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Radio Stars

JULY
10
CENTS

*Frances
Langford*

*Earl
Stirling*

Read **THE TRAGIC STORY OF JAMES WALLINGTON'S
FIGHT FOR HIS BRIDE'S LIFE**

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RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIEL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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FLORETTA
JR.

NOW THAT I HAVE YOU... THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*



An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance!

Joan *Robert*
CRAWFORD · MONTGOMERY
in **NO MORE LADIES**

with CHARLIE RUGGLES... FRANCHOT TONE... EDNA MAY OLIVER
 A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in TRAVELING SALESDAY

WHEN you get a DUART Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a SEALED individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have NEVER BEEN USED. You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

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Choir of the Hollywood Stars

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Duart 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents and see shade of wave marked and copy of "free" booklet, "Smart New Coiffure."

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<p><input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Light Gold</p>		



KEEP YOUNG AND beautiful

Beauty among the blossoms! The picturesque Pickens sisters display the natural charm and loveliness of the traditional Southern beauty. Jane, on the left, (Center) Helen, (Right) Patti, youngest of the three.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, calls up romantic fancies of dark-eyed Southern belles, peaches-and-cream complexions, magnolia blossoms, picture hats, garden parties, and hospitable white-pillared homes. Somehow these seem almost traditional with the Old South in our imaginations, and I found the Atlanta-Georgia-Pickens sisters to be true products of that Old South, and that gracious femininity which we Northerners have long admired and, I think, faintly envied.

When I was casting about in my mind for radio personalities who might be able to give me some especially effective hints for the summer season, it was but natural for me to pick out the Pickens sisters. "Bawn and bried" in Georgia, they should know all the tricks for keeping cool under the scorching sun. I reasoned. Nor was I disappointed.

Fortunately, I was lucky enough to meet all of the Pickens sisters, in an amusing sort of progressive fashion, and their slender, youthful, and altogether charming mother, There's Helen, the eldest of the sisters, the tallest, the darkest, with the slowest and softest drawl; Jane, vivid, vivacious, the spokesman of

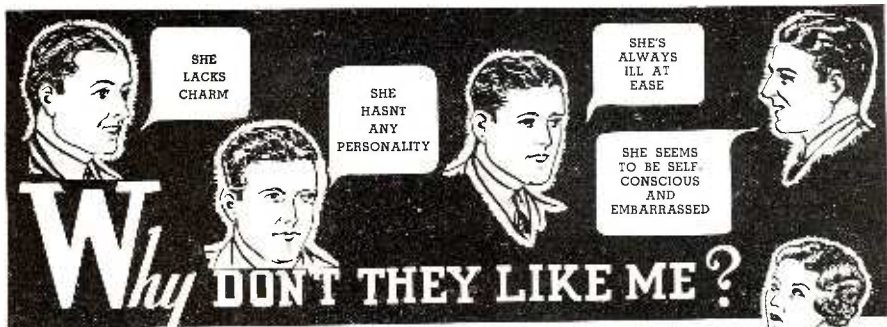
the group, with chestnut hair and skin of lovely golden undertones; Patti, the youngest and the fairest-skinned, with soft blonde hair, tawny eyes and a devastating dimple; and Grace, the "ident Pick-a", who takes care of all the business details and whose colonial-oriental charm and bright personality are ardent enough spokes-

men for her, when you meet her. The magic of meeting the Pickens is that you like them wholeheartedly right at the start. They're so thoroughly unmanufactured and natural. Naturalness, incidentally, is the one last keynote to strike in a discussion of summer charms; artificiality is so entirely out of place in a "back to nature" scheme of things. And surely it seems appropriate to talk about keynotes when the singing Pickens sisters are concerned, too. As a matter of fact, this business of naturalness is going to be my excuse for getting a bit biographical or philosophical (or maybe it's a mixture of both) for the moment, about the Pickens.

It isn't such a far cry from the Park Avenue apartment of the Pickens sisters in New York to the sleepy plantation on which they were born, way down in Georgia, so far as the (Continued on page 70)

By Mary Biddle

Make the most of your 'summer face'!



Do I Lack Charm and Personality?

YES, Mary Jane, you do! You're pretty, and you're smart. With your looks and intelligence you should have been married years ago. And you ought to be busy turning down dates instead of wondering what you're going to do Saturday night, and hoping against hope that that certain someone will phone.

How often have you wondered why some girl you know is so popular? She isn't any better looking; she hasn't more education than you have; but she has something that

seems to attract others, that makes her stand out in any group or gathering.

WHAT PRICE POPULARITY?

What are the qualities that make for popularity—for social and business success? Why is it that in every business we find a man who is an outstanding success? Yet this man in many cases has no more business ability than some of the men who work for him. Every college grade has a boy who is voted the most popular fellow in the class. Mostly, he's just average in looks and ability—yet he has "something" that others like and admire.



THE SECRET OF CHARM

The indefinable "something" that poor Mary Jane lacked is a quality called CHARM—and with charm comes the development of personality. Some few of us are born with a charming, magnetic personality, but most of us must learn to acquire it. Charm has nothing to do with beauty; with education or dress. Without it a beautiful girl or a handsome man remains unknown, inconspicuous; with it they become warm, living personalities whose lives are full and satisfying.

HOW TO OBTAIN CHARM AND PERSONALITY

Two years ago a prominent physician and psychologist, Dr. Edward L. Bowers, conceived the idea for a book to be called "CHARM and PERSONALITY—How to Obtain Them." If it would go the results of long years of experience and study with men and women young and old. This book has just been completed. It is a truly unique any book you have ever read or heard of. Dr. Bowers believes that everyone is to acquire a warm, magnetic personality, and he tells how you can and can't do about it without torturous hours of study and effort.

Here is a veritable encyclopedia of charm. Theories and impractical suggestions are taboo. You will find sensible, understandable advice on how to be charming. It will tell you what kind of friends to acquire, and how to acquire them, and what to talk about, when to talk and when not to talk. The motives of social intercourse are explained, and the qualities that attract and repel others are made startlingly clear.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN—Married and Single

Sound practical suggestions for men and women young and old, and the prices of this new book. Beauty and make-up hints; diets; how to reduce weight without diets; how to stay young after 40; what to do with vacations and spare time; personal intimate chats for both sexes.

It is a well-thought-out and fascinating reminder that the most effective and the art of living—and you yourself are the artist who can paint a bright, vital picture of Charm and Personality in a dash, colorless canvas.

A DESIGN FOR LIVING

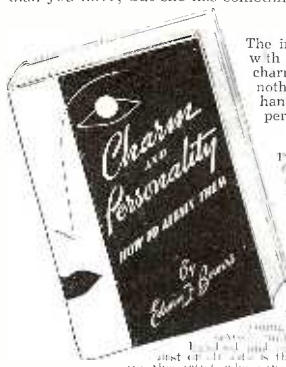
Here are some of the subjects discussed in this book which go to make up Dr. Bowers' Design for Living: Why we like people; Health, the prime essential of living; Savoir Faire—the keynote to a charming personality; The allure of beauty; Laws and tricks of attraction; Strong nerves for a successful personality; Right thinking; Psychopneumatics; The wolf in sheep's clothing; Friendship; The charming art of being liked; Life's thousand joys; The secrets of a delicious personality; Married life and its bliss; Young at heart; How to live to the hilt; A diet for life; A life on one's own; The author says: "All success will come to who have successfully put this design for living. For this way is life's happiness—the low and old one to live!"

5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

Because this book is so many different subjects, to give it a fair trial, we will let you examine it for 5 days without obligation. If you like it, you will order it at once. If you do not like it, you will return it to us within 5 days and we will refund your money. It is a book you will read and re-read and find infinitely more helpful as time goes on.

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TINTS AND DYES

Kilocycle Quiz

(Here are some real brain twisters about the stars. You should be able to answer them in five minutes.)

1. Do you know the lovely little blonde singer who was born in India and who is in demand by her friends for her uncanny skill at forecasting events?
2. Who is the handsome baritone popular both on the air and in movies?
3. Bet you can't guess the real name of the popular tenor, Don Marco.
4. Who is the announcer who, during rehearsals, always designates himself as "This is Mit'a Green speaking"?
5. Here's a bit of microphone news. Who is the star who graduated from high school at the age of twenty-six, having resumed his studies after serving in the World War? He entertains over the air with his "baww dawdy" guitar.
6. Who is the popular baritone who recently won the Radio City Party Stars of Tomorrow award?
7. How do they create, on the air, the sound effect of splashing water?
8. What character impersonator writes and plays all roles in the "Grandpa Binion" sketches?
9. Who is the young star who sings with her back to the audience, keeping her eyes on the music on a rack beyond the microphone?
10. What do you suppose are some of the nicknames of these three radio celebrities? Goodman Ace, Joe Penner and Harriet Hubbard.
11. Who is the young American composer, also an air favorite, who is a nephew of the famous American contralto, Mme. Louise Homer?
12. Whose orchestra uses an unusual instrument called the salterio, a 100-stringed instrument, "about the size of a bungalow roof"?
13. How old is Frank Parker, and is he married?
14. Does Will Rogers speak from written copy or just as things come to him?
15. How do you suppose Phil Spindley makes sure of having all of the thirty-five girls in his all-girl ensemble present for the rehearsals?
16. In Bernie Cummins' orchestra only three of the musicians are unmarried. Guess what instrument those three play?
17. How long have Amos 'n' Andy been on the air under the present sponsorship?
18. What is the new instrument called, which transmits electric light into sound and resembles an electrical organ?
19. How old is Baby Rose Marie?
(*Hint: see on page 87*)

HOW CAN WE TELL THAT NICE MRS. GATES —WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS?



SEE?...HER WASHES TELL SOME AWFUL TALES...BUT I DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS.

LEAVE IT TO ME. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!
For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

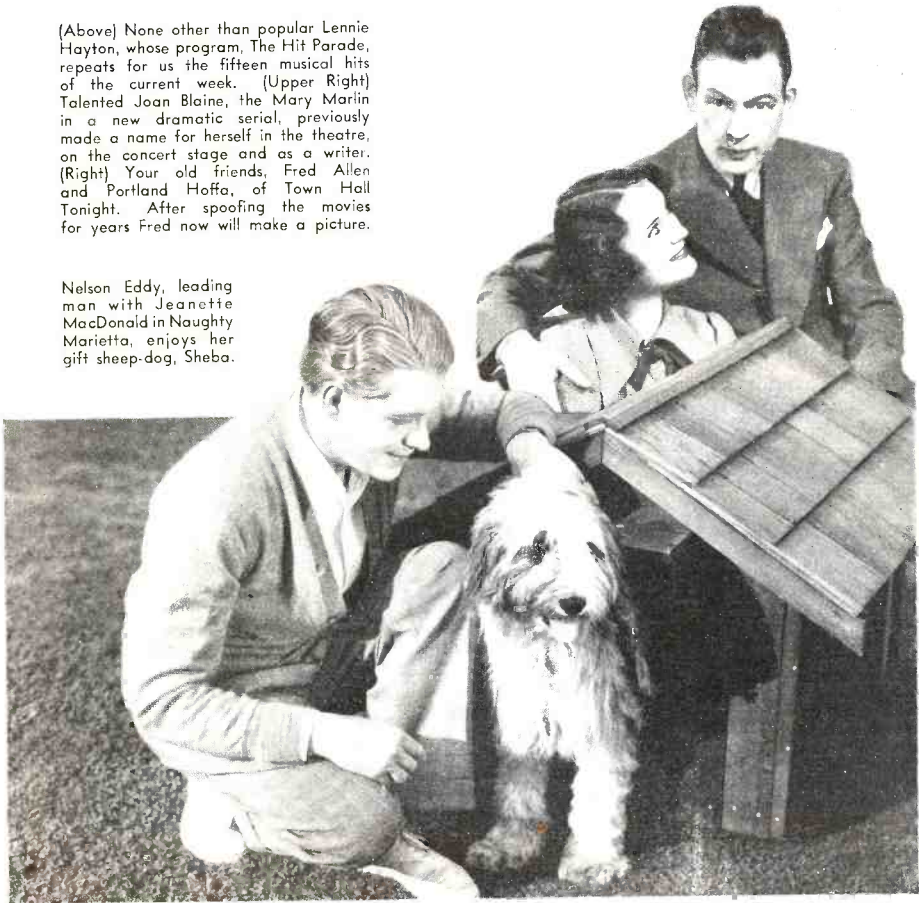
Fels Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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



(Above) None other than popular Lennie Hayton, whose program, *The Hit Parade*, repeats for us the fifteen musical hits of the current week. (Upper Right) Talented Joan Blaine, the Mary Marlin in a new dramatic serial, previously made a name for herself in the theatre, on the concert stage and as a writer. (Right) Your old friends, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, of *Town Hall Tonight*. After spoofing the movies for years Fred now will make a picture.

Nelson Eddy, leading man with Jeanette MacDonald in *Naughty Marietta*, enjoys her gift sheep-dog, Sheba.





Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady. (Right) with her children, Nancy and Walter, Junior, and their pet Irish terrier, Mike.

For DISTINGUISHED Service to Radio

Since it was first discovered that a radio uncle could persuade Little Willie to eat his broccoli, children's programs have become the football of the broadcasting business. Rightfully and righteously,

American motherhood has risen in wrath and banished many a blood-and-thunder blunder that paraded under the name of "Program for Children." Thanks to their vigilant defense of what the radio may bring to their nurseries and playrooms, the ambitious advertiser now thinks twice before attaching his product to the slam-bang terrors of a carelessly written juvenile "thriller."

One child's program which has measured up both to the standards of good taste demanded by mothers and the degree of entertainment required by their sons and daughters is that presented by the Singing Lady. No wise parent has ever refused her child the delight afforded by her gentle fairy tales and tunes. No crusading club has ever called her programs

for children upsetting or vicious or harmful. For a long while the identity of the Singing Lady was a carefully guarded secret. Radio Stars Magazine was the first to announce publicly in story and pictures that she was Irene Wicker, the lovely young mother of

two fine children. With such inspiration, it is easy to understand the praiseworthy programs she gives us, and to comprehend the enthusiasm of mothers who recommend her to their friends. Never before has Radio Stars' award gone to a Chicago program. Never before to a child's program. But because the Singing Lady has so well performed for a long while the twin miracles of pleasing the taste both of parents and children, and, also, because her programs never have stooped to the shoddy device of sensationalism in order to hold adolescent interest, we give to her this month's Radio Stars Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Curtis Mitchell



*Dorothy
Page
and
Rochelle*

Instantaneous success was the lot of Dorothy Page (Left) from the time she joined NBC, a year or so ago. And now this exotic young singer is Hollywood-bound, preparing to make her first motion picture, on the Universal lot.

And Rochelle (Right), one of the beautiful and talented girls of Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra, brought a flood of compliments to the sponsors of "The Hour of Charm" program, as one of its two very gifted piano soloists.





Eleanor Holm

22

Having achieved international fame as the world's champion swimmer, Eleanor next distinguishes herself in the Ziegfeld Follies and in vaudeville. Now Mrs. Art Jarrett, she is featured in his College Inn broadcasts.



In Oklahoma City the Brahms Quartette gave Lois her start as a professional singer. Vaudeville, musical comedy, light opera, led her at last to radio, where she now is soprano soloist of the Club Romance Series.

Lois Bennet

23



*Maxine
and
George
Givot*

This was Maxine's Easter bonnet (Left) way back in the Spring of 1935. And isn't it ducky? And demure? Maxine is another of Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra and chorus. She is the popular program's featured singer.

You must listen to "The Big Show", if you would hear the gentleman posing close by. George Givot, appropriately clad in Greek costume to match his accent, which has high-lighted many a show for both the stage and radio.



Men like Mystery

Another woman loved the man I married! But

THE FIRST time I remember seeing Sandra was the day when Barry and I were married. That was three years ago. . . .

I could not then, naturally, dream that as we stood before the rector of the Little Church Around the Corner a woman sat in the dusky afternoon shadows behind us, her dark, sultry eyes fixed upon both of us speculatively. Upon one of us possessively.

She came forward as we turned away from the altar, still hushed with the awe of a moment that never would come again. Barry looked surprised as he saw her, but he presented her to me. She was the Countess Morosini, a society woman who, perhaps to relieve boredom, perhaps in quest of new adventure, had taken up radio work. I remembered the name when I heard it. Remembered her voice, with its strange, husky quality, its intriguing overtones. She was singing for the same concern for which Barry broadcast. She was billed as "Sandra"—and I thought then, looking at her, how much more clever to discard a famous title, rather than to cling to the meretricious glory of one that perhaps had no real worth.

Undoubtedly Sandra was clever.

But I had no room in my mind for thoughts of her then. And we did not linger long enough for more than a fleeting impression. An impression that, as I reviewed it afterward, seemed charged with a faint hostility. I did not then know why. . . .

Greetings, congratulations, good-byes, all mingled in a sweet, hazy dream for a brief space.

Then

we were off in Barry's car, with Willoughby and Grace in the rumble. They were accompanying us to the flying field. Bill Willoughby had "stood up" with Barry, and Grace Meldrum was "the bride's only attendant."

I must set down here in this little notebook something about that day that was so fair, so bright with promise. . . . Partly because I am afraid, now, that it is going to be shut away in some secret room in my heart, and the door closed upon it forever. Closed and locked, and the key flung far away. And partly because I am trying to clarify things in my mind—before I take a step that may be final. Going over in my thoughts all the features of our life together, as a blind person might explore with sensitized fingertips, seeking to identify something grown suddenly strange. Thinking, like blind old Isaac, "The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob!"

Whose hands are those I touch when I take my husband's in mine? Whose voice is it that speaks in an outward semblance of the dear, familiar way? Whose heart is it that I still would call mine?

But, to get back to the wedding. . . . Weddings always are interesting, however simply performed. And this one, despite its outward simplicity, seemed to have an inner radiance that made it breathtakingly sweet.

Seemed to have. . . . If only one could look ahead!

It was a blue and silver April day. Forsythia was shaking out its golden bells in the warm breeze outside the church. And within was a dusky splendor. The dim, archaic glory of memorial windows. The perfume of mingled flowers. The pattern of romance.

As a child I had dreamed, of course, that when I married I would march

did he love her? Should I divorce him?

down some cathedral aisle in all the sentimental pageantry of a conventional wedding—white satin, orange blossoms, bridesmaids in pale green and hyacinth and rose. Instead I wore a tailored suit of gray, smart and chic, and becoming, I thought, with my dark hair. A green scarf gave my eyes a greenish warmth. Barry wore a brown tweed he had bought in England. And Bill had on his familiar blue serge, slightly rumpled as usual, his blond hair looking, as always, defiant of comb and brush. Grace wore a lovely frock of soft green wool, with a brown swagger coat and small brown hat.

The whole ceremony was as simple, as casual, almost, as getting a passport. It was, we both thought then, a passport to happiness. Though the wedding was no secret, we hadn't invited any guests. But one or two of the boys from the flying field were there. And Barry's radio sponsor, . . . And Sandra. . . .

Bill gave us his fervent blessing, which, under the circumstances, was sweet—though I didn't fully realize it then. Bill was an old friend of Barry's. He was a pilot on a trans-continental airline. Barry had done experimental and test flying, and he did some important work establishing new air routes, until a series of dramatic events in which he played a part had taken him into radio work. Barry seems to have a gift for sitting in at history

in the making. He has, too, a warm, vibrant voice and the ability to relate what he has seen in a way to make you feel that you are a thrilled and absorbed eye-witness. Newspapers began to make eager bids for his services, but a big radio network won him as its "Flying Reporter"—a commentator whose business it was to take off at any moment for any place where some momentous events were transpiring, and to broadcast not only their course, but his conclusions as to their import. Revolutions, uprisings, executions, strikes, floods, famines—all were material for his lively broadcasts.

I had met Barry and Bill and Grace shortly after my first ocean hop, to Spain. Grace was a reporter for the *Morning Globe*, and a stunning girl as well as a really brilliant writer. I always maintained that it was her writing and not my flying that made me famous. She has that rare gift of building up the person she is interviewing, rather than herself. She is adept in the art of giving enough details so that the reader may fill in the picture to suit himself, without adding so much that interest may flag or gossip flourish. So, through her, everyone

knew (Continued
on page
64)

FLOMERTY
JR

Does the seed of disaster lurk in sacrifices made to

DS GLADYS SWARTHOUT'S marriage in danger? Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman would be honestly amazed at such a question. They would protest that they love each other devotedly, that their lives together are entirely harmonious and that there is not a single cloud on their happiness.

And yet I repeat, is their marriage in danger? Is there a potential menace to their happiness, of which they themselves are unaware?

I believe there is. And it is such a pity. For theirs is one of the most glamorous, most successful marriages on Radio Row. There seems to be such harmony between them as you seldom see between two people.

You've heard about their romance and how it came into being, how Gladys at first thought Frank conceited,

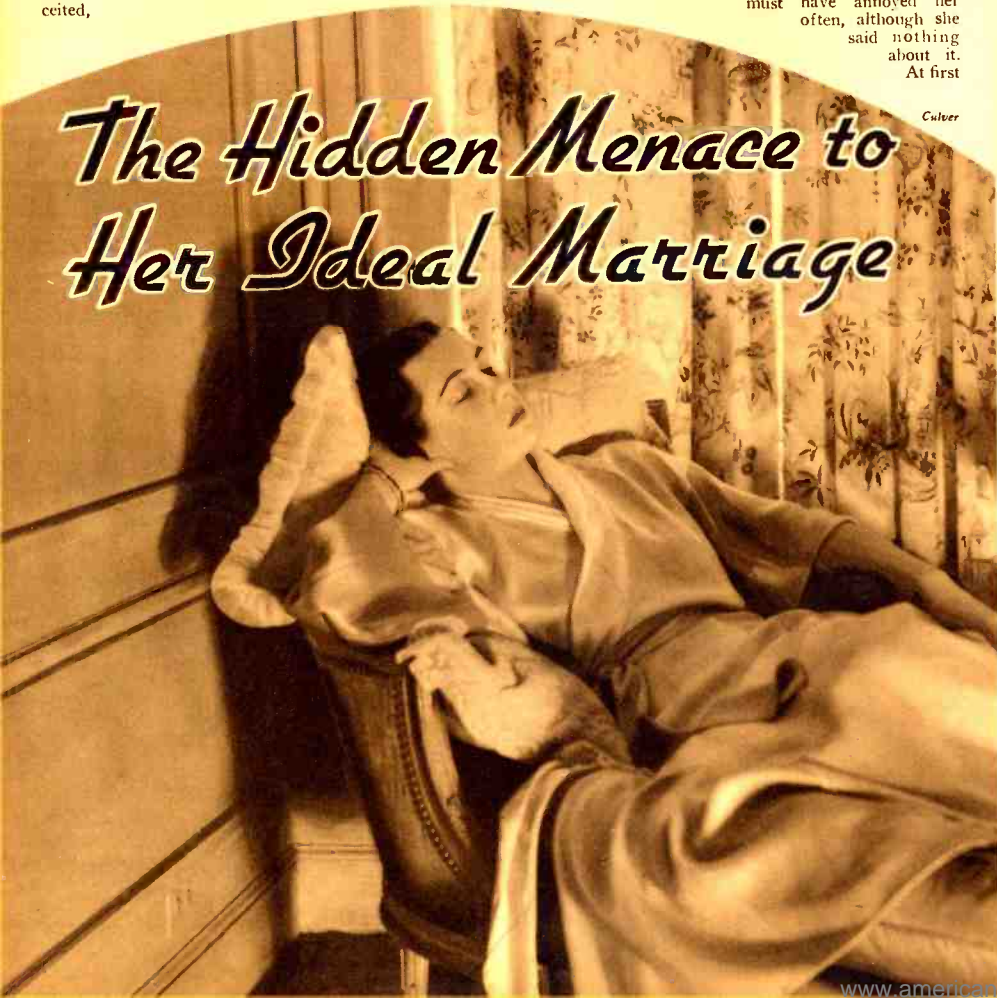
intolerant and overbearing, and how at last, she fell madly in love with him and he with her. You know that she was married once before, and that Frank waited a year after her husband's death before declaring his love, lest he offend her by speaking too soon. But the story you haven't heard is of their married life, and how they have worked to keep it on the same glamorous plane on which it began.

Particularly did Frank Chapman decide to do everything he could toward making their marriage a success. For he wasn't a thoughtless youngster taking his first fling at marriage. He had been married once before, to Elizabeth Cobb, the writer, and that marriage had been a most unhappy failure.

"I was an intolerant person," he told me frankly, "and I'm sure my attitude must have annoyed her often, although she said nothing about it."

Cultivator

The Hidden Menace to Her Ideal Marriage



preserve their mutual love?

we were fairly happy, but afterwards I went abroad to study music, and I became completely absorbed in my own career, neglecting Elizabeth entirely. I spent eight hours a day studying music, which, of course, left me no time to pay any attention to her. Finally she grew sick of the whole business, packed up bag and baggage and went back to the United States. I refused to go back with her. I had contracts all over Italy. Wasn't that what I had been studying for all year? If she wasn't satisfied with living abroad, I was, and that was that."

Yes, that was that, for Elizabeth Cobb, in March, 1930, got a divorce from Frank Chapman.

So it is no wonder that when Frank fell in love with and married Gladys Swarthout, he made up his mind that he would not make again the same mistake that he had made in his first marriage. No longer would he allow self-absorption to rule or ruin his life. Always he would put Gladys' happiness before his own.

