that was clear to a spurring-herald of a world was his shocked-stricken face. I shed my eyes. He wasn't thinking of me, or of the baby.

He was just thinking of his career, his newly signed contract! His future, that one false step would destroy! He'd given his signed word not to marry—of his sponsors knew he was a married man!

He didn't go to Lake City, San Francisco, the wangle that surprised. Big night as well he could. For our marriage was still secret, as though it had been a shameful thing. And when I had to insist in my role I had to call Mrs. Harry Shannon, which meant I was being a wife to my wife.

Hal was getting on going with a woman. There wasn't anything I could say, but I'd except the security, the comradship of a husband who comes home to my nights. The heavenly feeling that I'd brought to him, I was alone.

Hal, when I had first coming to me, was supposed to be in the better. But he didn't come very far. I would have been sure some coming that recognize him, now that he was getting some publicity.

That long, hot summer was a nightmare. Only the thought of my baby kept me from this life despair. I felt during this long months what no girl bearing a child at a black night had. The very business at hand, it was—amazingly was mine. I thought, as well I have had



George Bueler and Betty Jayne those yeasty singers, in an idle moment.

platinum band on my finger, no marriage certificate locked in my trunk!

I didn't begrudge Hal the success that was his. He had earned it all. But it was desolate to sit in that dreary boarding-house lounge and listen to his broadcasts from the swanky new night-club that engaged him in September, at a dazzling figure! And to read of his popularity in the gossip columns; to know that half the debutantes in town were romantically enthralled by his voice, his personality...

I wasn't jealous of any one woman. I simply resented the conditions that kept us apart. I blamed him, unjustly enough, for breaking dates I'd looked forward to for interminable days. The booking office of Eastern Broadcasts got splendid offers for him from out-of-town theatres, on nights when he wasn't broadcasting on his weekly hour. It would have been madness to turn them down, at that stage of the game. But I wanted him. And lonely, nerve-racked, frightened of what lay ahead of me, I showed my resentment. So that our rare hours' meetings were anything but happy lovers' meetings.

October had come and gone and in a few weeks my baby would be born. Was I to go through that alone, too? I demanded of him hysterically.

His arms, his lips on my tear-stained cheek, couldn't comfort me. "Do you think I'd be away from you then?" he reassured me. "I've got everything fixed. I'm not leaving town after November fifteenth, honey. Not even for a night! Molly, you've been such a grand sport through all this—don't break down now! I swear I'll be right on deck when you need me. Do you think I could bear it, not to be?"

Oh, he meant it! I know that. But neither of us counted on my slipping on a patch of ice one frosty, early November afternoon, when I was taking the daily walk my doctor insisted upon.

It wasn't much of a fall—my fur-coat broke the shock. I came home in a taxi, pretty shaken, and laid down. Everything seemed all right, and I didn't even tell Hal about it that night, when he dropped in for a few minutes before his broadcast. He was sweeter, even more tender than usual. And when I tuned in on his hour I loved him more than ever! He had picked a new signature song a few weeks earlier. A song that he sang straight to me, not to his radio audience.

You remember *My Blue Heaven*? It wasn't terribly new then, but people still liked it.

I turned the dial, so that it would come clearer, louder, as if he were sitting beside me.

"... Just Molly and me,
And baby makes three.
In my—blue—heaven—"

The next morning he had to go to Baltimore, for a matinee performance. And that, ironically enough, was the last out-of-town date he had let the booking office arrange for him. So when, just after lunch, I found myself gripping the banisters on my way up to my room in a sudden, breath-taking onslaught of agony, he wasn't within reach!

I got upstairs somehow, and rang for the colored maid. Out of a dreadful haze of pain I remembered the doctor's coming.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

—yet 8 out of 10 don't

EVERY woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than the wrong powder, crudely put on. Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don't. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—its stratified (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered*, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed. 50c and \$1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our Fair-tone Mello-glo (heavy in gold box with white edge).



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VOGUE
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The first and only book on powdering, entitled "The New Vogue in Powdering." It shows how to look your best. The Beauty Editor of *Vogue* calls it, "An utterly new technique of powdering called Mello-glo Modeling." How to attain the complexion effect all men adore. How to accent or reduce the nose or chin, etc. How to mold your face. You can become the mistress of the fine art of proper powdering. Merely mail coupon for free book.

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For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you want:
 Ivory Flesh Pink Natural Rashed Brown-Blue



Do You SHUN
A Cloze up
WHENEVER YOU CAN—
CONSCIOUS OF
THOSE LITTLE SKIN BLEMISHES
YOU COULD NOT CONCEAL?

YOU can avoid much of this embarrassment, if you will help nature heal these surface defects instead of trying to cover them up.

Your skin is sick when it is broken out and irritated from clogged, sluggish pores or blackheads or perhaps some temporary internal disturbance. It needs external medication—not beautifiers—to aid in relieving the disorder and promoting the return of natural loveliness.

The special medication in Resinol ointment makes it particularly effective for such cases. It is so gentle, so soothing, so beneficial in its action that doctors and nurses have been using and recommending it for nearly forty years in the treatment of sick skins. Almost as soon as Resinol is applied, the soreness is relieved, and in a short time the irritated spots begin to improve. It does not smart or sting and is kind to the tenderest skin.

Resinol Soap as an Aid

Bathing the skin first with the lightly medicated, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap, quickens the pleasing effect of the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them today—use them when you have sick skin—then see the improvement. For a convincing free sample of each write to

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to quickly relieve skin
irritations generally, red-
ness, eczema, chafing,
washes, burns, chafing,
cuts and scratches.



Resinol
Ointment and Soap

I remembered the swift trip to the hospital. And then I didn't remember much more. I was terribly ill. I kept calling for Hal. I can still hear my voice ringing out in that white tiled room. And then, a blessed oblivion of anesthesia.

When I awoke back to life again, it was like waking up in heaven. Hal was there beside my bed holding my bloodless hands. And through the stricken mask of his white face he smiled. I pinched his cheek and it was wet.

"Why, Hal," I said drowsily. "Darling—you're crying! I'm all right, and we've got a lovely baby. Silly . . ." I began to remember things. "Hal, I'm so sorry. I must have given everything away—I wanted you so . . ."

"Everything's all right, sweet," he said, choking. "I've got you! And we don't have to pretend any more. They know all about it now at the studio. Hal Foley, married, is just as big a draw as Hal Foley, single. Why, they'll even make special publicity out of the story on our secret marriage!"

There was something wrong with the lightness in his voice. His eyes were still wet.

"Wonderful . . ." I murmured. "And now—make them bring me the baby. Before you have to go!" I remembered, even then, that he was in colloquial that night.

The dreadful silence ought to have told me. But it was the nurse's soothing, "You must rest awhile, Mrs. Foley," that sent pain through me.

"My baby?" I said a little. "I want him. What—what's the matter?"

Then they told me. He was a beautiful little boy. Also, poor little Hal. But he only lived an hour.

I was wild with grief. So frantic so

hysterical they had to give me a sedative, and send Hal away. The sedative only subdued me, sent me into a fantastic borderland of grief for a little while. Hours later I crawled to the stairs or music I must, from the next room. Radio music. I didn't have a look at my bedside clock. It was five thirty. Five o'clock. Hal was smiling.

*"Just Molly and me,
and my baby's there,
In my blue heaven . . ."*

I think his voice broke on the last sentimental note. I know my heart did.

I didn't get my strength back for a long time. The will to take up life again seemed to have gone out of me. All Hal's respectful tenderness, couldn't arouse me from my collapse of grief.

I should have known that I could. We had comforted each other, more over, in length of time. Most men can't. And I saw me pale and weak and helpless. I can remember what he had put in through a tube, a terrible pain in my eyes. I was so weak the tears came all too easily, and I was afraid of the babies crying in the nursery, of heart-broken babies being wheeled past my door, nearly killed me.

He was sympathetic, patient. But he couldn't seem to understand my ritual, abiding hunger for the baby I'd never even held in my arms.

So when he told me that his sponsors insisted on his going to Lake City in the renewal of the contract, and he had to bring from there, I was actually relieved. "And oh, Hal's, were you?"

I was to pin him as soon as I was able to travel. He would not, a business



Here he is, your own part of the Household Hour of Musical Memories, practising a few shots on his lawn. He enjoys the old Scottish pastime.

apartment for us, overlooking the lake. We would have a glorious winter on there, sharing the fruits of his success.

I should have made a show of enthusiasm at his eager planning of our life together. I realize that now. But if Hal was wrapped up in his success, his glamorous future, I was equally absorbed in my own misery.

The turning point of our lives was the night when he took the plane to Lake City. I held our happiness in my two hands. It wasn't Hal Robey, complacent king of crooners, who held me in his arms trying to comfort me. It was a bewildered, barely-boy-husband.

"I know you blame me, Molly, for everything," he said shakily. "I know how you feel about the baby. . . ."

"You never have known. . . . You never will." I turned my face away. "Don't talk about it, Hal."

"I'll make it up to you, sweetheart," he promised. "There's nothing in the world I won't be able to give you soon. We're going places, Molly, you and I."

For a moment I almost hated him! How could he think to make up with material things for the death of my baby? My baby, who might have been sleeping, safely, warm and soft and alive, in the nursery down the hall—if it hadn't been for his selfishness, his blind, driving ambition!

"You can't give me anything I want!" I told him wildly. "It's too late now!"

He released my unresponsive hands, bent his fair head over his cigarette lighter. Remembered where he was, and flicked off the flame. He stared at the wick gadget for a long time.

"Okay, Molly," he said at last. "I can take it—but you're getting pretty expert at dishing it out. I guess it's a good thing I've got plenty of hard work ahead of me. There doesn't seem to be much else. . . ."

He kissed me, gently, as he might have kissed a spoiled child. If I had drawn his head down to mine, told him I didn't mean it, told him that we still loved and needed each other—but I didn't.

"I've got to go, Molly. I can't miss that plane. Maybe you'll feel differently when you come out to Lake City, honey. Maybe we can get off to a fresh start."

"Wine out this past year?" I flung an arm over my eyes. "Oh, no, Hal! You can't turn back the clock!"

I was so young and blind. So wrong. If two people want anything earnestly enough, they can get it. But I didn't believe it then, and so I let him go.

The door closed after him; I heard his footsteps receding down the dim-lit corridor. And a wild tide of loss and loneliness engulfed me. I sobbed out his name, but he couldn't hear me.

I think, for a minute, I had an uncanny glimpse into the future. Our future, his and mine. But it frightened me. I could only see ahead a long, lonely road. . . .

END OF PART ONE

(To be concluded in the June issue of Radio Stars.)

It was a long road—a road set with traps and pitfalls and tragic dangers. Don't miss the concluding installment of this story, with its sensational climax.

Healthy mouths now come in packages labelled Dentyne



A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH

The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs—the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO—

Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

RADIO STARS

sales-girls, to learn methods of reducing, to learn subtleties of dress, to develop that feminine sense of competition which forces girls to look their best. Here she started out to play the role of the girl she had dreamed she would be, a gay, quick girl with a ready smile, warm in her approach to people, and not stupidly standoffish any more.

