THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

SEPTEMBER

10 CENTS

Posed by KATE SMITH

PROGRAMS

WOMEN HAVE BEEN TOO KIND

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT ONE OF RADIO'S GREAT TENORS...
a really exciting new face powder that glorifies every-day skin to the glamour-glow of a moon-bathed tropic night... enchanting... caressing... softly thrilling as a jungle rhythm. A powder as light in weight as stardust... luxuriously fine-textured... finer than any you have seen before. Its lightness, its fineness, its subtle smoothness make SAVAGE Face Powder cling to your cheek as enchantment clings to it... savagely... temptingly... regardless! You'll find it unbelievably flattering. And the shades? Four. You simply must see them.

NATURAL (Flesh)  BEIGE  RACHEL  RACHEL (Extra Dark)

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES
Hello, Helen Kane—just in time. I'm very glad you're going to be a guest star on my program.

Well, well—is that because I've improved so much recently? I don't know about that—but you see, I just got new tubes for my set—now I really enjoy radio again.

I'm glad, too, Mr. Vallee. You see, I've begun to listen to your programs during the past three weeks. Well, well—15 that's probably what my set needs. It certainly is, if your radio tubes are over a year old... may I make a suggestion for that memo of yours, Mr. Vallee?

Why don't you call your service man right after this rehearsal and tell him to bring you a new set of micro-sensitive RCA radio tubes. Micro-sensitive RCA... radio... tubes... you bet I'll call him—no time like the present to get a radio fixed up.

I want to broadcast to all you folks the good advice Miss Kane gave me... to make a radio set work like new—there is nothing like new tubes. My thanks to Miss Kane for her hint.

Look for this sign in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA to serve your radio-tube needs.

Make your radio young again with micro-sensitive RCA radio tubes.

Today's Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes are one of science's greatest contributions to the joy of radio. Why not get all the pleasure of today's fine programs? Replace worn tubes with these remarkable new ones. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you get such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your service man test your tubes today. Replace those that are worn with the only radio tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 improvements:

1 Quicker Start. 2 Quieter Operation. 3 Uniform Volume. 4 Uniform Performance. 5 Every Tube Is Matched.
Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the lower intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 million who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR

"KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL"

CAROLYN BELMONT

CAROLYN BELMONT

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PARK & TILFORD, Distributors
On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere
Let's Gossip

A.J. is quiet on the Vallee front today, this week, this month—in fact the quietness will last until November 19th. Maybe then we should call it an armistice. Crooning Rudy and Swing Fay Webb signed a pact which ceases all court antics until that date. The reason? So Vallee can go where he wishes, unmolested. He wants to go to California to make another picture and doesn't want to be bothered by summons and such in that California separate maintenance suit which Fay is waging.

Readers will want to join us in extending deepest sympathy to Paul Whiteman. His mother, Mrs. Elfrida M. Whiteman, passed away in Denver June 26 after a lingering illness. Paul got word of her sinking condition just the day before and sped west immediately. But death won the race, the sad message reaching Paul as he passed through Chicago. He went on to be present at the funeral services, missing his regular broadcast.

George Givot tried so many times to click in radio that it began to look as if a jinx was upon his Greek act. But CBS gave him another chance, and George secured David Freeman to write his script. Now the Greek seems to be going strong. There must be something about that guy Freeman that puts 'em over. He has proven himself one of radio's ablest writers. George could improve still more if he could talk a bit plainer yet retain that Greek accent of his.

You "Red Davis" fans get ready to clap hands for that sketch will be back on N1GC October 1st. But Curtiss Arnall won't be one of the cast. He wanted too much money. So the sponsor said, "Tit-Tit, get thee out of our play," and turned around and started questing for a successor.

Not long ago, Joe Penner had to leave a theatre where he was playing to run over to the radio studio for his regular broadcast. That meant the kiddies who went to the show to see him were disappointed. In consequence Joe was panned a lot. Folk said the theatre ad promised his presence. Naturally that made Joe feel terrible. So, soon afterwards he ran big advertisements in every paper in the city apologizing and explaining (Continued on page 98).

BACK TALK

Nila Mack says our little angels are born neither with horns nor wings regularly. Many of these young radio stars have come to her already convinced by doting parents that they are great artists and consequently must be temperamental. And temperament, whether in young or old, is just a result of having been spoiled.

Such a youngster at any tendency to show off or display selfish temperament is laughed down by the other children. That is the one case where being laughed at does good, not harm.

Children, Nila Mack says, are born neither had nor good. They're just a bundle of sweet humanity, ready and eager to drink up impressions and manners from those around them. Thus the child is usually a mirror of the people with whom it lives. Think of any faults your own child might have, then examine your own behavior, frankly and bravely.

Let's look at this plump, blonde, twinkle-eyed young woman and see why these children not only are very
fond of her, but respect her as well. In the first place, she is as fair with them as she can possibly be. Before she administers either reproof or compliment on their microphone work or their studio behavior, she is careful to see that it is merited. If it is a reproof, she'll never give it to one of the youngsters in front of the others, but waits until the rehearsal or program is over and then takes the child aside. She refuses to embarrass them. A scolding in front of others can give a child an inferiority complex that will last him the rest of his life.

Tantrums: Well, she knows enough about them. She's encountered them more than once in the studio. The best thing to do, she says, is to let them cry and yell it out. Pay no attention to them until they're willing to listen to reason. Then let them have it. Reason, not beating. While you're waiting, make sure you have not been to blame.

Here's an example. One of the girls, a child of eight, was given the part of a witch to play in one of the fairy tale dramatizations in the "Helen and Mary" series. She did very well until she came to a group of names she couldn't pronounce. Letting loose a sudden wail, she dashed to a corner and went into a thoroughly tantrum. Before Nila had anything about it, she thought carefully. Suddenly she realized that she had given the youngster words she couldn't handle, and the frustration and humiliation had been too great for the little girl. Immediately Miss Mack went to her, explained, and changed the words. She's never had a bit of trouble with that child since.

If reproof is needed, Miss Mack administers it as soon as possible. She feels it a great mistake on the part of mothers not to do this. For instance, for a week, a mother might be happy and healthy, and the noise of the youngster banging on the table with a spoon wouldn't bring forth more than an occasional "Do stop that noise, Charlie!"

But Charlie, observing that mother takes no further measures, such as putting the spoon away, continues until the "Stop that!" have become meaningless. If a guest is present, the mother says, "See, I can do a thing with him." Then on the day the mother has a headache, she endures it until she can stand it no longer, and the north end of the child going south is the recipient of a series of lousy whacks. Can you blame the youngster for having a full measure of hatred for his mother at the moment?

Despite the fact that parents think so, children (Continued on page 97)
### How's about a little game to unkink the curls in your radio brains, folks? How's about matching wit's ends with the hereunder-attached skull teasers? If you're air-minded, it's a tonic test. If you're wise, you'll not read another word. If you're weak—and who isn't, what with all this hot weather we're having—we guarantee our twenty tempting questions to have your nerve ganglia tied in bow knots within three shakes of a radio announcer's coat-tail.

1. What is the most powerful radio station in the world?
2. Who is Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat?
3. What female radio singer always sits when she sings?
4. What famous comic was formerly a broker?
5. Who is radio's only female mistress of ceremonies who has her own hour program?
6. Who uses the theme song, "It's a Lonesome Old Town, When You're Not Around"?
7. What radio broadcast has been on the air over five years and has never been seen by an audience?
8. To whom is Frank Crumit married?
9. What radio tenor became a leading singer at the Metropolitan Opera last year?
10. Who wrote "Rhapsody in Blue?"
11. Who wrote "Sweet Sue?"
12. Who is Julius Seebach?
13. Who are Joseph Pinter, Benjamin Anselowicz and Isadore Lahrheim?
14. Where does the "One Man's Family" program originate?
15. What sponsor first used the "Magic Carpet" idea in his broadcasts?
16. Is Ruth Etting married?
17. What has happened to the Mills Brothers?
18. What man is given credit for Kate Smith's success?
19. Do both networks use chimes to accompany their announcements?
20. How do sound effects engineers produce the sound of a burning fire.

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**Kilocycle Quiz**

**No. 1**

(You should be able to pass this quiz in five minutes.)

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**THE HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL**

Hill reversed the job procedure. He first decided what he wanted, then went after it.

Here's a four-star commentator up at CBS who is a self-made man. When he wants a thing he gets it. Not a hard-boiled egg! Quite the opposite. He just decides what he wants, digs for it, and it's his. That man is Edwin C. Hill.

Perhaps you recall the story of his career. Back in college he made up his mind that some day he would write for the New York Sun. That was his goal, just the same as you might have a secret desire to sing on the radio, or to marry a certain handsome man of your community. But it wasn't any secret to young Hill's friends. He told the world what he was going to do.

First, he worked on an Indianapolis newspaper to get experience. Then he went to Fort Wayne and Cincinnati for more experience. That done, he set out for New York. No, he didn't carry letters of introduction. Nor did he know anyone who knew someone who was a cousin of the Sun's editor. He merely walked in and told his story. Maybe it was a relief to the editor to have a free spoken kid lay his cards on the table. Anyway, Hill got the job.

But was he satisfied? Emphatically not! He had already told friends he wanted to be more than a reporter. He wanted to be a star reporter. While other reporters warned drug counter studs, Hill got out and worked and wrote. He wrote more than mere stories—he came back with features that told the human side of the news.