And he has done just that. When they were first married his career was considered as promising as hers. Critics both in Italy and the United States had been enthusiastic about his voice, and had predicted increasingly great success for him in the future. While Gladys had great promise, she had no gift for business, nor for the details of arranging musical programs. What more natural than that she should turn to Frank for advice and help?

More and more she leaned on him. Before they knew it, she was the important member of the family, so far as singing was concerned, while he willingly let his own career languish to further hers.

He said to me: "There are dozens of baritone voices as good as I am, but Gladys Swarthout's voice is absolutely unique."

I would rather do everything I can to advance her career than to try to further my own."

And so this man who could build a name and a place for himself as one of our really fine musicians spends most of his time managing Gladys Swarthout's career. He goes on occasional concert tours, but he will sacrifice one any day to help Gladys with one of her projects.

(Continued on page 79)

Gladys Swarthout at home

604 Prizes

\$1600.00 WORTH

\$250 in Cash!
(for that vacation)

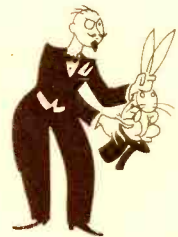
3 RCA Radios
(they're the tops)

100 \$5.00 Prizes
(a little green hat)

500 \$1.00 Prizes
(how can you lose?)

Do you know your radio favorites?
Would you recognize them on the street. You can learn—to your pleasure and profit—by entering our Scrambled Stars Contest, starting in this issue.

Please turn the Page





EXPLANATION

1. The issues of RADIO STARS Magazine for June, July, August and September will each print the scrambled pictures of four radio favorites, or sixteen pictures.
2. To win the prizes offered in this contest:
 - (a) Unscramble as many of the sixteen pictures as you can, cutting out and putting them together.
 - (b) Name as many of the stars as you can recognize.
 - (c) In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is chosen.
3. The four sets of star pictures should not be mailed to us separately. Hold them until the final set has been published.
4. When you have unscrambled as many stars as you can, named as many as you recognize, and written your thirty-word reason for liking your favorite, mail them all together to the

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

This is the second set of "Scrambled Stars". The first was published in our June issue. If you missed that issue, you can obtain it for ten cents from the office of RADIO STARS.

1st PRIZE • • \$250.00

2nd Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth \$200.00
3rd Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth \$100.00
4th Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth \$50.00

(Pictured on Page 72)

5th Prize—100 \$5.00 cash prizes will go to the 100 next best entries.

6th Prize—500 \$1.00 cash prizes will go to the 500 next best entries.

RULES

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

Scrambled Stars Contest
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
 149 Madison Avenue, New York City

7. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who unscramble correctly the greatest number of scrambled stars, who correctly name the most and in thirty words or less name their favorite star and explain in the most original and sensible way the reason for their choice.
 8. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
 9. In the event of contestant missing one or more issues, such numbers may be secured from the office of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for ten cents.
 10. If contestant desires, he may make facsimile drawings of scrambled stars and assemble them.
 11. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each entry shall consist of all four sets of pictures, names of the stars you recognize, plus your 30-word paragraph on why you like your favorite radio star.
 12. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
 13. Contest shall close at midnight of September 1st, 1935.
 14. Prizes shall be:

604 Prizes! \$1,600-worth! \$1,250 cash! 3 RCA Radios!

A contest for everybody! Get going and win a prize!



.. My

Son, AL Jolson

One mother-in-law tells a delightful story with unaffected praise for the man her daughter married

By Mrs. Ralph Keeler

Above, Al takes the sun and likes it despite the frown! Center shows Ruby and Al in a tense scene from their new picture "Go Into Your Dance"—and below, Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson are enjoying a game of golf.

SINCERE praise from a mother-in-law is like throwing snowballs on a mountain top at the equator—you can't believe it! Yet here is a mother-in-law to prove the impossible.

Al Jolson has been my son for six years now, and I have had time to know this little-known-well-known man better. I think, than anyone does besides his wife, my daughter, Ruby. It is an amazing story to those who are interested in the simplicity of a man who might expect the world to revolve around him—yet who chooses to build a new and a better one for those he loves.

But to get back to the beginning—to the time when the name of Al Jolson was to me only that of one of America's foremost entertainers.

Ruby, the eldest of my six children, had been dancing professionally since she was thirteen. When she went on the road I went along and took with me Margie, the youngest, and the three of us toured the circuits together. It was during those years that Ruby and I became closer than most mothers and daughters—we were friends, too.

After her success with N.T.G. and her vaudeville engagements, she was signed to appear in the late Texas Guinan's famous "300 Club." Miss Guinan immediately gave Ruby a good spot and as her popularity grew she became a featured performer at a weekly salary of seven hundred dollars. But most of all we were happy to be back in New York again, with the family reunited.

Naturally at that time there were many men courting her. Ruby was about eighteen, fresh and unspoiled. I never questioned her as to whom she might be interested in or whether she was seriously considering any of the proposals which I knew she received. I had supreme faith in her and felt that when Ruby met someone she felt she truly loved she would seek my advice.

In the course of events that day came. We had a long, serious talk and she confessed that she had met a man who had asked her to marry him and that at last she was considering matrimony. You can imagine how something constricted my heart. It is difficult for a mother to realize that her children really are men and women—and nothing makes the fact more painfully real than to hear them talk of marriage.

I knew, of course, that young as Ruby was, she had enjoyed the company of wealthy, intelligent and charming men—I knew that he might be a man of position and prominence, but I confess I was surprised when she said the man of her choice was Al Jolson. Though perhaps I shouldn't have been.

Then she told me something of him. How thoughtful and considerate and good he was. How much she admired him.

I wondered for just a fraction of a second whether I wondered for just a fraction of the theatrical world had his preeminent position in the theatre influenced her, so I said: "You're not marrying for money, are you, Ruby? Because you're making a good salary yourself. Are you considering well? You know there are many younger men who are sincerely fond of you and who are of the same religion." I still remember how choked up I felt, wondering what her answer would be, wondering whether it would please the heart of a mother.

To my relief Ruby looked me full in the eye. She said simply: "Mother, I love him."

There just wasn't any doubt about it in my mind. I knew when Ruby said a thing like that she meant it. And so I replied: "Marry the man you love, Ruby. Real love, true love, is all that matters. If you find you have made a mistake that'll be all right, too. Other people have made them."

At that time Al Jolson was a complete stranger to me, but the minute I met him I knew that I should like him. He was so simple and disarming—and the way he looked at our Ruby made something inside of me stop quivering. I knew he adored her.

They decided, because of their religious differences, to be married by a Justice of the Peace. But before the ceremony they came to some of those understandings which prevent misunderstandings later on. I don't mean they made any precise stipulations—but they had fairly definite ideas as to what their future conduct would be.

It was after they were married that I began to know Al Jolson, the man.

He would come to the house for dinner and sit around the table with us for hours, and in everything he said and did he revealed his remarkable capacity for knowledge and his love for his wife which overflowed their relationship and began to manifest itself in dozens of little ways for us all. He would praise my food and then drop some little remark about enjoying this dish or that. I soon found myself inquiring how to make the food that he liked. And when I would serve it to him he was better pleased than if he had just signed a contract for a million dollars!

It wasn't long after that Al Jolson found a reason why he wanted Bill, my only son, to become a broker—and it was only another step to setting him up in business down in Wall Street. Then Gertrude and Helen, whom Ruby taught to dance and who rarely have been separated from (Continued on page 72)

How to be single though married

Four rules for combining matrimony with individual freedom. And Elsie Hitz has proved they do work

By George Kent

MARRIED since seventeen, Elsie Hitz has discovered the fine art of how to be single though married. What is more, she practices it, and it works!

It's an art you should learn, you who are altar-bound, you who are already wed. It's the art of the happy marriage—the art of remaining your girlish self while enjoying the delights of matrimony.

Marriage by the Hitz code gives you twice the freedom the average married woman now enjoys. Gives you the right to a career, vacations; the privilege of an occasional innocent outing with an old beau—in other words, it is the modern code with the old-fashioned trimmings.

Going out with another man is practically a penal offence in most households, but not in the home of our Elsie.

For example: Elsie is out for a walk when the telephone rings and the maid answers. When she returns she finds the message: "Please meet Mr. Jones in the Biltmore Lounge at four o'clock."

She knows no Mr. Jones but she assumes it is some one who wants to talk to her on business, perhaps an old friend whose name she has forgotten. So she goes.

Mr. Jones turns out to be the friend of one of her many brothers-in-law, in the city for a few hours. They have tea, they have merry conversation—and at six o'clock Elsie gets into a taxi and goes home.

Jack Welch, husband to Elsie, greets her fondly at the door. Elsie chatters about Mr. Jones, the tea, the celebrities she saw at the Biltmore. And Jack listens without a trace of jealousy, exhibiting the same interest in his wife's tea with another man as most husbands would give to their wives' account of a movie they had just seen.

Every woman, according to Mrs. Jack Welch, has a right to work, flirt and live her own life. A wise wife can be flapper-free and still be a loyal and devoted



spouse—an even better one than she could otherwise be.

If you want proof of how this works out in practice you have only to listen to Elsie in "Dangerous Paradise." Listen to the youthful ardor she brings to the rôle of the glamorous sweetheart of Nick Dawson. How many quarrel-scarred married women could do as well—even if they had the voice and the gifts? They—you—the average wife is too disenchanted by the marriage business. Romance is something forgotten or lost six or seven months after the plain gold band was placed on the finger.

Elsie Hitz did not learn her way about the matrimonial maze in a day. It took years of experience. To her marriage is the real "dangerous paradise." If you ask her, she will tell you that a paradise without danger is not worth having; it becomes monotonous. She will add, with a smile, that Adam and Eve were probably glad to get out of Eden, they were so bored with the life they were leading!

This slender girl with alluring eyes loathes preaching but when we insisted, for your sake, that she reduce her knowledge to a set of rules, she sat down and figured them out. So here, for the first time, you have it—the secret of being a wife and an unfettered young thing, both at the same time:

1. *Get to work.* Don't sit. Please, please don't just hang around the house twiddling your thumbs! Find something to do with your hands, your hearts, your long hours of leisure. Don't live only in your husband's life. Give the poor man a break! He may like it for a time

but he's going to get fed up with your clinging. Thumbs down and *snip-snip* to the clinging vine. He fell in love with you because you were yourself, a creature with a life of her own. So, go on having one. Obey impulses. Go places. Otherwise, he'll walk out on you. Oh, he'll be there in the flesh—but so far as his heart and real interest are concerned, he won't be there!

Elsie, of course, has the advantage of most women, having always had her theatrical work to keep her busy. But she remembers a time when she couldn't find a job—long, long ago. So, she went to live in Buffalo with her husband, where for the first time in her life she found herself a homebody with nothing to do but sit.

She's the thin, nervous type—the kind that blows up easily—and she confesses that her boredom in Buffalo, and the resultant quarrels, almost cracked up her marriage. When it looked as if there was nothing to do but get a divorce she got up and found work for herself—of a kind she had never done before. She began studying sculpture. The occupation pulled her right out of the dumps and before long she was human again, able to talk to Jack without snapping his head off.

2. *Forget annoyances quickly.* If you have a quarrel—and you will, my hearties—get over it when it is over. No sulking, hear! Don't dish up the breakfast quarrel at dinner. And don't drop last night's war in the breakfast coffee. It spoils the coffee!

If the number of tiffs, spats and arguments the Hitz-Welch combine has had were added up, it would read like the Japanese war debt. (Continued on page 93)

In "Dangerous Paradise" Elsie brings youthful ardor to the rôle of the glamorous sweetheart of Nick Dawson (right).

"Don't live only in your husband's life," Elsie advises you. "Give the poor man a break! Have a life of your own!"

Adam and Eve, Elsie thinks, were glad to get out of Eden! Elsie thinks that marriage is actually the "Dangerous Paradise."



PINKY TOMLIN-

Hollywood's Wonder Boy

EVERYONE in Hollywood and New York is trying to explain what it is about Pinky Tomlin that's so fascinating.

We study his phonograph records, catch his every broadcast, and listen to his compositions till they ring in our ears; we go to the theatres and night clubs to see him in person. And still we're baffled. The fellow simply defies analysis. We get so we mumble to ourselves, and go about with haunted expressions, wracked with the mystery of this Oklahoma hick's astonishing charm.

"Pinky Tomlin . . . Oh, the object of my affection . . . has changed my whole complexion . . . she can go where she wants to go, do what she wants to do, I sho' don't care . . . Don't be afraid to tell your mother . . . What's the reason you're not pleasin' me . . . aw nuts . . . he's nuts . . . I'm nuts . . . but what is it about that guy. . . ?"

Well, I can't explain him any better than you can, and I've been trying ever since that night in October when he first appeared at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles and put us under his inexplicable spell. Maybe if I tell you about that night, and what he looks like, and what's happened to him, maybe you can explain gangling, grinning Pinky Tomlin to your own satisfaction, if I can't!

The Biltmore Bowl is the largest night club in Los Angeles. In fact, it's the largest west of Chicago. It's in the swanky Biltmore Hotel, and it's where the college kids and upper crusts go to get a glimpse of picture celebs and dance to Jimmy Grier's music. It's a nice place to go, but until last October nothing tremendous ever happened there. I mean, Garbo and Dietrich never staged a battle of the orbs there. (Hollywood history like that is made only in select spots where there's just enough room for the gentlemen of the press and a few big names to lend prestige to the occasion!) But last October . . . well, everything changed in October. In October Pinky Tomlin hit

town and started things humming.

We were lucky enough to be at the ringside when it happened—at the Bowl, I mean. Jimmy maintains a staff of about a dozen entertainers, and he put them all through their paces before he had nerve enough to push his new recruit out on the floor. The newcomer stumbled to the microphone. His cheeks were a ruddy pink. His thin, reddish blond hair looked pink, and wisps of it fell limply over his high forehead to dangle before his specs. His one and only grey sack suit was baggy, and Jimmy, in his immaculate dinner jacket, looked a trifle embarrassed, as though he hadn't quite expected this. The orchestra boys openly grinned. (Continued on page 77)

By
Erma Taylor

Pinky is twenty-seven—and looks anywhere between twenty and forty.

Pinky teaches Virginia Reid his song hit—"The Object of My Affections."



The Whole Country is Captivated by His Songs



Beginning at the right, above, then across the page and down, we have Rosemary Lane, Frances Langford and Gertrude Niesen, Jane Pickens, Harriet Hilliard and Vera Van—and if we looked like these charming young artists of the air, we just can't seem to believe that we would worry about it!

If you want to hold your honey, listen to what these girls say!

By Mary Watkins Reeves

IT had me worried. The mortality rate. I mean, on celebrity love affairs lately. Broadway stage stars and the picture folk on the West Coast were trading valentines so fast they made Winchell's daily dope read like an obit column. The footlight and camera cavaliers, it seemed to me, were positively outvying each other—to see who would woo, then walk out on, the greatest number of sweethearts.

And then it had me puzzled. From the radio angle. I sat down to take a toll of the best-known kilocycle courtships and out of a whole page full every single one but two, so help me, turned out to be long-termers. Love affairs that had honest-to-goodness *lasted*. And there couldn't, thought I, be anything accidental about that because romance remains romance whether it happens in New York or Hollywood.

So I went sleuthing. To find out what the radio maids were doing, anyway, to keep love blooming like a century plant; while their sister stars were having just one sentimental difficulty after another. Whatever the secret was, it had to be good.

It was. It is. And mademoiselle, if you want evermore to hold on to your honey, you'll remember that secret. For from six of the most sought-after songstresses among the younger set of the air I learned a startling new slant on this thing called romance.

How good you are at *getting* a man has ceased to be what matters these days—it's how good you are at *getting him back* that counts!

And if their own long-term records are any indication that they know how to do just that, you can learn a lot from Gertrude Niesen, Frances Langford, Jane Pickens, Vera Van, Harriet Hilliard and Rosemary Lane, who tell me that the era when you simply stayed-as-sweet-as-you-could and trusted Cupid to keep your romance off the rocks has long since passed. The latest thing in love is to leave Cupid out of it; and master so well the technique for getting your sweethearts back again that it won't much matter whether they relish rocks now and then or not. (Continued on page 75)

Six ways to get your man Back



Peek a-booing in Broad- castland!

Above (Left) Curtis (Buck Rogers) Arnall enjoys a night out with a fair companion.

Above (Right) George Burns, Sally Haines, Bert Wheeler and Gracie Allen enjoy the lights at the Olympic Stadium

Above (Left) Here are the operators and the phones waiting to handle the votes telephoned in for your favorites on Major Bowes' new amateur hour. A mail vote supplements the phone vote. The amateur who receives the highest total gets an engagement. Above (Right) Ted Fio Rito and his wife enjoy a lunch together at the popular Santa Anita racetrack.



Bernice Claire wins radio's prompt acclaim.

And here is Pat Barrett, minus the Uncle Ezra whiskers.

"The Night Singer" gives us his songs but not his name.

Joon Blaine, who is "Mary Martin" of a new series.

Walter O'Keefe adds singing to his accomplishments.

Franca White, star of "Music at the Haydn's"

Kay Thompson, star of Waring's Pennsylvanians.

Ruth Yorke, who is "Marie, Little French Princess."

Borrah Minevitch, harmonica king, entices one of his famous low notes from his responsive rascals.



Jan Garber is never too busy to spend a happy hour or two with Mrs. Garber and their baby, Janice.



Art Kassel, baton wielder of Kassels in the Air Orchestra, with Pat Kennedy, Irish tenor.



Jack Smart, veteran character actor of Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight," carries a lot of weight.



New pictures from
the scrapbook of
our ever popular
Peek-a-Booer



Ed Wynn mounts his horse to ride to a fire! Neigh-neigh! It is the Chief's famous siren, not a horse!



Mario Chamlee, "Tony" and George Frame Brown, "Gus" in "Tony and Gus." (Below) Vi Bradley entertains Jack Pearl, Leon Belasco, his bride, Julie Bruner, and George Givot.



Jessica Dragonette with John Charles Thomas, aboard his houseboat off Florida. Announcer Harry von Zell adds the check, while Colonel Stoopnagle (left) and Budd look on.



Singing Cinderella

By Helen Hoover



A black-haired Irish colleen with unconquerable ambition, this lovely girl on the right not so long ago modeled size thirteen Junior dresses and went without lunch in order to seek her secret career. Above, the career a fact, when she sang with the Showboat quartette in Annette Hanshaw's place. She also has sung with Jack Pearl.

The name of Kathleen Wells' good fairy is Perseverance

ARE you cynical? Are you discouraged? Do you think fame and success depend upon luck and pull? In other words, are you one of those "it can't be done" people?

Then listen to this Cinderella-like true story of a girl who worked in a dress house, was the sole support of her parents, never could afford to take a singing lesson, did without lunch to use that precious hour hunting for a radio job, and overnight became one of the brightest new stars to twinkle in the broadcasting heavens. Knowing her story will give you a new lease on your battered hopes.

This flesh-and-blood Cinderella is Kathleen Wells, the new *hot-cha* singer who took Annette Hanshaw's place on the "Showboat" program. I'll tell you later how some of the most famous girl singers tried to get that job and how this little nobody nosed them all out.

Exactly one year ago Kathleen was working in a dress house for twenty-five per.

How in the world did she do it?

Well, she's Irish-American, for one thing, which might explain it. But her complete story is too inspiring to dismiss with one sentence.

Kathleen had to strike out for herself pretty early in life. She lived in Jersey City, an only child. Her father's business had crumbled away and he himself had been reduced to a frail, sick man who no longer could work. Kathleen had to get a job. It was a great blow to Mr. Wells to see his pretty Kathleen work as a model and salesgirl in a New York wholesale dress house. With the musical trait that I think is the heritage of every Irishman, he wanted her to be a singer.

"You're on your own, Kathleen," he once said to her. "You have no one to help you. (Continued on page 85)



Romance gets in his hair

Truman Bradley, who shuns love as if it were a Dillinger gangster, finds Sister Elene always a charming hostess, a merry companion, a devoted and faithful friend.

By Elizabeth Walker



TRUMAN BRADLEY is perhaps the most misjudged man in radio.

His most ardent admirers in their eagerness to make you realize what a regular person and able announcer he is, have succeeded in depicting him as a sort of Boy Scout of the broadcasting studios. When you ask a couple of them what Truman is really like they invariably answer that he once won the Missouri State Debating Championship for his hometown High School. Or, they will tell you how that super-sponsor of the air, Henry Ford, after rejecting a dozen announcers for his Sunday evening Symphonic Hour, heard him in a broadcast specially piped from Columbia's Chicago studios to Dearborn, and exclaimed: "*That's the voice I want!*"

But, there is another Truman Bradley I know: a reckless, romantic one whom women adore and address as "Brad." You encounter him in the Windy City's swankier night clubs, beauxing some lovely debutante, or cantering along the bridle path in Lincoln Park beside a luscious-looking air diva. Yet that Brad, ironically enough, shuns love as though Cupid were a Dillinger gangster, and complains that *romance gets in his hair*.

Why should a man as young and attractive as this Truman Bradley want to escape the great altar adventure?

Any of you who have delayed your own wedding day

because your first love swapped "*I do's*" with someone else, who are still seeking a substitute, should be interested in his story. For it discloses not only how the memory of his boyhood sweetheart, like the fragrant perfume of an unforgotten flower, still permeates his life, but to what lengths he has gone to keep from becoming matrimonially entangled with imitations of her.

I can't explain why a young man with Brad's go-ahead and gray matter should allow his love-life to be dominated by a woman who went out of it almost ten years ago. Let me tell you about her.

He met her the winter following his graduation from the Missouri State Teacher's college, while he was studying law in Kansas City. She was a gentle, gracious creature, with great Alice-in-Wonderland eyes, a slim waist, and a mental abyss which she concealed prettily beneath a mop of soft yellow curls. His friends didn't hand her much. But to Brad, whose sober brown eyes theretofore had been trained upon the sensible, (Continued on page 56)

I Cover the Studios

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY

We're in the finest studio in Radio City—you and I, Max Baer and Al Jolson. We're not quite alone; for there are technical men running around and a news reel man is setting up his equipment at our elbow. We are about to see something rare in radio—an honest example of scene hogging. It is the fault of the camera.

While the camera grinds, Jolson is to walk into a set upon which Maxie and Benay Venuta are reading from a script. Max is to look up and say: "Hello, daddy," and they are to go into some prearranged patter. They try it. Jolson walks into the scene—Max says: "Hello, daddy," and goes right on talking. So Jolson fumbles his own barely heard lines and they have to try again. Again Baer says the funny things. The third time, Max greets Al with, "Hello, daddy. You here again?" It's another laugh, but Jolson starts talking loudly and continues for a full minute, even getting in a plug for his sponsor. He's satisfied. However, the cameraman says to us: "Hah. That'll be cut."

A little later, Jolson rehearses the introduction of Benay Venuta to the networks. At least, that's what he says it is. She is a blonde lovely and the name is a contraction of Benvenuto, her given name. Her dad is a West Coast publisher and she has already lost fifty of the sixty pounds stipulated by her contract. But, Mr. Jolson! She is really a Columbia find and was introduced early in March by Col. Stoopnagle and Budd! Trust us to know.

●●● Johnny Marvin is rehearsing a song as we stand nearby. A page boy comes in and hands him a note. Johnny reads it, nods, and a moment later the page returns with a man who says: "Mr. Marvin?" Johnny nods again, but instead of shaking his hand, the man thrusts a paper into it, and walks out. Johnny looks after him aghast. The paper is a summons which informs him he is being sued by a number of people for money they lost when they bought faulty oil heaters from his now defunct agency.

A little later, he shows us the note, it reads: "*Dear Mr. Marvin: I am a great fan of yours and would very much like to meet you and see you broadcast.*"

●●● Although strict orders have been given that no one is to pass the locked studio doors, you and I watch Claudette Colbert emote before the microphone. Radio is new to her and she is not so sure of herself. After each scene, she looks through the window into the control rooms as though seeking approval. When she is done, she throws herself into Eric Dressler's arms—he had been her lead—in a frenzy of relief; then she puts on her shoes. For Claudette works in bedroom slippers.

Below, Benay Venuta, singer of the "Chateau" program. The dog is "Rags". Right, Morton Downey greets Mrs. Morton D.—Barbara Bennett.



Wide World



Above, Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady", Mme. Schumann-Heink and (left) Mrs. John Fox. Left, the "Let's Dance" program. Helen Ward and Benny Goodman; (right) Connie Gates and Frank Luther.

By Gadabout
New gossip and confidences not told before

than four years—though she sees mamma when mamma comes to New York... Cleo Brown, the gal whom Columbia bills as a voice from Harlem, has never seen that dark part of Manhattan. She was found pounding a piano and singing in a honky-tonk on Chicago's South Side. She has the finest left hand that ever hit a keyboard, they say.

Go-Go Delys has a lovely front name—Gabrielle—which no one ever uses. Phil Baker found her—or vice versa—while she was studying law at the University of Southern California. She has flunked every music course she has ever taken and still world. Like Annette Hanshaw, she can't read a note.

DISAPPOINTMENT

It's a story about one of the gals whose name you know so well. When her voice was discovered on a small town station and she was approached with lucrative offers by a good-looking producer—she was all enthusiasm. But when the handsome guy handed her a contract and told her to start immediately for New York, she was dejected. "I thought," she complained frankly, "this wasn't on the level!"

ALMOST GODLINESS

Shirley Howard, who is (Continued on page 98)

●●● "Lanny!"