Her firm was so pleased with the orders she wrote in her book that they offered to send her to another city to study the corset business in a big factory, promising her a better job when she returned.

Here was Helen's first big opportunity. However she turned it down to take a position which was offered her in a music store. It didn't have the promise the other job had but it meant a contact with music. And to Helen music had become synonymous with happiness. Singing, she never had been a self-conscious little fat girl but a Voice. A Voice lovely and liquid and clear, hearing which the warm admiration for which she hungered had crept into peoples' eyes and the praise for which she was starved had rushed to their lips.

The next year auto-moblie manufacturers held their convention in Akron. And Helen sang at many of their luncheons and dinners. In costume, the way she long had dreamed of herself entertaining. When her song was of Spain, of scented patios and highly grilled windows she had tied a black shawl, bright with red roses, about her head and there had been ribbons flying from her costaners. And if she sang a sylvan song she had been demure as a porcelain shepherdess with crook and straw

bonnet. While her lovely young golden head had tilted to the music and happiness had shaken bells in her voice.

Lonely days were behind Helen now. If the boys of Akron had had their way she would have been left no time for any more dreaming or for transforming her dreams into realities. But now their enthusiasm and their bids for dates and their flattery didn't mean what it once would have meant. She went out and had good times but not for one single second did she lose sight of the far and beckoning horizon. The gaiety they offered her now could not compete with the visions all those lonely years had fostered.

That very summer, in fact, Helen left Akron to visit her aunt in Chautauqua, New York. In spite of the fact that one of the most attractive and wealthiest young men of the city had asked her to marry him.

"I can't, darling!" Now Helen could be easy and friendly and understanding with the boys, too. "I can't. You see I have to sing . . . This isn't any whim with me. Believe that. It's something I've thought about and dreamed and planned for . . . oh, ages and ages! If I didn't, I'd be untrue to myself!"

"That boy did try to understand. He loved her enough for that. And I happen to know that although he has been married now for several years he never has forgotten her."

It was during Helen's first summer at Chautauqua, the summer before she met George Postell, that Horatio Cornell heard her sing and suggested that she try

for a scholarship at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

"I promise nothing," he told her as she stood before him, hope lighting little fires in her eyes. "I promise nothing, my dear, but I do think you have a most excellent chance."

That was enough for Helen. Her father and stepmother and her younger sister thought she was a little mad, in September, when they discovered that she had returned to Akron only long enough to see all of them and get her winter wardrobe in shape before turning east again towards Philadelphia.

"But," her father protested, "you've only seventy-five dollars left. Your railroad fare will take most of that. And even if you should win the scholarship you'd have to live and it's not much I can send you."

"It does seem mad, I grant that," Helen admitted, "but I have to go." And then she told her father what she had told her beau. "You see, this means a chance to accomplish something I've thought about for years. If I didn't as I'd be untrue to myself."

In that hour, looking into his daughter's grave eyes, listening to the determination in her voice, surely Mr. Jepson realized that those who live in the house with us, those we hold closest, those who are of our own flesh and blood, can be utter strangers to us, too.

For during the last few years, at any rate, Mr. Jepson had had reason to think Helen frivolous and gay, pre-occupied with pretty clothes and with new ways of doing her bright hair. And so she had been

Amazingly Mild with

NEW KIND of Mildness

Call for

PHILIP MORRIS

HEAR JOHNNIE IN PERSON
Five to Twelve Nights
RADIO'S SMARTEST MUSICAL SHOW

America's
Finest 15¢ Cigarette



Call for
PHILIP MORRIS



*Pretty on the
TABLE...
and grand for
BAKING in the
OVEN*

YES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handed casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand even heat.

So bake in them . . . pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in a Five, Ten or Dollar Store, look over OvenServe dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT MOST 5.—10.—AND
\$1.00 STORES

Put the table thing and deal with her manager.

She won't let her help. Naturally. A very like Helen helped her when she was in the world, and she's the way when she's in the world.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

And she's in the world, and she's the way when she's in the world.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.

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Helen's help was a help. The Institute of the French Oven was a help.



Manhattan Merry-go-round and Heart Throbs of the Hills both feature the wistful tenor voice of Frank Luther, in many a charming song.

The Inside Story of Seth Parker's Shipwreck

(Continued from page 23)



Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON ?

Not in it about it... it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder can't stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids. For each of these preparations is made with a base of pure olive oil... an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to stay on longer.

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aid does more than merely beautify your complexion. They protect it, too! Outdoor Girl Face Powder guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is light and airy in texture. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. Make your complexion come alive with youthful coloring and beauty.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette or tawny-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of Outdoor Girl Face Powder you choose, you will find an Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick of the same tonal quality... to blend with your own complexion and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, INC., P. O.
Wills Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclose the coupon and our liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light Medium Dark

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But Phil hadn't resisted the expense. One was the unusually cautious entertainer who had earned his money with his "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's" programs. There was Phil Lord, adventurer!

But to his critics it made little difference. They began their stories from the moment he bought the ship. "I'm going to answer their assertions with the facts as I have been able to determine them."

First, was the schooner seaworthy? The vessel, formerly named the *Georgie*, was built in 1918 and created in the Australian wood trade. Sixteen years isn't very old for such a vessel.

Was she too unsafe to be insured for the projected voyage? The inspector who boarded the ship to determine whether or not the broadcasting company's equipment could be insured, came, apparently, at an inopportune time. Many visitors aboard were smoking and several stoves in the interior were going full blast. "Fire hazard," reported the inspector.

Hence the rumors flitting about the radio world that Lord was putting to sea in an unseaworthy ship. Facts seem to indicate otherwise. Lloyd's of London offered to insure her at a rate lower than usually was demanded in such cases. The deal was almost closed when Lord recalled that the fire hazard record, though the stoves had been taken out and there no longer were visitors had never been cleared. If she were insured, then damaged by fire with this black mark against her, he might not be able to collect. And a Lloyd's inspector was not available to change this record before he put to sea.

Was Lord competent to command the vessel? Was he worthy of the trust placed in him by the parents of the seven boys who had signed on with him? The youngsters, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty, had asked him for jobs when they had come to the vessel as visitors. Should he have accepted the responsibility?

Lord had sailed a good deal as an amateur sportsman. But to make certain that all would be in competent hands, he took along Captain Constant Link, skipper of the *Seth Parker* before Phil bought it, and former navigator in the Imperial Russian Navy. In all his thirty-one years at sea Link hadn't lost a ship.

Why no one had seemed able to dispel all these rumors is hard to understand. It was worse when Phil reached the West Indies. Stories of wild drinking parties aboard the ship, as she cruised these waters, were handed about. Though I've determined to my own satisfaction that they originated with a disgruntled former member of the expedition, the world in general never knew this.

Soon afterward the American Consul at Jamaica protested to Washington over Lord's failure to report to him when he dropped anchor there. There was no necessity for Lord to report to him, since

the *Seth Parker* was not a commercial vessel, but before the consul had realized this he was burning the wires with cables to the State Department. A greatly exaggerated story, charging misconduct on Lord's part, reached the ears of the network friends. One of them spoke by the apparent seriousness of the situation, boarded a plane and sped to Jamaica.

When the official returned gossip said that he was furious with Lord that the expedition as far as the broadcasting company was concerned, was all washed up. I know this is untrue. Actually he congratulated Lord of any wrongdoing and was eager that the broadcast continue.

After that I looked for a time as though Phil were going to have pretty smooth sailing for the adventure lands of which he'd dreamed. Then in the Galapagos Islands, on the equator off the coast of Ecuador, he ran into one of the most romantic adventure stories of the century.

You probably have read about it in the papers. Lord was instrumental in helping to solve the strange mystery of the islands. The first making of it had come to the outer world when a tiny fishing schooner reported the discovery of two decomposed human bodies on the shore of lonely Marchena Island.

The link colony on nearby Charles Island was a strange one. It had been started by Dr. Karl Ritter and Frau Dora Kocovyn who had come there from Germany to find Utopian freedom. Later a Mr. and Mrs. Wittmer had arrived for the same purpose. And lastly had come the self-styled Baroness Elise Bosquet de Wagner Wehrborn with her companions, Alrod Lorenz and Rudolph Phillipson. The only other resident of the island was one Njungeard, a Norwegian who crewed a small fishing vessel.

Lorenz had had several bitter rows with the Baronesse and one day he reported to the Wittmers that she and Phillipson had gone away in an American yacht. That was the last ever heard of the Baroness, Phillipson or Lorenz alive. And that was the situation in the colony when the *Seth Parker* dropped anchor off the island.

Phil invited the Wittmers to dinner aboard the schooner. It was touching to see Mrs. Wittmer when she caught sight of the piano in the after cabin. It was the first she had seen in five years. She wept as she played.

Soon afterward the *Seth Parker* sailed away. A few days later news came to the outer world of the discovery of the bodies on Marchena Island. Near one of the bodies lay some baby clothing. A child had been born to Mrs. Wittmer on Charles Island and the newspapers concluded that the body was that of the mother.

In a broadcast from the schooner, Lord denied the possibility, since the Wittmers had been his guests within the week.

He proved to be right, for at the next port of call he received letters from Mrs. Wittmer showing she was alive and well.

These three all fit the third chapter to the farthest story. Dr. Ritter had died from eating poisoned meat.

From what Lord disclosed many have concluded that Lorenz murdered the Baroness and Phillipson disposed of their bodies and sailed with Nougrenod to the mainland of Farad taking with him baby clothing Mrs. Wynter had given him to use as samples for the purchase of more. On their way a storm apparently drove them on to Marenna Island where there was no water, and they died of thirst.

More adventure lay ahead of Lord—heartbreaking adventure. He had been worried for several weeks. His funds had been dwindling rapidly and any mishap would mean the end of his expedition.

That Thursday night when the barometer began to drop and the seas to mount, he felt apprehensive. About midnight the lightning struck savagely, and the ship heeled down hard. Water cascaded down the companionway.

"All hands!" he shouted. "Down all sails! Double reef main!"

The decks slipped and staggered across the decks, struggling for footing as they heeled to the left and right. Three hours they fought and the cargo was broken over the decks by the wet canvas caught the wind.

At midnight Friday night eyes red from sleeplessness, Phil braced himself in the doorway of the radio room. "Find out what slips are not enough to come to my assistance, Steve!" he ordered.

"But is she, Phil?" demanded the radio partner.

"Waters, I don't know! Winds, hurricane force! Barometer's still dropping. We can't see ahead to heave to and hold her now. If these seas get any worse we're going to see clean over."

Steve's hand trembled for the key. After a few minutes he looked up at Lord. "British river," the Duke of Monmouth declared. "The gumbel and fire rades are about being lost at twenty-two knots."

Phil's eyes were staring as he caught a glimpse of the water spray gleaming on his bank. He felt he had slept the truth at the deck to an end of a long crew. The sailor was not heavily enough ballasted. He knew that a big enough wave would capsize her. He ran his hands across his eyes, trying to get a glimpse at the horrible sight that lay just ahead of him, beneath the capstern.