You know yourself how these make newspaper reading more pleasant. You're not just satisfied to read that three guns were electrocuted at Sing Sing. You want to know what those men looked like when they walked to the chair of death. You want to know what they said as the fatal bands were tightened about their arms. And that's just what Hill figured. (Continued on page 91)
Alexander Woollcott, journalist, dramatic critic and playwright, is the "Town Crier" of CBS. He'll be back on the air this fall.

HE WON'T BE BOSSED

Radio can't tell Alexander Woollcott what to say. It can only tell him when to say it.

Radio has conquered Alexander Woollcott!

But, you say, does he have to be conquered? Isn't he glad that radio singled him out to be the "Town Crier" at CBS?

Yes, for Alexander Woollcott to become a radio star, he had to be conquered. He's a writer and he writes only when and about what he wishes. Consider, for example, his famous column "Shouts and Murmurs." Thousands of people buy the magazine in which it appears and turn to the page where they may find their favorite. But they can never be sure. Sometimes it is there and sometimes it isn't. For Mr. Woollcott, disliking contracts, usually shouts or murmurs when the spirit moves him—and only then. But when he does, he has something worth telling.

When writer-speaker-stylist Woollcott consented to be CBS's "Town Crier" he had to agree to follow a fixed schedule of broadcasts. But he agreed to nothing more. Today, not even the CBS executives know what he'll say when he steps before the mike.

Last January was the occasion of his forty-seventh birthday anniversary. He told us all about it—how nearly half a century ago, over in Philaix, New Jersey, the village doctor reported to the neighbors: "Another boy over at the Woollcotts, darn it!"

That's typical of him, all right. Always the wit. Always injecting a bit of invigorating sarcasm in his works.

After he got his degree from Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, and did some post graduate work at Columbia University, Mr. Woollcott went to work as dramatic critic for the New York Times. For eight years he attended Broadway plays and movies and the criticisms he wrote of (Continued on page 97)
MR. PRESIDENT, YOU ASKED SOME PERSONAL QUESTIONS IN YOUR LAST "FIRESIDE CHAT." YOU TOLD US SOME THINGS THAT MAKE US HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE. BUT YOU DIDN'T MENTION RADIO. JUST SC THE RADIO LISTENER WON'T BECOME THE "FORGOTTEN MAN" IN YOUR NEW DEAL, HERE IS SOME INFORMATION WHICH YOUR BRAIN TRUSTERS MAY HAVE NEGLECTED TO MENTION
A RADIO EDITOR WRITES TO HIS PRESIDENT

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I am going to be a tale-bearer. I will tell you why.

As a radio listener, who happens to be the editor of a radio magazine, I see lots of things going on that don't often meet the naked eye. I hear a few stories about this and that and which leave me with a sickish feeling in my middle. Down there in Washington, you're a long way from the heart of the radio situation. Things are happening that you should—but probably don't—know about.

That's why I'm going to be a tale-bearer.

Right off, I wonder if you know about the phone radio schools that are operating by the dozen in most of our large cities. I mean those two-by-four concerns that run ads in the daily papers saying, "Wanted: radio performers of all types. Experience unnecessary. Apply to Room 114, etc., etc."

In case you don't know what happens, I'll tell you. Every bright-eyed kid around town who thinks he or she is another Crosby or Dragonette applies to Room 114 where she is stood up before a mike and told to sing. That is the beginning of "the works." The well-dressed flim-flammer, who listens, interrupts after a few measures to tell her she has the makings of another Rosa Ponselle; that she'll be a sensation, earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, and pay off the mortgage on the family mansion. But—and here's what the boys call the gimmick—she isn't quite ready to go on the air. She needs a few lessons in what is called "mike technique." In other words, she needs to learn how to toss her voice into the little brown can called a microphone.

I ask you, Mr. President, did you have to learn "mike technique"? As the outstanding radio performer on this hemisphere, you should know that answer better than anyone. I'll wager you never took a lesson in your life.

But these kids don't know any better. And they are push-overs for the flattery of this alleged expert for whom they have just sung. So they go for the gag, hook, line and sinker. Their signature on the dotted line ties up, more often than not, their savings and earnings for the next year.

What I'm getting at, Mr. President, is this: somehow there ought to be a way of flushing these chiselers out of the radio business. If they were dealing only with crooked coins, I could laugh it off and so could the kids that get gypped, but they're dealing in broken hearts and smashed dreams. That's what burns me up.

A code for radio schools might be the answer. Some schools are legitimate and give an ambitious would-be star honest-to-goodness help. Fly the blue eagle over these, and have your secret service men tell the oily-lipped smoothies to go fly a kite.

It was only last Sunday, Mr. President, that you announced your appointments to the new Communications Commission which is to supervise radio broadcasting. Naturally, we listeners don't know just what this new deal means to us. Our faith in you gives us hope for a continuation of the same sort of broadcasting we've been hearing these last twelve months.

In your speech the other night you spoke of critics and belly-achers and second-guessers who have not accepted your depression-busting policies as being good for the country. In case you haven't heard, radio probably has more belly-achers per square inch than any other business in America. I mean we're overrun by people who don't like today's setup of broadcasting—which means, nine times out of ten, that they want to run it to accommodate their own interests.

There are education interests and religious groups, for instance, who want a quarter of all radio hours turned over to them. Which, on the face of it, doesn't sound like such a bad idea. But where does it get you? You know that what is one man's religion is often another man's poison. And if you can find any representative group of successful men in America who can agree one hundred per cent on what "education" is, I'll roll a peanut with my nose from here to the White House.

So, by the new dispensation these radical interests seek, we would merely substitute an untried and un-agreed-upon type of radio program for something that is already about as satisfactory as high-priced brains and talents can make them.

If it's religion that these interests want, look at the time placed at the disposal of ministers of all denominations by both Columbia and National broadcasting networks. If it's education, look at the CBS "School of the Air." And NBC's generous (Continued on page 87)
Ask yourself if you'd dare advise a woman to desert her husband and children? Or keep secret the identity of a murderer? Or stay the hand of death?

By MARY JACOBS

This is the far-flung cry of the world's unfortunates, those who suffer, are wronged and have no hope in life.

HELP ME
I'M DESPERATE!

If a murder has been committed...
If you knew the murderer, and all the sordid details of the crime...
If an innocent person had been convicted of the crime...
What would you do?
Why—go to the police and tell them all you know. See to it that justice was done. That's easy.
But, what if you had been told of the murder only because you promised that anything told you would be held in confidence? That nothing, except the permission of the person who confided in you, could destroy your silence.

That puts another aspect on the matter, doesn't it? You really need the wisdom of a Solomon to know what to do. And you can be thankful that you aren't in the boots of the Voice of Experience, Beatrice Fairfax, Cheerio, or Tony Wons, those consultants on human problems to whom millions of radio fans apply, begging for succor, for relief from their troubles. Often with questions that are impossible to answer. Yet they have to be answered.

I am going to tell you some of the posers that have been put to these consultants. How would you answer them?
The eternal triangle. This time it involves the mother of several children who is in love with her husband's business associate. She is determined not to give up her lover, yet she can't bear to sacrifice her children. What would you tell her to do?

Put on your thinking cap and we'll all get to work.

On page 90 you'll find the official consultant's answer to each problem. See how yours compare with theirs. We'll all be experienced consultants for a day.

The problem of the innocent person convicted of a murder is enough to cause the Voice of Experience sleepless nights. A while ago, he received a letter from a boy in Philadelphia, signed A Young Killer. The boy confessed he had committed a murder on June 23, 1933, at Cobbs Creek Park. Someone else had been arrested and convicted of the crime. The boy had killed his victim with an ice-pick, which was still in his possession, all smeared with the blood of the dead youth.

INVESTIGATION proved that the young killer was not making the story up out of whole cloth, as many people possessing vivid imaginations do. A murder had been committed when and where he specified. A sub-normal boy had been picked up for the crime—he confessed, but claimed that he remembered nothing from the time he approached the dead body till the police rounded him up and put him behind the jail bars. (Continued on page 88)
Bing Crosby has secret plans! The newspapers may soon scream them in headlines. Do you know what they are? And why? Can you guess?

WHATEVER gods there are must have been grinning from ear to ear the day Harry Lillis Crosby was born. When they looked from their Olympian rocking chairs thirty years ago, more or less, and saw a tow-haired tad snuggling close to his mother's breast, they must have put their pates together and said, "There's a likely-looking one. We'll have to see that good things come to him."

That's the only way I can figure out Bing Crosby and his amazing run of what he himself is the first to call "luck." You may call it by whatever name you like.

Beyond doubt, he is radio's wonder boy. He has turned his hand to this and turned his hand to that and the golden rains of fame and fortune have all but drowned him. That he still has his head above water is proof conclusive that those wise old gods who watched him being born have not deserted him.

Bing Crosby's real story is not one, but two stories. The first is generally known. The second is a secret, that his best friends won't tell. But because, as this is written, the one nearest and dearest to him is clinging to a frayed thread of life, and because the possibility of her death may mean the utter collapse of his private dreams, I am going to violate a confidence. By the time this is printed, this crisis will be over and Bing's "secret" cannot matter much either way.

You may not understand why we who know him call Bing Crosby the wonder boy of radio. Well, look at his career. It is a Horatio Alger story, one miracle pyramid upon another miracle until today we come to the greatest miracle of all, about which I shall tell you.

Today, Bing rides to work in a twelve cylinder car through a defile, in the mountains surrounding Hollywood, that is called Cahuenga Pass. As he rides down that pass he remembers a bright and blinding day just five years ago. Two tired and dusty boys are trudging through the dirt of this same pass. Their corduroys are black with
grime and grease and their pockets are light as air, but they joke and laugh about the complete collapse of their ancient Ford twenty miles from the promised land—Los Angeles.