We're startled by the shout and look enquiringly at the Show Boat director. He nods wearily toward Lanny Ross who is slouched in a chair and biting a pencil stub. Before him is a folded newspaper. He is working on a puzzle, and the Boat herself might be foundering for all he cares. Finally, after shouting once more, the director taps him. "The little matter of a song," he suggests.

NEW VOICES

In my wanderings I have come across three attractive gals about whom you should know... Peg La Centra, currently with Joe Cook, is in radio because she broke one of the Ten Commandments. The fourth. Yep, she didn't obey her mammy and pappy, who stem from one of Boston's better families, when they forbade her coming to New York. She hasn't been home in more

Wives Don't Have to Obey

If you were a wife whose self-respect demanded that you break off completely with your husband tomorrow, would you have the courage to do it? Or would you try to patch it up because you'd be afraid you couldn't make your own way in the world?

Cobina Wright wasn't afraid. Not even though her entire fortune—almost a million dollars—was swallowed in the 1929 crash. Not even when gossiping sensation-mongers began flinging mud her way.

Her life isn't all a pretty story. Not at all the kind of story she would want to tell on her Monday afternoon "Your Hostess" programs for Columbia, on which she entertains you with literary, social and musical celebrities. But, pretty or not, it's an exciting life—one you ought to get straight and keep in a handy place in your mind. Some day you may need to know how a woman, criticized relentlessly, can still stand above the crowd, self-reliant and unafraid.

Certainly no one questioned Cobina Wright's courage during the World War. Look at the valiant lady in the year 1916—a fine, handsome young woman who, with the passion inherited from her Spanish mother, had spent a childhood fighting a straight-laced family of New England aristocracy for a musical education in Europe. Against stern opposition she had achieved a childhood ideal—to sing in opera. Despite that, she was restless and discontented. The thundering guns of Europe had rattled her door. She had to do her part in the war!

Christmas day of that year found her riding in the sidecar of a French army motorcycle along a shell-pitted street in Soissons. She had asked the French government for a berth as a nurse. They had told her she could help more by cheering the soldiers with her song. So there she was, jouncing along in the vehicle guided by her orderly, a French sergeant. Her piano humped along in a field truck behind her. Shells screamed overhead. She paid no attention. She had turned fatalist in the hell that was all around her.

They rattled across a bridge. She looked back at the soldiers who were tramping across it behind her. There were men who a short while before had smiled at her singing. Now they were going back to their death.

Another shell screeched through the air—terrifyingly close. There was an ear-splitting roar. Mangled bodies leapt in the air with the shattered pieces of the bridge she had just crossed.

White-lipped, she clung to the edge of the careening sidecar as the sergeant urged the motorcycle forward. The rising and falling whine of dog-fighting planes snote her ear. She looked skyward and had a moment of grim joy. A Fokker had been disabled. Then her heart froze.

The German plane was swirling drunkenly down from the sky toward her. The pilot was dead. No one could tell from the plane's ghastly antics whether it was going to crash half a mile or three feet away. The sergeant stopped the motorcycle. As much use trying to run from it as from an ogre in a nightmare. With a last wailing dive it

By Jean
Pelletier

A valiant lady, Cobina Wright could face the loss



Between Katharine Parsons and Jimmie Briery, Cobina broadcasts. Even illness cannot quench her gaiety.



How long is a life-time? Dr. Marie Davenport (left) looks back over a century. Cobina's daughter (right) still looks forward from her 'teens.



Cobina knows no fear of anything life may demand. And she has no time for either discouragement or bitterness.

struck—buried its nose in the mud less than thirty feet from her. There was a long moment while she waited for the explosion that never came. She took a piece of the fuselage of that plane to remind her of the day Death twice tapped her on the shoulder. The next day she was back in the thick of things.

Word of her work spread among Allied leaders. War notables flocked to her suite at the Ritz Hotel in Paris whenever she was on leave. They came to thank her for her work and stayed to be entertained with the brilliance which was to make her one of the most remarkable hostesses of New York Society. Men like Lloyd George, Lord Cecil and General Pershing familiarly called her suite "The Western Front." Pershing to this day is one of her closest friends. He will boast of her courage, tell you she was under fire more than any other American woman.

Cobina had laughed in the face of physical danger. How would she bear up under the fire of ridicule of those who had called themselves her friends? She had



yet to learn there were people who are fond of you only as long as you have money. She had yet to face their poisonous slander. True she had had a taste of what the more vicious ones could be like when they had criticized her first adventure in marriage and divorce with Owen Johnson, the author.

And when she married the wealthy New York broker, William

May Wright, in 1920, these same people put away a good supply of "I-told-you-so's" for future use and waited for their opportunity.

Cobina Wright suddenly found herself with all the ingredients necessary for a joyous life. She had a handsome husband with a five-figure income. A lovely daughter was born to them two years after their marriage. She had inherited nearly a million dollars from her father.

She could spend her summers in a twelve-room home at Bailey's Beach at Newport, Rhode Island. She had a beautiful villa of fourteen (Continued on page 95)

of everything in the world except her self-respect

Romance gets in his hair

Truman Bradley, who shuns love as if it were a Dillinger gangster, finds Sister Elene always a charming hostess, a merry companion, a devoted and faithful friend.

By Elizabeth Walker

TRUMAN BRADLEY is perhaps the most misjudged man in radio.

His most ardent admirers in their eagerness to make you realize what a regular person and able announcer he is, have succeeded in depicting him as a sort of Boy Scout of the broadcasting studios. When you ask a couple of them what Truman is really like they invariably answer that he once won the Missouri State Debating Championship for his hometown High School. Or, they will tell you how that super-sponsor of the air, Henry Ford, after rejecting a dozen announcers for his Sunday evening Symphonic Hour, heard him in a broadcast specially piped from Columbia's Chicago studios to Dearborn, and exclaimed: "That's the voice I want!"

But, there is another Truman Bradley I know: a reckless, romantic one whom women adore and address as "Brad." You encounter him in the Windy City's swankier night clubs, beaunting some lovely debutante, or cantering along the bridle path in Lincoln Park beside a luscious-looking air diva. Yet that Brad, ironically enough, shuns love as though Cupid were a Dillinger gangster, and complains that *romance gets in his hair*.

Why should a man as young and attractive as this Truman Bradley want to escape the great altar adventure?

Any of you who have delayed your own wedding day



because your first love swapped "I do's" with someone else, who are still seeking a substitute, should be interested in his story. For it discloses not only how the memory of his boyhood sweetheart, like the fragrant perfume of an unforgotten flower, still permeates his life, but to what lengths he has gone to keep from becoming matrimonially entangled with imitations of her.

I can't explain why a young man with Brad's go-ahead and gray matter should allow his love-life to be dominated by a woman who went out of it almost ten years ago. Let me tell you about her. . . .

He met her the winter following his graduation from the Missouri State Teacher's college, while he was studying law in Kansas City. She was a gentle, gracious creature, with great Alice-in-Wonderland eyes, a slim waist, and a mental abyss which she concealed prettily beneath a mop of soft yellow curls. His friends didn't hand her much. But to Brad, whose sober brown eyes theretofore had been trained upon the sensible, (Continued on page 56)

Things Arnold Johnson Can't Forget



(Upper Left) On the "National Amateur Night" broadcast, Arnold gives the signal for the fateful G-chord—but his eyes and his heart are full of sympathy. (Upper Right) "The voice is worse than the face!" he seems to be saying to Ray Perkins. (Right) fear no unkindness from Arnold.

By John Skinner

AT lunch the other day in his apartment, Arnold Johnson played me a recording that had been made of one of those Sunday night amateur programs on which he directs the orchestra. It contained a bit of dialogue between Ray Perkins and himself. Arnold's voice came through the speaker, nasal, high-pitched, strained. Perhaps you heard that program.

I looked at Arnold in astonishment. That wasn't his real voice. He grinned.

"I was scared as Hell," he said. If you've ever shared the embarrassment of the poor amateurs who get *G-chorded* off that program, you have an idea how Arnold feels about it. Contrary to what your listening friends might say, he doesn't get a laugh out of cutting the hopefuls short.

I'm going to tell you how it happens that he gets so embarrassed. But there's more than embarrassment be-

hind his sympathetic attitude toward amateurs. He knows that from these programs may rise stars of tomorrow. His own experiences with Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, Vincent Lopez and Guy Lombardo, when their names meant little if anything, proves to him that it's not too much to expect.

In 1928 when the Columbia Broadcasting System was a howling babe, Arnold Johnson was conductor of the orchestra on one of the largest sponsored programs—the Majestic Hour. A moment before one of the programs was to begin, word was received that Norman Broken-shire, the scheduled announcer, suddenly had been taken ill and was unable to appear.

The production man was aghast. He had got Eddie Cantor and Belle Baker to the studio as guest stars, and there was no one to announce them! "You'll have to do it," he told Arnold.

(Continued on page 62)

A top-notch, he still recalls lessons of lean days



Even though youth had passed, Kate won a career. Below, as Ma O'Neill of *The O'Neills*, with Jane West.



Below, a scene from *"Snow Village"*. Aunt Hattie (Kate McComb) catches Dan'l (Arthur Allen) in a fib.



Is it ever too late?

Everyone thought it was—except brave Kate McComb!

By Bland Mulholland

THE middle-aged woman leaned hopefully toward the man who sat opposite her at the luncheon table in the New York hotel. His mouth twisted into a wry smile. He shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "At your age you haven't a chance."

He was speaking to Kate McComb, whom you now hear as the mother in "The Gibson Family." Ma O'Neill of "The O'Neills," Hattie, the wife in the "Snow Village" sketches.

At forty-four Kate McComb was setting out to become what she might have been twenty-five years before—an actress on Broadway. Her husband was dead, her son a grown man. She had refused to rest on her achievements as a devoted wife and mother. Just because she had been thwarted once before, she wasn't going to let the rest of her life slip by in barren, futile years.

But here she was, facing a man who was telling her it was too late. He should know. He had been in the theatre for years. She was stunned.

"But why?" she demanded.

"Miss McComb," Thatcher replied patiently, "the city is full of character actresses who have been on the stage since they were youngsters. Producers hire women with experience—professional experience."

"Please, Mr. Thatcher," Kate McComb pleaded, "perhaps you don't understand. I've written and produced and acted in whole plays for the Little Theatre back in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. They've made money. I've earned money with my singing. I'm no rank amateur."

"You try to convince a producer of that," her companion retorted. Then, in a kinder voice: "I believe you have dramatic ability. But a man who spends hard cash on a play has to be certain every one of his actors has had gruelling professional training. He has to *know* he can depend on them in any crisis. It's only fair for me to tell you that at your age you just haven't a chance."

After the shock of disappointment had lessened, Kate tried to be reasonable about it. After all, what Thatcher had said had sounded pretty sensible. Silly for her to think that in such a short time she could do what it had taken others years to accomplish. So for a month she resigned (Continued on page 83)

Radio Stars' COOKING SCHOOL



Wide World



Courtesy Manning Bowman

"It's great fun to discover new combinations. I've evolved some salads that are pets!"

"An electric chafing-dish saves jumping up to watch what is happening on the kitchen stove!"

GREETINGS, Friends and Radio Fans: Small town newspapers like to head a success story with the descriptive phrase, "Home Town Girl Makes Good in The Big City!"—but it isn't often that "The Big City" itself has a chance to boast about one of its own fair daughters.

So it is with the greatest pleasure that I present to you, for this Cooking School broadcast, New York City's own gift to Radio—that petite blues singer, Annette Hanshaw.

There's no denying that the greater proportion of the popular radio stars seem to come to the big New York broadcasting studios from points North, East, South and West—from Maine to N'Orleans, from Los Angeles to "Gawgia"—or as Winchell (another New York product, by the way) would say, "From Ocean to Ocean and Coast to Coast." But our guest star Annette Hanshaw, is a New Yorker born and bred, and travelled originally no further than from 110th Street to the N. B. C. and C. B. S. studios to win her place on the air waves and in the affections of her listeners.

Annette is a typical product of her home town, too—alert, high strung, full of pep, charmingly gowned and perfectly groomed. And, to make the picture complete, she resides, as so many New Yorkers do, in a little apartment, in a big building, on a busy corner of a well-known

street. So let's step into the Hanshaw home and see for ourselves how one of the city's more fortunate cliff-dwellers lives!

The Hanshaw apartment, though comparatively small, is a complete home, nevertheless, for like most New Yorkers Annette has learned how to conserve space. The living-room, for instance, does double duty and with a large drop-leaf table, in front of the window, provides plenty of room for informal entertaining. While the kitchen, though but a two-by-four, has a closet for a few pieces of dainty china, a real stove and a good size automatic refrigerator, which equipment, together with sink and table, allows for the easy preparation of complete meals.

"I don't try to do anything very fancy in the cooking line," Annette told me as we stepped down from the foyer into the "dropped" living-room after our brief inspection of the miniature culinary department. "My maid occasionally attempts something more elaborate and makes one of her famous chocolate angel food cakes, let us say. But a great many of my meals are eaten out or have to be sent up at the last minute from the restaurant in the building. However, when I have friends in for an informal Sunday supper I like to prepare some of my favorite dishes myself."

"What are they?" I inquired. (Continued on page 60)

By Nancy
Wood

Annette Hanshaw Makes Us Egg-and-Salad Enthusiasts

We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —

No Nerves!

"Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allison Royce. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor!

"In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Munn (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular. More expensive tobaccos!



No bothered nerves for Mrs. Allison Royce

"Refreshing," says Mrs. Robert R. Hill



"Flavor," says Miss Mary de Munn

Mildness!

"Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "Every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves! Camel's more expensive tobaccos make a real difference... in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing!

"Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hill, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel refreshes me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift." They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDEF, Philadelphia
- MRS. MARY BYRD, Richmond
- MRS. POWELL GAMBOT, Boston
- MRS. THOMAS W. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
- MRS. J. CARISER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
- MRS. BYRD W. DAVENPORT, New York
- MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
- MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
- MRS. FOTLER THORSAY PALMER, Chicago
- MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
- MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, New York



Mildness is what Miss Dorothy Paine prefers in Camels



© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are made from finer,
more expensive tobaccos —
Turkish and Domestic — than
any other popular brand

Lovely and glamorous star of stage and screen, now appearing on Broadway in "Anything Goes," and recently seen with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions," Ethel Merman now goes on the air, taking the time formerly occupied by Eddie Cantor Sunday evenings, in a new all-musical program called "Rhythm at Eight."



"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—

1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under* tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this, nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within* the skin. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under* tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Can Coarse Pores be reduced?

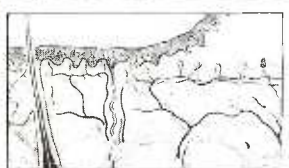
Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within* the skin. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Sagging is rarely noticeable before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, diminished circulation, failing nutrition of the *underskin*. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.



Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never troubled with blackheads or blemishes."



The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you would like to learn the explanation of skin faults, you should read "The Underskin" by Dr. Robert E. Lee, M.D., in Pond's Cold Cream. It is a little booklet which will show you how to keep your skin healthy. When you see a large blackhead or blemish, you should...



MRS. GEORGE BOLLING LEE OF VIRGINIA

Beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious Gen. and Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my complexion firm. Use it every night. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Keep Under Skin Active to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers given above, skin faults practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under* tissues vigorous and the skin clean.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world. For Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse a second time, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING—during the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, brings you enough for 9 treatments. Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free.

Mail this Coupon — for Generous Package

POUND'S, Dept. G, 128 Clinton Court
I enclose 10¢ for every package, and packet for special rule of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 4 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name

Street

City

State _____
Country _____

"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep — so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even black-heads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



I'M A LOMBARD FAN — I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY **COSMETIC SKIN** BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY !

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



EYE THE SUN!

Lucky the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid... of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is more flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-shaded in lovely shadows. **Cost \$1.50!** And you're a sun-proof beauty right away!



Water Witchery

And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADGLE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHIER, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only \$1!



Sun Shine

Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLASH into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them... while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! \$1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company, Canada, Toronto 2.

Romance Gets in His Hair

(Continued from page 43)

serious-minded small-town girls he had grown up with in Sheldon, Missouri, where he was born in 1905, she had everything.

Against the advice of family and friends, the love-smitten six-footer (clunked the law. He resigned the part-time job, selling electrical gadgets for an electric company, which had been paying his school expenses, and got himself a full-time one with a shoe company. He began planning the home they would have some day, a big, cheerful one with a yard around it and children, their children tramping in the yard.

But these plans he did not share with her. He hadn't the right to, he reasoned, until he could ask her to marry him. And he couldn't do that until he got a couple more raises.

Unfortunately for him she was no mind reader. All she knew was that while her friends shopped ecstatically for bridal veils and wedding rings her time was being monopolized by a handsome, dark young man who never even alluded to the altar.

Gradually little things that hadn't seemed important at first began to assume sinister significance. She pointed when he worked late and kept her waiting. And Brad, although he had never asked her not to see other men, stalked like a school-boy whenever she mentioned another man. One evening when he was tardier than usual and she, to punish him, perhaps, ranted on about a "date" she'd had the night before, affairs between them reached a climax.

"It seems to me you're seeing a lot of him," observed Brad acridly.

"Well, I'm not seeing nearly as much of him as I'm going to, she hotly retorted. "Maybe you don't realize it, but I'm sick of waiting around for you."

The war, the lovers' war, was on. Before it had run its course, Brad had stamped out of her home—and life. Young (he was only twenty-two then) and hot-headed he would teach her not to flout her playboy pals in the face of an industrious young business man.

Next day, instead of obeying his impulses and calling her contractly, he manifested an amenshed, an almost adobe-stent silence; and before he realized it his mindness had developed into a habit which his pride made it difficult to break. When he finally broke it, it was too late. She was engaged to another, an older and wealthier man.

All that happened seven or eight years ago. In the interim Brad has been magically metamorphosed from a struggling and unsophisticated young shoemakers-man into one of CBS' most successful announcers. Yet only the other evening as we dived over good drinks in the living-room of the handsome skyscraper apartment he now shares with his sister on Chicago's fashionable Gold Coast he told me: "I'll never marry until I find another girl like her."

Something about the firm set of his well-modeled chin as he spoke those words gave me courage to ask him one thing I have often wanted to. "Was it true, what certain people said, that he had grabbed his first big network job in New York to get out of an altar engagement with a California heiress?"

Of course he denied it. Nevertheless his grave glance brightened swiftly as he began to talk about the girl to whom it "must be referring."

He had met her in the western screen circle, whether Fate plucked him shortly after his first romantic crack-up. He had started for San Francisco to enter business, stopped over in Los Angeles to look around, and wound up as announcer for Station KMTR in Hollywood. There she came one evening, one of a group of sleekly smart Pasadena socialites who wanted to see how radio producers were put on the air. Someone introduced them. After that he saw her often.

She was the archetype of a young man's dream of a society girl come true. She was pretty. She was popular. When he took her to dinner in a dirty-sport restaurant close to the studio, she was as gracious and gay as when she reciprocated his hospitality at her parents' *Louis XIV* dining-room. In fact there was only one thing he found to dislike about her.

"He discovered that one evening when he was taking her home from a party. As he was leaving, he remarked that he wouldn't be seeing her the following night, that he expected to work very late.

"Well, don't overdo, darling," she replied lightly. "And don't lose your shirt. Remember the last time you worked late?" She giggled.

Now it sounds incredible, I know, for an intelligent young man to fall out of love with a charming and companionable girl simply because she is so morally alert that she can distinguish his white lies from faded facts. Still it is precisely what ensued.

Although Brad continued to enjoy her society, he began to notice that after he'd been with her a while he invariably felt like a toy balloon into which a mischievous child had blown ink-poking pus. *Deflated!* Her playful jabs instead of pampering his ego, however had an opposite effect. They ignited his ambition to a point where he resolved to make good before the microphone not only to have the laugh on her!

At Station KMTR where he met her, Brad also had come to know Harry Von Zell. Von Zell is now one of Columbia's ace announcers but then he was just another popular Pacific Coast voice, and when he went East to accept his first network assignment, he told Brad. "As soon as I catch on in New York I'll send you." Coincidentally enough, a telegram signed "Harry", informing him of an opening at CBS's Gotham studios, arrived just then.

What would you do, if a golden oppor-

(Continued on page 53)

JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. Costs but \$5.

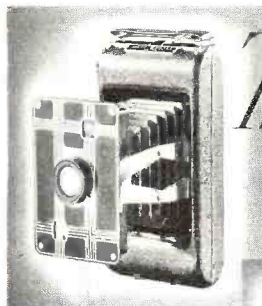


EYE-LEVEL FINDER

MODERN STYLING

ACTION FRONT

MOLDED CASE



JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$8. For 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$9.

BROWNIE—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Dwyer lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pictures, costs \$3.

These newer Kodak features
show what your old camera lacks



YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

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They originally weighed me 125 pounds. After 10 days on the Perfolastic Corset I weighed 116 pounds.

And in 10 days I reduced my hips 9 INCHES.

My thighs and my legs reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 10 pounds.

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

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 Dept. 577, 41 EAST 12th St., New York, N. Y.

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

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... like to see it. ...
 ... could find no one who ...
 ... was a drawing-room dancer who physically persisted in building up her personality complex at your expense. ... Well, that's what Brad did! And as he watched the lofty spires of Los Angeles dissolve into the golden haze behind him, he told himself severely that from that day on he was through with a man "Through!"

But to young man in full possession of his faculties could have remained true to such a ridiculous resolution after glimpsing The Actress. Brad saw her first at a cocktail party in New York. She was seated apart from the other guests, listening intently as the melodic strains of a Brahms' intermezzo poured through the radio. Her vibrant charm, like a magnet, drew him to her. Following his wife to the crowded room, he tried to tell her "So you're Rose Bradshaw."

She looked up, surprised her eyes, and expertly appraising the find and stranger bent over her. "I love him!" she said, and smiled. "Sit down!"

That was the genesis of a new romance—an adventure in love which introduced the young man from Miami to the city of Hollywood. "I'll do anything for you," she said, and he said, "I'll do anything for you." It was a romance that was as simple as a child's game, as easy as a child's game, as simple as a child's game. It was a romance that was as simple as a child's game, as easy as a child's game, as simple as a child's game. It was a romance that was as simple as a child's game, as easy as a child's game, as simple as a child's game.

... it is not to say that their friends ...
 ... had to have a ...
 ... of ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

"But surely you know I can't," he said. ...
 ... Brad ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

"What is it?" he asked, unsuspecting.

"I've got you all at the —" from her eyes he glimpsed the corner of a red ...
 ... Brad ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

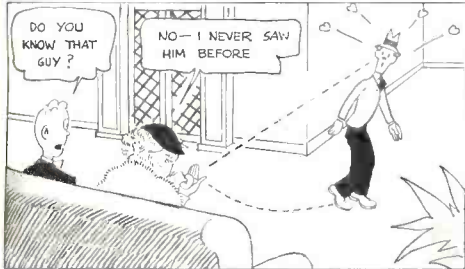
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... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

... Brad ...
 ... when he ought to discuss his own problems, he abruptly changed the subject or looked, with an air of indifference ...

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Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the new bright Cutex Nails

If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex history will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely *just-as-right*. And every shade

flows on smoothly, without chipping. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now - Cream or Clear. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store! Northern Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

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Mail 14¢ with this coupon



Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish



Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish. Grand quality. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

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Enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure set which includes one shade of polish and a color matching lipstick, as checked below.

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Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives
— as told to Madame X,
the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolate laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag... hop a train... go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"... "I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax." Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"... "It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective." Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"... "I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste." Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"... "I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit." Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes — at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets —
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

"Well," replied Amette, "in summer I go in for salads and different egg dishes. It's great fun to discover how many new combinations you can achieve with these I've evolved some pets!"

"The nice part about salads and eggs is that there are so many ways of fixing them that don't take very long," she went on. "In New York, in general—and in the Radio game in particular—time seems to be at a premium. It's *hurry, hurry, hurry!* Late breakfast, rehearsal, hair dresser, lunch—in the afternoon going over one's songs at home, a new dress to be bought with which to make a favorable impression on the studio audience—a hurried dinner (a very light one if I'm broadcasting that evening) and to the studio or to a theatre in the evening. And so it goes! Each day is a rush from the moment I open my eyes." (and such lovely eyes!) It's too bad Amette can't broadcast *thru* it! "to the late hour when I drag my weary self to bed. That's why I've had to learn to conserve time and energy in cooking as in everything else. And of course I am limited as to space as you can see!"

One of the nicest ways to get around the lack-of-time element, Amette has discovered (even as you and I) is to have a well-stocked refrigerator from which salad "fixin's" can be procured at a moment's notice. Lettuce or other salad greens should be stored there, washed and ready at all times for immediate use. Then, too, if you have an automatic refrigerator, as Amette has, the hyliator can be stocked with such things as tomatoes, carrots, water cress and celery—while jars of your favorite salad dressings together with chili sauce, mustard, pickles, olives and the like stand on the refrigerator shelves ready to do their share towards achieving perfection. Besides these, according to Miss Hanshaw, you should always keep on hand a regiment of eggs, various brands of cheese and other ingredients to throw into the breach as "hook troops" to stem the tide of advancing hunger at a moment's notice.