"The ship is going to be lost," Lord said, his eyes staring at the child's face. "The ship is going to be lost," he said again. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a third time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a fourth time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a fifth time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a sixth time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a seventh time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said an eighth time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a ninth time. "The ship is going to be lost," he said a tenth time.

But hardly was the *Instaba* bill down over the horizon than the barometer began dropping again. He tried then and could not get it to hold when but a few minutes later the ship was again heeled to the right. The wind was now from the north. The sea was now a choppy sea. The ship was now a choppy sea.

But hardly was the *Instaba* bill down over the horizon than the barometer began dropping again. He tried then and could not get it to hold when but a few minutes later the ship was again heeled to the right. The wind was now from the north. The sea was now a choppy sea. The ship was now a choppy sea.

"I HEARD HER SAY---"
 "MY COUSIN OUT WEST---"
 "YOU NEVER KNOW---



Pay no attention to them .. get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *real* sense.

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite*? This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And it is far more powerful than *any* other solution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like *Zonite* could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous *Zonite*—now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and *Zonite* is safe.

Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, *Zonite* is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called *Zonite Suppositories* and your druggist has these for sale, at \$1.00 for a box of a dozen. *Zonite Suppositories* are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



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 Please send me free copy of the booklet of booklets checked below.

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 Address _____
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Glorifies
THE HAIR!



Nestle
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• For those sleek effects so much in vogue right now, your hair must be uniformly colorful, soft and pliant, with a subtle lustre. Dull, faded, harsh hair simply will not respond to these new, modish hair dressings.

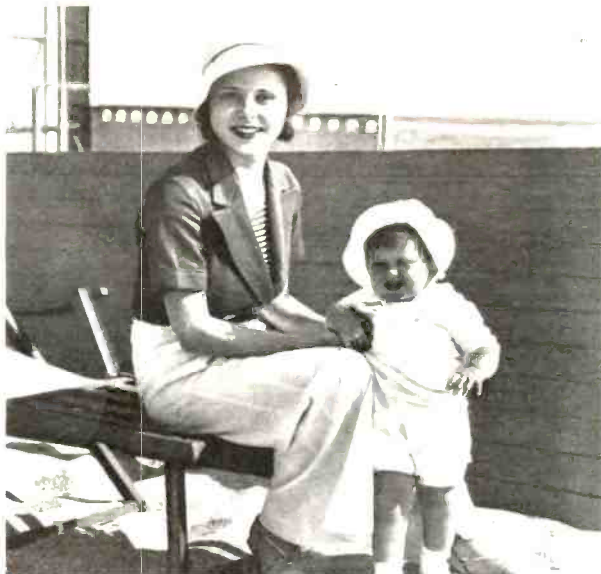
But don't worry about it. Just put Colorinse in the shampoo wash. Use as much as you want to... it's harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach, and you have 10 lovely shades to choose from. The instant result will delight you, for your hair will glow with renewed youthful color and glamour... that "Sheen of Youth" you never want to lose.

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

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



"Little Miss Muffet", as Phil Baker fondly calls his baby, Margot Elinor Baker, enjoys the Florida sunshine with her mother, the former Peggy Cartwright—but both miss Daddy Phil, busily broadcasting in New York

her hold, began rolling more terrifyingly than ever.

Each minute that passed, Phil prayed that the gale would lessen. Late Sunday afternoon he knew he could hold off no longer. The message he flashed to the *Australia* by now far away again, only hinted at the despair in his heart.

"Feel humiliated to come to you after subsiding seas, but could not take force. Raging ahead again. Trying to retreat from sending distress signals, but fear only a matter of hours."

A few moments later the hurricane was lashing the ship again with its full fury. Phil ordered the *SON* sent.

And back in New York they were laughing. They laughed because they had listened to the re-broadcast of his talk over a network late Saturday night, in which he told the story of the storm up to then. It struck them as impossible that he would broadcast from a ship in distress. They were smugly certain he was hoaxing them. One newspaper headline chortled thus: "Seth Parker hero, says Seth Parker."

Daylight revealed the *Australia* hove to near by. Messages snapped back and forth between the pitching vessels and a short time later a boatload of British tars was fighting its way toward the sailing ship. Ten of the *Seth Parker* crew, wearing life belts, clung to the rail. The colors among them looked appallingly at Lord. He shook his head. All wanted to stay.

"Boys," he said, "I can't leave the ship. My fortune is sunk in her. Sweeny can't leave. He's responsible for thousands of

dollars worth of broadcasting equipment. Captain Flink is staying. I'm responsible for you, so I'm going to let only two of you stay. The rest of you have drawn lots and lost. That's all."

The British lifeboat was holding off some forty feet from the schooner, not daring to come closer for fear of being crushed against her side. Phil bit his lip as the first lad jumped into the sea and began swimming toward the lifeboat. Not until the last of those going had been taken safely back to the *Australia* did he relax his grip on the stanchion.

Two days later Phil stood on the quiet decks of his forlorn vessel. The storm had passed. The cruiser had long since left with the bulk of his crew. He looked ahead at the U. S. Navy tug that had arrived and was towing him ignominiously to Samoa. He glanced at the sheet of paper in his hand on which was written the farewell message from the Captain of the *Australia*. Word had come to him of the skepticism of the outer world. But even this message was of little comfort.

"I realize what you have been through," it read, "and am satisfied that there never has been any question you called on me unnecessarily. Goodbye and good luck."

Phil's gaze wandered over his wrecked vessel. Nothing to do but sell her now. Get what he could out of her. Then go home and start all over again.

He crumpled the message and tossed it into the water, watching it float astern until it was a tiny speck in the distance. Then it disappeared. His dream was gone.

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

then don't gamble with your body

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-globin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-globin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone... if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the sprout today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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I'm Glad My Wife Divorced Me

(Continued from page 32)

integral part of it all. And he adored it.

As for love, he was the world's prize cynic. "Bending love on Broadway," he said, "is just like eating ice-cream and pickles. It's simple enough to do, but it's pretty tough to hold." As for me, I'm not making a sip of myself over any doll. I know when I'm well off."

And then this man-of-the-world, this prize skeptic, met Gladys Glad. It happened this way. One day his paper assigned him to handle a contest to choose the most beautiful showgirl in the world. There he met Gladys Glad, the winner. With her tall and willowy figure, her pensive eyes fringed with incredibly long lashes, her skin like sun-kissed peaches, and her wavy honey-colored hair, the contest was a pushover for her.

And so was Mark. The moment he laid eyes on her his cynicism dropped away from him like a cloak. He followed her about like a moon-struck calf and begged and pleaded for dates. Night after night he climbed six flights to the walkup Bronx apartment in which she lived with her family. You have to be pretty much in love to do that.

At first Gladys couldn't see Hellinger at all. What, marry a newspaperman, when she had the whole world at her feet?

But Hellinger swept her off her feet before she realized what was happening. His laughter, his gaiety, his companionship soon meant more to her than all the orchids sent her by millionaires. So she married him.

They sailed on a glorious honeymoon cruise to California and spent most of their time looking into each other's eyes. And when they came back it was pretty obvious that these two kids were madly in love with each other.

Many times rapacious young couples along Broadway had said to Mark: "You're a pretty cynical young man, Hellinger. And we suppose you have a right to be. Most Broadway marriages wind up nowhere. But ours will be different. We understand things, and we understand each other. We may be kids, but we're not babies."

And Mark always had laughed at them. He had heard the same line so often? Yet now he himself was thinking: "Of course most Broadway marriages fail. But Gladys and I are different. We know Broadway for what it is, and we understand each other."

For a time it looked as if he were right. At the beginning things went beautifully. Night after night you'd see handsome, carefree young Mark Hellinger, proud as a peacock, in his accustomed Broadway haunts. Clinging to his arm was his lovely, glamorous bride, Gladys Glad.

Mark certainly thought that his child-bride was a swell girl. "She's Mahatma Gandhi, she's the top," he would have sung if the song had been written then. Why, when he was ill for seven weeks, she resigned from the cast of "Whoopee," and insisted on being with him day and night. Early in the morning she'd appear at the

hospital, and remain till the nurses sent her out, just before midnight.

Yes, they were Broadway's ideal couple. The Main Stem never had seen such devotion.

Every marriage along Broadway is dead for the first few months, and then things usually go awry. So Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad discovered.

Mark was absorbed in his work. Amputation drove him on, drove him into the haunts of racketeers, into dim, smoke-filled speakeasies, wherever he might get a startling bit of news for his column. And Gladys grew sick of the whole business, tired of accompanying him on these excursions. She had had enough of Broadway night-life during her three years as a showgirl.

"Why can't you stay home a couple of nights a week, honey?" she asked Mark. "Let's live like regular folks do. Can't you gather enough material in one night for two columns?"

"You don't understand, Beautiful," Mark told her. "I've got to keep in circulation along Broadway night after night." And then he used the abbi that men have been using for ages, "I'm doing it all for your sake, sweet. I want to make enough money so that I can give you everything in the world you want, the lovely clothes you should have to set off your beauty."

But Gladys wasn't interested in alibis. She was homesome, tired of attending movies three nights a week by herself, of going alone to visit friends because Mark was too busy to come with her. She was accustomed to plenty of attention, to men rushing to do her slightest bidding. And here she was, neglected and hurt.

What could she do with her time? She had given up show business for Mark, and the apartment they had, with maids to wait upon her, certainly didn't keep her busy.

So soon there was a series of petty, silly quarrels. They argued about everything and nothing. They quarreled because Gladys wanted to take up horseback riding to while away time and Mark told her she mustn't, that she might injure her lovely face or figure by a fall. They bickered because Gladys wanted Mark to come home early at night, and he would promise to do so, only to forget his promise while he chatted with some speakeasy patron or night club habitue. They quarreled because Mark was crazy about his wife and afraid that some day she would get tired of the life they were leading and go out with some other man. They quarreled because Mark insisted Gladys take too long in dolling up!

In other words, they were two inexperienced youngsters, and the discipline of marriage, the problem of making a success of it was more than they had bargained for.

Of course, there were reconciliations, but gradually the breach widened between them. An ulcer recurrent of unrest spread. His feeling grew to bewilderment, hers to bitterness. "There's no understanding a woman," he would say, and shrug his shoulders helplessly and shake his head.

They might still be living together in this unsatisfactory manner, might never have got the divorce. Mark considers such a blessing, had not a somewhat important moment occurred. Gladys' lovelessness was their life together.

One night Mark had promised to come home early. It was a special anniversary for them and Gladys had begged him to spend the evening with her. Ten o'clock came, no Mark. Eleven o'clock, still no Mark. Twelve o'clock, Mark hadn't phoned. From annoyance at his thoughtlessness, she became fearful. What if something had happened to him? What if he had been run over? What if he had drunk some poisoned liquor in a questionable speakeasy?