That is how Bing Crosby came to Hollywood the first time.

BRIEFLY, I am going to tell you what happened. With his background, he gravitated immediately to music. His back-home band, called the "Melodyaders," had been the hottest thing in town. His "vocals" and drumming had given him a cock-sure belief that he could sing his way out of any sort of trouble. Presently, that belief was to be tested. But you can be sure Bing Crosby had no fears.

His pal in those days was Al Rinker, brother to Mildred Bailey, famous as radio's "Rocking Chair Lady." Mildred got Bing and Al a job in a Hollywood nightclub. Getting them that job was the act that lighted the match that fired the fuse that exploded the rocket on which Harry Lillis Crosby and his calloused vocal chords rode into the heights.

What happened at first was both confusing and distressing. It was the sort of thing that would have happened to any kid just out of college who suddenly found the world his oyster. That's just the way Bing found it—and he loved oysters.

(Continued on page 72)
THINK back to last Thursday. Think of all the other Thursdays for the best part of the last two years. A voice colored with irrepressible good humor says, "HOWDY, FOLKS, HOWDY!" You remember other phrases, too. "JIMMINITY!" and "Run 'em on, Gus, RUN 'EM ON-X-X!"

Cap'n Henry's voice, that. With all the bubble and bounce of a typical show boat Captain. How does it happen that this man taken from the boards of Broadway and transplanted to a Mississippi River side-wheeler, can be so real and convincing? Well, it is in the nature of a miracle.

Let me whisper a secret to you. It is a rather long secret, but the hearing of it is worth your patience. It's the story of Charley Winninger.

They told Charley Winninger that it couldn't be done! You see, when the Maxwell House Show Boat people looked around for a real honest-to-goodness skipper, what did they do but pluck Charley Winninger right out of Broadway and set him on their own show boat stage as Cap'n Henry. Were Winninger's friends amazed. "Why, where does he get off to be Cap'n Henry? He's been a part of Broadway all these years?" they scoffed.

But listen to this! They heard him on the air. They heard his infectious chuckle, they heard his hearty greeting, "Howdy, folks, H-O-W-D-Y-Y!" They could almost see his apple-red face pucker up into a thousand wrinkles as he boomed, "JIMMINITY!" They could detect an impish grin and a sly wink as he yelled, "Run 'em on, Gus, RUN 'EM ON-X-X!" Then they sat bolt upright in their chairs.

"Why, that isn't Charley Winninger," even his most skeptical critics cried. "That's Cap'n Henry—Cap'n Henry in the flesh!"

This is the secret. Charley Winninger is Cap'n Henry. Yes, he is and I'll swear by that. And what his friends never knew is the fact that Winninger's life, before he hit Broadway, was inextricably interwoven with the river—that the river was his life, actually.

WINNINGER was born into the show business. Do you remember the days of "The Black Crook," or "Neither Wife, Maid nor Widow," and other bloody thrillers? Well, those were the days of "The Winninger Family Travelling Theatre—Always a Show of Quality." It was first cousin to the show boat that was later to embrace Charles, the youngest of the five brothers.

Surely, no little boy had a more fantastic childhood than Charley Winninger. By the time he was twelve he had barnstormed throughout the entire midwest, fascinating the farmers and villagers with his portrayal of Fanchon, one of the lovely orphans of New York's sophisticated Broadway, Charlie Winninger stepped into
Cap'n Henry can be heard on the Maxwell House Show Boat each Thursday at 9 p.m. (E.D.S.T.) over the following stations:

VEAF, WYAE, WERL, WAEK, WSHI, WPR, WYCR, WET, WCAE, WETL, WIT, WWMJ, WJAI, WQO, WONU, WEO, WRF, WSHI, WSHL, KBO, WKF, KDRC, WOAI, WSAM, KSTP, WKEF (WBAP on 9:30)

WAVE (WLS on 9:30)

made railroad reservations, played the trombone in the orchestra and "doubled in brass" in the street parade that was the customary hallyhoo.

The Wninger Family's ambitious itinerary took in all of the colorful river towns. One day, young Wninger was walking along the river bank when he heard the shrill, blatant cry of a calliope heralding a show boat. He looked up and saw Captain Adams' original "Cotton Blossom," the handsomest show boat on the Mississippi, proceeding grandly down the river, calliope screaming and flags flying. His heart did a somersault at the sight of this glorious vision. Before the "Cotton Blossom" had departed the town, a new actor and trombonist was on board.

Thus began Cap'n Henry's— I mean, Charley Wninger's— fascinating show boat life. He learned river lore, pilot rules, Negro songs and all the parts in the "Cotton Blossom's" repertoire.

He learned, too, how (Continued on page 68)

the role of the rustic Cap'n Henry
Flash! Temperature hits new high! Programs soar! Four stars rampant!

---

Curtis Mitchell  
**BOARD OF REVIEW**

**Radio Stars**  
Choose carefully:

- Excellent
- Good
- Fair
- Poor
- Not Recommended

---

**American Album of Familiar Music, With Frank Munn (NBC)**

---

**Cities Service with Olga Albari (NBC)**

---

**First Nighter with Chas. Hughes (NBC)**

---

**Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee (NBC)**

---

**Phillip Morris Program with Leo Reisman (NBC)**

---

**Real Silk with Chas. Previn (NBC)**

---

**Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC)**

---

**Ford Program with Fred Waring (CBS)**

---

**Kraft-Phenix Program with Paul Whiteman & Company (NBC)**

---

**Radio City Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC)**

---

**Nestle, with Ethel Shutt & Walter O'Keefe (NBC)**

---

**One Man's Family (NBC)**

---

**Albert Spalding, Conrad Thal, Bult & Don Voorhees Orchestra (CBS)**

---

**Contented Program (NBC)**

---

**The Firestone Program with Gladys Swarthout (NBC)**

---

**Hour of Smiles with Fred Allen & Lennie Hayton (NBC)**

---

**Colgate House Party with Don Ald Novis & Joe Cook (NBC)**

---

**Detroit Symphony (CBS)**

---

**War's Family Theatre with James Melton & Guests (CBS)**

---

**Chesterfield with Rosa Ponselle (CBS)**

---

**Back Street with Gladys Swarthout (NBC)**

---

**David Ross in Poets' Gold (CBS)**

---

**Schlitz Beer Program with Vivien Ruth, Victor Young's Orch, Everett Marshall & Frank Crumit (CBS)**

---

**Carefree Carnival (NBC)**

---

**Broadway Melodies with Everett Marshall & Elizabeth Lennox (CBS)**

---

**Richard Himmer & the Studebaker Champions (CBS)**

---

**General Tire Program with Jack Benny, Mary Livingston & Jimmy Grier's Orchestra (NBC)**

---

**A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick (NBC)**

---

**Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)**

---

**Armour Program with Phil Baker (NBC)**

---

**Chase & Sanborn Coffee Hour with Raymond and Durante (NBC)**

---

**Cutex Program with Phil Harris (NBC)**

---

**Edwin C. Hill (NBC)**

---

**Lady Esther Serenade with Guest Bands (NBC)**

---

**Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Program of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste (CBS)**

---

**Yeast Tomatoes with Jan Garber (NBC)**

---

**Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC)**

---

**Singing Lady (NBC)**

---

**Lowell Thomas (NBC)**

---

**Major Bowes Capitol Family (NBC)**

---

**Accordiana with Abe Lyman & Vivienne Segal (CBS)**

---

**Death Valley Days (NBC)**

---

**California Melodies with Ray Mongaiose (CBS)**

---

**Elder Michaux and His Congregation from Washington (CBS)**

---

**Waltz Time with Abe Lyman & Frank Munn (NBC)**

---

**Chevrolet Program with Victor Young (NBC)**

---

**Soconyvanecksky (NBC)**

---

**WLS Barn Dance (NBC)**

---

**Hoover Sentinels (NBC)**

---

**Talkie Picture Time (NBC)**

---

**Clara, Lu 'n' Em (NBC)**

---

**Betty and Bob (NBC)**

---

**Household Musical Memories (NBC)**

---

**One Night Stands with Pick and Pat (NBC)**

---

**Chase & Sanborn Tea Program, Jack Pearl (NBC)**

---

**Harlem Serenade with Claude Kostelanetz' Orch. & The 5 Spirits of Rhythm (CBS)**

---

**45 Minutes in Hollywood with Edson Boy's Nick Warren's Orch. & Guests (CBS)**

---

**Broadcasts from the Byrd Expedition (CBS)**

---

**Little Jack Little's Orchestra for Continental Baking Co (CBS)**

---

**Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man (CBS)**

---

**The Mystery Chef (NBC)**

---

**Little Miss Baby-O's Surprise Party with Mary Small (NBC)**

---

**Bar X Days and Nights (NBC)**

---

**The True Story Court of Human Relations (CBS)**

---

**Today's Children (NBC)**

---

**The Mollie Show with Shirley Hudson (NBC)**

---

**Nick Lucas (CBS)**

---

Not clicking as expected.

---

**Betty Barthell & Her Melodeers (CBS)**

---

**Listen in sometime.**

---

**Emery Deutsch & His Violin (CBS)**

---

**Bill Huggins (CBS)**

---

Watch this fellow go places.