The small-quantity difficulties can be immeasurably overcome by having helpful electrical table equipment such as percolator, sandwich toaster, waffle iron, grill and chafing dish. Amette has discovered,

"My chafing dish is great fun to use." Amette told me, "and it does away completely with the necessity for jumping up constantly and leaving my guests, while I watch what's happening on the stove in the kitchen! With a percolator bubbling away on a small side table, a bowl of crisp salad on the larger table, a chafing dish on a tray flanked by bowl and pickles containing the necessary ingredients for one of my favorite egg dishes, one of Lattin's Chocolate Angel Cakes in the Cake Box, I am ready—*am, too, three!*—for some easy entertaining!"

It does sound easy as Amette describes it, doesn't it? And charmingly in-

formal as well! All that remained to make me want to rush home immediately, ask in three people (Amette fixes her supper parties by four) and pay Amette the Battery of imitation, was to hear her describe the tools she serves on such occasions. That settled it. Now I also am a combined egg-and-salad enthusiast! Read on, then and become one, too!

Let's start with Amette's salads, which are of the *combination* type rather than of the *cocktail-and-evoked* or *modded variety*, although there is one special Fruit Salad Mold she favors, and which I am going to give you in this month's booklet.

One of the easiest salads to prepare is Amette's version of Combination Salad. And what a combination! Not one vegetable among those called for has ever paid even the shortest of visits to the family stove before popping into the salad! Into the salad bowl (which can be rubbed with garlic if you like the flavor) goes some shredded lettuce, a few sprigs of water cress; a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. To this are added enough vegetables to suit the taste and to take care of the number of diners expected. (But I warn you to be generous in heaping the required amounts because everyone will devour unheard of quantities!) The vegetables called for include old friends such as chopped celery, shredded cabbage and peeled, quartered tomatoes. Tiny new carrots are then added (They should be scraped and cut into extremely thin strips.) Then—surprise!—surprise!—Amette adds one cauliflower! The way to do this is to soak a few buds of cauliflower in icy water until very crisp—drain off the water, cut the cauliflower into paper-thin pieces, dust liberally with celery salt and add to the other ingredients. Another unusual note may be introduced into this salad by fixing little squares of bread in butter to make golden brown croutons which are scattered over the top of the contents of the bowl just before serving time. A rich French dressing is poured over this salad at the table and the whole is tossed lightly in the bowl with salad fork and spoon until thoroughly blended. Try it sometime!

Occasionally Miss Hanshaw serves a sweet salad instead of a dessert. A recipe for her very own Date and Orange Wheels will be found at the end of this article. Included also is a new salad-dressing recipe which you'll love to serve with many another fruit salad combination.

Speaking of fruit salads, I have already mentioned, you may recall, that this month's booklet contains a recipe for Fruit Salad Mold with which Amette has dazzled her friends, on occasion, at the cost of only a few minutes of her precious time, expended in its preparation. And the salad-dressing that goes with this salad is a dream, too! Your guests will admire your family will rave!

Two other recipes are included in the booklet—one of them is for the Chocolate Angel Food Cake—Annette Hanshaw's favorite dessert when made by her maid. The other is a recipe for a delicious way to serve plain hard-boiled eggs dressed up with a really knockout sauce. (Which reminds me I haven't even had room to tell you about Annette's small suggestions for the kind of egg dishes she conducts in her lovely electric chafing dish. However if you send for this month's Radio Stars Cooking School Booklet you'll be sure to have one of the best of them—Eggs Annette—briefly listed above. The booklet is free as it is and the recipes are as delightful as the little lady who presented them to me and to you, with her compliments. Miss Annette Hanshaw is now signing off—leaving to your Cooking School instructor just sufficient time for this last reminder. Be sure to send for the recipe!

Meanwhile eat out or up these two recipes and add them to our files. They are well worth trying immediately and keeping for future use too.

DATE AND ORANGE WHEELS

- 1/2 package cream cheese
- 1/2 cup nut meats (chopped)
- 1 table spoon cream
- 12 pitted dates
- 1 large navel orange, kaffee

Mash cheese with 1/2 c. kaffee with chopped nuts and cream. Add pitted dates with cream cheese mixture. Peel orange and cut crosswise into slices or "wheels." Place each orange wheel on lettuce leaf. Make "spokes" or filled dates (4 dates to each orange slice). Pass Honey Dressing (11) with separately. Serves 3.

HANSHAW HONEY DRESSING

- 1/2 package cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons strained honey
- 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup salad oil
- a pinch of salt

Blend cream cheese with lemon juice and honey until smooth. Add grated rind. Add salad oil, very slowly at first, beating thoroughly with wire beater after each addition. Add salt. Beat dressing until smooth and thick. Serve with Date and Orange Wheels and other fruit salads.



and the sauce is better than I can make!

"WHO wants to slave in a hot kitchen this hot weather? I'm sure I don't! That's why I'm doubly delighted to have discovered Franco-American Spaghetti. It not only saves me work, but we actually like it better than the kind I used to make. My sauce never was as good as this. I think Franco-American has the best sauce I ever tasted!"

exclaim in surprise, "Why, this spaghetti is a lot better than mine!"

Costs less, too

Serve Franco-American soon. See what a hit it makes with everybody. And remember, Franco-American is not only easier and more delicious, but more economical, too. Actually, it costs less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and burning fuel to cook them.

But that's only half the economy story. Franco-American is packed full of nourishment. It contains a rich supply of important food elements

that are needed to build strength and energy, yet costs surprisingly little. Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents. Why not ask your grocer for this delicious spaghetti today?

Just try it and see!

We might recite the long list of eleven different ingredients this glorious sauce contains... the big, luscious, flavorful tomatoes... the mellow Cheddar cheese... all the tangy spices and seasonings. Yet mere words can never express the most important thing of all that goes into it—the inspired chef's touch! But one taste reveals it—makes women



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

Please send me the free recipes for ANNETTE HANSHAW'S favorite Summer dishes.

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Think of it! One little bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer—all you add is water, sugar, yeast.

And how economical! 8¢ per 5¢. Think what you save!

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This 1-ounce bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer—all you need for water, sugar, yeast, and yeast.

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Please send me free bottle of Hires Extract, 1
enclosed for postage and packing.

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Canadian branch mail copy on to
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Things Arnold Johnson Can't Forget

(Continued from page 18)

"Who? Me?" demanded the startled orchestra leader. "But what'll I say?"

"Anything. Anything so long as you announce their numbers."

Arnold was pretty nervous when it came time to introduce Canton. "Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," he began in the best manner of the time. "I wish to present the star of musical comedy, Eddie Canton. What are you going to sing for us, Eddie?"

"What's that spot on your vest, Arnold?" queried Eddie.

"The—uh—the?" Arnold stammered in astonishment.

"The spot on your vest, there. No—not that one, That's gray. I mean the one—stain. Where'd you get it? You didn't have it on the last time I saw you."

The orchestra began to titter. Arnold felt his face reddening. He saw that Canton was trying to make up for his—Canton's absence by *ad libitum*, but he realized with horror that he couldn't keep up his end of it. He felt his tongue growing thick.

"Get up, will you, I guess so," he mumbled. And his voice trembled, grew hoarse and hoarse in pitch until it broke off with a squawk.

When Belle Baker had her turn, she made matters worse. Belle had elected to sing "I Love You." And instead of singing the chorus as written she mixed with great feeling.

"I love you, Arnold Johnson, I love you."

That finished Johnson. He can't remember what he said on the rest of the program. He'd rather not try.

That gives you an idea why this man's heart goes out to the newcomers who are nervous of their case on his programs. But let's get to the other reasons for his sympathy for them—his own experience with stars of today who were nobodies when he first knew them.

In 1915, when Arnold was directing the three orchestras playing in Tait's Cafe in San Francisco, he had his first encounter with Paul Whiteman, the then obscure yodel player in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Harry Green, leader of one of the orchestras, needed a violinist. He recommended Whiteman to Johnson.

"How much are you making now?" Arnold asked Paul.

"Thirty-five dollars a week," Paul answered. "Twenty-eight playing in the symphony orchestra and another seven playing noontimes in a cafeteria."

"I'll pay you forty," Johnson offered.

Paul was dubious. He didn't want to leave a secure position. But in the end he decided to take a chance. The next day Green came to Johnson.

"I made a mistake, I guess. This guy Whiteman is terrible."

Remember that, in those days, playing popular music was a bit-of-mess business. There were no individual arrangements for each member of the orchestra. The players learned the melody and figured out their own obbligatos and variations as they

went along. Paul, accustomed to the precise scoring of symphonic music, was completely bewildered by this catch-assembly-line delivery. He simply couldn't play with them. Johnson explained to him that he'd have to let him go at the end of two weeks.

"If you didn't think I was any good," Paul demanded indignantly, "why did you hire me in the first place?" But if you had not wanted I certainly don't care to stay even the two weeks."

He did stay that long though, then left. Before he saw him again, three others whose names were then unknown, passed into and out of Arnold's life. They were Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo and Vincent Lopez.

More than once Guy has been said to attribute the inspiration for his present style of playing to listening to Johnson's orchestra night after night in the Capitol Theatre in Detroit.

Lombardo, so the story goes, was struggling along with a small orchestra in Canada. Faced to improve or be studied Johnson's use of tone flutes. The early influence is still evident in the flow of the Lombardo music.

That was in 1922, or there about, when it was the same year that Johnson lent a hand to a then unknown to play band which had come to Detroit on a dance tour. The band was called "Warms' Pennsylvania."

In those days Arnold Johnson's name was emblazoned on theatres and cafes wherever he appeared, as one of the country's outstanding orchestra leaders. It was natural enough, then, for the Warming group to seek his advice.

Arnold went to watch their rehearsals. Then instruments were old and battered but they made spirited music. Johnson pointed out faults, made constructive suggestions. There's some Warming listened attentively. Shortly afterward a representative of the Adams Theatre came to Detroit to see Johnson concerning future appearances. Johnson mentioned the Warming group to him.

Soon afterward the Pennsylvanians, dressed for the first time in their famous gold costumes, were booked by this agent into the Chicago Theatre for seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. It was the first big stage appearance of the Warming stage and radio band.

From Detroit, Johnson went to New York to play at Rosenzweber's Cafe. There he unwittingly started another orchestra leader, Vincent Lopez, on the path to prominence.

A young woman by the name of White had a hunch that Rosenzweber's was to listen to Johnson's orchestra. She had a knack of playing the xylophone smartly and once in a while Johnson would let her do a solo. One day she overheard Johnson returning in order to play at the swank Ross-Lorain-Lumiere in New Jersey.

"Why don't you recommend the orchestra my husband is playing drums in?" the girl asked Arnold. "It's only five pieces and it's just playing in Pat Rosscoe's act in Lyndeville at the P.L.C. on the 15th party

good. It's run by a fellow named Vincent Lopez."

Johnson made the recommendation. Lopez got the job. From the Ross Tenton Farms he went to the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, and from there to fame.

Not long afterward Arnold had his second encounter with Paul Whiteman. Paul had made his sensational debut at the Palais Royal in New York. Already he had been nicknamed the King of Jazz.

"You damned Swede! Paul told him at that meeting. "When you fired me you made me so mad I went right out and started my own orchestra. If you hadn't fired me, I might never have done it."

There's still another reason why Arnold Johnson has a sympathy for the underdog. He's been one himself. Until 1930 he had gone right on up like the others he had known when. Then suddenly his fortunes turned.

For two years, during 1928 and 1929, Johnson had been conducting the orchestra on that Majestic Hour. When his contract had run out, he decided he had had enough of waving the baton in cafés and in front of microphones. He was going into the business of booking orchestras. He was going to be an executive.

With eighteen thousand dollars he had saved, he took over an elaborate suite of offices on Broadway. It had green plush carpets, a switchboard and thirty-two employees. Arnold's office looked very business-like.

It wasn't. Arnold had over-reached himself this time. It was too late when he realized he wasn't cut out for this kind of business. In a few months the savings were all gone and the company was in bankruptcy for another thirty-four thousand dollars.

He went to advertising agencies, seeking a new program for his orchestra. They told him his name had been too closely associated with Majestic broadcasts. That no other sponsor would want him for some time. Told him to come back in a year or two.

He might have asked for a job playing in the orchestras of some of the conductors he had known when they were less fortunate. But he was too proud to do that. For nearly a year it became a matter of scraping up a few dollars here and there, mostly by making orchestral arrangements.

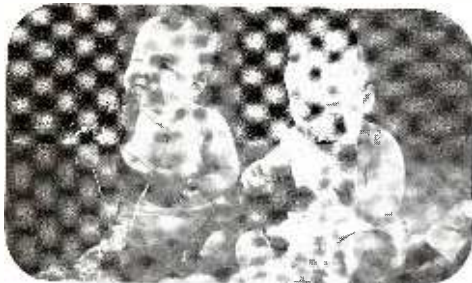
But he hadn't come all that way to take a licking. If they didn't want his name, he would organize orchestras and put them on the air under other names. Beginning with a few scattered programs, he slowly worked himself back into the running.

Not until this year has the Arnold Johnson name begun again to mean what it used to. Now radio respects him. Not only does he conduct the orchestra on that amateur hour, but he picks all the talent from the thousands of eager recruits who offer themselves.

Yes, Arnold Johnson is back on top with the men he knew when their names meant nothing. In his rich experience with them he has learned that stars can come from seemingly unpromising material.

So the next time you hear that fateful chord in G come crashing through your speaker, remember that Arnold feels all the sympathy that you feel for the unfortunate victims.

THE END



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"



"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even you!"

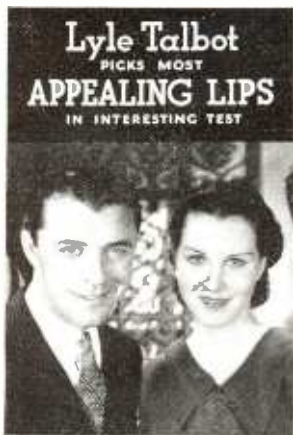
"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



Johnson & Johnson
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Men Like Mystery

(Continued from page 25)



Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST



Here's
the reason
Tangee lips
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Mr. Talbot



"I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint!" And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

Tangee is an amazing lipstick that gives your lips color without painting them. It contains a magic color principle that changes on your lips to a warm shade of blush rose. There are two sizes: \$1.10 and 39c. Try Tangee today. Or for a quick trial send 10c and coupon for the Three Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Lyle Talbot makes the text between scenes of "Oil for the Lamps of China," the Cosmopolitan Picture released by Warner Brothers.

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TANGEE
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This
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USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



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Each Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I can have the Miracles on 35c in Canada.

Which shade? Fleety Rachel Lululu Rachel

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something about Virginia Fairfax, knew that I was one of the Fairfaxes of Virginia, that I had done social settlement work, nursing, teaching. Knew that I had a private income sufficient for my modest needs. Knew that flying, for me, was not a stunt for publicity, not for fame or fortune, but because of a deep and ever-growing interest in this new adventure. Flying and radio seem, to me, the most exciting miracles of the present day.

We four tried to go out together a lot, lunch together at the field, or go in town for dinner and a show. We were all just good friends, without a thought of romance—till one evening when Barry brought me home after some flirtation we all had shared . . .

"What are you thinking?" I asked him as he sat looking at me thoughtfully through the smoke of a cigarette.

The grimed provocatively. "Thinking something odd Bill said, out at the field this afternoon."

"Oh," I said casually. And with the "Bill's sweet!"

"He gives you more than that?" I cried grimed again. "She's the real stut Barry!" he quoted. "She's a thing to see! She has brains, as well as beauty. As she's got what it takes . . . She's the sweetest girl, believe me, Barry! And she's got a sense of values. She'll take care as she takes flying, ship up, and wots working of oil cylinders. She'll make life a great adventure—for someone!"

It touched me. I couldn't say anything for a moment. Then, foolishly, I laughed. "It seemed so extravagant!" Dear old Bill!

Barry was still studying me with that odd, speculative gaze, as if seeing me for the first time in a new light. It provoked me a little, and, to test him, I said awkwardly, "Why don't you speak to your sister John?" Barry's name really is John, but he is known to everyone as Barry, Barrett.

His eyes held mine strangely for a moment, and again I felt an odd, unfamiliar tingle, but before I had time to change the subject he burst out:

"If I thought I had a chance, I would. Then a sudden radiance shined from his eyes, gaze. "Virginia!" His voice broke softly. "do you mean?"

And as suddenly I felt a sweet, warm flame in my own heart. As suddenly I knew that I did mean what I had said before guessed. "I loved him!"

My eyes must have told him, for a instant I was in his arms. His lips tender, adoring, sought mine for the first time. And mine met them with a simple, sincere, tender.

"Oh, Barry!" I said at last. "I'm really true!"

"It must be!" He spoke with awe andapture. "It's so wonderful! Of my darling, my beautiful beloved! It must be true, just because it's so unbelievable!"

Neither of us thought again of Bill, or of what fond and little dreams may have been briefly his. There was room in his hearts for nothing but each other and a new found love. Though, oddly, it was

I recall these last sweet moments. I remember Bill's face as I and Grace watched us take off from the field that late afternoon on our flying honeymoon. I remember that he looked suddenly white and tired and old. But in that moment I forgot it, as I looked into Barry's eyes.

How wonderful it had been that thrilling honeymoon! Long hours of radio companionship. We flew around the world. We were told in every capital of the globe. I could have forgiven that but Barry loved it. There is something lowest in him that responds quickly to adulation and praise.

That, I realize now, should have told me something, too. . . . Something that I have learned too painfully, too late . . .

But how should I guess in those first rapturous weeks and months that he was thrilled not merely by our marriage, but by the fact that he had married Virginia Fairfax, "that his wife was 'the most American woman flyer' and 'one of the Fairfaxes of Virginia'." I couldn't see it just what it was that directed his eager seeking of the great ones of the world's stars. I used to hate, at the time, the titles had to him. Early His-Prince, That, His Highness.

But, some day, I could forget all the countless M. Rosini.

Barry had met her in South America.

His were solitary flights, and the honeymoon was over. I had wanted to go with him, but he refused to permit it. He preferred to sail to me that I was at home with a light, so to speak, in my day waiting for him to come back to me. Those were fairly homecoming parties. We had a beautiful honeymoon in Westchester. And I loved managing it. I loved making it a home, a setting for our happiness. I loved designing the garden, planting roses, and winding paths, where two who still were lovers might sit. But other was in my mind. I didn't miss flying. I got up on a regular foot march and my ship at home. And as I grew, I saw the hope of the world that I could give to our married life apart.

I could not do this on our own. And when I went to New York, I had to bring me home over Barry's will. We still were the sweetest of friends, we always had been, quite casual, but they like to be together. Often, even now, Barry was at a restaurant in New York, he was to be expected to have my time to me. But I was in suspense. I never have been a jealous, demanding wife. Never have asked him to account for his quiet away from me.

Now, ever mentioned Sandra to me. I knew of her, of course. Since she had come to New York she had made great radio career out of the radio. I even had heard a certain broadcast from which the columnists of the city dailies had fashioned a pointed paragraph. The announcement had been suddenly made to appear, at that had asked Barry to introduce Sandra as guest artist of a new program. She had kidded him shyly but he smiled and had made a magnificent song with the words "The Day in the Radio." . . .

I QUIT PAYING BIG PRICES FOR WINDOW SHADES!

Now I Buy Only **5¢ CLOPAYS**

Yet I Have the Neatest-Looking Windows in Town

I NEVER realized how decorative window shades could be until I saw Clopays, so many lovely chambray patterns and plain colors to harmonize with any decorative scheme. So beautiful you only pay 5¢ each! Why I saved \$8 a window. Clopays are amazingly durable, too—cannot crack, ravel or pullhole and their patented crepe fold texture makes them hang straight, roll slightly, wear longer. Available in all colors in a jiffy with patented gummed strips—no tacks or touts. See Clopays at your favorite 5¢ & 10¢ or neighborhood store. Mail for stamp for color samples to the **CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1443 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

I QUIT BUYING HIGH PRICED OILCLOTH TOO!

FABRAY
Costs 1/3 to 1/2 LESS

LOOKS... FEELS... and WEARS Like Oilcloth!

"It's great to save up to \$8 a window with Clopays shades, but Fabray saves even more. I use it every way I ever used oilcloth and more besides. It has the same surface—wears as well and stays presentable longer, because it resists cracking and peeling. So many attractive patterns to choose from, too. Fabray is utterly new and revolutionary. It looks and feels and wears like oilcloth but does not crack or peel because its base is tough, solid fibre instead of flimsy serim. See Fabray at your favorite 5¢ and 10¢ store or neighborhood store in standard sizes for shelves and tables. Send 10¢ for 24 1/2-yard roll of shelf Fabray to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1453 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

"Oh, never again, I felt, could I be happy. Never again could I dwell in that fond, sweet Paradise of romantic illusion! And Barry—would he marry Sandra? And if he did—would he be happy? Somehow I doubted it.

"That night Barry came home late again. I hadn't wanted up to him. I didn't want to catch again a hint of that hateful, subtle seam on his coat.

"After he had bathed he came into my room in pyjamas and dressing-gown. "I saw your light!" he said.

I gave him a welcoming smile, but my heart ached with that knife-like wound. How handsome he was! And he looked so competent, so strong. . . . What weakness was it that now was threatening our happy life together? Or was it only the same thing that had made him so easily my husband? Was Sandra just another of his worshipful fans? Or was she truly the one woman for him? Or was he really wanting her? Or was he, perhaps, risking something really dear to him for something that soon would have run its brief course?

"Feeling fit, Barry? I asked him.

"He flexed his muscles. His eyes shone "Great!" he said. Then, abruptly: "Think I'll be taking off tomorrow. . . . Tomorrow, or next day. 'Cuba, this time. Looking over the latest revolution."

"Would you take a lady along?"

"Well—not exactly." He caught himself. "You wouldn't want to go. I'd like to be all hell popping, where I'd be."

"If it's popping anywhere, that's where you'll be," I smiled. "Still—there are places—on Havana, perhaps, where I suppose it would be safe—to relax—between pops." I found it hard to get the words out, somehow.

But he grinned boyishly. "Maybe—maybe not. . . . Sandra was going down there on a matter of business. I rather warned her against it."

He had brought out that name between us at last. Casually, too. Did that mean he cared—or didn't care? Suppose I insisted on going with him? Suppose he objected?

"I wouldn't test it. "Well"—I smiled, after a moment, "happy Landings old dear. I guess you'll know where to find me, when you get back."

"Bill told me you'd had your ship all timed up." He changed the subject abruptly. "You haven't been making plans, have you? Or should I be the last to know?" There was a slight edge in his voice—an edge that came, I realized, from resentment at Bill's unspoken reproach.

"Sit down." I patted the bed, and he sat hesitantly on the foot of it. "I am thinking—just thinking about taking off—that flight I talked over with you some time ago—to South America. I get the urge, sometimes." I added, "Other things—go slack. . . . In the air, you get back a lost perspective."

"Have you lost yours, Gimpy?" He looked apprehensive.

"Everyone does, at intervals. I think. . . . Do you know just what really matters, always—what you really want most?"

He was silent. The little electric clock by my bed ticked faintly. And in that moment's stillness I nearly grasped my answer. I felt that everything in him urged him to cry out: "I want you, Gimpy! No one—no *gine*, else." But he was tangled

in a web of his own weaving—that is, partly his own, partly circumstances—partly Sandra's. He had to get clear in his own mind, he could not speak. I understood. I felt. And I longed to comfort him.

"Well—" I tried to speak quite casually. "If you don't—you will. If you want anything enough, you'll see it clearly, eventually. Such unpredictable things don't do us any good, sometimes. . . . Emotions, moods, sentiments. . . . The timbre of a voice, the fit of a hand. . . . Words that seem to have new meanings. . . . Meetings that seem to have old significances. . . . We have to get away from ourselves, sometimes—to see where we stand."

He looked at me profoundly. "Wish little Gimpy" he said.

Again the clock ticked faintly. He looked at it with a little grimace.

"Good what an hour!" He rose hastily. "Guess I'll roll in and let you get your beauty sleep." He bent over, kissed me out—and left me.

I went to the field the next morning. I had a plan—I'd been working out the details quite secretly. I didn't want anything to get out till I was really ready. Everyone who has experienced that. When you're ready, you take off. I am caught to talk about it afterwards—I can't have talked it over with Barry, if I did, or chance these past weeks. But I didn't.

When I got back, soon I found, sitting awaiting me, Sandra Morish!

She greeted me somewhat constrainedly. "I'm off on a little trip," she explained, "and I thought I'd drop in—to say goodbye."

She never had called on me before. Nor had I ever invited her to the house. I might suddenly I knew that she had to come. We had to have this meeting. . . .

"That was a kind thought," I said. "I hope the trip will be a pleasant one." I looked at her speculatively. She was a fabulous creature. Ivory white skin, full red lips. An exquisitely ebullient personality and a cap of silky black hair. Eyes that held inimitable wisdom, intriguing promises. . . . She was of Latin ancestry. I fancied, I knew that she had married and divorced the Italian nobleman whose name and title lent her added glamour. She had wealth, obviously, and an unquenchable zest for romantic adventure.

"Pleasant?" she repeated. "Oh, yes—I think that it will be so. . . ." She smiled slowly. "I am going to Cuba."

"So Barry told me," I said casually.

"Barry. . . ." she repeated. Suddenly no inner flame irradiated her. "Barry"—she said again, softly.

"My husband," I ventured to remind her. She stared at me. "But—why?" she burst out. "How? A man you scarcely see? A hasty, childish romance—tumbling out of the sky into each other's arms? Why Barry? Why not that Willoughby? He is so like you! So quiet—so cold—so reticent! No fire—no tempo! Barry needs fire to warm him—to feed the fires in his soul!" She leaned toward me tensely, her eyes blazing. "You are too cool—too competent—too contained," she reiterated. "You have no subtlety. . . . There is no mystery about you! You could not tell a lie!"