"Oh, if I only knew where to phone," she thought. But she might just as well pick up the phone book and call any number at random as to try to locate her popular young mate, who was welcome in every night club or speakeasy and at every party in town. No, she could do nothing but wait.

And wait she did. Till two o'clock in the morning, when the doorbell rang, and in walked Mark, happy and laughing, with Legs Diamond's chauffeur. Diamond then was in New York. And Mark had met Diamond and Diamond's girl friend, Kiki Roberts in a speakeasy and had forgotten all about his date at home. To be sure he had had a half dozen times, "But I've got to get home now."

"No, you're staying right here," Diamond insisted. "I got some more news to tell you. Besides, you're my buddy, and I won't let you go home alone. You've had too many brandies. My chauffeur's gonna take you home in my bus. You've got to wait until he comes for me, or I then I'll go home with him."

When Mark did arrive at home he found Gladys frantic with worry. And when she realized that there had been nothing to worry about, she was furious.

Soon afterwards she announced to the startled Mark: "I've had enough. We evidently don't speak the same language. Let's call quits."

Like a bubble that has been pricked, Mark Hellingner's private little world collapsed. Although he had been aware that something was wrong with his home life, it never had occurred to him that he was making Gladys so miserable that she could not live with him. Ever-ready's white-haired boy, unsatisfactory. But if she wanted a divorce, he would not stand in her way. She got it quickly.

They still might be divorced, they still might be cutting out their hearts for each other, too proud to admit their mistakes, had not Mark's paper sent him on a ten-months' trip around the world to write a series on "Broadways of the World." Hellingner saw the seven wonders of the world, he stood on top of the heaven-reaching Himalayas; he visited the majestic Taj Mahal; he played along the sun-kissed, twinkling shores of the Mediterranean; went to far-off Bali, the ever-fertile land of peace and plenty. He met all kinds of girls, from the shoe-eyed geisha girls of Japan to sweet young convent-bred lassies. And not one interested him.

Every waking hour he spent thinking of Gladys. Thinking of what a fool he had been. What a perfect flop, as a husband,



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he, Mr. Know-it-all, had made! Of course he could have spent a little more time at home, could have been a little more careful. Of course he could have branched out and written movies and books, so that his work hours would be more normal. Sadly he realized all that now.

And then began one of the strangest courtships ever known. By mail. By wire. By phone. Now he made no secret of his love for his ex-wife. And when he came back two years ago, his mind was made up. If Gladys would give him an other chance, he would behave forever.

Sometimes things do turn out right in this world. Gladys, who still was deeply in love with him, gave him another chance. They were remarried four years to the day after their first marriage. And for luck Gladys wore a simple yellow sports-frock, the same color as was her dress on the day they first met.

Since their second marriage, Mark Hellinger has done some of his finest work. His movie, "Broadway Bill," is a hit, as

is his latest book, "The Ten Million." Gladys syndicates a beauty column to five hundred newspapers in the country and with are favorites on the air. And Hellinger has found out that he doesn't have to step out every night in the week to gather material for his column. Bad boy Mark has become a very good boy indeed.

That's why he says today: "You know, there comes a time in every married couple's life when they feel they would be better off apart. For tonight is hurriedly pushed back into a private chamber to be taken out and polished frequently by every petty irritation, in time it becomes an obsession and blights the whole marriage relationship."

"We brought our grievances out into the open and laid the ghost, once and for all. Yes, I'm glad we were divorced!"

See Wednesday's Program section for 8:00 P. M., P. S. T., for complete station list.



"There are no 'ifs' and 'buts' about it in this house!" declares Sade (Bernardine Flynn), of Vic and Sade. When Vic (Art Van Harvey) spills an ashtray on the floor, it's up to him and the dustpan! Young Rush (Billy Idelson) tries to smother his bubbling mirth as Vic mutters vain protest!

Kilocycle Quiz

Continued from page 74

(Here are the Kilocycle Quiz Answers. Check with these for the correct answers.)

1. Rosemary and Priscilla Lane
2. Tony Wells
3. Charlie Marshall
4. Warren Hull, who is on these programs: Gibson Family, Vicks Open House, Phillip Morris, Log Cabin Syrup, Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight, and General Food Kitchen of the Air
5. Helen Jensen
6. Ray Noble
7. \$1,783,800
8. Pat, who is 17
9. Paul Spitalny and his all-girl vocal and instrumental ensemble
10. Bernadine Flynn and Art Van Harvey, better known as Art and Sade
11. Lark Pilon
12. Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat
13. Jack Smart
14. Forty-two
15. Burgess Meredith
16. Yes
17. January
18. California. Her voice represented Jenny Lind in the picture "The Mighty Bambi"

Here Are the Answers

Continued from page 84

in active part in furnishing the broadcast entertainment, they will be permitted to give their names?

Snoop: Well, I miss them, anyhow. Peep, I can't help believing Jack Arnold is really married to either Myrt or Marge. Is he?

Peep: Don't believe everything you hear on the air. He's not married to either.

Snoop: Well how about Betty and Bob? Are they actually married to each other?

Peep: Oh, my gracious, no! You old matchmaker! Don't you ever read Uncle's column? He's said about a hundred times they aren't. Goodness, everyone's leaving. I guess they had their question over while we stood here gossiping!

Heard in Passing

Questioned recently as to his antecedents, Cliff Soubier leading man of "The First Nighter" and spokesman of the Sineclair Greater Minstrels, admitted that his name really wasn't Soubier—it's Sourber. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and insists that they had neighbors named Staleale and Bitterwine! Well, well! Not three-point-two, either, we'll wager!

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Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

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BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of gritty—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mit the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard!		FREE
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2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.		
I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.		
NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY		
STATE		
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.		

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Hal Kemp's Untold Romance

(Continued from page 47)

clasped his hand tightly and led him to the balcony. Her face looked leveler to Hal with the moon for a spotlight. For a moment all was quiet. Fifty years ago, had this scene occurred, Betsy would be gowned in flowing ermine. The aroma of magnolias would have wafted through the sweet night air. Instead cigarette smoke permeated the atmosphere. Inside, the band was playing a waltz.

Then Betsy spoke. "You may think me foolish, but I couldn't take my eyes from you all night!"

Hal's heart beat like a metronome. This was his girl! It was too late now for overtures. Hal took her in his arms. How it all happened or why, neither of them knew, or cared.

Love needs no explanations. When Hal released her, his eyes focused upon a husky, metropolitanly attired young man. He was Robert Strange, Betsy's escort.

That was how Hal Kemp met Betsy Slaughter. He didn't even know her name then. But before that night had ended he found out more than that. She was the daughter of a distinguished family. She was supposed to be engaged to Strange, heir to millions made on muddy Texas acres. Oil wells sprouted like mushrooms all over the state. Betsy's family counted on this union. But love bit its glamorous head that night in the person of Hal Kemp. After which any plans made by the Slaughter family could be tossed to the winds.

"We met every day after that," Hal recounted bitterly. "Behind potted palms, in public places or during intermissions. It wasn't easy. Each night she would come to the hotel with strange. His face was wreathed in smiles. And poor me, I was helpless, waging a damned stock."

Finally Hal could stand this secrecy no longer. He told Betsy so. "Darling, I can't stand this arrangement any longer. I'm sick of hiding with you. I want to come out in the open. Let me tell your mother we're in love."

Betsy was timid. She knew her mother's plans concerning her and Robert Strange. They were discussed daily over the dinner-table. But Hal was persistent, and the next day he called upon Mrs. Slaughter.

"No, you can't marry my daughter!" The words stung Hal's ears. His face turned crimson. Before the proud, white-haired woman had spoken, his eyes had shone expectantly. Now they dimmed.

There was nothing he could say that mattered. Her chill words and emphatic refusal cooled the interview.

When Hal told Betsy that evening what her mother had said, the color fled from her cheeks. Her eyes, that had sparkled so brilliantly the day before, grew sad.

"Hal," she murmured handily, "It's no use. I can't let mother down. Bob came to the house after you left. He proposed to me—and I accepted."

She went on speaking, but Hal turned away. His plans had crumbled tragically. Even Betsy had walked out on him! She was saying something about trying to for-

get. But he couldn't hear her's other voice. His head throbbed like the beat of a dozen hammers.

When he stumbled back to his hotel room his heart was sore. So she was like the rest of those southern aristocrats—too weak to fight for what she wanted! He had had enough. He started to pack his bags. He never wanted to see Betsy Slaughter or Houston, Texas, again!

London. Thick fog. Top hats. A Big Ben. Red-pink tuxes rolled across city pavements to city sidewalks. London, mecca of its aristocrats and maestro of society. In these city, carefree surroundings, Hal Kemp sought to forget.

Overnight his hand became the talk of the British capital. It even was rumored that the Prince of Wales might come to hear this new American sensation.

In the afternoons Hal would wind his way through the strand, Mayfair, Bond Street, Berkeley Square, across Waterloo Bridge. But the historic charms of the ancient city were lost upon him. He could see nothing but Betsy's smile, her lips, and her eyes.

At last His Highness appeared. He requested that the young handsman join his party. For the first time since he left Houston, Hal smiled. This was revenge with music! What he wouldn't give for Mrs. Slaughter to see him, a poor musician dining with the Prince of Wales! Not even the rich Mr. Robert Strange could achieve this distinction. Yet Hal Kemp did it with his little saxophone. But no, he must cast these thoughts out of his muddled head. He was through with Betsy forever!

The Prince of Wales spoke to him quietly. "What's the matter, old man, you look mightily downcast."

Hal forgot the resolution he had just made, forgot he was addressing royalty, forgot the crowd of dancers that milled about him, and answered the Prince: "You must forgive me, Your Highness—I'm homesick."

"Well, that's different, Mr. Kemp. We'll have to cheer you up. But tell me, haven't you a lady friend?"

"Yes," muttered Hal, "but she's going to marry someone else!"

The Prince remained silent for a moment and then he spoke—clearly, decisively, authoritatively. "If you love her go back to her—no matter what happens."

Hal's eyes met those of the Prince, and mutual understanding passed between them. Perhaps the Royal heir actually envied Hal. Perhaps he gladly would have swapped his life of endless court functions and state affairs to grasp what Hal Kemp wanted to throw away. He couldn't let this boy do that!

A few days later, Hal was awakened by the shrill voice of a bell-boy. He handed Hal a cablegram.

HAL, DON'T FORGIVE ME—STOP COME BACK—STOP I CAN'T MARRY BOB

STRANGE IT'S YOU I LOVE STOP YOU!
YOU YOU! ALL MY LOVE BETSY

He crumpled the cablegram. No, he'd never go back! Then he remembered the decisive words of the Prince of Wales: "Go back to her!"

Hal dashed downstairs and answered the wire. He told Betsy to wait for him. As soon as he got to Houston they would be married. He felt like sending a wire to the Prince of Wales. How could he word it? "Your Highness, you were right, I'm going back to her. Thank you for the advice. This is just Hal Kemp signing off with deepest appreciation." But the words looked foolish in writing so Hal tore the wire up. Too bad—the Prince doubtless would have valued that note.