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** Morton Downey's Studio Party (CBS)**

---

**Conflict—a Drama (CBS)**

---

**The Singing Stranger with Wade Booth (NBC)**

---

**Gene & Glenn (NBC)**

---

**Mme. Schumann-Heink (NBC)**

---

**Victor Arden's Orchestra (CBS)**

---

**Easy Aces (CBS)**

---

**Voice of Columbia with Geo. J. Smith, Gertrude Neisen & Variety Show (CBS)**

---

Don't miss it.

---

**Palmer House Promenade with Gale Page, Betty Browne & Ray Perkins (NBC)**

---

**Conoco Presents Harry Richman, John H. Kennedy & Jack Benny's Orch. (NBC)**

---

**Love Story Program Featuring Stage & Screen Stars (CBS)**

---

**Stories That Should Be Told. Full Action (CBS)**

---

**Philco News Commentator—Boake Carter (CBS)**

---

**Voice of Experience (CBS)**

---

**Crazy Crystals Water Program with Gene Arnold & the Commodores (CBS)**

---

**Little Orphan Annie (NBC)**

---

**Tony Wons (CBS)**

---

**Romance of Helen Trent (CBS)**

---

**Metropolitan Tower Health Exercises (CBS)**
Who is radio's most lustrous beauty? Join us in our station-to-station search for her Pulchritudinous nominees, these gels. (Left) Dorothy Page, young contralto. (Above) Joy Hodges, songstress with Carol Lofner's band. (Right) Petite Gogo Delys on the Carefree Carnival.

2. Candidates shall have been employed for at least six months or more in the business of broadcasting on either sustaining or commercial programs, three months of which radio time shall have been during 1934.
3. Candidates may be from any field of radio entertainment, including singing, playing, acting, announcing, news commentary, orchestra leading.
4. Nominations may be made by using the coupon below or by letter.
5. Nominations will be received up to midnight, September 10, 1934.

FIRST ANNUAL SEARCH FOR "MISS RADIO"
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York City,

Gentleman:
I nominate for Miss Radio of 1934:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Type of Entertainer</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Note—you may nominate any number of candidates you wish.

Sign your name

Address

Radio Stars Magazine is throwing its searchlight into every dark corner and cranny in the land in its first annual effort to discover America's most beautiful radio performer. The search already has progressed for one month. Hundreds of the nation's fairest humming birds have been nominated by admiring fans. Many photographs of the favorite daughters of this station and that are pouring into our offices.

But is Miss Most Beautiful represented? Of that we want to be sure. If any reader of Radio Stars Magazine knows anyone whose beauty entitles her to be a potential Miss Radio of 1934, he or she is invited to make that person known to us. Read the rules, use the coupon or write us a letter and nominate your favorite.
Critics of radio have complained recently that our major networks are hide-bound, conservative, and controlled by stick-in-the-mud policies. They have asserted that experimental or radical ideas of entertainment have been ruled off the air.

To answer these second-guessing gentlemen, we can point to many network programs. In particular, to one sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

This program is called "In the Modern Manner." Its director is a restless, robust young man named Johnny Green. Elsewhere in this issue we have told the story of his rebellion against the cardboard kings of today's musical monarchy.

His is the program with which we answer radio's critics.

"In the Modern Manner" is noteworthy because it is evidence of a
major network's desire to experiment with modern forms of music. That their experiment is sincere is proven by the pains and expense to which they have gone in order that Johnny Green's musical ideas may reach your ears and mine.

Now, this unusual program has become much more than an experimenter's plaything. It has become vital with the moods and meanings inherent in the modern scene.

Thus, the pleasant task of awarding our monthly medal is two-fold. First, we commend to you William S. Paley, youthful president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Program Director Julius F. Seebach for having the courage to entrust weighty responsibilities to a young musical rebel. Second, we salute that young rebel for giving us music both modern and musical.

So, to Johnny Green and his "In the Modern Manner" program we present our August Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
This is the story of a man who paid hard cash for romance, glamour and adventure—and got his money's worth. It is a story of headache and heartache, defeat and triumph in the dramatic fight to build the world's largest network which now shouts its song of victory to those who said it couldn't be done.

When William S. Paley took command of the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1928, there were superior smiles and knowing looks flitting about the radio world.

What could he do with a network of only sixteen stations, loosely held together by unfortunately conceived contracts? A network that had been broadcasting but ten hours a week. A network that was facing the stiffest sort of competition from the firmly established National Broadcasting Company. A network that was already staggering under the burden of a half million dollar debt.

To begin with, this newcomer was little more than a youth out of a Philadelphia cigar factory office with hardly more than a nodding acquaintance with the broadcasting business. At the age of twenty-seven, one's entrance into a new industry doesn't exactly terrify the opposition.

Bill Paley's youthfulness has always confounded those with whom he does business. Not long ago, a middle-aged business man was anxious to see Mr. Paley who, in turn, was eager to see him, but pressure of business made it necessary to postpone the interview time and again.

Walking through the ante-room of his executive offices toward the elevator one day, Paley overheard the business man giving his name to an attendant, asking to see another member of the organization. Recognizing the name, Columbia's president walked up to the man and shook hands.

"How do you do," he said. "I am Mr. Paley."

"Nice day, isn't it, son," the visitor replied.

As soon as Mr. Paley had left, the visitor turned to the attendant and said, "You know, I've been trying to see that boy's father for three weeks."

Fortunately, William S. Paley brought more than youth to the broadcasting industry. He had a general knowledge of business gained in his father's cigar manufacturing plant. And already he knew how to handle men. From his father's brief experiences as a radio advertiser—remember those old La Palina Smoker programs of 1928—he got a taste of what radio work might be like.

When a Philadelphia financier and friend of the Paley family asked the youthful cigar executive to step into the Columbia network, he needed none of his powers of persuasion. Young Paley leaped at the opportunity.

But was it an opportunity? Many a wise business man said it was suicidal to sink time and money in such a hay-wire enterprise as a broadcasting chain. Paley drew a deep breath and looked about. He intended, originally, to spend three or four months straightening out things for his friend. After that—back to the cigar business.
The dramatic battle of the man who built the world's largest network

He never went back. On September 25, 1928, he bought the controlling interest in the Columbia Broadcasting System. On that day, he lacked just three days of being twenty-seven years old.

Let's look at what he bought. We've told you about the flimsy contracts that held the network together, about the half million dollar debt. Now, what does a man need when he sets himself up as a hopeful network impresario?

Well, in the first place, he needs studios. In the second, he needs talent. In the third, he needs sponsors to pay him for the use of those studios and that talent. And in the fourth, he needs radio stations with which to broadcast the advertising messages of his sponsors.

Of all these things, William Paley had practically none. That matter of studios, for instance. Now you may not think studios for auditions and rehearsals are particularly important. But they are—vitally.

On one occasion an important prospective client had almost been convinced that the CBS network was the proper advertising medium for him. It was only necessary to give an audition and the chances were that Columbia would be better off by one good account. In those days there were no elaborate rooms where the client could sit comfortably by a loudspeaker and listen.

This time, the prospect was brought into the office of a Columbia executive, two floors below the studio in which the audition was being held. Wires had been hastily run through the studio window, down the fire escape, and back into the building and through a hall to the office where they were connected to the loudspeaker.

The audition began beautifully. Hopes ran high. Then, plop! The loudspeaker had gone dead and the annoyed client
stallked out. Someone walking along the hall had tripped over the wires, breaking them. Columbia never did get that prospect's business.

YOU might think the talent William Paley found when he took over the network was quite adequate. It included a symphony orchestra under the direction of Howard Barlow; the American Singers, a male quartet; Elizabeth Lennox and Elsie Thiede, sopranos, and Don Voorhees' dance orchestra, including smaller novelty units under Red Nichols and Miff Mole. Capable talent, certainly, but highly inadequate. It had been necessary to employ amazing ingenuity to get variety of any kind from this group of artists.

For example, whenever they needed a military band, the brasses of the Voorhees orchestra were combined with the symphony horn-tooters. When someone demanded a mixed group of singers, the program builders responded with two of the male singers and the two female singers or all six of the vocalists. Each singer, as well as each member of the symphony orchestra was a capable soloist.

But the public was clamoring for greater variety in entertainment. How could Mr. Paley provide it without sponsors to pay for it? He gathered around him a company of competent salesmen to cry the wares of the new Columbia Broadcasting System to advertisers. He told the message himself. But time after time they battered themselves against the same stone wall arguments: "You haven't got enough stations," the prospective sponsors cried. "They don't cover enough territory. Their power is too small. We want to reach millions, not thousands."

With feverish activity, Paley plunged into the battle to increase the network. On his good luck the outcome rested. He was attempting now the very thing everyone said couldn't be done.

The National Broadcasting Company had picked most of the station plums from the radio tree. Already they had fifty-two stations and were fighting for more. Night after night young Paley stayed at his telephone until three and four o'clock in the morning calling stations hundreds of miles away in his efforts to augment the chain.

Would be get enough? Gradually at first, then in increasing number, his army of outlets multiplied. But even as they were swept into the chain, the problems multiplied, too. Many of the stations had inadequate power. Would the Federal Radio Commission license them to use more?

Even when the network began to assume more impressive proportions, there was a long way yet to go.

LINKING a network together by telephone lines in those days was somewhat akin to weaving a daisy chain in a madhouse. In 1928, the networks for each program were shifted about in the telephone company's headquarters. Misunderstandings between the studio of program origin and the telephone company were frequent.

Remember those line breaks when the announcer used to say, "One moment please?" Remember the line noises: Often it was easy for the New York listener to tell merely by those line noises if a program was originating in Chicago. And we, who are accustomed to being switched from New York to Chicago, to Hollywood in a few seconds, are inclined to forget the several minutes we used to have to wait for such changes.