I smiled faintly, in spite of myself. "Are you suggesting that I should be to my husband?"

"Men like mystery," she declared. "I will keep something from them—something that they want. Never give all—that is fatal! Though why I should give you rules for keeping your husband," she frowned expressively. "It will do no good—you cannot make use of them!"

"Do you?" I said carefully, after a moment "suggest that I divorce Barry—so that he may find—(sobs)—the mystery—the hint—that I cannot supply?"

"Good—yes!" She drew a quick breath. "Why not? I love him! You know it! Why not?"

Rain dripped down through the April twilight. In the great field-stone fireplace the fire whispered softly. And the flickering flame cast strange shadows upon the face of the woman sitting across from me. Her face seemed no longer human, but a cold, forbidding mask of fate.

"There might be reasons—" I said presently, when I could control my voice—answering her impassioned. "Why not?" "After all I'm not just a nobody . . . It might hurt him—in more ways than one . . . Would you still love him—it he were, perhaps, to lose some of his popularity—because of my divorcing him? Anyone on the radio," I reminded her, "must be careful of his reputation."

She considered that. "I see," she said suddenly. "Oh—but you are generous! You will find a nobler way out!" She looked at me, out of the shadowed mask that was her face. I felt her eyes burning into mine. "A nobler way out . . ." she repeated significantly. Then with swift, ethereal grace, she rose, bowed, and went out.

I sat shivering, before the fading fire. Still the room seemed filled with that malignant presence. The air seemed still to quiver with the echo of her fearful suggestion. I would find "a nobler way"—to set him free! To take up my new ship, of course, and—

Again I felt that quick-black turning, turning in my heart. I knew now that, as sure as the sun rose in the morning, I should take off . . . I should set out on some unpredictable journey . . .

It is nearly sunrise now . . . Barry did not come home . . . I have sat here all night—writing . . . Outside the window delicate rosy fingers are plucking aside the misty curtains of dawn. A thrill is shivering to its mate. The air is faintly sweet with dew-washed, budding green . . . It will be a glorious day . . .

It will be a glorious day . . .

(This story is included in the August issue.)

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

EVERY sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet *but dry*. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is *not the sure way*.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. No matter how little they perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even the most careful dry cleaning, will completely remove this musty smell, you will know why women who want to be *sure* never to offend use Liquid Odorono.

SAFE . . . ask your physician

Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for his own use. Your physician will tell you it has no harmful effect. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm.

In any way. It simply draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

Examine your dress tonight

If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you!

It will help you to understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always come back to Odorono. In the end, Odorono is easier. There's no fuss and bother with shields. Odorono ends guesswork and worry scientifically and safely.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

Make Odorono a serious habit, and you will enjoy complete freedom from moisture, ruinous and humiliating stains and careless, untidy "armhole odor."

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

CAREFUL WOMEN avoid all "armhole odor" in their dresses by gently closing the pores of the underarm with Liquid Odorono. Millions of bottles are used every year by women who insist on bring sure.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 7E5, 191 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8c for generous-sized bottles of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

● To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents

Name _____
Address _____

Have you started the "Scrambled Stars" Contest? Don't miss a chance to win one of these fine prizes! (See Pages 29, 30, and 31, of this issue.) The first set of pictures appeared in our June issue.

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 10)

EDITORIAL

NO RACKETS ALLOWED

It has been brought to the attention of the Listeners' League of America that clubs have been formed and are being formed for the express purpose of soliciting funds from radio artists. Whether such funds have been solicited in good faith for the real purpose of furthering the growth of the clubs, or whether these funds have been nothing more than a mild form of blackmail, we don't know. But the Listeners' League of America wants it definitely understood that it will have no part in such transactions.

In this League there are NO dues. There are NO fees. There are NO funds for any purpose.

It is with this declaration of financial policy that we warn all fans and artists lest they be victims to unscrupulous attempts to collect money.

We mean no offense to those many clubs, already formed, that have regular dues, paid by their local members, for legitimate purposes of conducting their organizations. That is entirely a matter to be handled by each of the local clubs.

Yet it must be understood that the dues of those clubs have no connection with the League in case those clubs abdicate with the League.

On the other hand, we will not permit any member or Chapter of the League to solicit funds from any radio artist. All artists have been asked to report any such solicitations to the League, and these solicitations will be exposed in the pages of Radio Stars Magazine.

So remember: In the League there are NO dues, NO fees and NO funds of any nature for any purpose.

LEAGUE WILL SERVE AS CLEARING HOUSE FOR ARTISTS' MAIL

One of the benefits of the League is to serve as a clearing house for mail between members and artists.

All fans may address their favorite radio artists in care of the League, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and the League will deliver the mail directly to the homes or offices of the artists.

The League encourages correspondence with their favorite artists on the part of members. That is one way of showing appreciation to an artist for the work he is doing. It also is an indication to the artist as to how his programs are being received. Another very important point, the League stresses, is that such mail will serve to bring the artist and his fans into closer contact.

RULES FOR FORMING CHAPTERS

1. Get together ten or more persons who wish to organize in behalf of their favorite radio artist.
2. Elect officers, naming a president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer.
3. Have each member cut out and sign an individual membership application which is printed on this page.
4. Have the president fill out the application for a charter which is printed just below the individual membership application.
5. Send both the membership coupons and the application for a charter to The Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FAN CLUBS PRESS NATIONAL DRIVE

(Continued from page 10, col 1)

town, Ekovist, attempts will be made to form Chapters in a similar manner to Amos 'n' Andy and other artists.

All of the Amos 'n' Andy Chapters, and there may be hundreds of them will then combine to form the Amos 'n' Andy Artist Club. In the same manner all Guy Lombardo Chapters, regardless of the number or their location, will combine to form the Guy Lombardo Artist Club. The same formula applies to other artists.

Ten or more persons are necessary for a Chapter. The procedure of organizing a Chapter is this: (1) first get together ten or more persons who are in or out of one particular artist; (2) organize this group by the election of a president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer; (3) have each individual member fill out the membership application which is printed on the first page of this Gazette; (4) have the president fill out the application for a charter; (5) mail the individual applications and the chart application to the Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As soon as the application can be acted upon, the Chapter will then be given an official number, sent its official charter signed by the artist, it is supporting, and each individual member will receive an official membership card. Other benefits which the League offers will be forthcoming once the charter has been granted.

Those individuals who, because of their residence in sparsely populated communities or because of other local conditions over which they have no control, cannot get together ten or more persons for a Chapter, may apply for membership in the Marconi Chapter, a Chapter designed for that purpose.

Each Chapter organized will receive an autographic picture of their artist favorite. The League also offers such benefits as free a year concerning the artists, to serve as a clearing house for mail between artists and the fans; to notify Chapters when artists are visiting in their communities in order that they might be a personal meeting; to supply material for Chapter publications; and many other such benefits which will develop as the organization develops.

Already, there are many fan clubs organized, some having over one hundred members in all sections of the country. In some cases, these clubs publish regular fan magazines and in many other ways have formed a very definite and workable organization.

In order not to conflict with these already organized clubs and at the same time to offer these clubs the benefits of the League with its national scope, special provisions have been made to take these clubs into the League under the clubs so desire.

In these cases, all that is necessary is for the individual members to fill out the membership applications, and for the president to fill out the application for a charter. Then immediately that club becomes a Chapter within the League.

It is the sincere hope of the League that these clubs, already organized, will avail themselves of this opportunity. It is pointed out that such a club in behalf of an artist can accomplish much more if it joins hands with all the other fans of that artist in a national or area one. For example, there may be Frank Parker clubs in California, in New York, in Kansas and many other places. There may also be a club which draws its membership from six states. If these clubs would combine, share with newly formed Parker clubs throughout the country, then the real services rendered to Frank Parker can be greater. Also these fans, all with a common purpose, can work together more satisfactorily to accomplish the goals for which they strive.

Because of the fact that this magazine is published several weeks in advance, it is impossible to give any details of the accomplishments of the League since the announcement of its formation last month. Next month, however, the Gazette will report all activities.

Radio Stars Magazine is giving a free subscription for one year to the presidents of the first one hundred Chapters to organize.

NEWS OF THE CLUBS

(Continued from page 10, col 1)

February 13th in North Cambridge, Mass., is fast growing.

I am president of the Vera Van Fan Club and spotted your little announcement in the May issue of Radio

Stars in regard to a fan club department. I am very anxious to get all Vera Van fans amongst us and would like to be listed in the Listeners' League of America." This comes from Dorothy M. Hulise of New York City.

Mildred Buck of New York City is another Lanny Ross booster, allied with the Lanny Ross Legion, who writes to the Gazette.

Clarence Palmer of Honolulu, Hawaii, who read the little announcement in Radio Stars two months ago that the Listeners' League of America was being formed, writes to say that he has a group already organized and ready to affiliate with the League. "We're all Annette Hanshaw boosters," he adds.

News comes that Madeleine F. Caron has resigned as an officer of the Frank Parker club because of the press of her new night club position. This leaves Eleanor F. Anderson of 12 Maurice Avenue, Ossining, N. Y., as the full time active head of the Parker organization.

LEAGUE IS OPEN TO FOREIGN FANS

(Continued from page 10, col. 11)

formed in exactly the same way as local Chapters in the United States. Likewise, those individuals in foreign countries who are prevented from forming Chapters of ten or more members may make application to the Marconi Chapter.

MARCONI CHAPTER ESTABLISHED

Scattered all over the country are persons who may be prevented from being members of their own local Chapters. This may be due to the fact that they live in sparsely populated communities where they find it impossible to organize the necessary ten or more persons for a regular Chapter. There may be other local conditions, over which the individual has no control, which prevent the forming of a Chapter.

For this great group of people, The Listeners' League of America has formed a master chapter to be known as the Marconi Chapter, named in honor of the inventor of radio.

Within this great chapter, there will be divisions for each artist. For example, a Jessica Dragonette fan in California and one in North Carolina may join other fans in New York and Michigan, etc., in the Jessica Dragonette division of the Marconi Chapter. Similarly, individuals here and there over the country will be brought in the Joe Penner division of the Marconi Chapter.

Application for membership into this Chapter requires only that the individual fill out and send to the League the application for membership coupon printed on this page. Activities of this chapter will be handled from the New York headquarters.

LEAGUE APPROVED BY RADIO ARTISTS

(Continued from page 10, col. 11)

are on the network again. I feel sure my old fans will want to join with new fans in the League. I shall be happy to cooperate to the best of my ability."

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Band: "It's a swell idea. We want to do our part."

Dale Wimbrow: "Of course this old Mississippi Minstrel says o. k. I appreciate the loyalty of my fans and any move that is for their benefit meets my hearty approval."

Mark Warnow: "I like the idea of the League. By all means count me in."

MEMBERS WILL NAME OBJECTIONABLE SHOWS

Since one of the purposes of the League is to protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs, the question has been raised as to what constitutes such programs.

It has been said that the best programs are those that bring the greatest enjoyment to the greatest number of people. Similarly, poor or objectionable programs are those which to the greatest number of listeners, are poor or objectionable.

The Listeners' League of America will tabulate all criticisms and program suggestions. Those criticisms and ideas advanced by the largest number of members will be published in the Gazette as a means of bringing them to the attention of the executives.

JOHNNIE

GOES PLACES!



A Visit to the Polo Grounds, New York

"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 6)

POOR EDIE HAS NORA ON HIS HANDS AGAIN!

IT'S A SHAME NORA RISKS OFFENDING BECAUSE SHE IS AFRAID TO PREVENT PERSPIRATION BY NOT GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT NONSPI.



Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary, and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35¢ and 60¢ a bottle at all drug and department stores.



NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

The Nonspi Company, 331 West 14th Street, New York City, N.Y. 10011
 8-09 in a Special Trial Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. 1.00 for 10. (Expires 6/30/37). Try in Comfort. This offer good only until June 15th, 1937.

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naturalness of their own inner lives is concerned. Fame has made their lives busy, a bit hectic, perhaps, but never artificial or stagey. The living-room of their apartment is "homey," the furniture has a comfortable "lived with" look, and the books that line the walls look as though they were read and loved. The room bears the happy stamp of the Pickens' collective personalities, and that of their wise mother. None of the singing Pickens' have acquired the surface artificiality, the brittleness, the affected mannerisms, or the showy dress and make-up effects of which celebrities so often are guilty. Nor will they ever do so. They know the things that count and the things that don't.

We don't realize sometimes most of us, how large a part of beauty and charm comes from within. We get so absorbed in fussing and worrying about what creams to use, and what to put on our faces, that we're inclined to forget what we put in our faces through our thoughts, our emotions, our real selves. Let's make the most of our faces this summer... both within and without.

And now let's make the most of the Georgia sisters' advice.

Creams are what Jane, as spokesman for the group, emphasized as essentially important beauty aids for the summer... cleansing creams and lubricating creams. As soon as you come home from a dusty automobile trip, lane suggested, or from heat of a sooty, dirty city that seems to coat your skin with grime in a few hours, smear your face with a generous application of cleansing cream. The skin feels drawn after long exposure to the sun and the wind and feels the soothing, relaxing treatment that a cleansing cream seems to give along with its cleansing properties. I was glad that Jane made a point of the soothing, relaxing virtues of cleansing cream... We don't generally consider them enough. Of course the cream must be wiped off with generous tissues, and then a skin toner or freshener, in the nature of a mild astringent, applied.

Helen spoke up with a grand suggestion for making the skin tonic application a cooling and refreshing treatment. Always keep your bottle of skin tonic in the refrigerator, and then when you come to pat on this tonic agent, it will be chilled thoroughly enough to give your skin a real freshening treatment. Incidentally, if you want most of a bleaching treatment, you can take a lemon and squeeze it over cracked ice or ice cubes. Then saturate a small pad of cotton in the cold juice, and pat it on your face.

Both Jane and Helen stressed the importance of paying particular attention to the skin around the eyes, in all of one's summer creaming treatments. The "Shinein Pickens" are appearing mightily in the current New York musical revue hit, "Thumbs Up," and such constant facing of the glaring stage lights brings forcibly to mind the necessity for protection against squint lines. The sun is comparable

to the stage lights in the strain it puts on your eyes, which respond by squinting to protect themselves. After you've brushed your usual cleansing treatment, put in a little nourishing cream on the eyelids, and around the eyes. Be sure to pat the cream in, and do not push or stretch the skin. To digress here for a personal observation, I have found that a good creamy pasteyeshadow is actually an excellent protection for the eyelids when one is out under the sun.

Here's an interesting "stunt" for treating your eyes after coming in from an afternoon at the beach, or a drive against the sun. Pat in a good nourishing cream on the eyelids and around the eyes. Now take two small pads of absorbent cotton, soak them in hot water and lay them lightly over your eyes until they cool. Remove the pads, pat on a little more cream, and then apply the pads that have been once more saturated in hot water. You can repeat this process several times. Lie back in a comfortable chair, or on a couch during the cooling process, and relax so that you feel as limp as the cotton pad on your eyes. Finish off with a grand splashing of the eyes with cold water. You'll be amazed at the way your eyes will sparkle for that dance that should follow the afternoon on the beach.

When the Pickens sisters go to the beach, when isn't often, they choose slacks as beach costumes... a wise choice for the protection it gives from too strong sun exposure. But, as a matter of fact, the Pickens girls would much rather go sailing or horseback riding than loafing on the beach.

Southern women don't go in for tan as the over-enthusiastic Northerners do. They have long been noted for their creamy white skin, and they know full well its effectiveness. Far be it from them to change their mammoth-like skins into the kind that has the appearance of old brown leather.

There are blondes who can tan to a pale honey color that is really stunning, but the dark-haired girl is in danger of a coarsened appearance when she goes in too heavily for sun-tan. Use your common sense about this sun-blowing business—and your mirror. Unless you're as young as the Pickens sisters (and they don't go in for sun-tanning), your skin is apt to look more durable than decorative after it annexes a tan. We all know that repeated exposure of the skin to the strong sunlight without protection has a coarsening effect on the skin. So treat yourself to a lavish oil application before you be on the beach, apply your summer make-up over a fairly heavy foundation powder, and wear a big brimmed hat or sit under a parasol, if you freckle easily.

As Pat says, what we generally call the "picture hat" is the most popular in the South. Modified versions of this wide-brimmed style are always in fashion for Southern summers. We Northerners affect little turned-up sailor hats, and countless numbers, and hence get absolutely no protection from the sun. Not only from the

frederics 50% COOLER Permanent Waves



Evelyn Simon, favorite model of McClelland Barclay, is one of the players on Jolson's Shell Chateau.

practical angle, but from the picturesque, I think Southern women have it over us. It seems to me that women make a mistake in not being more picturesque; the Southern women are the only ones left who are wise enough to capitalize on women's greatest asset of femininity.

The Pickens sisters are artists in natural make-up. They know all the clever tricks of stage make-up, and use them, but off the stage, off goes the artificiality! Cream rouge is their choice for the basic morning make-up because they can achieve more natural and more lasting effects with it. Always apply cream rouge on a moist skin, a skin which has either been patted with an astringent, and left slightly moist, or a skin that has been treated to an application of vanishing cream or cold cream (the latter wiped off with tissues, of course).

To interpose a personal shopping note, I've discovered a grand new oil base mascara that should be a boon to sun-bickers and "simmers" under the sun. Its emollient oils help to keep the lashes soft and silky, and it is as smudge proof as any paste mascara can be. You'll like the smooth way it goes on, and stays on!

Since natural looking make-up is so very important for the summer, I know you'll be interested now in checking up your shak of face powder. I have a handy package containing four distinctive shades, together with cream lip and cheek rouge that is yours for the asking. There is no cost involved. It will be sent to you free of charge. If you wish personal questions answered, however, a stamped addressed envelope must be included with the inquiry.

**Mary Biddle
Radio Stars**

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Summer offers its own special beauty problems. Why not take advantage of Mary Biddle's FREE personal beauty consultation service? She will be glad to help you with all your troubling beauty problems if you just drop her a line and inclose a stamped addressed envelope. Read about her special offer to you this month.



Beautiful Waves Invite Romance

ANN SOTHERN, Columbia Pictures

ALWAYS so different...always so adorable...but he didn't know it was the elusive charm of her beautiful, soft Frederics Permanent Wave—glistening with youthful radiance, and tossing willfully in the breezes—that won his admiration and then his heart.

Many a girl has made her own romance, and "captured her man" by making herself lovelier than her fondest dreams with a Frederics Vita-Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave. So natural, so beautiful, so easily molded into the newest coiffure styles, and so easy to keep neatly arranged. And now, there's a new discovery which makes it possible to really enjoy this beautifying process.

NEW 1935 FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES ARE 50% COOLER
Your hair is actually waved with one-half the heat formerly required, yet your permanent is softer, lovelier, more lustrous, and longer-lasting. This is made possible by Frederics' New Improved *Controlled Heat Process* which preserves and protects the natural loveliness of your hair. If you value your hair—our most precious possession—avoid permanent dyes given with High Temperature Chemical or Electrical Heat.

frederics inc
VITA-TONIC *Wrappers*
VITRON *Wrappers*

To be sure of receiving a Genuine Frederics Permanent Wave... Patronize an Authorized Frederics Shop! Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine! Examine all the wrappers used on your hair—make sure no harmful imitations are used.



E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. MM1, 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me free booklet and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise salons.

Name..... Address.....

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

My Son, Al Jolson

(Continued from page 33)



Leave it to us, Lady

**we'll tell your
MAN
about
MUM**

THAT'S too bad, now—to have this, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below and we'll send him something that will be the absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of MUM, the instant deodorant that so many of our men who have heard of it, their dad, shower with before they go.

We'll tell him all about MUM—how it helps you get all the way to skinless in clothing, soiling to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself, and it gets rid of odor. And how something like it keeps your feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just his name and address on the coupon below and we'll fix it.

Will be glad if
He'll be sending for
someone to thank!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 7A
7 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name

Address

her, appear in nearly all his pictures.

It is the same thing with us all—the 50-year planning trips for us to the Coast when he and Ruby are out there making pictures and he never considers any joy complete that we cannot all share.

People have always said that Jewish men make marvelous husbands—and that isn't mere talk, I have discovered. He has been a real son to me, and more than that no one can say.

But the thing I enjoy most is when we all are gathered around the family table, the Keelers and Al. It is then that he quietly reveals the knowledge that few people might suspect—for he is always covering up his talents in an effort, I am sure, not to make others feel at a disadvantage. He talks interestingly and well on many subjects—and his fund of information is limitless.

Whenever I am confronted by serious problems I consult Al, because I feel certain that he will give me sane, constructive advice—that he will weigh every side of a question dispassionately and yet with a human quality that makes him so thoroughly understanding. And I take his advice, finding it good.

Of course Ruby's and Al's home life is ideal. They do the same things. Neither of them seeks display nor the plaudits of the crowd, away from their work. They like the same simple pleasures; they enjoy each other's company, golfing together, reading together, working in their garden or just loafing. And of course they both want children.

Ruby has often said to me:

"Mother, you had six children in succession and yet I have been married six years and I haven't had any. I wonder why that is?"

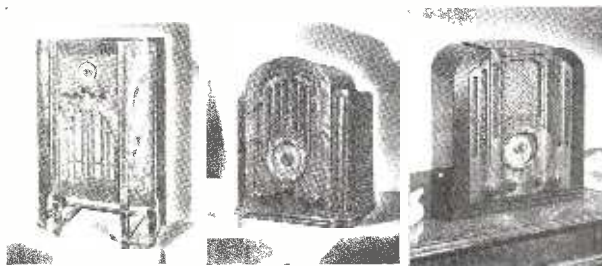
And then I remind her that when I married I was just her age and that perhaps her family will come later. That usually comforts her. But if they have none of their own I imagine they will surely adopt some for Al, too, is fond of children.

It has been said that Al is restless of Ruby, of her career, and that is surely unkind. It is true that Ruby retired professionally for a few years after they were married, but no one was more pleased with her recent successes than her husband. He does everything possible to further her interests and as long as her work does not separate them, I am sure no one is happier or prouder than he.

No, there is nothing mean or small or selfish about Al. I can tell you. He has the best traits in large quantities and the little human failings, such as all of us have, are few and far between. He is always seeing the other side of every question and over the radio he evidences this by interposing with his songs human interest stories which endear him everywhere to people who find in his anecdotes the things they have experienced.

Whether you believe there are snobbish waiting to be gathered on the equator, I do not know. But I do assure you that here is a mother-in-law who has nothing but praise for her son, a man whom she hopes you know better because of her!

THE END



Here are three of the beautiful prizes waiting for winning contestants in our SCRAMBLED STARS contest. (See Pages 29, 30 and 31 of this issue). Waiting for YOU, perhaps! And don't you want to own one?

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

Third Prize (above, center) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER Table Cabinet Radio—six tubes. Range includes standard domestic broadcasts, police, amateur and aircraft broadcast signals, as well as principal international entertainment bands. Height, 20 inches; width, 16¾ inches; depth, 11½ inches.

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

When a Star Faces Death

(Continued from page 15)

and lack of direction as lightning drops out of the night sky.

At any rate, after two weeks of illness James Wallington took his wife to a hospital. Since that date, he has seen her take eighteen blood transfusions, seen her with fever that never sinks below 104 degrees, which has soared as high as 107.

Since that date, radio's favorite announcer has fought with his back to the wall.

The great and fortunate thing has buoyed his hope and nourished his faith. One great and fortunate thing that too many of us neglect as we hurry through life. As these tragic weeks have stretched into months of waiting and hoping, Jimmy has learned that those who possess it hold more of the richness of living than any millionaire.

That thing is friendship.

Anita Fuhrmann's hospital room is fragrant with countless flowers from those who sympathize and employ the beauty of nature's blooms to express their sincere wish to help. Sigmund Romberg, creator and leader of radio's great Swift Hour, for whom Anita once worked and whose programs Jimmy announced during all the months the show was on the air, sends great bouquets of flowers each week.

Ed Wynn visits the hospital, a kindly clown who does his earnest best to palliate the distress he finds. "Whatever I have or own is yours for the asking," he told Jimmy. While Ed Wynn, he knows that hospital bills and physicians in consultation cut rapidly through the bankroll of a newly-married couple.

What warm, great hearts are found in our busiest people! What understanding and purposeful sympathy! This story of radio's most popular personality entertainer, is one that Jimmy told me with a note of awe in his voice.

Eddie Cantor, for whom Jimmy announced during the long Canton seasons of last winter and the winter before, also came to the hospital. He asked Anita many things, the simple heart-warming questions of a real friend. One question Jimmy heard him ask was this:

"When you get well, what is the first thing you want to do?"

Anita answered, "I'm going to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'Roberta'."

She thought it was casual bedside conversation, nothing more. A half-dozen nights later a truck rolled up to her hospital. Technicians spilled out and carried a portable motion picture outfit and sound equipment into Anita Wallington's room. That evening, as she lay in her bed with her body burning under the relentless attack of fever, she saw the thing she wanted most to see—"Roberta."

Eddie Cantor had arranged the private showing for her.

Anita had been ill for seven weeks before the news of her illness became known to the newspapers. After the story was

DON'T NURSE A

Corn

Don't be satisfied with temporary relief

The way to end corn suffering is to REMOVE the corn—safely, scientifically—with INSTANT PAIN RELIEF

Do you cut or pare corns to get relief? Don't. This practice may lead to serious infection. It gives only temporary relief. Unscientific, harsh, untried remedies are risky too. Avoid them.