When Hal arrived in Houston he found Betsy waiting for him at the hotel. She was a little thinner, a bit tired. Words were useless to describe how she had felt since he went away.

She ran out to him, hopped into the roadster Hal had borrowed from his manager. The car shot down the wide road at ninety miles an hour. Hal was heading for Lake Charles, Louisiana.

They drove up to the small City Hall. A weary clerk wrote out the marriage license. He had seen so many breathless couples stand impatiently before him as he asked the routine questions. Marriage licenses in Lake Charles are easier to get than police calls on a short wave set.

Then the trouble began for Hal and Betsy. Where could they find a Justice of the Peace? Tired, hot and excited, they didn't look very presentable. Several old septuagenarians turned them down. Faded and weary, they finally singled out an old shanty on the worst side of the town. A staidly old man answered the doorbell. Yes, he said, he'd marry them, if they had some witnesses and the money.

Within fifteen minutes, Hal had cornered two farmers. They agreed to witness the ceremony for fifty cents apiece. So, in a cold, bare room, with two disinterested, chattering hayseeds as witnesses, Hal Kemp finally married Betsy Slaughter. It was the fastest marriage ceremony on record. The old man raced through the prayer-book. He could hardly wait to grasp the greenbacks.

Hal and Betsy sped back to Houston, man and wife. Hardly a word passed between them. "We could hardly believe it had happened," said Hal afterward. "It went too quickly."

They reached the city at ten-thirty p. m. Betsy crept home while her husband prepared to lead the orchestra in the hotel. Hal's manager had arranged the booking when he learned that Hal was coming back from England. A few hours later Betsy returned, with Robert Strange!

"I'll never forget that moment," recalled Hal. "There was my wife, wearing an orchid as big as a house, dancing with Strange! She never looked more beautiful."

Strange strolled over to the bandstand to welcome Hal back. Little did he know that this man was the husband of the girl he had brought. He spoke to Hal. "Congratulations, I'm going to marry Miss Slaughter."

This was ironic! But it was silly to try to explain to this fellow. Instead Hal



Tom's Mother
said she was careless..
AND SHE WAS!



BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.



BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?



BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.



BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even once without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!



Fashion advisers recommend Kleinert's Dress Shields for every dress because the underarm is the part most likely to show signs of wear. If *hatevor* threatens the smartness of your dress—friction, perspiration, or corrosive chemicals—a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields will give you the assurance of guaranteed protection. Genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields now cost as little as 25c a pair—why be imposed upon by substitutes?

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answered: "Fine. Say how would you like to bring your fiancée to my room later? I'm throwing a little party."

Even in his room Hal couldn't get near his wife. Strange was hovering about her. Hal sat on pins and needles. Was this married life? He didn't want to be a debutante widower! He leaped from the chair, grabbed Betsy by the arm and dragged her into the bathroom!

"Betsy, beloved," he pleaded, "this can't go on! We're married now. We've nothing to hide. I've been engaged to play in New Orleans next week. Will you come with me?"

This time Betsy responded impulsively: "Hal, dear, I'll go with you anywhere. I'm

your wife now and I'm very proud of it." And without waiting for explanations, they departed!

And when they reached the principal city of Huey Longland, Betsy wired her mother. Mrs. Slaughter read the telegram and fainted!

Today the Kemps live in Jackson Heights, Long Island. The little one-family house is for Betsy a far cry from the big estate in Houston. But she doesn't mind this. She's too busy caring for one-year-old Sally Kemp. At this writing Hal and Betsy are happier than they ever have been before. The doctor has just told them that next time the stork comes he will bring twins. Be's due about April.



To innumerable microphone listeners, this famous radio couple is ace high! Jane and Goodman Ace, of "Easy Aces", the domestic air comedy written and presented by Goodman and Jane, may be heard each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at seven-thirty p.m., EST.

Maestros on Parade

(Continued from page 11)

the library was called upon to assist at a surgical operation. The story sounds funny, but if you'll take the trouble to check my facts you'll find it true in every detail.

A patient about to undergo an operation in Bellevue Hospital, New York, refused to submit to the ether cone until the words of a favorite Wisconsin song were first read to him. The accommodating surgeon, peeling off his rubber gloves, phoned the music library.

"How will 'Hello, Wisconsin' do?" the librarians asked.

The doctor would see. No, he told them, that was not the song. More research among the archives containing data on Mascagni and Moussorgsky disclosed a classic entitled "My Name Is You Yonson." That was it. The librarians read the lines to the surgeon.

The surgeon pulled on his gloves once more, picked up his tools, and began:

*"My name is You Yonson,
I come from Wisconsin. . . ."*

The patient sank back . . . breathed deeply of the ether.

Along comes a guy who dies up facts to tell us that only two of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees come from Connecticut. They're Joe Miller, saxophonist, and Cliff Burwell, pianist, he says. But what's in a name, anyway?

What would you like to see 1935 bring to the microphones? Among other things, I'd like to see Annette Hanshaw and Brother Frank's orchestra on a program together. Or is there a brother-sister setup like that already on the air? I'd like to see a whole new flock of band vocalists, very few of the present ones having that thing called merit. Also, more dance bands on in the early morning and at least fifteen minutes, late each night, with something besides bands.

Joe Sanders, the remaining half of the original Coon-Sanders' band combination, is endeavoring to reestablish himself in the orchestra and radio business in Chicago. Joe returned to the Midwest recently from Hollywood where he has been writing songs for the movies.

This and that in brief: While bands come and go, Jack Berger, Hotel Astor maestro, goes on playing his eighth season there. . . . Don Bestor is in his fourteenth year of broadcasting, having debuted on KDKA, January 25th, 1922. . . . Cab Calloway played forty shows and two dances in one week recently, which is a lot of work for any man. . . . This is B. A. Rolfe's fiftieth year in show business. In 1885, at the age of six, he played piccolo in an orchestra conducted by his father at a skating rink in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, and now look where he is!

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Why 30 Girls Left Home

(Continued from page 92)

yelled exultantly. This was a dazzling find!

But Gypsy's father didn't like the idea. He was suspicious. What assurance could Mr. Spitzky give that the whole thing wouldn't flop after Gypsy had got to New York?

Phil couldn't give any assurance. But he could and did plead and argue and demand that Gypsy be permitted to join his group. Finally her father caved in.

But Phil was worried. He really didn't know whether or not he could carry out his promises. To make matters worse, he had to go through the same thing with other families.

There is Maxine, for example. Phil had wandered into a theatre in Columbus, Ohio, where an amateur musical show was being held. He fidgeted as the laymen blundered through their acts. Suddenly he leaned forward, listening intently. Appealing melody was floating from the lips of the tall, lovely girl who stood in the center of the stage. Three minutes later, Phil was backstage, urging her to come to New York as star singer for his orchestra.

Maxine's parents were as hard to convince as Gypsy's father had been, that this was not a crazy idea. Phil had to go through his cajoling all over again. That's the sort of thing he had to contend with in the thirty-seven cities of the seventeen states he had to visit before he found the last member for his orchestra and persuaded her to cast her lot with him in New York.

Thus you can imagine pretty much how Phil felt the day he surveyed the raw material of his orchestra for the first time. Here he was with thirty girls on his hands. Individually they were accomplished soloists. He had made sure of that. But women were supposed to be flighty. If he couldn't get them to work well together, he not only would have invested his money foolishly, but the girls would be stranded.

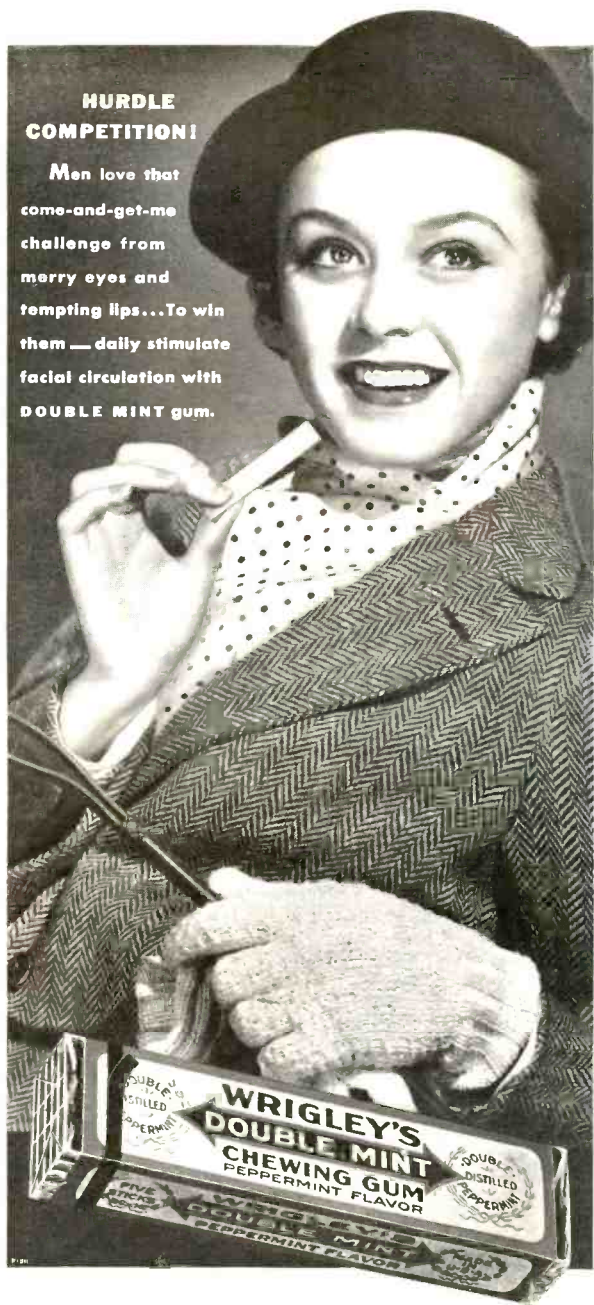
From the moment the first music burst from the orchestra Phil knew that he had found a group which would work for him better than any male group he ever had organized.

Here's just one example of how they worked. It is a well known fact around the radio world that usually the minute rehearsal time for a male orchestra is up, all the boys rush, whether they're in the middle of a piece or not. One day, after wearying hours of rehearsal, the girls were half through the "Merry Widow Waltz" when a group of men musicians crowded into the studio. It meant that rehearsal time for the girls was up and that they were to turn the studio over to the men. Phil signalled the girls to stop playing and walked away from the conductor's stand. Did they stop? No, ma'am! Evelyn Kay, the concertmaster, stepped to the stand and waved her violin bow until the piece

(Continued on page 93)

HURDLE COMPETITION!

Men love that
come-and-get-me
challenge from
merry eyes and
tempting lips... To win
them — daily stimulate
facial circulation with
DOUBLE MINT gum.



RADIO STARS

Programs Day by Day



Fastidious women realize the value of perfect grooming—for hands as well as hair. Hang nails and delicate "moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids... well balanced, keen-edged and scientifically designed, make manicuring a simple pleasant duty. Look for the new Improved Cleaner. Font on Wigder Nail Files These quality instruments are on sale at your local 5 and 10- store. Get a set today.