It was a common sight to see Paley nervously pacing a control room, waiting for line breaks, hoping they wouldn't come, seeking remedies for them.

To understand the confusion in engineering and program production problems with which the young Columbia president was faced, you should recall the classic example of the inaugural program Columbia presented the year before Paley took over the network.

An elaborate program had been planned. The press of the nation had shouted that the network was making its debut with a two-hour presentation of Deems Taylor's opera, "The King's Henchman," by Howard Barlow's symphony orchestra and a group of soloists.

At exactly three o'clock in the afternoon, the stations threw their switches. Aside from a few clicks and rattles, it sounded well enough for... (Continued on page 95)
Have you ever wondered why so many of our American orchestras are conducted by men of foreign birth or foreign extraction? Or why, when so many of our universities offer fine training in music, so few young Americans become conductors?

In the stirring experiences of Andre Kostelanetz, conductor of Columbia’s magnificent Chesterfield music, you may find an answer that will satisfy your curiosity.

Petrograd, March, 1917! Through a tiny crack in the shuttered windows of his family’s luxurious mansion, sixteen-year-old Andre Kostelanetz peers cautiously out at Simenofskaya Square, now ominously deserted. His gaze fixes fearfully on the winter palace of the Czar’s mother, splattered with the spittle of contemptuous proletarian machine guns. At any minute now, these guns might reappear, to jump and chatter viciously on their mountings as they spew their leaden stream of death about the square, possibly through the shutters behind which young Andre stands.

In this tense moment between life and death, scenes of the stark, unreal terror of the past few months flash through the youth’s confused brain. The uncontrolled fury of the revolution makes the early war years seem almost peaceful. Now at almost any moment, he and his family may be victims of the rage which the populace is venting on the aristocracy, yet even the threat of violent death does not take his fascinated gaze from the square.

Suddenly, he utters a warning cry and the servants scramble underneath tables, into closets, anywhere to hide.

Through a crack in the shutters, Andre has seen a truckload of revolutionists swing into the square, waving their rifles and shouting defiance.

Almost simultaneously a second vehicle, laden with loyal soldiers, screeches to a halt on another side of the square. Andre tenses himself for the battle. Then he gazes in amazement at the unexpected turn of affairs. The soldiers unfurl a red flag and wave it wildly. It is the beginning of the revolt of the troops, the deciding factor in the great Russian Revolution.

In this moment, he is plunged even more deeply into the turbulent sea of revolt which already has many times threatened to engulf the (Continued on page 84)
WOMEN have been too kind to Nino Martini. Perhaps you have wondered why this slim, young, handsome Italian tenor has never married. Gay and swashbuckling, with black hair and dark eyes, he is the answer to almost any maiden's prayer. Heaven knows, it isn't because he's too shy to pop the question. He adores the ladies. And they love him right back.

I asked someone who knows him very well if Nino is a happy man. "Oh, yes," he said. "He's having a swell time. He has everything he wants. He lives each day to the fullest, never worrying what tomorrow will bring. His only complaint against life is that there aren't enough beautiful women in the world."

Yet, in spite of all this, Nino has never been lashed by a real emotion. He has never been tormented by love or hate. Whirlwinds of feeling have never swept him, leaving him weak with emotion. Life has never hurt him to the core. Nothing has ever happened to him that has made him turn in bitterness and beg of God, "Why has this thing happened to me? What meaning can this utterly tragic thing have? What purpose?"

Never has he known the bitter salty taste that goes hand in hand with the ecstasy of love.

Even in childhood he was protected from tragedy. When his father died in Verona, Nino, just six years old, was sent to his uncle's home so that he might be spared the gloom that surrounded his father's funeral.

Because he has never experienced the terrible stab of tragedy, the heartbreak of unrequited love, he has often been unconsciously cruel to women. He has been profane with his friendship, paying with the golden coins of his companionship for the adoration that women have lavished on him. But for many women that has not been enough. They have hungered for something he could not give them, real devotion and real love.

THERE was that girl in Italy, for instance. Nino was only nineteen and she eighteen when they met. It was a pick-up, if you please. The lights went on in the movie house in Verona, where Nino sat with a boy friend. Suddenly his glance caught that of a girl who was sitting a few seats away from him. Her long lashes fluttered over eyes that were like deep, dreamy pools. He tried to turn his eyes away from her, to look at the movie. In the darkness he could only think of the flutter of her eyelashes against her olive cheek.

How he waited for the lights to go on again. Could she really be as beautiful as she had seemed? He stole another glance at her perfect profile and his heart turned over.

Finally the picture ended and she rose to go. With an impatient tug at his friend's hand, Nino, too, bounded out of his seat, followed her to the theatre lobby, where she stood laughing and talking with a party of friends.

There was no time to lose. Had she really, as he had imagined, noticed him? He smiled at her now and she smiled back.

"Can I see you home?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

And so he and his friend took this girl and her friends home. On the way he asked what her name was. "Assunta," she answered softly.

Assunta! The very name was music, music that went to your head and made it whirl. He asked if he could see
Yet Nino Martini himself has never been lashed by that tragic sort of love which has so often tormented the hearts of his passing fancies.

Martini's favorite pastime is riding. Incidentally, he's a superb horseman.

her again. She told him "yes."

And then Nino, being only nineteen and very fickle, proceeded to forget all about her. Life was so very full for him those days. He had just discovered that he had a voice, and that his voice might be his destiny. It was a woman who made that discovery, of course. Women have always understood Martini better than any man ever could. When Martini, trembling all over, had sung a few songs in the theatre attached to his church, the good priest had said, "You can do anything you want to, Nino, but for heaven's sakes, don't sing. You have no voice at all."

But Lucia Crestani, a great woman artist, recognized the poignant

(Cont'd on page 74)
RADIO STARS

(Above) Jacques Fray, left, and Mario Braggiotti, the pianists, travel by air and our cameraman was there when they landed. (Below) Lillian Roth, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Tito Coral.

(Above) "Woe is me," sighs Fred Waring after a hard rehearsal. (Below) "Cet thee behind me, Fat," is Jacques Renard's motto and Morton Downey and Tony Wons help him carry it out.
(Above) While Rosa Ponselle performs, our candid camera records it for you. (Below) The fog-horn tone of Poley McClintock's super-bass voice awakens a response even in the zoo.

(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Harry von Zell enjoy an evening together. Harry is the popular CBS announcer who talks to Admiral Byrd every week. (Below) Violinist Albert Spalding before the mike.
(Above) In New York, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd and his lady, Mrs. Wilbur Budd Hulich, take a light from the Glen Island Casino's birthday cake.
(Below) Vera Van and Announcer Bert Parkes, who are going places together these warm summer days.

(Above) The lilting Sylvia Froos isn't taking any chances from the looks of that great big life saver. Andre Baruch is determined to find out if she really can't swim. (Below) Yep, it's exotic Gertrude Niesen and Ralph Wonders, head of CBS's Artists' Bureau.

Summertime is hop, skip and jump time for holidaying radio
(Above) Could it be the duet that Elizabeth Lennox and Everett Marshall are singing that makes 'em look so pained and sad? (Below) George Hall, orchestra leader and his girl singer, Loretta Lee, who has become popular over night. They, too, are at the Glen Island Casino birthday party, for which a big crowd turned out. (Right) Leah Ray, songstress.

stars and their gay air companions
WHEN you check off the Big Romances of 1934, it is safe to predict that the George Jessel-Norma Talmadge alliance will rate high on the list.

The first and perhaps the foremost reason for this is due to the fact that the couple concerned live in a glamorous world that you and I read about and hear about and, occasionally, even catch a glimpse of, but of which we never actually become a part. A world made up of movie cameras, microphones, theatrical footlights, "teas" that consist of champagne and caviar, and Reno divorces.

Do you, for instance, number among your friends a young girl who was married to a movie magnate, whose every leading man fell in love with her; a girl who amassed a fortune and a famous name and finally wed a vaudeville headliner who had dreamed of knowing her all during the time of his divorce, re-marriage and another divorce?

George Jessel fell in love with Norma Talmadge in a movie theatre years before he knew her. She was in the arms of a handsome man, enacting very torrid love scenes. George wasn't jealous. He wasn't even conscious of his dream girl's celluloid lover, so enraptured was he with the idol herself.

It wasn't easy to become acquainted with the Queen of the Movies, and Miss Talmadge was just that—the Garbo of the silent films. In the first place, she was already married to Joseph M. Schenck, a middle-aged producer who was helping her skip the boulders on the rocky road to fame.

Joe surrounded his bride with every luxury. The best wasn't half good enough for her. Servants, cars, a town
Two marriages were cancelled to make one possible. Now, after a nine-year courtship, George Jessel and Norma Talmadge call each other Mr. and Mrs.

(Below) The inimitable Georgie doing it over the CBS network. Freddie Rich (left) directs the music for the singing comedian.

(Radio) Stars

(Left) Norma bidding farewell to all her hearts of yore. (Below) George Jessel is master of ceremonies on his own CBS show.

house, a country estate, a ready introduction to the famous, celebrities that she had read about, but had never, somehow, ever dreamed of meeting, let alone entertaining. All these were included in the world Joe Schenck opened up to her. Certainly enough to turn any young woman’s head.

But, he it said in all truth and honesty, and much to her credit, Norma kept her perspective. She had known work and struggle and what it means to make ends meet. She had been one of the thousands of Brooklyn girls who had gotten out and tried to help her mother and younger sisters. And so, if she was ever tempted to wear the tall bonnet, she had only to recall the not-so-good old days, and she immediately became, or rather, stayed regular.