Blue-Jay (1) gives instant and soothing relief the moment it is applied. Its snug-fitting pad cushions the corn against shoe pressure; (2) it removes corns safely. Blue-Jay's Wet-Pruf adhesive strip holds the pad securely in place—so that the Blue-Jay medication gently undermines and loosens the corn without your feeling it. You walk in complete comfort. In three days, the corn lifts right out.

Blue-Jay is a safe and scientific corn plaster made by Bauer & Black, internationally famous surgical dressing manufacturer. Buy Blue-Jay at your druggist—25c. Follow the simple directions and you will find your corn suffering ended forever.

Special sizes for humans and calves.



Read these letters from typical Blue-Jay users



Worth Much More Than Price Paid. Last summer, on my feet several hours a day, I got Mrs. Helen Bauer, Denver, Colo. I cannot describe Blue-Jay too highly. The moment I saw the physical relief they afforded is worth much more than the small price paid in the beginning.

From a Mother of Small Boys. "I have two small boys, aged three and four years. That means a lot of steps, and tiring on my feet so much has caused corns. I had your beautiful, advertising Blue-Jay Corn Removers. I bought a box and used them. My corns disappeared like magic!" —Mrs. Katherine Hall, San Jose, Cal.



Use Blue-Jay to Keep Soothing. Mrs. Arthur E. Hendrix, Philadelphia. "The first salve that got all blisters went a cheer. But you know me. I had my moments of misery when the salve was forced. Now, thanks to Blue-Jay, which eased the pain instantly and completely removed the cause, nothing comes on. My disposition and I think my count are both improved."



Why a Corn Hurts. A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the shoe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system. That's why corns are so "stupid" and "low."



How to Stop the Pain. Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication (A) directly over the corn itself. The moist (B) is held



How to Remove the Corn. After the Blue-Jay has been on for 3 days, remove the pad, soak the foot in warm water, and you



lift the corn right out.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Exercise Book FREE—Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also helpful information for foot sufferers. Address: Bauer & Black, 2503 South Dearborn St., Chicago. (Fasten coupon on government postcard saves postage.)

Name _____ R-7
Address _____
City _____

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JEWEL

A convenient cleaner
for all white shoes

KID
CALF
CANVAS
BUCK
ELK
LINEN
10¢



OXE cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes, Jewel cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that does not rub off! You can't go wrong with Jewel. Try a bottle today. You can get it at most stores for only 10 cents. At Kresge Stores ask for De Luxe White... 10 cents.

AND FOR YOUR OTHER SHOES—

Whittemore's, who make Jewel and De Luxe White, have been making shoe polishes for nearly a century. They also manufacture superior Oil Pastes for leather shoes in all colors—black, tan, brown, ox-blood and neutral—in convenient cans with the easy-opener. Only 10 cents. Whittemore's Oil Pastes polish, preserve, and soften your shoes. Will not crack the leather. They give your shoes a mirror-like shine—whether they're wet or dry! Add it to your shopping list this week.



10¢

published, telegrams began to arrive, and letters by the dozen, and telephone calls Jimmy may never, in the agency of his battle, get around to thanking all those who responded. Besides, what can you say to make a man or woman feel how much you appreciate his kindness? The writers of those letters—over five hundred of them—offered their blood to Anita Furiman Wallington whenever it was needed. Those writers should know that their letters touched deeply the humblest and most grateful heart in New York—James Wallington's.

This one offer, you must know about. It came via telegram. It came from the entire crew of a United States battleship stationed in Hampton Roads, Virginia. A year ago, Jimmy had ridden that vessel through the Presidential review of the fleet. Those boys had become his friends. Now, when they heard that his bride needed blood with which to fight the infection in her, they volunteered as a body to be tested on the ship and come to New York as often and as readily as they were needed.

They were not needed, of course. Too many friends were nearer at hand, and implying that their blood be used to restore the failing girl.

Alban Cross, for instance. Twice he went to the hospital and the strong, vital force of his life was pumped into Anita's veins. Alban Cross has been a great announcer for many years. His children's programs have endeared him to thousands. Last year he lost his own dearly-loved little girl, in whom his life had been completely wrapped. He, too, knows the meaning of sorrow; of the scouring the soul takes as one sees the dearest face in the world pining and throbbing in incurable illness.

Charles O'Connor is a gay, vivid personality who is Jimmy's fellow-announcer. You must have heard him many times. He made two trips to the hospital to give his blood.

Have you heard Don Reed on the air, singing with Xavier Cugat's band? To him Jimmy Wallington is one of the world's greatest guys, because Jimmy took Don under his wing when he was green and just gawking around the town. The Old never met before but there was something Jim liked about the kid. Don would give his right arm for Jim, or for Anita. He gave a pint of blood.

These are all friends, then, offers might have been expected in such a dire situation. But others were not expected. One of the elevator boys in Radio City is Micky Hunt. When he heard of Mrs. Wallington's illness, he sought out Jimmy. "I know what it's all about," he told him. "I used to give transfusions. If there's anything—anything I can do..."

Since that conversation Micky Hunt has given his blood three times. Three times! As Jimmy aches with his anxiety, I think he must always find much comfort in the rich measure of Micky Hunt's friendship.

If ever you've been conducted on a Radio City tour, you must have noticed the upstanding, young guides who explain the interesting points of the visit.

One such is Bill Hoffman. He was one of the Gimble Corps who also volunteered. Forty-one husky hard-working boys seventeen were tested and found to have the right type of blood. Bill Hoffman gave his in two transfusions.

Many others stand ready, and between the time this is written and the time when you read it, most of them may be used.

One hesitates to laud the behavior of a friend, or point the finger of praise at a man who bears up heroically under a well-nigh insupportable burden. So I refrain from saying that Jimmy has carried his load and done his work and kept his chin up. I say only that, if such trouble is his, his ever visited upon me, I hope I may hear myself one-half so well!

Many of us who know something of what he is going through have listened apprehensively to his broadcasts during these last few days, wondering if his voice will give us a clue to an improvement or a relapse in his wife's condition. Yet I have not heard him falter a single time.

The grief he keeps is one I shall always remember with amazement. Lying in the hospital, sleeping on a cot in her room, he rarely is beyond the sound of her voice. His radio assignments have been reduced to a minimum. Most days, he leaves the hospital only at five p. m., and returns shortly after nine.

At night, when she is restless, they sometimes talk in the darkness. For a long while, Anita did not know how all she was, nor how serious the physicians regarded her case. But she knows now. Jimmy told her the other night.

"An operation, it was almost certain, was the only thing that could save her life. I decided," he told me "that I had better let her know something of the seriousness of the situation."

It was three o'clock in the morning. They were both awake. He went to her bedside and held her hands. "Listen kid," he said, "I'll have to make a decision tomorrow about whether or not they shall operate. I want you to know what the chances are."

"What have they been?" she asked. Jim told her the truth, knowing she would rather hear it than any evasion. "Last week they were about one in ten." "What are they now?"

Fresh blood had been pumped into her veins, her resistance was higher, her condition the best it ever had been.

"You've got a fifty-fifty chance," Jimmy said.

"Then... let them operate."

They came to that decision the other night. An operation of unbelievable complexity and delicacy might save her. A fifty-fifty chance for the life of the girl so many people wish may live.

Tomorrow they operate. Tomorrow medical science challenges the mysterious malady that threatens a precious life. In such a struggle as this, if the feebest hope and faith of all of us who know Jimmy and Anita Wallington is of any weight, her life must and will be spared. We cannot know, of course, until later.

In the meanwhile, we wait hopefully and prayerfully.

Flash—As We Go to Press: Mrs. James Wallington underwent two operations, both unsuccessful. She died Tuesday morning, May 7th, 1935.

Six Ways to Get Your Man Back

(Continued from page 37)

You can, you so make *factets* of your flames. But it's an art converting your me into fixtures. An art for which each of the younger stars I questioned has a very especial method of her own.

1. She had to get her best bean back again. Vera Van would use *strategy*.

"When I want to revive a man's interest, I'm strategic enough to talk up the other girl. Because my idea of the best way to hold any bean is to share his illusions with him. That's why my attempts to run down my rival would never work successfully.

"Pretend you're Kitty. Pretend you're losing a boy named John to a girl named Sue. John is falling for Sue because he thinks she's a swell girl. Therefore every time you make some comment to the contrary you're doing the one thing he can't stand—offending his ego. You haven't got a chance of getting him back if you use that mode of attack.

"But suppose you agree heartily with him that Sue is everything wonderful he thinks she is (even if it kills you). Every time he mentions her you give her stock another good plug. His first reaction will be to think to himself, "Kitty's pretty swell to feel like that about Sue." And his second and more important reaction will be, "Kitty's talking Sue up so strong. I believe she really wants to shove me off on her."

"And the first time, Kitty, you can get a man to suspect that he's going to bounce back like a yo-yo. For men can't stand to think they're being let out without a quiver of regret on the part of Girl Number One. It's such a blow to their vanities they'll go to any lengths to prevent it."

"Which makes a bona fide method of strategy, provided there is a rival that you can talk up. Suppose, however, you don't run around with one definite crowd as Vera does, in that case you might very well not know who was about to become your feminine successor. So you'd have to have to have another technique ready.

Rosemary Lane would use *jealousy*.

"Funny kid, Rosemary. Pretty as a picture and gentle as a lamb. You think, until that gentleness turns a couple of handsprings over the mere idea that one of her beans would even remotely consider letting Rosemary slide." Why, she wouldn't stand for it? Why, she must simply wouldn't have it!

"That's fightin' talk to Rosemary. Her eyes practically popped over the prospect. "I'd make him so jealous—oh boy, I'd make him so jealous of me he wouldn't even know what was happening! I'd go every place, I'd want, so he'd have to see me with other dates—I'd absolutely knock his eyes out, even if it took me two hours to dress to look that good—I wouldn't even speak to him I'd be so interested in every other man but him—I'm act as though I was so glad he'd finally stopped hanging around I didn't know what to do!"

"Then what." I wanted full details.

"He'd come back." Vera confidently Rosemary tapped her ruby manure on a table in Landy's. And calmly went on to explain that she knew whereof she spoke

because she'd actually used jealousy-tactics three times in, oh, she supposed, the last year. And if I doubted whether they'd worked or not, one of the courtesies in question had taken her to the Madison Square Garden dog show only yesterday, another she was going dancing with tonight and the third, well, she'd have to be off. So start sorry. But she had promised to meet him at the music publisher's five minutes from now. And if I'd walk up Broadway with her she'd finish telling me—

"Jealousy is the only thing. Really. About two years ago, I was awfully fond of this boy who . . ."

"Another hero had bitten the dust that time, too. Before we had got even half way to the music publisher's she had me convinced. Jealousy was the only thing!

But later I discovered a loophole in Rosemary's plan. Because you know yourself that only one circumstance makes a man jealous—and that's seeing the girl he's interested in apparently taken up with other men. What if he isn't enough interested in her any longer for her new adiors to perturb him? What if he has cooled off too much to care what she does? He's immune, then, to the green-eyed monster—you've got to try something stronger.

Jane Perkins would use *thrift*.

"Getting Jane to talk about me is an all-day job. You ever want one. I spent a whole afternoon lingering up the subject and every time she'd evade it by showing me her spring wardrobe, or a photograph of Patti's latest conquest or the layout of the Pickenes Sisters' new Park Avenue apartment. Finally bent of refusing to pay my respects to the recent off-spring of her tropical fish, I got her started.

"If I know anything about winning a man back, (and I believe I do because I've done it)," she began in her husky Georgia drawl, "I guess I owe it all to something I happened to run across once in the library at school. I'll show you."

She extracted her battered collection notebook from the secretary drawer and turned to a page on which I read:

"From the writings of Mohler:
"You needn't try to accord it; no matter how evident your method of trucking them may be men are always among dupes when it comes to flattery. There is nothing so tedious as flattery but what you can make them swallow if when it is well spread with praise. Sincerity suffers somewhat in this business; but when we need men we must have them. And since we cannot win them any other way 'tis the fault, not of those who flatter, but of those who want to be flattered."

"Don't laugh," she spoke up when I had finished. "It is true. When a girl's losing her man it's usually because she's neglected to give him his daily dose of sugar-water. That's what. To keep a man you've got to keep him flattered—now haven't you?" Wide-eyed. "They just love it." I've found out."



—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal

"Uneda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Pinky Tomlin—Hollywood's Wonder Boy

(Continued from page 56)

The spotlight focussed on him, and his blue eyes peered out through those rimless glasses at the tier after tier of tittering sophisticates; he shifted his balance from one foot to another, looking for all the world like an absent-minded psychology professor who had wandered into the wrong laboratory, and, in looking for an escape, was feeling like a mouse in a maze. The orchestra tooted off on the introduction of a new song—a totally new song, and the professor stamped his long, slender fingers rhythmically, making a contralto stagger at melancholy. As the orchestra modulated into the camp, he lifted his arms farther and farther from his sides, until finally they were swinging with the rhythm like the animated limbs of a scarecrow flapping in the breeze.

"*Wah-shat the — is it?*" yipped the Mrs. of Baron Long, owner of the Biltmore, the U. S. Grant and Agna Caliente hosteries. Her stage whisper constituted neither elegant nor eloquent language, but it expressed the sentiments of the amused multitude. "Never saw it before in my life, but leave it to Jimmy. It's either a gag or a sensation," the Baron barked back.

"It" opened his mouth and started: "Oh, the objection of my affection has changed my whole complexion from white to rosy red . . ." and I'm telling

you, the combined force of Biltmore waiters could have toppled the combined conglomeration of the china, cutlery and trays of the Biltmore service on to the floor, and not a soul would have noticed the crash . . . their attention was completely absorbed by Pinky Tomlin.

And ever since that night, two echoes have reverberated around and around the world, until now they're a din in our ears and a frenzy in our hearts . . . "The subject of my affection" and "What the — is it, about that guy?"

Pinky himself is surely unimpressing. Although he's almost bald, he's just twenty-seven, and looks anywhere from twenty to forty. He has big ears and a broad, slightly crooked grin that proves he's young. And he draws. He says "Yes ma'am" and "you all" and "aint," but he listens mostly, except when he's singing. He loves to sing. He loves to write songs, too. In fact, he loves anything to do with rhythm and melody. When he sings, from the way he swings his arms and shifts his feet, he looks as though he'd like to dance, too, but he doesn't know how. But rhythm and melody are in his soul, and though they follow no conventions, they're so lyrical and sincere and natural that no one can help loving them.

Pinky was born as Truman Tomlin on September 9th, 1907, in Eureka

Springs, Arkansas, but he moved to his real "home town," Durant, Oklahoma, when a tad of three. Growing up, acquiring that "rosy red" flush picking cotton on the sun-baked fields of Oklahoma, he dreamed of law school and taking over dad's practice, but the muscles in his sweating arms rippled to the rhythm in his heart, and the song on his lips came from melody in his soul.

At college, Truman was a thoughtful student. He must have known all the right answers—look at the glasses! But college is many-sided. Socially Pinky belonged with his Delta Tau Delta fraternity brothers. Practically, he made his guitar and his voice pay his way through school. He organized a five-piece band that barnstormed the Middle West in the summers, playing Texas, Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. The boys played to the average tune of twenty dollars a week.

One night last spring, when Pinky was "washin' up," getting ready to go out, he told his mother he was going to see the "object of his affection." "What?" retorted his mother, eyeing his sunburned line, "with that complexion!" And all through the one hundred and twenty-five miles of his journey to his girl friend's, those words teased themselves into his brain, and his voice toyed with them. By the time he reached the home of the real

NO MORE STEAMY KITCHENS ON WASHDAY



AND REMEMBER, LADIES, RINSO IS APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WITH Rinsol all you need to do is *soak* your week's wash in its creamy, active suds and wash that's 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely. Then you rinse—and hang out a And clothes washed this "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer. That means you'll save lots of money. Try it—and see!

A little Rinsol gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washers. Wonderful for dish washing. Easy on hands. Get the BIG package today.

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WHEN
PEE-CHEE
 CLEANS
 THEIR
 WHITENESS
 GLEAMS
PEE-CHEE

object of his affection he had a full-blooded song, and instead of taking her to the movies he hummed and sang and experimented until he worked it out on the piano, and transferred his brain child to a music score.

When vacation time came, Pinky took his colleagues to Wichita Falls, Texas, where his musical firstborn made its debut. He is reluctant to talk about it, for he feels that talking about one's self is a sign of insufferable egotism but on being persuaded he confessed that when they played his song, and he sang it, about a hundred and fifty couples (every-one in the place) took to the floor. And having heard him sing fourteen encores of that one number the first night he appeared at the Bowl, we can understand how the simple rangers and cowmen of Texas must have been as captivated as we would-be cosmopolites at the hypnotizing qualities of his mellow, untutored, un-styled, unassuming tenor. Soon a publisher offered him fifteen hundred dollars for the number outright, a great temptation to a boy making twenty dollars a week. But Pinky "reckoned" as how the song must be worth more if the company was willin' to pay that much to an unknown writer."

So the Oklahoma tin-smith began thinking. He had met Jimmy Greer once when the latter came through the West, and Jimmy seemed like a good guy. At that time Bing Crosby hadn't yet set the world on fire. He was a traveling yam-doville with Al Rinker. Pinky had heard that Bing and Al used to cry in their dressing-rooms after their act, because they could arouse only a few apathetic claps from the audience. Bing Crosby wasn't anybody till he got to the microphone at the Grove in Los Angeles. Pinky talked it over with a pal, Coy Doc. All Pinky had was one hundred dollars. Coy had two hundred dollars and a Ford. So they took Horace Greeley's advice.

Within a few days they rattled into Los Angeles, innocently parked their de-luxe Ford, with synchronized sound effects in a red zone, and, complete with Oklahoma dust, saled nonchalantly past the majestic liveried Irish doorman at the Biltmore, straight to Jimmy Greer.

Greer listened, liked the song, wrote the orchestration that has swept the country, introduced Pinky and his song to the public, and gave the song the best plugger ever given a song. From Greer's NBC broadcasts about "The Object of My Affection" didn't miss a minimum of two programs an exciting for six weeks. Then Greer arranged for Irving Berlin to publish it (later Jack Robbins had turned it down, betting Greer the best suit of clothes he ever had that the song would flop; last week Robbins notified Greer to order the suit . . . the song passed the three hundred thousand mark, a terrific turnover for today), and, being Brunswick's Pacific Coast recording maestro, "Godfather" Greer made the arrangements for and recorded all of Pinky's compositions and some specialties, seeing to it that the kid got the customary royalties.

Tomlin started at forty dollars a week; the second week Greer doubled his salary. Next Bing Crosby paid the Oklahoman the unique compliment of guessting him as

the only male soloist he ever has had on his CBS program, and a few weeks later Lucien Hubbard, M-G-M producer, went to the Bowl to investigate the object of his daughters' interest, and before the night was over he started Pinky to a six-months' contract at one thousand dollars per week. "Times Square Lady", starring Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor, was rewritten to insert a part for Tomlin, who steals the picture as himself, singing three of his own compositions. And upon completion of the picture Pinky signed a contract for an eight-week personal appearance tour in the East, at a reported thirty-seven hundred and fifty per, or a thirty-thousand-dollar total. So the kid probably paid cash for that blue Pickard he bought, and for the livery of his chauffeur, too.

Well, that's the story of what's happened to Pinky Tomlin. Those are the breath-taking facts that have stunned Hollywood. And Hollywood knows the real lowdown on publicity methods—knows, for instance, that that captivating bit of glamour larked as a youthful find from tar-off Graustark is in reality little Marjorie Jones, who has changed her name four times, had her face lifted, adopted a new coiffure and arched her eyebrows'. Hollywood knows, too, that Pinky Tomlin is an on-the-level newcomer, a real stranger from the sticks. He has no theories about achieving success. He ape's no type. He has no high-powered, suave manager to wheedle big salaries and managements from pure publicity to him, no veteran of the field to tell him to pose as elusive, or mysterious, eye-mamush or an irresistible marriage idol. Pinky Tomlin simply emerged into Los Angeles and asked to sing his song, and stayed to scound the country to unresisting surrender.

The old-timers predict that his popularity will pass; some say he shouldn't have gone East so soon that he isn't yet ready for the critical skepticism of Gotham. Maybe the East won't succumb like the West. Maybe he's went too fast. Maybe he's a "flash in the pan". Well, Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee and Gene Austin once were considered flashes in the pan. They defied mutation. They weathered time and criticism and changing styles.

As for Pinky himself he is neither dazed nor scared nor overly hopeful. "When dad died" he says, "I knew I had to do something. I didn't know what it would be, but I knew that somehow, something would happen. I reckon I have sort of a sense of anticipation, that way . . . I can tell if a performance is going to be good or bad before it even starts. I reckon all this is what I sort of anticipated. If I am just a bad, and it all blows over pretty soon, I've saved most of my money, and I'll go back and finish my last year or law school, my brothers can go through college, and I'll practice law, I guess. But . . . well, I'd sort of like to go on with' 'somes . . . and I like pictures right well. They're a real permanent record of your achievements, while on the radio you jus' sing and it's all over."

Pretty level-headed, eh? When he talks like that, pictures of two other middle-western farm boys come to my mind. One is the most boyed character in America today, a fellow who says important things

in a humorous way, and never fails to get to the bottom of things—Will Rogers. The other picture is of a Kansas farm boy who rose from the dirt to a hopeless cripple to become the world's greatest miler . . . a boy who sees beyond all the skepticism and criticism and "it can't be done's", beyond the adulation to the day when he, too, will be a has-been and thinks out his own theories and proceeds to break record after record and finish so far ahead of the rest of the crowd that competition in the track-club has lost its interest. Maybe there's something about looking far out across those flat prairies of Oklahoma and Kansas that gives to Will Rogers and Glenn Cunningham and Pauly Tonfin a wisdom and a faith that escapes those "who can't see the woods for the trees", those whose vision is blocked by the skyscrapers and dimmed by the fogs of carbon monoxide. Who knows?

Maybe you can explain it.

Tim Egan

The Hidden Menace to Her Ideal Marriage

(Continued from p. 29)

grams. The last time I say can be had just finished arranging four programs for her, a recital program, a radio program and two radio programs.

Why? Why, possessing a real talent himself, doesn't he develop it, devote his time to making a name for himself?

"Because no one will do as much for Gladys' career as I'm willing to do," he confesses. "No one has the time. Agencies have too many clients to think of. I'm with Gladys at every rehearsal. We plan every program together. I feel that Gladys must not have too many routine tasks to distract her. If she had to answer the phone every time it rings, if she had to assume responsibility for the household—do all the ordering, the over-seeing and the keeping of accounts, she would have to give up some of the splendid work she is doing. Some homes would have to remain unsung, and that would be unfair to her and to those who listen to her."

So Frank Chapman does everything he can. If Gladys sleeps late, exhausted from a previous evening's performance, he even orders their dinner himself. Incidentally, here's how they manage their finances: Each has a personal bank account. Then there's a joint account to which both contribute each week for the household expenses.

Frank is a buffer between Gladys and the rest of the world. When she is hurt by some thoughtless or venomous criticism, Frank soothes her. If she loses her temper and might possibly say the wrong thing, he steps tactfully into the breach.

For instance, there was the time when the announcer at a concert made the blun-

IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—years older than you are!

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde.

In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade,

regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades," because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for you! You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (11) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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Address _____

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

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A GOOD HABIT MADE EASY



USE PERSTIK—IT'S EASIER TO USE AND EASY TO KEEP IN YOUR PURSE

Here's a new kind of deodorant—a welcome improvement. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. Use it before or after you are dressed—it cannot injure clothing. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.

Drug and department stores throughout the world feature Perstik at 50¢. Or send 10¢ for trial size to "Perstik 167D, Fifth Ave., New York City."

Perstik

der of announcing the name of a male singer before he announced Gladys. Glaring at the announcer, she said: "How dare you do a thing like that? Don't you know that you must announce a woman's name before a man's?"

The announcer began to explain that he hadn't meant to insult Gladys, that in the excitement he had simply forgotten the proper way of doing things.

But Frank saw that Gladys was so annoyed, he feared that she would be unable to put her mind on her performance. He must distract her. "Darling," he said casually, "haven't you a little too much eye shadow on?"

Out came a mirror. Gladys studied it carefully. Did she have too much eye shadow on or didn't she? Forgotten was the announcer. The important thing was her performance and how she would look to the audience.

You wouldn't imagine that this beautiful woman, who has achieved so much, would be disturbed by an anonymous letter writer. But more than once this has happened. Once Gladys gave to a writer for a musical magazine an interview on the pitfalls that be before a young singer. It was an honest, sincere, straightforward interview, reflecting the star's personal convictions and offering advice that would be helpful to any young singer. But shortly after the interview was published there came an anonymous letter to Gladys. Sarcas- tically, it said:

"If that a pity it would be if you should die soon that all knowledge in the world should die out with you."

This letter, with its bitter sarcasm, upset Gladys. "If only I could answer it," she said. "Of course I don't think that I know everything! I know how little I really do know, how much I have to learn. But how can I answer an anonymous letter?"

Frank comforted her. "Gladys," he said, "don't you realize that an anonymous letter doesn't mean a thing, because if the writer had the courage of her conviction she would have signed it? The writer of an anonymous letter is one degree lower than a pickpocket!" And he warned her that so long as she was in the limelight she must expect attacks from people who had been frustrated in their own careers.