Soothe
THOSE TIRED EYES!
Menthol relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MIRINOL
FOR YOUR EYES

Give SKIN OUTBREAKS REAL HELP!
WITH TESTED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

NOT a mere cosmetic Hydrasol is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 25 years. Here too, is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and all similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you feel it soothe and cool the tender, irritated skin. Hydrasol's active creaming base has astringent action, reduces the excess natural skin tanning, promotes healing in burns and burns. Use it all throughout in liquid and ointment forms. 30¢ and the The Hydrasol Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrasol
For Common Skin Outbreaks

SENIORS (Continued)
1:00 M-ST K12, K31, 4:00 P-ST K12, K31, K10, K11, K12, K13, K14, K15, K16, K17, K18, K19, K20, K21, K22, K23, K24, K25, K26, K27, K28, K29, K30, K31, K32, K33, K34, K35, K36, K37, K38, K39, K40, K41, K42, K43, K44, K45, K46, K47, K48, K49, K50, K51, K52, K53, K54, K55, K56, K57, K58, K59, K60, K61, K62, K63, K64, K65, K66, K67, K68, K69, K70, K71, K72, K73, K74, K75, K76, K77, K78, K79, K80, K81, K82, K83, K84, K85, K86, K87, K88, K89, K90, K91, K92, K93, K94, K95, K96, K97, K98, K99, K100, K101, K102, K103, K104, K105, K106, K107, K108, K109, K110, K111, K112, K113, K114, K115, K116, K117, K118, K119, K120, K121, K122, K123, K124, K125, K126, K127, K128, K129, K130, K131, K132, K133, K134, K135, K136, K137, K138, K139, K140, K141, K142, K143, K144, K145, K146, K147, K148, K149, K150, K151, K152, K153, K154, K155, K156, K157, K158, K159, K160, K161, K162, K163, K164, K165, K166, K167, K168, K169, K170, K171, K172, K173, K174, K175, K176, K177, K178, K179, K180, K181, K182, K183, K184, 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(Continued from page 91)

was played through to the last note. In the hardwired New York show world, display of genuine sentiment is pretty rare. And Phil is a man who'll meet the toughest of the boys on their own grounds. So you'll have to believe me when I tell you there were tears in his eyes as the last note died away, that his voice trembled as he said: "Girls, that's the finest thing you could ever have done for me."

Phil shows his appreciation in more than words. The salaries he pays shows that he regards them as highly as any male orchestra he ever conducted. He could get away with paying them the union wage minimum of two dollars an hour. Does he? You can bet he doesn't. The salaries of those girls average one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

I've shown you how Phil got these girls to leave home. I've shown you how they compare with male orchestras. But I haven't told you all Phil's difficulties, or to be more exact, of the girls' tribulations.

Even though efficient little Evelyn Kay has been selected to oversee the girls, she can't be expected to keep them out of their little scrapes all the time. But she's helped them out of potential scrapes when Phil has been too busy to play Daddly Long Legs.

Once an agent, unknown to him, had booked the group to play in a music hall in a Pennsylvania mining town on a Saturday night. The girls rebelled. They knew what the rougher elements were like on nights like that. They'd be hanging around the stage door, drunk, waiting for them to come out. Evelyn took the complaint to Phil. He cancelled the engagement instantly. The safety of the girls meant far more to him than the money.

But these girls, new to Broadway, get themselves into all kinds of little scrapes. Here's just one instance:

In Times Square there is a newsstand which stocks all the out-of-town papers. One of the girls—she comes from Des Moines—went there to buy her home daily. As she asked for it, a personable young man stepped up to her and told her he had been waiting there for days hoping to see someone from his home town. He looked hungry, too. And when he told her his story of having read that his mother was dying in Des Moines, and how he had no money to get there, her heart went out to him. So did the seventy-five dollars which she lent him for carfare home! She never got the money back. She never saw the fellow again. She was just another one of the thousands of victims of a racket as old as the Brooklyn Bridge.

The girls take things like that pretty steadily. Those loyal radio enchantresses are concerned with one big thing—helping Phil Sopotnik make those *it-can't-be-done* boys eat their sour words. Listen to them next Thursday night and see what a job they're doing of it.

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonials, the originals of which are in our files and free to inspection.



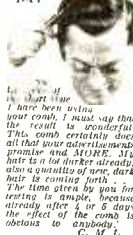
FIRST DAY
Formerly my hair was thin and straggling



TENTH DAY
Now my hair is so thick and wavy that I can't comb it



FIRST DAY
I am now 45 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray



TENTH DAY
I have been using your comb. I must say that the results are wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisement promises and more. My hair is no longer already, shows signs of being dark hair is coming forth.

Sold in New York at Leading Department Stores

Manufactured Exclusively by G. LINDHOLM CO. 607 Bergen Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

GUARANTEE COUPON

Please send me the Evans Electric Comb if I have checked, in plain package, with full instructions and ready for use. I will deposit with the postman the amount indicated, plus five cents postage.

Model, at \$3.25 complete.

Evans Electric Comb, gold deluxe model, \$5.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Check here if you prefer to send money with coupon, thus saving postage. Save guarantee applicator, of course. Outside of U. S. A. cash with order.



----- THAT CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR HAIR!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity.

Here are the results reported by delighted users:
IN MANY CASES OF PREMATURE BALD SPOTS the condition has improved as through a miracle.
DRY, DULL HAIR GAINED NEW LIFE: became wonderfully lustrous.
STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick . . . glistening . . . soft . . . wavy . . .
DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR have been checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Comb really has worked wonders. European specialists explain this miraculous phenomena thus—that the gentle, shockless electric current, passing from the battery through the teeth of the comb to your hair and scalp is able to reach the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. Over one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. **NO SHOCKS—NO SPARKS.** You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

"... I have recommended your comb to friends and acquaintances as an expression of my great satisfaction."
 (Signed) Mrs. M. K.J.)

"... My hair, which was formerly thin, has now grown thick and beautifully glossy. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair."
 (Signed) M. W.)

"... I had formerly rough, thin hair, with dandruff, but after a few days only, I was free from this, and after further treatment I got healthy and soft hair, which was beautifully wavy."
 (Signed) A. L.)

This is to certify that the foregoing extract is true and correct.

(Signature)
 NOTARY PUBLIC

Do you want your hair more beautiful . . . healthier . . . better . . . then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, and we will immediately refund your money. If you are not thoroughly convinced of what this new invention can do for your hair it has not cost you a cent to try it.

Mail This Coupon at Once to -----
G. LINDHOLM CO.
 Dept. MU-5, 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

See program section Thursdays at 8:00 p. m. EST, for station list.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 92)



THIS is what I call **GRAVY!**

SMOOTH, rich, flavorful brown gravy—how men level it in! How easy to make with the aid of Lea & Perrins Sauce, the original Worcestershire that gives the "chef's touch" to the simplest home cooking. Get a bottle today. Discover the secret of perfect gravies and sauces, savory soups and meats. Mail coupon below for FREE book of 180 recipes.

LEA & PERRINS

Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.
Dept. 185, 211 West 5th, N. Y. C.
Please send me free your new 30-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

NEW EASY WAY TO KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS and RADIO)
10c
JUSTICE
PUSH-CLIP
A neat job instantly. No damage to workwire. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS & PANS
THE PURE KNITTED COPPER
CHORO-GIR
Double the economy—where the other cleans—where the other costs.
METAL RESTORE CORPORATION
DUQUE, N. J.

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS
McCormick's **IRON GLUE**
Holds tight. Won't melt anything.

SUNDAYS (continued)
KPEK KGB KHC KID KOL KPFF, KYW, KYI
11:00 EST (4)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fibch.
11:30 EST (4)—Walter Winchell. The Jergens Program.
11:35 EST (4)—Jack Heens and Don Benson's orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor, and Mary Livingstone.
12:00 EST (4)—The Silken Strings Program—Olga Albani, soprano; Charles Previn and his orchestra.
12:00 EST (4)—KAY, KYW, 9:00 PEST—

MONDAYS

(April 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)
6:15 EST (4)—Loyell Thomas gives the daily news, (sun 0th).
7:00 EST (4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Open-ended)
7:30 EST (4)—Myrt and Marge. (Weight)
7:45 EST (4)—Stories of the Black Chamber.
7:55 EST (4)—Phantasia Echoes with Willard Robinson and His Deep River Orchestra.
8:15 EST (4)—Just Plain Bill. (Kulms)
8:30 EST (4)—Easy Aces—June and Goodman

KAY, KGM, KII-2
8:30 EST (4)—Diane and Her Life Saver. Rhoda Arnold and Alfred Drake, vocalists. Little W. of 1000 John W. Gregory, dramatic actor. (Life Savers, Inc.)
8:30 EST (4)—KAY, KYW, 9:00 PEST—
8:40 EST (4)—Richard Hincher's orchestra with Jerry Nash, vocalist. (Stouffer Baker Motor Co.)
8:45 EST (4)—Edwin C. Hill. (Wasey Products.)
8:50 EST (4)—Firestone Concerts. Gladys Smith, soprano; Fred Fooks and Eddie alternating artists; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
8:55 EST (4)—Carolee Carnival—Meredit Wilson's orchestra; Senator Fishers, contralto; Lulu Lane, soprano; Maudie Maclellan, mezzo; Fred Fooks, tenor; Ned Tolliver, master of ceremonies.
8:55 EST (4)—KAY, KYW, 9:00 PEST—
8:55 EST (4)—Kate Smith's New-Star Revue. (Kate Smith's orchestra's orchestra's Ambassadors and Guest Talent. (Hudson Motor Car Co.)
9:00 EST (4)—Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra and Lorraine Bari. (Hesterfield)

When the White House Listens In

(Continued from page 17)

with the President generally are kept in the Executive Office building, the low white building on the White House grounds, just back of the mansion itself.

From the elevator we step into a long hall, on which open all the rooms for the family. To the hall is impressive in its statelyness, in its rich but unostentatious appointments. Surely, we feel, no foreign palace could be so gracious as our White House!

The west end of the hall, we are told, serves as a sitting-room for Mrs. Roosevelt, whose suite adjoins it. Through a huge fan-shaped window, its top shaded with cream colored ripples-like curtains, light streams softly down. A large divan invites a guest. Lovely and comfortable chairs await others. And in a corner stands a handsome cabinet radio set.

Here Mrs. Roosevelt entertains personal friends on an occasional interviewer at tea. And if there is a program in which they are particularly interested, the radio is turned on.

The First Lady's private sitting-room in the adjoining suite is a friendly and informal room, reflecting Mrs. Roosevelt's charming taste. Here she receives her more intimate friends. Upon a table at one end of the room stands a table-size radio. This set brings Mrs. Roosevelt her news reports. A busy person, with little time to study the newspapers, she finds this an ideal means of learning the day's news.