During this “sitting on top of the world” period, Norma had never heard of Georgie Jessel, which fact seems almost too obvious to mention. Georgie, however, was doing what is known as all right for himself. He had graduated from the three to the two-a-day. Success in his own field had a way of opening things up for him socially.
He, too, met the famous. But he wasn't particularly interested. You see, like our old friend, Merton of the Movies, he had an ideal, and that ideal was Norma Talmadge.

And then Fate stepped in. Fate, in the guise of a more or less prosaic press agent, whose job it was to hally-ho Georgie's show, "The Jazz Singer." The opening night of that play was a great night for young Jessel; great in more ways than one. First, it made him a star, and, foremost, it introduced him to the woman that was separated from him by wealth, fame and adulation—Norma Talmadge.

It was after the performance. His dressing-room was crowded with friends. The press agent appeared.

"George," he said, "would you like to meet Norma Talmadge? She has sent her card back and wants to see you."

Jessel was overwhelmed. He somehow managed what passed for nonchalance. "Sure," he replied.

Suddenly, there she stood, radiant in shimmering satin, wearing a shoulderful of gardenias, Joe Schenck's floral gift. Standing there, more charming in person than she ever appeared on the screen, she extended her hand to George.

"You're a grand actor," she said in true simple Talmadge fashion. This was the beginning of the romance that headlined the newspapers for four years. To be sure, Norma didn't recognize it as such, but on the memorable night, Jessel determined that some day, somehow he would make this famous, this utterly divine woman his.

She couldn't figure just how it could be accomplished. There were obstacles—to most of us, insurmountable ones. Norma, you know, was Mrs. Schenck and there was a Mrs. Jessel, too—Florence Courtenay of vaudeville fame. The Jessel's marriage had been a hectic affair, they say. On and off and on again. Impetuous quarrels and sudden reconciliations. They were so through at one stage of the game, that they had called it a day, called in a lawyer and got a divorce.

But when the papers had been signed, that old loneliness came over George. Always, he had longed to be wanted more than anything in the world, and though he remembered the quarrels and the getting together again, and the subsequent fusses, he begged Florence to marry him once more—and she did.

Now that they were wed again, though, he found himself madly in love—but with another, Norma Talmadge. What could be done? Most of us would say, "Nothing." But George figured that there must be a way, and eventually there was.

Shortly after her meeting with Jessel, Norma left for the coast. Her producer-hubby had summoned her there to make another movie. He had selected a new leading man for her, a man who had "it," a handsome youth destined to appeal to women. Gilbert Roland. The same Gilbert Roland who is now one of Constance Bennett's best friends.

He and Norma were to appear in "Camille," that most famous and tender of love stories, the theme of which has served as an incentive to its players since first it was presented. Soon Norma and Gilbert were constantly seen in each other's company. Both on and off the set. People raised their eyebrows inquiringly, and did a little whispering and a little more conjecturing.

Norma became annoyed and then frankly worried. She consulted Joe Schenck. He advised her to forget the gossip, to have some fun, to enjoy the night life her youth demanded and in which he had no further interest.

If Joe had been strict, this story may never have been written. He could have broken any friendship of Norma's he cared to, and this, even though her affection was beginning to wane. But the fact of the matter is, he didn't, and so the Talmadge-Roland friendship flourished. Then contention set in, as it has a way of doing in emotional relationships. Quarrels and reconciliations, until finally one night Norma decided she had had enough, and flew to New York—and to George Jessel.

Here was solace, someone you could tell your troubles to and be certain of a sympathetic ear, someone who understood you. Here was George Jessel, a good actor and a good friend.

Of course, it was George's big moment. This time he was determined not to let Norma go again—ever. He would keep her with him at all costs. He was scheduled to go on a ten weeks vaudeville tour. Although she had never appeared on the stage, he decided to take her with him. He would see her every day under these trying circumstances. She would be with him under similar odds—and then she would "know." Georgie already knew. He had known since the days he sat in cheap movie theatres watching her flicker across the screen.

It was during this tour that Norma fell in love, unequivocally and irrevocably in love. She had never even considered trying to get a divorce to marry Gilbert Roland, or any of the other men who had wanted her. But now, getting free became of vital importance.

On the road, they were seen in night clubs together. This caused more gossip. Would they marry, or wouldn't they? All the sensible people had an answer for that one. Why, of course, they wouldn't. How could they? Wasn't each already married? Their constant companionship must all be a publicity stunt, (Continued on page 76)
KATE SMITH came back to the radio wars the other day with her wounds all healed and healthy. She came back to an honor spot on the Columbia network because she had the good sense to listen to a wise man.

Maybe you didn't even know that Kate had any wounds. She had plenty. She got them in the star-spangled city of Hollywood where all is not gold that glitters and a celebrity's life is as private as a Winchell secret.

Kate was a trail blazer in the Gold Rush of 1933, remember? The cinema sachems crossed her ample palm with silver and lured her to their capital. For what? The first purpose was to make a picture. The second... well, it's an odd sort of story, not like you hear every day.

First, you must know that motion picture moguls and the rajahs of radio have not been the best of friends. With good reason. In the good old pre-broadcasting days, motion picture theatres were packed from orchestra pit to projection booth. All of America's heart-warming heroes were light and shadow he-men. Whenever a proud beauty of the so called silver screen came to town, the village blue-bloods did nip-ups to be the first to entertain her. Those were the good old days—for the movie makers.

Radio and broadcasting changed that—or so the motion picture interests contend. Radio gave us other favorites. Radio gave us funny fellows and sweet-voiced singers who came, with the turn of a knob, into our parlors.

With this interesting result: People began staying at home more. And going to the movies less. Which meant less money for the theatre box offices and less profit for the business of manufacturing galloping shadows.

And that was the cause of the first big radio-movie war. Maybe it wasn't a war at all. Perhaps it only looked like a war. Anyhow, here is what happened.

The generals on the side of radio that year were Generals Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Kate Smith and Jessica Dragonette. Sky-high stars, every one of them. Their armies of listeners stayed at home for them, listening and loving every minute of it. Sunday night for Cantor, Tuesday for Wynn, Friday for Dragonette, Thursday for Pearl.

Can you blame the cinema big-shots for turning gray above their indignant ears?

One quaint story that goes the rounds tells about the tactics used by the picture tacticians to combat this menace. Probably, it is only a story. Here's what happened.

The Generals Wynn, Pearl and Kate Smith were invited to make movies of their own. Now don't jump to the conclusion that this measure was meant to attract all their listeners through theatre turnstiles. The plot is much thicker than that, if we can believe what we hear. This measure was designed as a surprise attack at the generals themselves. "We'll (Continued on page 93)
GEORGE BURNS  
AND  
GRACIE ALLEN

THEY'RE OFF! George Burns and Gracie Allen put aside the cares of the world and went to Europe to try to improve Gracie's mind and Georgie's disposition. They sailed on June 23rd for Naples, and since then they've been riding the watery streets of Venice, buying the wares of Budapest, checking up on the five plus five year plan in Russia. They leave Moscow August 7th for the gayety of Paris, then on to London, returning to the village of New York September 4th. While in London, they'll do a broadcast for the British Broadcasting Corporation and an act for the London Palladium just so Britshers can see what George has to put up with in America. Tune in CBS Wednesday, September 12th, and you'll find them back on their old cigar program.

JACQUES FRAY  
AND  
MARIO BRAGGIOTTI

GOOD sounding music from good looking musicians. That's Fray and Braggioiti, Jacques Fray in the background and Mario Braggioiti up front in the picture. Seems as though CBS just can't decide on a definite broadcasting time for these boys, but chances are if you tuned to "Voice of Columbia" from 8 to 9 o'clock (EDST) Sunday evenings you'll hear them. Some piano teams, you'll recall, run all over a keyboard when they play. Not these nimble fingers, however, for simplicity with them becomes an achievement. High salaried they are, too. We've heard that CBS prices them at such a tall figure that few sponsors can count up so high. That's enough, don't you think, to puff up any artist? Yet these ivory experts have kept their feet on the ground and their fingers on the keys.
Sylvia Troos... is the little girl who climbed upon the stage at three and has been keeping company with fame and fortune ever since, in spite of the fact that her mother, more than once, pulled her off the platform and carried her home, bodily.

Once she was hailed to court because she "wiggled when she sang." After doing a couple of numbers for the judge, she got off with an invitation to call again.

Since a youngster, she has been in radio off and on. You probably recall her programs with Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie and George Jessel. Now, you hear her over the Columbia network, most any time you twirl the dial.

Lillian Roth... would add another month to the calendar, if she could, and make all the days Friday—Friday the thirteenth—it's her lucky day. She was born on one and got engaged on another. And, incidentally, this should be her lucky year for it's her thirteenth in the show world. And she's still under twenty-five.

Movies and vaudeville have been her daily diet since her toes first twinkled across the footlights when she was learning to walk.

On Broadway she has been a part of Ziegfeld's gay "Midnight Frolics," the "Earl Carroll Vanities" and a number of other successful musicals.

In 1929, while in Hollywood doing movie shorts for Paramount, she made her air debut via KNX, Hollywood. On Monday evening at 8:30 tune in WABC and listen.
Elaine Melchior... has all kinds of elephants, cats, birds and tigers—on pins. Just a little hobby she annexed while going to school in Denmark. The Danes, it seems, go in for fantastic designs on the heads of straight pins, and Elaine got that way, too.