And it was he who comforted her when another anonymous letter writer criticized a dress she wore at a Sunday night concert. The writer apparently did not realize that long-sleeved evening gowns were in fashion that season, and decided Gladys for wearing one. Frank reminded her that fashion periodicals photographed her in that very dress and published it with the caption that she was one of the best-dressed women in the country.

But these letters made Gladys so unhappy that Frank no longer permits her to read her mail until he has gone through it first.

In ever so many ways Frank is the ideal husband that women say they want.

"The way to treat a wife," he says, "is as if you were not married to her."

Many men, as soon as they get married, seem to forget that bread and bacon are never quite enough for women, that jewels and flowers and romance are things that

they crave, that are essential to happiness.

That's a mistake that Gladys Swarthout's husband never makes. "I still send her as many flowers as I ever did," he says. "I praise her appearance. Everyone knows she dresses exquisitely, so why should I withhold the praise that others are willing to give her? There are dozens of little courtesies that every man shows a friend or a girl whom he is courting. Why should these courtesies cease when one is married? They're such little things in themselves—like helping Gladys through traffic, not being impatient when she stops to do some window shopping, helping her on and off with her coat, helping her out of the car—yet the cumulative effect of those little things is considerable."

I'm sure that Frank is right in believing that these little things matter a great deal to women. And yet my feelings about the Gladys Swarthout-Frank Chapman marriage are a little mixed. There are times when I feel like shouting: "Look at this beautiful example of modern marriage. See what this man is doing for his wife, how he is sacrificing his career to further hers." But there are other times when I feel like saying: "Don't be know that women aren't properly constituted to accept such sacrifices from the men they love?"

About six months ago Frank was signed up for a concert tour.

"Darling," said Gladys, "You'll have to work out a whole new program of songs."

"Nonsense," said Frank, "the songs I sang on my concert tour last year will have to do. I haven't the time to prepare anything else."

"You haven't the time?" Gladys reproached him. "What do you mean? You always find time enough to prepare programs for me. Can't you do as much for yourself?"

"This program is good," persisted Frank. "These aren't the same cities I sang in last year, so the songs will be new to them."

Frank sang the old program of songs. But had the concert tour been one which Gladys had to make, he would have found time to prepare a new program of songs. He honestly believes that Gladys' career is the most important. He plans, eventually, when her career is moving along smoothly, to do something about his own. But unless he does that something soon, his dream will remain a dream.

That's why I say I don't know whether to shout "Hallelujah" over this marriage or to weep about it. Because here are two utterly charming people who are completely in love with each other and who are doing everything they can to keep their marriage the glowing thing it's always been. Yet in their very sacrifices may be the seed of future trouble.

That is the hidden danger that menaces Gladys' happiness. Does constant sacrifice win whole-hearted admiration, or does it breed discontent? I am sure there are times when Gladys wishes that Frank would do less for her and more for himself. Though she may be aware with every breath she draws of her deep gratitude to her husband, there will always be a presumptuous seed of unhappiness in her heart, so long as he sacrifices his career to hers.

LUD. LIND

A Summer You'll Never Forget!

(Continued from June 17)

lights of the Empire City racing meet, including the Empire City Derby, the Empire City Handicap, and the Butler Handicap.

And for the golfers:

June 6th, 7th, and 8th—The National Open Championship games will be broadcast over NBC by means of a twenty-five-packet set, from the greens of the Oakwood Clubhouse at Pittsburgh.

Now come the university boat races, too:

June 15th—the Pontchartraine regatta. Ted Husing will report this for Columbia, from an amphibian plane.

June 21st—the Yale-Harvard races at New London.

Commencement exercises at West Point and Annapolis at about this time are mighty interesting, too.

And don't overlook the arrival of the fleet in Honolulu early in June.

If you are a music lover you may find varied and fascinating entertainment. There is the great London Musical Festival in June, with Koussevitzky, Toscanini, and Dr. Adrian Boult conducting. The Chicago symphony orchestra will be on the air. And stirring band concerts—from Central Park in New York, the Goldman Band in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the Baltimore Municipal Band Concerts—the only municipal band in the country. Also marvellous musical programs will come in from abroad. At the

offices of NBC in Radio City, the other day, I heard one from Poland—and what a miracle it seemed, to hear from across the seas gorgeous music, as if it were played in the very room where we sat! There will be a program each month from Russia, bringing authentic Soviet music. A program from Italy each month. Two programs monthly from Germany, and two from Hungary. Give yourself a treat, and get at least some of these on your radio!

And if you can't get but one—don't miss this one! On June 9th, NBC will broadcast from the historic Benedictine Chapel at Einsiedeln, founded over a thousand years ago, the annual Whit Sunday celebration of the monks' and boys' choir. We can't all be world travelers, and visit far, strange places—but the radio can range the highways and byways of the world, and bring these treasures to us.

Did you ever think of going to a museum for a good time? Probably not since Aunt Julia took you to see the dinosaur and the ichthyosaurus when you were seven! But here again the radio transforms the pumpkin into a golden coach! Forget the word "museum"—which conjures up a yawn and a picture of dusty tedium! And think of a dramatic script presenting some strange and fascinating feature of man's progress since the dawn of time. NBC is planning a series of broadcasts, here

and abroad, to present such features. Not all will deal with long past periods of history. Some will be as recent as Beethoven's birthplace, for example, which will take you down into the depths where, but a brief time past, fabulous sea denizens reared in cosmic surprise at the fantastic iron monster which was invading their secrets. Don't be afraid of tedium in on these broadcasts this summer. Mr. Lundell promises that they will be thrilling, and in the form of dramatic scripts. The broadcasts will come from a twenty-five-packet set.

Did you ever see a play with a cast of five million people? Well, here's your chance! This is another unique summer feature scheduled by NBC. To bid adieu to "America at Work" broadcast of May first, they will put on early in June "America at Play." You will take in a Saturday afternoon at Coney Island, an Atlantic City holiday, Chicago and California beaches, baseball games (one inning of each) and a sand-blot baseball game, a soccer game in England, a glimpse of Times Square, the Loop in Chicago, San Francisco's summer gatherings, railroad terminals, airports, piers, excursions—all the varied activities of a summer afternoon when work releases its multitudes for relaxation and hurrying to-do's, holiday-bound, rush out of the cities.

This will not be a masterpiece of studio "sound effects" but an actual pick-

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"



Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNARD J. ...
 Notary Public
 Chicago, Ill.

THE story told here isn't just "advertising." Every word of it has been taken from an actual letter, one of thousands written by grateful users who have gained radiant and unblemished skin by eating Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you have any trouble with your complexion, why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles.

Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.

Mail the coupon right away for a generous 10-tablet sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
 1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MAY 17 35
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Grass Stains
and dirt make white shoes look old and shabby. But spots

Disappear
quickly. Use Shinola White Cleaner is used. Easy to apply.

No rub-off!
★ Properly applied, Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.

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AT ALL STORES

SHINOLA
WHITE
SHOE CLEANER

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

up of these scenes, with its cast of five million people. To broadcast this, and other special features, NBC makes use of its "mobile transmitter"—a car capable of broadcasting at a speed of sixty miles an hour, over a short-wave set with a radius of from fifty to seventy-five miles. These cars are maintained in New York, Chicago, and on the West Coast.

July will bring, of course, broadcasts of patriotic celebrations all over the country. Distinguished speakers and singers will be featured on varied programs. I like to listen to these, because I think it helps to remember in these troubled times the origin of our nation and the principles of liberty with which, on that long ago July day, it was established. There were troubled politics, and futile panaceas and false prophecies in those days, too, but we won through them—and we will again!

And here's a cosmic feature. On July 10th we can watch the eclipse of the moon, and hear it described by noted scientists and astronomers, broadcast over the NBC network from the Hudson observatory, from the New York Planetarium, and from Mt. Wilson on the West Coast.

More sports events will be coming along in July, August, and September. The tennis tournaments in England, The National Amateur Golf Championship games, Track meets, Baseball, Motor-boat races, and the Class J yacht races in England.

But maybe you don't care so much about these special feature programs. What you want is news of the regular programs you have learned to love and look for. And naturally, they are the bread and meat of radio fare. The others are the desserts—the ice-cream sundaes.

Well, I can give you good news of your favorites, too. You can tuck a tiny radio in your motor-boat, or in the living-room, and listen to the blithe banter of George Burns and his goofy Gracie, or to the delectable Easy Aces. They will be right with us all summer. And Amos 'n' Andy, of course, in their usual spot.

If you still find the amateur programs amusing, you can count on Major Bowes, and Ray Perkins' National Amateur Hour also will be yours all summer for a twist of the dial.

The Showboat sails merrily along, and maybe Charles Winninger once more will be Captain Henry—if rumor may be believed. Frank McIntyre, Janny Ross, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Tibbault, and other popular favorites will still be aboard.

Dramatic shows during the summer will be of a lighter nature, both of the major networks have decided. According to Countenay Savage, Director of Dramatics and Continuity for the Columbia Broadcasting System, the trend of summer script presentations is away from one-time performances of plays and back to serials, each episode of which is a complete story.

Among these are listed Dangerous Paradise, with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, One Man's Family, Grand Hotel, Vic and Sade, Clara, Lu 'n' Em, and Ma Perkins. The Lux Radio Theatre, of course, will give its customary full-length play.

Many afternoon shows which have

proved successful are now moved to evening spots. Showdays to Romance is scheduled for Sunday evenings at eight. Mickey of the Circus is established in an evening spot. So is the Kate Smith show, formerly known as "Kate Smith's Matinée Hour."

Look for the new Hollywood Hotel bigger and better than ever before, with Dick Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, Frances Langford, Ann Jamison and guest stars. Fred Allen and Portland Hoffer will keep Town Hall Tonight on the air. Lavender and Old Lace will be on all summer, with Frank Munn and Bernice Claire, the lovely new star from the movies. Gorgeous Vivienne Segal's golden voice will enrich Melodianna and Abe Lyman's orchestra and Oliver Smith will be along, too.

Other orchestra leaders will not lay down their batons. Richard Krimber and guest vocalists will carry on with the Studabaker Champions. Charles Previn's orchestra, with the lovely Countess Olga Albani, continue the Silken Strings program. And William Daly's symphonic string orchestra, with Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Richard Crooks make the Voice of Firestone a treat to the ear. The Cities' Service Orchestra still features Jessica Dragonette, while Lou Holtz, Ramona, Helen Jepson contribute to the charm of Paul Whiteman's program. Really, the list grows too long for our pages! Edward Marshall's Broadway Varieties will have Elizabeth Lennox, Victor Arden's orchestra and guest artists. Will Rogers will alternate with other guest stars on the Gull Headliners. Phil Dwyer and Johnny with Leo Reisman's, The General Motors, the A & P Gypsies, Music at the Haybarn, and other popular musical programs are listed throughout the summer.

Jack Benny remains faithful to his listening friends, with Frank Parker, of course. Graham McNamee will continue to assist the old Fire Chief, Ed Wynn, with Eddie Duchin's orchestra offering its delightful music. Bea Lillie, assisted by Lee Perrin's orchestra, promises more of her inimitable humor.

And you can count on Lowell Thomas, on Boake Carter's absorbing news reports, on Floyd Gibbons' lively résumés of sports events.

Both Columbia and the National Broadcasting Company tell me that to a large extent speeches will be replaced by shows. There will be more descriptive news series—such as the "Full Speed Ahead" series of last summer, in which Ted Husing broadcast from a police launch, from a fire-engine, and other swift action events—and the "American Scene" broadcasts.

There is a gratifying movement, too, to eliminate offensive and obnoxious programs. Which again demonstrates that radio is responsive to the interest and criticism of its listeners—and that in the degree that we ourselves provide better listening we shall have better radio fare.

With all these popular programs continuing, and all the marvellous special features scheduled for summer listening, I'm sure you'll feel that you won't want to get too far from your radio this summer. Wherever you may be—in the hot and dusty city, or remote from any hint of so-called civilization—you still can have en-

tainment and adventure, fun and thrills, just by tuning in your radio. The most isolated farm can enjoy the best of music and drama, the latest news, the most absorbing experiences. The exile in a far land can hear music and speech from his own country. Invalid and shut-in can share all the diversions of their more fortunate friends.

Picnics may pall and beaches may bore you, but we can promise that the radio won't disappoint your listening ear.

So, wherever summer days may lure your wandering feet—don't forget your radio!

It's going to be a summer you'll never forget!

THE END

Is It Ever Too Late?

(Continued from page 49)

herself to middle age and thoughts of what might have been.

She tried not to be bitter about it. She had chosen her life. She had been young when she had married, to be sure, but she had had enough experience to know what she was doing. Her mother had taken her to Europe when she was four years old. All during her youth she had made frequent trips to the Continent, studying singing and drama there and in New York.

At nineteen she was ready to begin the stage career for which she had worked so hard. When she married that year, she had no idea it meant the end of her hopes. She was terribly in love with her husband and he with her. In those first tender weeks, they planned her future. Their marriage must not interfere with her ambitions. Nothing should stop her.

Nothing—but one of life's shabby tricks. A month after their wedding her husband went down before a critical attack of cerebral meningitis. For days he lay near death. The doctors said the only hope was to get him to the country and keep him there.

She was so young, so bewildered at this sudden turn of her life. But he meant more to her than any of her ambitions. Though he was ten years older than she, he was far too young to be broken like this. They moved to the little town of six thousand people in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts. For the time being she must put aside her hopes. In a year or two, perhaps her husband would have enough strength for her to leave him and pursue her career.

The year or two passed. Her husband's health improved, but not sufficiently for her to be able to go away for more than a few days at a time. Her son was born and life fell into a wife's and mother's routine of dustcloths and diapers.

Though she did everything she could to make him believe it did not matter, her husband felt miserable at being the barrier to the life she'd planned. So, instead of brooding over thwarted hopes, she threw herself into the local dramatic and musical activities with a fervor that stirred the quiet folk of the New England town.

**NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

She told the Congregational Church it would never have a satisfactory choir until a paid quartet was organized. She organized it. She produced Little Theatre plays, wrote and directed them, acted in them. She found time to sing at concerts for women's clubs. She did a great deal of this for charity but so conscientiously did she develop her talents that they became worth money to her. She was paid as much as ten dollars an hour for her services in training acting and singing groups.

There was one brief, hopeful interlude in those years during which she dared let herself believe her yearnings might become realities. Her husband would never be well enough to leave the country, but her son was growing up. He could help care for his father. She was past thirty, but she was still good-looking. She hadn't been wasting her time. She had been spending all her spare moments studying, developing her dramatic talent.

Not long did life let her entertain those hopes again. Her mother, succumbing to an illness of old age, became an invalid. Kate seemed destined never to be released from the burden of family cares.

She was past forty when both her husband and her mother died within a short time of each other. Life, shorn of responsibility and companionship, suddenly became barren.

She looked at herself in the mirror one day. Strange how quickly those years had passed. Her hair was gray. There were lines in her face. But her tall figure was still erect, there was still fire in her eyes. Freed by death from her burdens, she determined to pick up where she had left off twenty-five years before.

In a few hours she rebuilt all those youthful hopes. And in a few hours after she had come to New York the next day they had been rudely shattered again.

But she couldn't keep her thoughts from the theatre. During the succeeding days, she went to every play in New York, watched the stars with keen interest, studied characterizations. The more she watched the more quickly returned her conviction that she could do as well as they.

Behind that conviction was the resilient spirit Kate had inherited from her Irish forebears. One morning, three weeks after Thatcher had told her she hadn't a chance in the theatre, she awoke in her New York room, suddenly alert. She sat bolt upright in bed.

"Kate McComb," she said to herself, "you're a cheerful idiot. You haven't even tried. You march right out and go room agent to agent and don't you stop until you've got yourself a job on the stage."

Perhaps only this woman could set away with what she did. It wasn't dishonest. It was the only thing she could do under the circumstances. She knew that Thatcher had been right, knew producers would laugh at her small town activities. So when booking agents asked her for her experience, she said:

"Look here; of course you don't know my work. I've been on the stage out of town for a good many years. I've just decided to come to New York and see what I can do here."

She had to be vague, couldn't let them know what she had really been doing. Fortunately it seemed to satisfy them

sufficiently to take her name and address "in case anything turns up."

But would it satisfy a producer when it came right down to giving her a job? Weeks later she had her chance to find out. She received word that "Juno and the Paycock" was being cast for Broadway production. Her determination had not lessened. Boldly she walked into the office of Augustin Dancan, the producer, and asked for the leading role.

He looked her up and down in amazement. Who was this woman? He didn't know her from Eve. But here she had barged into his office asking for the leading part! Still, there was something vital about her that commanded his attention. He handed her a script.

"Read," he ordered.

As she read, he leaned forward, listening intently. This was no ordinary character actress, worn by years of tramping. This woman had a youthful, fresh delivery.

"Look here," he interrupted suddenly, "I can't let you play Juno. That's already cast. But would you consider playing Mrs. Tancred and understudying Juno?"

"Would she? Would she? Her chance, at last, to play on Broadway! From then until the show opened three weeks later Kate spent almost every waking hour working not only on her part but on her understudy role.

She rehearsed before the mirror. She muttered lines in subways, gestured with sandwiches as she ate in tea shops. She didn't mind what people thought, she was so happy. Happy and scared of that opening night, her first on a Broadway stage.

She mustn't let the others see how thrilled she was, mustn't flub her lines, at all costs never let them know she wasn't an old timer.

Then came the chance for which many actresses have waited a lifetime in vain. In the second week the leading woman had an attack of laryngitis. Kate was pretty worried. If she had to take that part, it would be the final test. If she came through, success was certain. If she blew up it would probably be her last chance on Broadway. She went to the stage manager.

"That woman's pretty sick," she said. "Don't you think I'd better have a rehearsal of my understudy role, just in case anything happens?"

The idea was instantly *pooh-poohed* by the producer. But two days later at noon Kate received a frantic summons. The leading woman suddenly had become worse and had been rushed to the hospital. They were calling an emergency rehearsal.

It was a nightmare of confusion. It had been impossible to assemble the entire cast on such short notice. After struggling through the rehearsal as best they could, they awaited the evening performance, nervous, apprehensive of Kate's ability to play the leading role.

None but Kate McComb knew of the hours she had spent drilling herself in that part. She mustn't fail herself now. Mustn't! She was forty-four. This was her chance, perhaps the only one she'd ever have.

In the wanes that night hovered the stage manager with a prompt book. He

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!

fingered its pages uneasily. As the performance went on through the first, the second, the third acts, he became calmer. Kate was carrying the role gallantly, with never a slip, never any evidence of the turmoil of hope and fear within her.

When the performance was over Dungan came to her dressing-room and spoke five words that paid for all the years of thwarted dreams.

"Kate," he said, "you're a real trouper."

The rest was easy. Not too easy, mind you, but confidence, inspired by the knowledge that you can acquire yourself—undeniably in a crisis, is pretty hard to hold down. In a few short weeks, Kate McComb had become an accepted actress.

With the rôles she was able to get after that, it was natural that radio should welcome her. Listeners of other years will remember her in "The Silver Flint" and "Duroi" programs, as Ma Kerrigan in "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

That's another tale. This is the story of a woman who wouldn't waste time with regrets for the past. So if you know any woman who thinks life can't begin after forty, tell her about Kate McComb.

THE END



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 cup cold water
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-quart freezer. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/2 quarts.

- No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand!

Singing Cinderella

(Continued from page 42)

Always remember this—set your mind on getting something and then reach out and get it by yourself. Play fair, but don't let anything stop you from getting what you want in life."

The great bond of friendship between father and daughter was cemented by frank talks like this. What he could not give her in money, Dad Wells made up in love, encouragement and sound advice. Otherwise, Kathleen might still be parading in gay evening gowns before visiting lawyers.

She loved the feel of the expensive silk gowns next to her body, and as she would try on one soft, clinging thing after another she would half-close her eyes and pretend that these clothes really belonged to her and that she was drifting out on a stage before thousands of people and—

"Try on Number Eighty-four now, Miss Wells." Darmit, there were always those buyers!

At twelve o'clock sharp—noon—it was this Cinderella's time to peel off those glamorous creations and slip into her own brown cloth suit. Then, instead of joining the other girls for lunch and some gossip, she would run out of the place, make a wild dash for the subway and then return generally late, starry-eyed, out-of-breath and hungry.

What the other girls did not know was that Kathleen Wells, the six, thirteen who models the juniors, you know—was using that precious hour to nurse along a secret career. Up along Broadway, in the music-publishing houses, Kathleen was no longer the dress model, but an ambitious young singer who made an awful little nuisance of herself until she got the songs she wanted and a rehearsal room in which to practice. If you're at all acquainted with Tin Pan Alley, you know



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Nelson Eddy recalls his early days on a newspaper, when he sang during lulls in assignments.

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 No. 12 Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER

that it's only the Ettings and the Fromans and the Meltons who get these contests. The small fry have no chance at all. That is, except little Miss Kathleen Nobody. She got what she was after—Leave that to her!

She got her first radio job in that same, go-after-it-yourself manner. She was going to the movies one evening in Jersey City and there, right above the Stanley Theatre she saw it—"Station WHOM!"

She walked up and told the man behind the desk that she wanted an audition—that very night.

Now, there are two reactions a person can get in meeting a girl who is as direct as Kathleen. One is to throw her out—the other is to fall under the charm of her straightforward manner.

This man fell. Sure, but the stars were for Kathleen that night! She took her audition right then and there. Her clear, vivid voice, throbbing with the rhythm of Broadway, was emphasized by the quiet of the empty studio. That same night Kathleen was hired to sing over Station WHOM two evenings a week.

It's a wonder to me that Kathleen didn't develop a nervous breakdown with the crazy pace she was keeping. Her lunch hour was still spent madly dashing from one music publisher to another. Sometimes she would have an extra minute in which to gulp down a malted milk. Many times she would not. Once, in the late afternoon, as she was putting a bridal gown, she fainted dead away in the Show-room right in front of the whole group of buyers.

But soon her WHOM job vanished. The station had run into financial difficulties at the time and had to eliminate many programs.

At least Kathleen had the common sense to know how to look for a radio job. She didn't attempt to crash the big networks right off. She tried the smaller stations first. She wrote to WOR for an audition. No answer. She wrote again. No answer. Again and again she wrote. Still no word. Then she walked up and spoke directly to the program director. Recently a sustaining spot on WOR twice a week. It paid her nothing, but think of the experience!

This time Kathleen had to do some pretty clever maneuvering to squeeze that rehearsal and broadcast into her day—and still hold on to that modelling job which she needed so badly. She took an earlier lunch hour, rehearsal from eleven to eleven-thirty, broadcast fifteen minutes after that, and then grabbed a sandwich on her way back to her regular job.

This isn't a fairy tale, don't forget. And this modern Cinderella didn't turn into a rich and famous princess overnight by the touch of a magic wand. I should say not! Hard work, nerve and ingenuity were her truly godmothers.

Now she was beginning to spread her wings. She hung around the log studios on her free lunch hours and pestered Harold Kemp, head of the Artists Bureau.

His answer was always "Nothing today" but Kathleen would bounce back the next day, with a grin covering the hopelessness she really felt.

Finally it was to come—the tumultuous day when she arrived at the cross-roads and was forced to make a decision that was to affect her whole life. She had to choose

between security—and a chance for fame.

It was that phone call from Kemp which started it. "Peter van Steeden, the band leader, is holding an audition for a girl singer. Go down and see him tomorrow at four. There may be a chance for you!"

Kathleen's fingers trembled as she booked the chartrouse chiton model on "There may be a chance for you. There may be a chance!"

Her boss walked over to her. "We're exhibiting in a big fashion show in Philly to-morrow, and you'll have to go down there and model our gowns."

Her mouth dropped open. "But—but I can't. I've—you see—I've an audition to-morrow and I can't miss it."

Her boss looked at her icily. "Whom," he asked with polite sarcasm, "are you working for? Us, or the radio station?"

That set the spark off. In a flash, Kathleen saw two distinct roads before her. "I'll choose radio," she said quietly. "I'm hanging in my resignation right now. I'll work two weeks longer to finish up Thyri's all."

The next day, after the audition, Kathleen was beginning to regret her choice. Van Steeden had listened to her without showing a flicker of interest, and then had told her: "You'll hear from me later."

That was what they always said to auditions who hadn't made good. She had tailed. And now she was giving up the job she had held for five years, with nothing—absolutely nothing in view!

This remorseful feeling carried through those two awful weeks when she was finishing up her work at the dress house. She was crying silently on the last day of her job as she slipped out of a lace gown into her own dress and was preparing to leave. Suddenly the phone rang.

"For you, Kathleen."

Well, as you might have guessed, it was Van Steeden. Life is sometimes more melodramatic than fiction. Here was the hero stepping in at the very last minute to rescue the harassed heroine! If Van Steeden had phoned five minutes later, he might never have been able to get in touch with Kathleen.

As it was though, he wanted her to sing with his orchestra on the old Jack Pearl program. You may have remembered that show last year. Kathleen was an obscure member of the program with no billing at all—but it was a radio job!

This was Cinderella's first taste of glamour—but the clock struck twelve, the program went off the air, and she returned to the drab hearthstone and the work-a-day routine of looking for another job. Back to the studios every day and the discouraging try-outs.