Back once more in the long hall, we come on toward its center portion, which has a pleasant, lived-in aspect. Here one entire wall is lined with bookshelves. In a small glass case on a shelf above the books is a beautiful model of a ship. A lover of the sea, the President has a unique collection of models and paintings of ships. On a large writing desk at one side is an interesting row of books.

A large cabinet here contains both phonograph and radio. Over the arched doorway separating this central part of the hall from the west end is a screen which may be lowered for the showing of movie films. Features, Silly Symphonies, news reels—the President likes them all. The large radio set is attached to a movie amplifier, and has a dial, similar to that of a telephone, on which the White House listeners may dial any station they wish. There are nine stations on the dial, comprising big New York and Washington stations and key stations in other parts of the country.

Being particularly fond this radio is a rule used only for a radio-minded crowd after dinner. When there are house guests, or the younger Roosevelts are at home on vacation from school, it gives frequent service. Miss Marguerite LeHand, the President's personal secretary and a lover of classical music, often tunes in, we are told, for evening musical programs and symphony broadcasts.

President Roosevelt, we learn, greatly enjoys this radio, although the pressure of national affairs leaves him little time

for it. He likes to listen to speeches of men in public life, whether of his party or not. And he has been known personally to call the broadcasting networks to ask some speaker to come to the telephone. If unable to listen to some speech in which he is interested, he delegates to one of his secretarial staff the task of reporting on the program.

The phonograph records in the cabinet bespeak a varied taste. Each member of the family, or any guest, may find some pleasure here. There are records of Fiml and Kreisler, "Lubi-Shul," "La Grana," "Fare thee well to Harlem," "I Rased My Hat," "Two Heavens in Three-quarter Time," "Throw Another Log on the Fire," and, of course, the President's favorite, "Home on the Range," which he loves to hear over the radio or in any other manner. John Charles Thomas says that some of the President at a White House concert.

In our quest for more radios we go on to the President's study—a charmingly impressive room which even in his absence still seems charged with the atmosphere of his vigorous personality. But the radio which Frank proposed to show us here is a specially built portable one which has been sent the President by a friend—cannot be found. Then Frank remembers. One of the younger Roosevelt boys had persuaded the President to let him take it back to school with him.

Directly across the hall from the President's suite is the one occupied, when she is in Washington, by the President's only daughter, now Mrs. John Boettger. His suite, on the north side of the building, was used during the Wilson administration by Colonel Edward M. House. It was here, on account of the north light that President Wilson sat to have his portrait painted by Sargent. And here at no time now come "Sistic" and "Buzza" Dall to listen to the children's programs or their mother's portable set.

The third floor houses the servants. Here are more radio fans. Their radios are going at every opportunity, whatever the program may be. Though naturally they, too, have their favorites.

And now back to the main floor again. As the elevator door opens we meet George Green waiting to go up. George is the big colored doorman with the engaging grin, who for more than seventeen years has been admitting people to the White House. Questioned as to his favorite program George pauses seriously. Rather a large order, to say right off what he likes best!

"Well—uh—" he hesitates. "That calls for some consideration, ma'am."

"Which comedian do you like best?" we persist relentlessly. "Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, or Joe Penner?"

"Well—uh—I think I like Minnie Cantrill best of those three you mention, ma'am," George concedes. "Seems like he always leaves you with a thought, and makes you laugh, too," he explains.

(Continued on page 191)

"Please HELP ME"

Beware OF WORMS!



Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book * * *

Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information and much more is yours in the famous "SERGEANT'S Dog Book." 46 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

For Free Book or Advice Address: POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 1965 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

Beware OF DIRT



This nipple does not become porous

Made of soft moulded rubber. Proof cannot be come imbedded in the walls, even after constant use. These bottles too, are safer. Wide-mouthed, easy to clean.

HYGEIA

The Safe Nursing Bottle

GRAY FADED HAIR

Washes, gels, henns withers. Lured, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new J. P. Mohr's "SHAMPOO-COLOR." (takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. See Bottle. Molineur L. F. Yalgley Dept. 35, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

REMINGTON

ONLY 10¢ A DAY

FREE TRYING COURSE

Buy the beautiful brand new Remington Portable No. 5 direct from factory for only 10¢ a day! Standard 10-key keyboard, standard width carriage, invisible release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse—every essential feature found in standard type writers! Extra low price, typing course free! Special 10-day free trial offer. You can't risk a cent! Write Remington Home Dept. Dept. 148-C, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C. Don't delay! Act now!



(Continued from page 99)

Back in the lobby, near the front entrance, we are shown the little room which is occupied by newspapermen when they are waiting for a story to break from the White House. Here they vary the tedium of waiting by listening to the room's radio-set. The privilege, however, is somewhat restricted, as the sound is likely to drift across the lobby and invade with distracting effect some room where a conference or interview may be going on. In the Executive Office building is another room assigned to newspapermen, and there they

are wont to use the radio more freely. And so, upstairs and down, the White House listens in. . . And over the air, into the most famous and historic home in our great nation, come the selfsame programs that drift into the humblest dwelling. As you and I turn the dials of our radio sets, the President may be turning his—hearing the same majestic symphony that is enthralling us, or languing, with the same irrepressible chuckles that break from our lips, at the absurdities of some comedian.

He Faced Starvation for a Dream

(Continued from page 31)

Willard Robison is a man with a dream. You can see it in his blue eyes, in every movement he makes. You can hear it in every word he speaks. He was a boy with a dream, too. A dream that possessed him, that would not fit in the pattern of life his father had arranged for him.

Musical! That was the dream. The mystery of unborn harmonies filled his soul as he worked on his father's wheat farm, first in Missouri and then in Salina, Kansas.

For miles around in that little town there was no piano. His father laughed at the idea of buying one, for in that sparsely settled town in Kansas music was looked upon with suspicion. That music could be a man's career and that a man could earn his livelihood by it was beyond comprehension.

But in the boy's heart the dream lived on. He knew that somehow he must earn enough money to buy a piano. He delivered newspapers, he mowed lawns, he begged for a chance to do any chore. And after long months he had saved thirty-five dollars—enough to buy a cheap, second-hand piano.

He spent hours at the piano. The dream came to life at the touch of his fingers. There was magic in his melodies. He knew that his father hated to see him devoting so much time to music, but he wouldn't help himself.

Then one day he walked into the living room and the piano was gone! White and pale he went to his father: "What's happened to the piano I bought?" he gasped.

"I sold the piano," sternly his father eyed the boy. "I thought practicing interfered with your health."

No piano in his home now. That might have been the end for someone else, but in Willard the dream could not be crushed. There was a movie house in Salina. Perhaps they could use a pianist there. Willard begged for the job, and got it. At eleven dollars a week, which seemed vast wealth to him. For wasn't he being paid for doing what he wanted to do?

For three years Willard worked at this job, trying, with the melodies he played, to drown out the noise of the projecting machine. He worked like a slave but it was heaven to him. But his father still opposed what he considered Willard's mad ambition.

"What you're doing is no career for a sensible person, my son," he told him firmly but kindly. "Your uncle has a fine job in the advertising business. Why don't you get in with his firm, building signs for outdoor advertising?"

But there was no room in Willard's dream for the building of advertising signs. Playing the piano and improvising melodies occupied all his mind and heart.

A new idea took shape. He would organize an orchestra. He would call it "The Deep River Orchestra." Perhaps he felt that its music would be like the deep rivers of the South and the Southwest, soft and languorous.

When he had this orchestra organized, he went to the City Fathers in Salina and suggested that they give an outdoor dance in the main park. To judge by the glassy stare in their eyes, he might as well have asked for the moon!

"Did you ever hear the like?" they whispered to one another. "Outdoor dancing! Why, that boy'll send us all straight to perdition if we listen to him!"

But Willard met a live wire from Wichita, Kansas, who saw the possibilities of his plan and went with Willard before the Welfare Board to persuade them that platform dancing could be perfectly moral. He had a tactful way of putting things, and before they knew it the Welfare Board of the town had agreed to the scheme.

Getting credit from the lumber people Willard had a long platform built. The nightly dances were an immediate success. Willard himself played the piano and sang in the orchestra. The dance floor was made of pine, and between dances Willard took a bale of hay and pulled it over the floor.

News of the success of the platform dances spread throughout Kansas, and other towns followed the same plan, calling upon Willard to furnish the orchestra for their dances.

Through the South and Southwest, Willard traveled with his Deep River Orchestra. He was no shrewd business man. Often they played just for their food and board. Sometimes greedy and dishonest managers ran away with the total receipts for the dances at which they played, leaving them stranded and hungry.

During the course of his wanderings he

(Continued on page 105)

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Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade. FARR'S is easy to use in hygienic privacy AT HOME, by brushing it through the hair. Will not rub off nor interfere with curling; \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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I enclose \$10.00 and immediately transmit no check-back your personal Silmeron treatment. If I do not have an immediate reduction in weight I have my money returned to my money. Send also my special free 15-minute treatment.

Name
Address
City.....

Continued from page 14

net and fell to love with a charming dark-eyed girl, Doris Steiner, and the story is married. But he had to leave her in Denver when he traveled from his town to town, job to job, first. But the separation and the lack of their lives and success must come to a day!

Then came the "Public Good!" Willard Robison and his band of musicians narrowly escaped the horrible death that claimed so many. Willard had been in Loveland, Colorado, almost in the very path of destruction, when the flood occurred. And he had just received a message from his wife that a little daughter had been born to her in Denver.

What a bitter mockery of fate that he should be stranded here while his wife was passing through the Valley of the Shadow! His place was to be safe. And he was three miles away! Regardless of danger, or possible death, through almost impassable roads that had been washed away by the flood, Willard walked, accompanied by faithful Chris Keen, trap drummer in the Deep River Orchestra. And as they walked Robison breathed a silent prayer that he and his friend might come alive through this tortuous journey so that he might look upon the face of his first-born, JoLme.

His prayers were granted! And at the end of their trek, Willard found a starry-eyed Doris lying in bed with a tiny red infant in her arms. To Willard it was the most beautiful sight he ever had seen.

But even though he now had a wife and daughter to provide for, he wasn't yet able to turn his back on the pioneering path he had chosen.

Paul Whitman had heard Willard's orchestra at Omaha and had urged him to come to New York. To New York he went, and for over a year he did many of Paul Whitman's jazz orchestration. But Willard Robison's Deep River music was one thing and Paul Whitman's another. When Paul Whitman said "Make your times a little pepper, a little tazzier!" Willard realized that there was no place for his special type of music in Paul Whitman's orchestra. And so he left his job.

Now he was free again. Free to write the music he loved. Yes! But he also was free to starve, free to face eviction from the little cottage he had bought in Crestwood when he believed that New York would bring him success.

Hungry, he walked the streets knowing that if he sacrificed his dream there was a safe and secure position with Paul Whitman still waiting for him. Instead, a sign "G. Good for Sale" was hung on the house he had loved so dearly, and he and his wife and daughter moved into a little one-room apartment in New York. There, in his discouragement and grief,

he composed his best known and best loved song, "G. Good for Sale." Little did he realize that it would be the key to his success. To his success in the music business and his dreams.