As you can see for yourself, her beauty is as unique as her hobby. Foremost artists, McClelland Barclay and James Montgomery Flagg among others, have honored it in numerous paintings. Funny, how that same beauty caused her to become so well-known. One night at the Hotel Astor in New York, she consented to model some gowns in a fashion show. After one glance at the young dramatic actress, talent hunters for pictures signed her up for movie shorts.

She is not married—nor engaged, as far as we know—and lives at home with her parents, a pup and canary.

Vivienne Segal... Prima donna at fifteen! Them that were the headlines that caused a sensation in her hometown several years ago. And her success has been just that brilliant ever since. The spotlight sends a constant beam on her stage and screen and radio careers.

If she had listened to her pa, she would still be in Philadelphia entertaining family guests and the young blades of the neighborhood with gay piano ditties, instead of providing us with her lovely soprano each Tuesday evening at 8:30 with Abe Lyman on the "Accordiana" program. But her ma encouraged her stage urge.

When she was less than twelve, the newspapers heralded her performance as "Puck" in "Midsummer Night's Dream" with the criticism that "The role fit her better than her tights." She has kept in the news ever since.
YOU don’t hear much in your parlors about it, but a battle royal is about to begin on Radio Row. A battle in which trumpets will be guns and the batons will serve as swords. The generals will be some of the biggest personalities in music.

What’s the reason for this impending war of maestros? It’s a young, broad shouldered, shock-headed Harvard graduate by the name of Johnny Green, who promises to raise some high, wide and handsome hell in the world of true American modern music.

You see, several famous gentlemen named Paul Whiteman, George Gershwin, Ferde Grofe and others, had a corner on what is known as modern music. Whiteman’s performances in New York concert halls have made him the “King of Jazz.” Gershwin and Grofe are recognized as outstanding composers.

So, naturally, when an upstart kid comes along with new ideas—ideas which the public likes—(though some shout “radical” at him) and starts rocking the thrones on which the old rulers roost they may become flustered and frightened.

Just to show you this isn’t a light matter, there are the two networks lined up against each other. CBS has given Johnny Green permission to “do as he darn pleases” with the program “In the Modern Manner,” on the air Friday nights at 9:30 EDT. On the other hand, NBC is regimenting its musical troops behind the Whiteman-Grofe-Gershwin combo.

Where does this kid, Johnny Green, get the gall to do this?

I went to see him—this youthful musician who, at twenty-five and barely six years out of Harvard, had confused the intellectuals —the Bach, Beethoven and Brahms untouchables—with his jazz-complexioned classics, and upset the old popular formula of Tin Pan Alley with such slow-rhythmmed hits as “Body and Soul,” “I Cover the Waterfront” and “Easy Come, Easy Go.”

“Now look,” he said, grinning, “I’m not going to be a shrinking violet, because if I had been it would have taken me about twice as long to become the tremendous success, the utter wow, that I am, heh-heh-heh.” With a hollow laugh which always accompanies his kidding boasts, the maestro raised his eyebrows and waited for a contradiction. None forthcoming, he continued: “You see, nobody heard me playing in the back room and hailed me as a super-Gershwin. My career has been like that of an Alpine climber who throws his hook up ahead, then pulls himself after it.”

Now, and this may surprise you, Johnny Green is feared by modern composers and their exponents. He is considered by many radio people as the strongest competition Gershwin, Grofe, Whiteman and all the other present day modern men ever had. More than that, he turns his back on some of the compositions we listeners have been calling “modern,” and would encourage more frequent performances of such composers as Russell Bennett.

Shocking? Yes. But Johnny goes further. “I wonder if some people even know what a ‘modern’ number is?” he remarked. Just imagine this twenty-five-year-old Harvard man challenging the names that have been held up these many years as glowing examples of the best in music! But Columbia has faith in him. Columbia knows that when Johnny talks he says something worth while. That’s why that organization (Continued on page 76)
Easy Come, Easy Go

Words by EDWARD HEYMAN

Music by JOHN W. GREEN

Piano

Love has fooled us,

P a tempo

Once it

ruled us,

Well be

RADIO STARS

It doesn't matter how good you are, somebody's got to toot your horn if you are going to get anywhere in this world—radio stars are no exceptions!

By THOMAS VAN LEER

Wherever you go, get your picture in the paper—shake hands with those who count and you will, says Morton Downey as he grasps the hand of Lord Mayor, Ald. Alfred Byrne of Dublin.

All on account of this publicity business, Guy Lombardo crowns the pretty May queens. It makes them happy and gives him a break with the cameraman, who's sure to be on the spot.

STARS MADE WHILE

DON'T you let anyone tell you great radio stars get that way just because they have talent, personality and the breaks. Stars, believe me, don't just happen. They are built. Deliberately and astutely built. The amazing methods of the star builders make one of the most fascinating inside stories of radio.

Let's jump back to January, 1931. Seven p.m. Ten seconds to go! Quiet please! On the air. A high tenor voice flings liquid silver melody from half a hundred stations of the Columbia network. "Wabash moon keep shining..." Morton Downey has leaped aboard the skyrocket that in two short months will have swept him dizzily to fame.

Sponsors clamor for his services. Makers of Camel cigarettes bid highest. His seven o'clock spot is taken by Kate Smith. She, too, soars to success with breathtaking speed. Bing Crosby follows and the "Blue of the Night" boy adds his radiance to the dazzling radio display.

What, demands the bewildered listener, are the mysterious machinations which hurl such stars directly into cloudbursts of popularity and prosperity?

Their ability, you argue, must have had a lot to do with it. Of course it did. They wouldn't last a month without it. But remember, Morton Downey had been struggling along, comparatively unknown, singing in night clubs after his none too successful venture in the movies and his short-lived appearance on NBC networks. As for Bing, well his greatest claims to fame were having been a member of Paul Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys and his few screen and radio appearances.

Why hadn't their talents made them nationally famous before they went on Columbia? Was it because no one had spent so much energy and cleverness as the Columbia program and production departments in finding them good air time and building their programs to suit their talents? Yes. But also vital to their success was the remarkable strategy used to make their names bywords in every listener's home in America. The insiders still talk about the wildfire growth of the Morton Downey blindness story and the Gracie Allen missing brother stunt.

Remember, newspapers shouted the word that Downey had gone blind? Here's how it all started. Morton was
Fred Waring knows that everyone likes to look at pretty girls, so hires his singers beautiful. That way he keeps himself and orchestra in the public eye.

Cameras are purposely at trains to meet stars. Burns and Allen oblige.

YOU WAIT

visiting a friend who, ill and under doctor's orders, was lying in the rays of a sun lamp. Downey sat and chatted with him for a time, then left. By the time he reached his suite at the Savoy Plaza Hotel in New York, his eyeballs were agonizingly inflamed. Sunburned, the doctor said. He'd get over it in a few days.

It was important that he rest his eyes as much as possible. He must, in fact, give up a week's engagement at a Brooklyn theatre which would have brought him $3,500. An imaginative representative of a New York evening newspaper heard about it. Within the hour, his paper was rushed to the street, headlines screaming, "Morton Downey Blind."

That was bad. Downey was not blind by any means. But the rest of the press, insistent on colorful stories, clamored for news.

There was nothing to do but carry on to please them. Morton was put in a darkened room. His eyes were swathed in more bandages than were actually necessary. Barbara Bennett, his wife, rushed to his side from their country home, just as she would have done had he been dangerously ill. Telegraph wires crackled. The news was sped to all corners of the country. So Downey's name was more deeply impressed than ever on the minds of countless listeners. It was certainly a very grand story.

George Burns and Gracie Allen had been doing well enough on the air, but somehow their names didn't seem to be appearing in the papers very much. That's a lot more serious than you might think. What to do? The Columbia publicity experts probed deep into their brain cells for a new idea.

"Why not," asked Paul White, then head of the publicity department, "have Gracie have a missing brother?"

"Good," said Bos (Continued on page 78)
The super salesmen of CBS

They'll talk. Here are CBS' ace announcers. It isn't exactly what they say, but how they say it. With superb voices and perfect diction each has a special technique and personality.
ANN LEAF'S life has just been one audition after another. Because she looks so much like a little girl, she has had a darn hard time climbing that rocky road that spells—in big capital letters at the top—SUCCESS. Every place that she applied for a job, they listened to her playing, complimented it, and then told her to toddle back to kindergarten. For you see "Little Organ Annie," as she is called, is only four feet eleven, a dark petite bit of beauty who longs to be one of those tall languorous blondes.

Before she even knew her ABC's, Ann could tinkle the piano keys and at the age of ten she was the proverbial child wonder; at least to the folk out in Omaha, Nebraska, where she grew up. For at that age she was memorizing concertos of a hundred pages and playing them with the symphony orchestra.

To her sister Sheila, Ann says she owes a great deal of her success. Sheila came to New York from the west and brought her along. While Sheila worked, Ann studied music. Now she's one of the air's best organists.
If you like your songs classical, red hot or torchy blue, then Mary Eastman is the gal to turn to, on the dial, of course.

Since eleven, when Mary began her warbling career, she has been collecting scholarships and diamond medals for her lilting soprano voice.

For the past five years she has numerous performances to her credit in musical comedies, light opera, concerts and various guest appearances. Among her accomplishments, she boasts joint recitals with Madame Schumann-Heink and Richard Crooks. At one time, it looked as if the Metropolitan would get her—and it still isn’t too late.

In December, 1932, Columbia Broadcasting Company signed this promising artist. She has her own programs each Monday and Friday evenings. On Thursdays you can listen to her with Mark Warnow’s orchestra.