One afternoon she was called back for a repeat audition given by some mysterious sponsor. Her lagging hopes puffed up like a balloon at the call, but as soon as she stepped into the reception-room, all the air whoozed right out again. For sitting there, also trying out, were some of the most famous girl singers in radio. Girls whose names you all know but which I shall not reveal. And they all had what Kathleen lacked—prestige, background, a name and a following. For the first time in her life, I think, Kathleen felt like running out. But instead, she sat down, nervously tipped a perfectly good hankie to her cheeks and stared blankly into space.

After she sang she fled from the studio

as though she were escaping some ordeal. She had no chance, she knew that. This radio business was too disappointing. Better go back to modelling. Always steady work there. There was no glamour in it, but then, too, there were no heartaches.

She was walking the streets in a daze, and found that by force of habit she had walked right into Peter van Steeden's office.

"Where've you been?" Peter yelled excitedly when he saw her. "They've been looking for you since you left."

"Wh-what? Whom are you talking about?"

"Those people you auditioned for this afternoon want you for their show. You walked out without waiting for an answer."

That's how it happened, a week later, that little Kathleen Wells of Jersey City, wearing one of the expensive gowns she once had modelled, walked out on the immense stage of the biggest studio in the world before hundreds of admiring folks, and sang into a microphone that reached millions of other people. It was just as she always had dreamed. She was taking her place with Launy Ross, Mary Lou, Conrad Thibault—all those "biggies" whom she always had envied—as the new star to shine on "Showboat" along with them.

There was only one thing to mar the momentous debut. And that was the fact that Dad Wells couldn't be there to witness the fact that his little Kathleen had finally "reached out and got just what she wanted in life". Just as he used to tell her to do. Dad had died just a few weeks before Kathleen realized his greatest ambition.

THE END

(Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz.)

(Continued from page 11)

1. Jessica Dragonette.
2. Nelson Eddy.
3. Jose Francisco Antonio Hildelberto Israel Alvarez del Rio Loyola.
4. Joan Paul King.
5. Bradley Kincaid.
6. Bob Lawrence.
7. A large object is dropped into a tub of water often splashing the performer.
8. Bill Bair.
9. Ruth Etting.
10. Ace wants to produce motion pictures; Penner has secret ambitions to write the great American drama and Miss Hilliard for interior decorating.
11. Samuel Barber.
12. Angell Mercado's Mexican orchestra.
13. 30 and he is single.
14. He does not use full script but refers to notes and plans his topic well in advance.
15. By fining every girl who is late, a dollar a minute.
16. Saxophone.
17. Five years.
18. Burgess Meredith.
19. Phantom.
20. No. He will return in the fall and probably resume his duties on the same Sunday evening program.
21. 10 years old.

**IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
THEY ONCE CALLED ME
SKINNY!**



**Thousands are quickly gaining
5 to 15 lbs. this new easy way**

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Point for professional medicine



(Continued from page 91)

In the new quarters in Radio City there is another imposing office. Another door. And the man out of it is the same. The office is larger. Its furnishings more handsome. But the woman who sits behind the big desk is in all essentials the same little redhead who, "was back in 1921, began moulding the destinies of WJZ. And when she looks out through the window at the thrilling skyline of her city, B. B. is dreaming of a still finer radio. Planning how to make the dream come true.

Asked to what qualities she attributes her advancement in a field supposedly closed to women, B. B. says it may be because she never thinks of herself as a woman. "Often, in business, women seek some special consideration. Try to get it by being coy. Men hate that. But because I never stop to think that I'm a woman, they don't think about it, either. And we

thresh out our problems, man to man."

Apart from that wise and tactful elimination of sex, another quality has helped to put and keep B. B. where she is—the fact that she has so identified herself with radio and radio fans that she knows unerringly what Mr. and Mrs. America want to hear when they tune in their radios. She knows your tastes and preferences, and mine. And her hand on the pulse of public reaction, she is constantly checking on all sorts of shows and radio acts, to discover new novelties for radio broadcasting.

So now we know how Bertha Brainard did it. . . . It didn't take very much. Only the best years of her life. Only intense concentration, to the exclusion of most of the popular pleasures of youth. Only intelligence and hard work—and all she had to give.

THE END

How to be Single, Though Married

(Continued from page 35)

To Elsie quarrels are unimportant. They are the normal sneaks and creaks of two people getting adjusted to life together. Some sneak more—some less. Beware, she warns, the marriage that is without them. Beneath the home that is totally without conflict, is a morass of secret, suppressed hatreds.

Once upon a time Elsie and Jack used to spat about the latter's habit of being late. Elsie, theatre-bred, was always prompt. But Jack, with no sense of time, would wander to the appointment with her, twenty, thirty, forty minutes late.

Was Elsie mad? She boiled, broiled and fried him with her tongue. And still he came late. It took time and a lot of scolding but finally he caught on. He could be late to the White House, with whomever else he pleased—but he could not be late with Mrs. Welch.

And then there was the quarrel about the unwashed car. Jack didn't mind daubs of mud, but Elsie did. She suggested he have the car washed. He agreed but forgot. Elsie reminded him but he forgot again. And again. Until—the explosion! *P.S. The car was washed!*

Recently there have been words about football games. Jack, a Princeton man and gridiron rooster of the dyed-in-wool variety, never misses a game. Elsie is so-so about football. And on wintry days she is emphatically *no-no!* She has her voice to think of—and four hours in the cheering section, exposed to wet and cold, would tie the knots in her vocal cords. Where would we be then?

So, she has often refused to accompany Jack. And usually Jack has gone off in a huff. Oh, he comes back cheerful enough, a little bit too cheerful and too late to suit Elsie. And Elsie, who like any normal woman worries and thinks of automobile accidents, gets angry and is a little stiff—but it's all over by the time they crawl into bed.

Quarrels in this household are like cigarettes. Once they have burned out, they are forgotten. At nine-thirty Elsie and Jack will have hamper and tongue over something. At nine-thirty-five a question

from Elsie will bring a sincere "dear" from Jack. As if nothing had happened. Sweet folks, these, who have their riles, their code, their sense of humor and their willingness to treat the marriage partner as a human being.

3. *Trust him*—If you do, he'll trust you. Enough said. Distrust is the rock on which all married folks should build a life/thouse, hang a bell and wind a siren. It's the meanest, toughest reef in the whole matrimonial ocean. All of which means—be honest. Don't lie to your husband. Lies, white or black, have no place in this man-woman enterprise.

It took Jack a long time to learn to understand his wife. You must remember that he is a business man and she is an actress. From the beginning she upset him by doing things which he, a proper Wall Street broker, considered it improper for his wife to do. What bothered him most was her going out with other men.

Elsie, on the other hand, made no bones about it; her conscience was always clear. To her it was part of her job, meeting and dining with her fellow actors, her director, her agent, the reporters who came for interviews.

Jack's attitude started a series of quarrels which ranged from those in which they both stood and shrieked at each other to those in which Elsie, speechless with indignation, slammed the door and went for a walk around the block. They fought back and forth for years.

Having no consciousness of guilt and knowing that all she did was innocent, Elsie refused to give up these simple courtesies so essential to her career. She knew, with a wisdom gathered from experience and the observation of four married sisters, that her independence would be gone, once she surrendered.

Overnight, it seemed, Jack discovered that her dates with other men meant nothing in her life. That he was the man she loved. His sense of humor asserted itself. Now he worries not at all. He has definitely slain and buried the green-eyed monster.

(Continued on page 95)

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... and Jim glad to sing its praises!



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(Continued from page 93)

Why he even kids Elsie when she gets what she deserves as a "crush" on some man. He knows that these things are brief, that any opposition on his part would only prolong them. And this enlightened attitude on the part of the husband and the square dealing on the part of the wife has made it one of most successful of all theatrical marriages, notorious for their brevity. A Hollywood marriage, statistics say, never lasts more than five years.

Elsie believes that every woman is a flirt and unless she is allowed to exercise this instinct she will be unhappy. The instinct does not die, simply because a woman wears a wedding ring. If anything, flirtation endears her husband to a woman. And so she believes that a little innocent variety is the spice—and a good part of the art of how to be single though wed.

4. And finally, take vacations from your husband. Go away now and then, for goodwill's sake. Give him a rest, give yourself a rest. You know how it is when you come home from a vacation. You are refreshed, you are eager. You see with new eyes the city you live in, the office you work in, the man you love. Everything looks better. You live better, work better, love better.

Oh! Elsie learned the secret early. She was playing in stock in St. Louis when Jack, to whom she was then engaged, passed through the city on business. The wedding was scheduled to take place the following month. But they were kids and had over heels in love so they went to a Justice of the Peace and were married then and there. The next morning Jack left town and his bride did not see him for three weeks.

The lesson she learned then, she has

never forgotten. Between programs, Elsie packs up and goes off for a month's vacation, alone. Sometimes, she confesses, it is all she can do to tear herself away from Jack and she goes only because she thinks it is a good idea for them to be separated for a time. Sometimes she is a little tired up and glad to go.

Jack, on the other hand, also goes off—but his trips are business trips which he would take in any case.

Their absences from each other never exceed four weeks—and when they are over, my, how glad they are! The pleasure they get from seeing each other again is ample reward for the suffering of separation.

Four rules and they're enough. They are the tablets Elsie Hitz has brought down to you from the Mt. Sinai of her perfect marriage. And if they have worked for her, they should for you because she came into the world with temper, temperament, a nervous disposition and a gang of sisters who were none too successful with their married lives.

Nor is she conventionally beautiful, Mrs. Elsie Hitz Welch—and she pays far more attention to her voice than to make-up. Except for the milk, cont. you might see her in the street without looking back. Yet, there she goes, a strong will in her body, a beam behind those remarkable eyes of hers, and the good common sense which enables her to accept the railings and torments of the man she loves and insist on having her own way in all matters that do not conflict with his interest. A happy woman because she has her cake and eats it, she has remained single while enjoying the profound pleasures of married life.

THE END



WISDOM BEFORE SLUMBER

WHEN the pangs of hunger assail you after the party's over . . . be canny. Have a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

They're crisp, cool, refreshing, satisfying. They waft you off to slumber gently. And let you sleep so that you'll feel chipper next morning.

Sold by all grocers. Served in restaurants and hotels. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



Corinna Mura, exotic Spanish beauty, recently starred as guest soloist on Rudy Vallee's Hour.

Wives Don't Have to Obey

(Continued from page 17)

rooms on Sands Point, Long Island. She had fourteen servants at her command there. If she felt so inclined, she could signal the yacht that lay at anchor in the bay nearby, and go for a cruise. She spent her winters in a great duplex apartment in New York City.

With cheerful unconcern never dreaming they were riding for a fall, Cobina and Bill Wright spent between seventy-five and ninety thousand dollars a year, living well, entertaining lavishly.

Cobina, for instance, tired of the usual costume balls society women gave. She wanted something that would quicken the pulses of the sophisticated. So she originated the annual Circus Ball, to which the guests came as clowns, snake charmers and even as lions, as Dr. Walter Damosch did on one occasion. Cobina thought nothing of spending from ten to fifteen thousand dollars for one of those balls. They instantly became a serious rival of New York's most famous social affair of the year—the Beaux Arts balls.

The first upward sweep of stocks in 1929 intoxicated the Wrights, unsuspecting of the tragedy which lay before them. Suddenly her husband's business blew to bits. His fortune was shattered as the stocks

plunged down. Desperately she flung her money into the breach. But in the effort to save everything, her own stocks were swept before the ill-wind which howled down Wall Street that year.

It hurt to have to give up those beautiful homes, their yacht. They couldn't believe that their fortunes had really gone, that they wouldn't recover them soon. Cobina fought hard to maintain their former position.

She had managed to hang on to the Sutton Place apartment. But their last money was fast disappearing. She had one hope for something to tide them over and that was to run a night club, a private and exclusive one. She invited friends of hers to join Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Gould, Noel Coward, Cole Porter, George Gershwin and other celebrities of her acquaintance. The left-outers spat bitter criticism at her. "Imagine," they cried nastily, "Cobina's making her guests pay!" They thought they were humiliating Mrs. Wright.

But they didn't know their Cobina. If they had, they wouldn't have trampled out their 1-to-doll-you-so's when she and Bill parted.

(Continued on page 97)



At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

(Continued from page 95)

How would you have reacted, after having fought side-by-side with your husband, a losing battle to save a fortune, to find that he no longer was interested in you, to hear his words ringing in your ears, demanding that you do this impossible thing, that you attempt that impossible undertaking? How would you react if, in the back of your mind, there was the suspicion that he had definitely committed himself to another woman? Would you still love, honor and obey?

Colina's friends began to look upon her with condescending sympathy. "Tak, tak," they said. "She's losing everything! All she'll have left is her daughter and Heaven knows how she'll support her!"

Her filing of a suit for divorce very plainly showed what Colina was going to do, as far as her husband was concerned. She knew she had to start life over again and she wanted to do it with the slate clean. But it just made more juicy morsels for the gossips. Eagerly they devoured the newspaper reports that she had made a gay party of a raid on the apartment of a manicurist, Myrtle Gardner, where, she asserted, her husband was found.

"Party?" she cried bitterly when she heard the reports. "The raid was made by my attorneys. I wouldn't do that sort of thing."

Colina was denied the divorce. She asserted her husband had evaded service of a court summons by disguising himself as a cowboy and boarding a train for New Mexico. Then the newspapers published a story which thrust even more deeply at her pride. Her husband had divorced her. Soon afterward came word that he had gone to Maine and there married the girl in whose apartment he was said to have been found at the time of the raid.

But Colina Wright had no time for any prolonged bitterness. She had a living to make, a daughter to support. She bit high and hard, this gallant woman. She leaved the great steamship Leviathan from the United States Government. She negotiated with the City of New York for it to be docked at a Hudson River pier. She completed elaborate plans to turn it into a recreation center for New Yorkers and run it at a profit to the city, the government and herself.

Life had another below-the-belt blow ready for her. The moment everything was arranged she fell seriously ill from complications of an injury she had received while frolicking with her youngster. By the time she had recovered, New York City had had an election and the City Hall had changed hands.

Colina had to make money right away. There was no time for her to go through intricate political negotiations for the dock all over again with the new city administration.

She determined to try radio. She had talents. There was lots of money being spent by broadcasters. But the network fluff turned down her program idea of song and talk.

Her situation was growing more and more desperate. What, she asked herself, did women do when they had to make money and their talents weren't wanted?

Ludicrously enough, a recipe for honeymoonism (which she had invented) popped into her mind. People could be made to pay for that, too. A tea shop on Long Island—the very thing!

Colina never went through with it. Not because she couldn't or wouldn't, but because the very network executives who had rejected her idea, had suddenly realized the vast number of social, literary and artistic celebrities she numbered among her friends. They gave her a small network to experiment with in presenting such of them as Prince Mateladali, Howard Chandler Christy, William Ross Beant, Don Marquis.

The idea caught the fancy of the afternoon audience quickly. Soon her program charmed a nation through a coast-to-coast chain. I want to tell you one more thing about Colina. Recently she became very ill from a sinus infection. Day after day she was tormented by nerve-shattering pain. Her temperature went up to 102 and stayed there. With that temperature, she went on the air and to you and me she sounded gay as ever.

That's Colina Wright—ever courageous. That's the woman who wasn't afraid to face the world without her husband, who turned a deaf ear to ridicule. That's Colina Wright, radiant lady of radio.

The End



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Here Are the Answers

(Continued from page 100)

of my affair, but I'd like to know if Elsie Hutz and Nick Dawson of "Dangous Paradise" are really married to each other.

Uncle: Sorry to shatter your illusions, Hortense. They're married all right, but not to each other.

Hort: Oh, well! Do you suppose I'd stand a chance with Jerry Cooper? I do so adore his voice!

Uncle: You might stand a ghost of a chance. That's a hot one! Jerry's not married. And as long as you seem so interested, I'll tell you more about him. His summer air schedule will probably be "Roadways of Romance" on Sunday evenings from seven to eight, and his own program Tuesday evenings from 7:30 to

7:45, both on CBS networks. Now Jerry, as you probably don't know, comes from New Orleans, Louisiana, where he was born in 1907 on the third day of April. Before he made his radio debut in that city in 1930, he was a night club entertainer there, and before that, a bank clerk. Jerry is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He says he likes beautiful women of about twenty.

Hort: Ah m! And I'm only a ghost! Well, let's get back to the letters. There seem to be quite a few here who want to know about Glen Gray, leader of the Casa Loma orchestra.

Uncle: All right, we'll tell 'em. Glen's (Continued on page 99)

RADIO GIRL

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There's a subtle allurements in this fragrance. And RADIO GIRL Perfume & Face Powder is a real thing. It's a little RAYO GIRL Face Powder, made in France, new in the shades, has the same delightful odors as Radio Girl Perfume.

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(the limp is the result of a fall while doing a comic scene with Libby Holman in "Revenge With Music") and, with the script held low so he can read it, makes his usual remarks about the rapidity with which the characters in the program fall in love. Which is funny to us—because we have heard that two of the cast, Robert Simmons and Patti Pickens, are really holding hands.

• • • We watch the death in the studios! Sidney Ellstrom, dramatic star with the NBC studios in Chicago, is standing before the microphone, reading a script. Suddenly, he tears at his throat and sinks to the floor. For a full minute, his screams and curses fill the air from coast to coast. The mike is open!

But we aren't surprised. We expected him to die in all the agony a diabolic mind can conceive—since he's been doing it every Wednesday night on the "Lights Out!" horror drama. To make our hair curl, Sidney has been skinned alive, boiled in oil, devoured by man-eating plants, flogged to death with wire fencing, and strangled by a vampire. He has had his eyes plucked from his head and his tongue ripped out. He has been drowned, electrocuted, buried alive, decapitated and disemboweled.

He has, also, never been seriously ill.

FUNNY FELLOWS

The comedians who get you laughing are a sober lot, so announcers and play actors supply the gags in the studios. Harry Von Zell, my candidate for the announcers' diction award, is one of the few who can clown without spectators calling him, under their breath, a big-headed exhibitionist. It is sheer exuberance that makes

Harry lead Glen Gray's orchestra in rehearsal with a long piece of flexible rubber tubing—and it's funny, too. There are two more in radio with his power. They are Ted Husing and Bratrice Lillie. But their clowning is not so consistently funny as his.

WHAT'S THIS?

Countess Olga Albani, the titled lady who sings, is looking back over her serfdom. There was a tan who rushed up to her after one of her Silken Strings broadcasts and demanded her autograph—on a dollar bill. Not two weeks later, a cab driver gave her the same bill in some change. Now she wonders if it had been something she sang or something he ate that caused the fan to part with the memento.

FRIEND OF MAN

Alexander Woolcott, who tells those phrase-heavy anecdotes about his famous friends, really doesn't like anyone unless her name is Dorothy Parker. Although he is godfather to some fifteen children, he is extremely hard to know, and of the entire Columbia personnel, only Don Bell has crashed the select circle of bowing acquaintances.

EDDIE SHOWED 'EM

Erena Phillips, who writes "Today's Children," also turns out the wordage on Eddie Guest's show, "Welcome Valley." Recently, she inserted a verse about love, by another writer, because none of Guest's ditties seemed to fit the mood. But Eddie decided he wanted no one's poetry but his own on the show and rhymed up a little thing to take its place. 'Tis the first time he ever has trafficked in hearts.

THE END

Here Are the Answers

(Continued from page 97)

full name is Glen Gray Knoblauch. He was born June 7th, 1903, in Metamora, Illinois. He went to school in Romeo, Illinois, and in 1918 was a member of the S. L. T. C. in Ohio Wesleyan. He made his professional debut at sixteen, as piccolo player with Romano's concert band. He still plays the piccolo when nobody's around. After that he was solo clarinetist with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and then he organized the Casa Loma group, going on the air for the first time on the Graystone Ballroom in Detroit. Glen is six feet three and one-half inches tall, weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. On July 2nd, 1931, he married Marion Douglass. But she probably wouldn't mind if you called him "Spike," it being the name by which he's known along Radio Row.

Hort, "Spike" is, then. Which reminds me—some of the readers want to find out which was Kenny Sargent and which was "Fee Wee" Hunt in that picture you had on your page in the April issue.

Uncle: Easy. Kenny's the fellow on the left. You can probably figure out the rest for yourself.

Hort: I'll try, smartie. In the meanwhile settle this argument for a couple

of very worried gals. One says Bing Crosby is half Irish and half Italian and the other says all Irish. Which is right?

Uncle: I'll tell you if you promise to stop opening those letters. Bing is American, of course, but as far as descent is concerned, I guess the Irish have it. Bing's father is named Harry L. Crosby and his mother, before they were married, was Catherine Harrigan.

Hort: I'll promise to stop opening the letters if you'll just give me a snappy one-over on Vera Van.

Uncle: Here's a bet! Vera's real name is Vera Geraldine Webster. She was born February 20th, 1913, in Marion, Ohio. Among the more famous of her classmates at Polytechnic High in Los Angeles were Lew Ayres and Frankie Darro. She made her debut on the air over KJLH, Los Angeles, in 1922. Vera wants to get married someday, but she's going to wait until someone as fine as her older brother comes along. And she wants it understood that her hair is *golden*, not platinum blonde. Now get down on my shoulder. You've hammed me long enough.

Hort: All right, but don't forget to tell your readers that if they have some curiosity they wish satisfied about radio stars, you're the guy to do it for them!

THE END

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City _____ State _____ Age _____

Jerry Cooper, CBS baritone who admits that he likes beautiful women of about twenty years, peeks out a letter.

HERE ARE THE Answers



Wide World

Introducing Hortense—a very determined ghost

Not very long ago one of Uncle Answer Man's readers who pecks to be known as "Marie," wrote in saying that if he didn't answer her two questions as soon as humanly possible, she'd hunt him. She also warned him that she was a horrible hamster.

Well that made Hortense very mad. Hortense is Uncle's own personal ghost and secretary and if there's any hamster to be done, she's going to do it. She's also the one who really writes that business about it being impossible for Uncle Answer Man to tell how to get artists' photographs of their addresses. And it's really because Hortense is so furious that she won't let him answer any questions by mail.

You really should know Hortense better. Here's a typical morning scene in Uncle Answer Man's office. Hortense is perched on the Answer Man's shoulder, opening his morning mail.

Hort: Lookit, boss, here's the fifth letter asking what happened to Edward Reese, the Spencer Deane of the *Two Crime Dramas*.

That's a tough one to answer because Reese really ran into some hard luck. He had both arms broken in an auto-bike accident. Internal injuries made it necessary for him to stay in the hospital. He is recovering now and possibly by the time the readers learn this, he may be back on the air. In the meantime, his place is being taken by Uncle North.

Hort: What a shame. See here, these readers are going to be madder than ever if you don't tell them something about Ray Perkins pretty soon.

Awright: Awright. Put this down: Born August 23rd, 1897, in Boston, Massachusetts. Educated Polytechnic Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Columbia University. During the war he was stationed at Camp Upton, L. I., with a commission as captain. He wrote songs for the menials of Tim Pan Miley for some time after that, but prefers to be known as the author of "Under the Texas Moon" which he wrote in 1929. What's in that letter there—the one in the big green envelope?

Hort: It asks—lessee—it asks for the height, weight, color, hair and eyes and marital status of the Lombardi brothers. *Wah!*

Uncle: What're you saying "wah?" for? That's easy! Guy is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes and is married.

Carmen is also five feet seven, weighs one hundred and forty-seven pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is married. Victor is five feet six and one-half, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has brown hair and big wavy eyes and is married. Lebert, the youngest of the four, is five feet six and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds, has black hair and gray eyes and is a wild wye. See how simple that was?

Hort: Maybe you won't find this so easy. Give the cast of "Buck Rogers."

Uncle: *Um, uh*—well, *Buck* is played by Curtis Arnall; *The Great White Dipper* by Adele Rensont; *Joe the Hero* by Eugene Stebbin; *Killer Kane* by William Shealy; *John Tubbs* by Flame Michélor; *Tullon* by Dwight Weiss; *Black Barney* by Joseph Granby; *Thana* by Percy Venable; *Takas* by Clyde North (yes, the one who's taking Reese's place in the *Crime Cases*); *Bobby* by Fred Uthal; *Banana* by Marion Allan; and *Dillon* by Walter Tetty. There, now!

Hort: Oh, you aren't through yet? A lot of readers want to know the cast and the theme song of "Red Hays."

Uncle: Gracious me! Do they really? Well, *Red* is played by Burgess Meredith; *Clunk* by Johnny Keane; *Mr. Drix* by Jack Roskitch; *Max, Darius* by Marlon Barrow; *Red Hays* by Elizabeth Wraage; and *Linda* by Eunice Howard. The signature music is Victor Herbert's "Moon-cams." Any more casts in demand?

Hort: O—h, yes? "Just Plain Bill," for instance.

Uncle: That's a peculiar situation. There is a cast for the Last Case series and an entirely different one for the West Case. But since all the letters in this case seem to be from the East, we'll give that cast a bill as Arthur Hughes; *Van*—a Ruth Russell; *Ke*—a James McHugh; *David Curtis*, Curtis Arnall; *Thana*—a Joseph Uthman; *W*—a Tony Pino Palmer; *Maury Lantz*—James Mathews; *O'Bo*, Ralph Bunke. The theme song, "Bye-Bye Wally Doodle," is done by Hal Brown on mouth organ and bang.

Hort: Which is more than you can do? I don't think you can even give the cast of "Marie, the Little French Princess."

Uncle: *He-he!* I can't! All I can say is that *Arthur Collins* is played by James McHugh, and *Maria* by Ruth York. The other characters change so fast that it would be foolish for me to put them down here.

Hort: Not that it's really any *Come, Come, Come!*

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