He organized a new Deep River orchestra and managed to get a hearing at WOR in New Jersey. When he had been on the air for just a single week, he got offers from twelve sponsors. He accepted what seemed to be the best of these offers.

But, strangely enough, though his sponsors were sure that it was Willard Robison's original type of music that they wanted that he play things that make his orchestra interesting and different. The offers were taken, and asked what had to be done. Willard Robison they had to get WOR. Willard himself was forever disappointed and at the end of twenty-six weeks he was only too glad to say goodbye to his sponsors.

Sponsors continued to make splendid offers, but Willard turned a deaf ear to them. Because "Forget the Deep River style," they told him "Your music is too slow. Do things our way and we'll have a swell commercial program."

"But I can't forget the Deep River music," Willard told them. "It's I—myself—don't you understand?"

Once he almost accepted a sponsor's offer. But when he sat down at the piano to play, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," a song which takes four minutes to play in the right tempo, they said to him "That song is grand, but can't you play it in two minutes instead of four?" And so he refused to lead his orchestra for that particular sponsor.

All during these years he has been on the air as a sustaining artist, and occasionally on a commercial program but the commercial programs were few and far between, for he refused to alter his music for any amount of money.

And when he finally came into his own, he still holds his bright dream unimpaired. Now when you hear Willard Robison over the air, singing his semi-spiritual songs, leading his orchestra, and playing the piano, it is Willard Robison himself you are hearing and not an imitation of other band leaders.

So many of us sacrifice our dreams in the market place, so many of us let them tarnish with the years while we accept compromises—we need to be reminded sometimes that a man like Willard Robison can hold on to his precious dream and still find success at the end of the road.

It's a grand story, isn't it?

• • •

See Program section Tuesdays at 9:30 P. M., EST for station lists.

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WE promised you a Fan Club Department. One is coming, don't fear. It's late . . . not in this issue as we'd anticipated . . . but it's receiving its final tuning up right now and will be standing in your alley with the next big number of RADIO STARS. Watch for it . . . and see if you don't want to join the

Listeners' Legion of America

Careers Are Funny Things

(Continued from page 30)

romance out of her life. For Virginia Rea is as feminine as a satin negligee. She is the type of woman who has an marriable hankering for a home in the suburbs with a garden all around it, and a husband whom she can fuss over.

Then romance came—and at a time when she least expected it! It was her career, oddly enough which was to play the role of matchmaker, and it was in prosaic *Study B* of the original ABC building where the Palmolive show was broadcast that the story began.

On that program was the Revelers Quartet. One day the young tenor of the quartet dashed over to the soprano star. "I've just bought a yacht," he announced proudly, "and I'm having a party to celebrate. Won't you please join us?"

"Then the tenor went over to the cellist of the orchestra. "I'm having a party on my yacht. You must come."

And that's how, oh, Jimmy McPon's yacht Virginia Rea star of the Palmolive program met Edgar Sittig, brilliant young cellist of the Palmolive orchestra.

They had so much in common, the two. They discovered that they both loved Bach and Beethoven. The opera. And the country when there was snow on the ground.

It was not a lightning romance. As a matter of fact it started as a most conservative and easy-going friendship. The assistant here would go to the opera together. After a while the dissolved pool of single friends got together. They went down to the country, they extended general smiles and tried to outbid each other.

They mistook that glowing feeling they felt for each other as nothing more than a sincere friendship, and it might have gone on that way indefinitely if Virginia's career hadn't come to the rescue and told them out of it.

At this time Virginia's ascending star had hit a snag. You may remember that in the Palmolive hour she sang under the name "Olivia Palmer." When the Palmolive program left the air she discovered that all she had was loads of empty glory, a rapbook filled with praises of "Olivia Palmer's" voice.

Here was a most unusual problem! She had been building up, not herself, but a ghost called Olivia Palmer. Potential sponsors didn't want to lure "Olivia Palmer" since that name was too closely associated with the product. Her old spots re Virginia Rea was a radio unknown. After all, her hard work, her triumphs in Europe, her successful debut on the air, she had to start from the very beginning again! Attention came and went, and still she couldn't overcome the bugaboo. And it was then,

heartbroken and hurt, that she realized how futile a career could be.

It was Edgar Sittig who helped her. Gave her the thing she needed most and never had had—a man's shoulder to lean and cry upon. It was Edgar, musician, business-man and showman, who helped unravel the knots for her, planned every step of her come-back.

Slowly but surely Virginia—independent, ambitious Virginia—realized that she had grown to depend upon Edgar for everything. Once when he left on a concert tour, she walked around like the most forlorn, forgotten little nobody in the world. Even the prospect of a fat contract with a new sponsor couldn't cheer her up.

And Edgar? Well, show me the man who doesn't go gaga at the prospect of being a girl's steady protector or Brings in the her a complex solution. And Edgar is no man as the next fellow. When Virginia was the successful, clever woman who stood firmly on her own two feet and knew exactly what she was doing, she was a pal. But as the helpless girl in a maze of dummies who clung to him for support—what a difference! And what a grateful feeling to help her!

Did I say her career was the matchmaker. Well, perhaps or indirectly you see how it worked.

That's how, after being first friends for almost five years, Virginia and I fell in love suddenly realized that they were indeed very different. They didn't tell us so, it was even the talk. I was just hooked into a car one day, sped out into the country, and in the tiny red-carpeted parlor of the minister's home they were married.

Until recently star of the Showlay night "American Album of Familiar Music," Virginia Rea now is in a shining star in the radio heavens. But only she can know what an important role her husband has played in this latest success.

Virginia and Edgar have just completed a beautiful home in the quiet Palms 104's. It's right on the edge of a world-unrivaled forest, in the heart of the country where they both love to roam. And in it Virginia has carried out all those ideas which colored her dreams when she was a lonely little singer with nothing but a career. Everything from the lavish, wild flower garden to the quaint cobble-stone pathway is just as she always had wished.

They started to build their home in May and it was just about completed the following March. Almost a year later would you. But I can't help thinking that their home is much like their own romance—something that took longer than usual to create, but is built on a firm, solid foundation.

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No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

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● KENNY SARGENT, singer with the Casa Loma band, gets more fan mail than any other man in radio. What is the reason? Read his intriguing story. It's coming in our June issue.

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Drop in at Uncle Answer Man's "Question-Bee"

W'HOOPLE! Also *yip, yip!* Everybody, radio artists and all, is romping over hill and dale to Uncle Answer Man's farm in the country for his big party. He's going to have a question-bee in his bonnet—we mean in his barn. Everyone who hms a red car gets a kiss—oh, no, that's for a corn husking-bee, isn't it? Well, anyway, Unkie has a red car all the time, the way readers talk about him for telling them not to ask more than two questions and not to ask for artists' photographs.

But this time Unkie's going to spread himself. He's going to tell the readers that for one month—thirty days, seven hundred and twenty hours—they can ask as many questions as they want to. Provided, of course, they aren't foolish queries. We just don't know what's got into Unk, unless it's that cider Auntie Answer Woman forgot to throw away last December.

But the guests are arriving. Let's eaves-drop on the Misses Snoop and Peep, the village gossip demons, and see what they have to say. (You can depend on Peep's answers. She's always right.)

Snoop: Oh, goody! Here comes **Glen Gray's** orchestra. I do wish I knew who was who?

Peep: Here's the list right on the program, dear. See? **Mel Jensen**, conductor and violinist; **Glen Gray**, Clarence Hutchenrider and **Pat Davis**, clarinet saxophone and flute; **Kenny Sargent**, saxophone, clarinet and tenor; **Bobby Jones** and **Grady Watts**, trumpets; **Sonny Dunham**, trumpet and trombone; **Billy Rauch**, trombone; **Pewee Hunt**, trombone and baritone; **Joe Hall**, piano; **Jack Blanchette**, banjo and guitar; **Art Ralston**, saxophone, oboe and bassoon; **Stanley Davis**, bass; **Tony Briglia**, drums, and **Gene Gifford**, arranger.

Snoop: Aren't they the sweetest boys! Say, I do wish **Bill Childs** of the Suclair Minstrels were here to tap dance for us to their music.

Peep: Silly! Bill doesn't do that dancing himself on the air. It's just a sound effect, done with drumsticks. That's what makes the studio audi-

ence laugh. It's always so ridiculous.

Snoop: Oh, there's **Bing Crosby** and his brother **Bob!** Hoo-hoo, Bing! Confidentially, Peep, I've always wondered whether Bing and Dick Powell actually play their piano accompaniments in the movies and on the air.

Peep: Oh I know they don't. As a matter of fact, Bing plays the piano very little and then only by ear. Dick plays a little but not enough for the movies or the air.

notice. He's dark and his eyes are blue and he has black hair. And look at the size of him! Six feet and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He'll be a catch for some girl.

Snoop: Oh, dear! I wish I were younger! Isn't that **Frank Parker** taking off his coat over by the corn crib?

Peep: To be sure, Frank—come over here! Listen, I heard on a "Gossip Club" program that you were five feet seven inches tall and that you weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds and that you'd be thirty in July. Now in **RADIO STARS** Uncle Answer Man said you were five feet ten inches tall and weigh one hundred and fifty-five. Who is right?

Frank: Well, girls, I hate to admit it, but Unkie's right. Well, so long girls. See you later.

Snoop: Humph! Seems to me he might have asked me to dance.

Peep: Oh, be your age and I'll tell you some more about Frank. *Mum!* Let's see. His parents were Italian. He was born and raised on the lower East Side of New York City. He got his first break when he was a chorushoy in the Greenwich Village Follies, and was given the juvenile part in an emergency and made good at it. His nickname is "Ciccio," by the way, which is Italian slang for Frank. If he ever made love to you he'd probably do it by singing and playing the guitar and taking you riding in his Rolls Royce, which is his greatest extravagance. Or maybe he'd try to get you to play polo with him. He's crazy about that. But don't worry. He won't try.

Snoop: Ah, no! I suppose not. Why is it that **Conrad Thibault** reminds me of Frank so much?

Peep: Perhaps it's because he's a Latin, too. He's of French extraction, you know. About the same age, too. He was born November 13th, 1906, in Northbridge, Massachusetts. He's a little bigger than Frank though. He's five feet eleven inches tall and (Continued on page 31)



Marge and Jack of "Myrt and Marge"

Snoop: Bob Crosby's a charming boy. I wish I knew more about him.

Peep: Why, Snoop, I know about everything there is to know about Bob! For instance, He was born August 25th, 1913, in Spokane, Washington. He went on the air for the first time from a station there while he was still in high school. **Anson Weeks**, orchestra leader, was in San Francisco at the time and happened to hear him. Bob took the job Anson offered him and sang with the band for one summer. Then he went back to high school and two years in Gonzaga University. After that he went back with Anson Weeks. Right now he's out on a vaudeville tour with **O'rsay Brothers'** orchestra. He's quite a bit different from Bing, you



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