As to the lovely lady’s charm, take a look for yourself. Yes, we think so, too. She is five feet tall, with curly locks, brown eyes, dimples—well, just like a little girl’s favorite Dresden doll.
CHAIRS have a peculiar fascination for Edith Murray. She claims they may be used to stand on, too. It all began when way back fifteen years ago the dear teacher stood little "Eadie" on a chair before her wide-eyed classmates and told her to sing. She did. And long before she finished college, she ran away to join a musical comedy.

This entertaining little American made her first professional bow in a show in Montreal. But before she got to the bow, her songs evaporated into thin air in a fit of stage fright. To cover up, instead of bursting into tears, she went into a dance. It got over big and rated a couple of big bows.

Later, she formed her own act which headlined the theatres on the RKO circuit for over a year. So good was she that her name attracted the attention of talent hunters and producers and she was soon engaged for a stage run in London. Returning to America, the movies signed her for a number of shorts.

Now, you hear Edith late at night over the Columbia networks. She puts that Spanish "something" into her indigo tones, which makes for a welcome difference in popular song interpretations.

When Eadie isn't at the studios, you will find her, rain or shine, astride a horse or knocking a ball around a golf course. During vacation, she hustles to the country.
HIS attractive gel used to be Margaret Vegas. A little lass from the south who came to New York and expected Broadway to sit up and take notice. Broadway did, too, but not until a singer had a fit of temper, quit her job and put the orchestra leader in a spot. That maestro was George Hall. The show had to go on. It went on with Loretta Lee, alias M. V., whom he discovered trilling away in a dingy music house a few hours before his broadcast went on the air.

So, she became “Loretta Lee, the Louisiana levee singer.” Fame and fortune are queer ladies, she remarks, for the day before her name was ballyhooned in print and over the air waves, Loretta was just another poor little homesick kid who was discovering that career-carving had to be chiseled out of granite and not fleecy dreams of success.

She had been bitten with the stage urge when a youngster in rompers, perhaps because she was always the star performer at the neighborhood parties. Anyway the desire lasted, until now she has achieved her own niche in the entertainment world.

During the summer, she tours with George Hall’s Orchestra. In the fall, this little green-eyed, auburn-haired miss will return to the microphone with the same music-makers to provide lots of pleasant evenings for all of you tuners-inners.
Paul Whiteman, left, directs while Russ Columbo, radio-movie baritone, warbles. Paul, as you see, believes in comfort while Russ goes in for style.

Even a king has weaknesses. And Paul Whiteman is no exception. Here his valet tells, for the first time, intimate details of his private life

S CO OP!

Listen to Paul Whiteman's "Music Hall" Thursdays at 10 p.m. (EDST) over the following stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WSCH, WPT, WFBS, WRC, WGY, WJEN, WFAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLB, KSD, WOC, WHO, WGW, WDAF, WMAG, WDAY KFYR, WESL, WEF, WXY, KTRB, KTIM, WJTL, WRAF, KFRC, WOAI, KOMQ, KOA, KDVL, KGQ, KPI, KGW, KIHQ, WMEF, WIBA, KSTP, CICL, KTAR
WHEN a writer for RADIO STARS asked me to "tell all" about my employer, Paul Whiteman, I was surprised.

"But look here," I started to explain, "you probably know more about Mr. Whiteman than I do. You know where and when he was born, you can trace his whole career, and you can tell your readers his life story. I know nothing about that. I only see Paul Whiteman through a valet's eyes."

"And that," urged the writer, "is just what I want. Tell us about the Paul Whiteman you know.

So here you are. I can't tell you a thing about Paul Whiteman, the great bandmaster, "The King of Jazz.

I warn you about that now. But I can talk endlessly about Paul Whiteman, the man—the person who has faults and idiosyncrasies, just like you and me. That's the Whiteman I know.

Mr. Whiteman is a tailor's paradise. He has suits of every type and description. I won't bore you by going into detail about the number, but I should say that he never has less than seventy suits in his closets at a time. He has about that many pairs of shoes, too, all made to order. And vests—backless white ones made especially for him in England by the Prince of Wales' own tailor, and he orders 'em by the dozen. His other articles of clothing, however, are all of American make. It is not unusual for him to pay $200 for a suit and order six at a time. Or three dollars for a handkerchief, or twenty-five dollars for a shirt. Sounds pretty high, I'll admit, but Mr. Whiteman is very fussy about clothes. They're his pet extravagance and he has everything made to order.

He is not, by any means, a conservative dresser, but no matter how daring his color schemes may be, he never hits you in the eyes. Early one morning, dressed all in white—white linen suit, white socks, shoes and cap—he left the apartment to play golf. When he returned some hours later, outside of a fresh sunburn, he looked as cool and immaculate as the moment he had left. It's a certain knack he has of always looking impeccable. And let me tell you, when Mr. Whiteman plays golf, he plays golf!

No sitting around the clubhouse gabbing with the boys. He always wears a fresh flower in his buttonhole. Due to some queer superstition, on his opening night he wears a corsage of about four or five gardenias on his lapel. Only a man of Mr. Whiteman's imposing build could carry so many flowers effectively.

I have heard that Paul Whiteman "discovered" Bing Crosby, George Gershwin, Morton Downey and countless other stars. About that I know nothing. However, I do know that he takes a great paternal interest in all the boys and girls who work for him. Mildred Bailey used to call him "Pops." I can only explain how he feels by telling this little story.

One evening, Mr. Whiteman left word for me to wake him at six in the morning. "I have to meet someone at the train," he explained. Since he was going to be up very late that night I gathered (Continued on page 80)
Meet Jack Denny, Hotel Pierre maestro, and a member of the New York Schools of Music faculty. Arthur Cremin, school director, is with him.

(Above) Jerry Cooper, CBS's new baritone.

(Above) Maxine, soloist with Phil Spitalny's girl ensemble.

(Left) A Robin sings—but this time 'tis Ruth Robbin who is heard with Charles Barnet's orchestra over CBS. She's just nineteen, single, and a contralto.

News! Lanny Ross signs a new long time contract. One of Waring's players gets married in a hurry.
MR. and Mrs. Morton Downey, not to be outdone by the Bing Crosbys, expect a playmate in December for their eighteen-month-old son and their four-year-old adopted youngster. Downey, unlike Crosby, lacks the assurance of physicians that twins are in the offing. But there have been doubles on both sides of the household.

WHEN the Fred Waring bunch does a thing, it doesn’t waste any time about it. Take Charley Barber, bass player, for example. A few weeks ago he went to a Long Island golf course for a little exercise. After finishing the eighteenth green, Charley walked over to a young lady seated on the clubhouse porch and said, “Let’s get married.” Within half an hour they were on the way to a jeweler for the ring; in another half hour they were heading for the preacher; forty more minutes and they were man and wife. At the end of another forty the bridegroom was rehearsing with Fred Waring’s orchestra. Fast work, heh, kid?

ON or about August 26th, you may expect to hear Tony Wons on the NBC network for the first time. “I’ll build a house on the side of the road and be a friend to man.” Upon that sentence of familiar poetry, Tony’s new program will be built. He will be the genial philosopher on a half-hour variety broadcast to be called “House By the Side of the Road.”

AS Burns and Allen sailed from New York for a European vacation, George Burns was heard to say: “The real reason Gracie and I are going to Europe is so Gracie can wear the clothes she’s bought with the money we’re going to make the year after we get back.”

WE thought that Chicago was to be the ace band hangout for the summer on account of the Fair. But look what we found! CBS alone is broadcasting the tunes of nine bands from Atlantic City, N. J. They are: George Hall, Jacques Reynard, Joe Haynes, Freddie Rich, Felix Ferdinando, Red Nichols, Isham Jones, Little Jack Little and Enoch Light.

SOME artists are just naturally lucky. Take Lanny Ross, for example. Of course the boy is good, but that doesn’t always count in this game. But here is the news. Lanny has just signed a contract with his present sponsor which means he will be the star tenor on the “Show Boat” for another seventy weeks. You may also hear him on the Certo Matinee Friday afternoons, but on no other programs, for this contract makes him exclusive to those of Best Foods.

WHEN we call Ed Wynn the “Fire Chief,” we mean just that. Ed is the honorary chief of fire departments in 108 cities.
MRS. TED HUSING spent June and July in Reno. You know what that means. It’s reported that she is charging the CBS announcer with mental cruelty in asking her freedom.

DEEMS TAYLOR is another who has been having wife trouble. His marital bonds have already been severed and he is now an eligible widower living at a swank New York hotel. The parting of the ways happened in May.

GRACE HAYES, the NBC songstress, and her accompanist, Newell Chase, are doing double duty in courting at this writing. And some have ventured the guess that they’ll be married by the time you read this. Grace has a son, seventeen, Lind Hayes, who is himself a soloist whom you might have heard with Phil Harris’ orchestra.

MARTHA MEARS of NBC is another taking screen tests. Will the parade to Hollywood continue?

ANNETTE HANSHAW sings only two songs a week on the “Show Boat” program, but did you know that she works about four hours every day of the week preparing those songs? Maybe that’s one reason why they are so good.

WE’VE heard that Abe Lyman and Joy Lynne, singer with Don Bestor’s orchestra, are a hit sweet on each other. Madame Sylvina, the beauty expert, recently named Joy as the possessor of radio’s most beautiful legs.

(Above left) Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, the singing wife and husband of CBS’s Bond Bread program. Frank, too, is master of ceremonies for Schlitz Beer at CBS.

(Above) Exotic Gertrude Niesen in an exotic pose. Gertie’s throaty voice first boomed on the airways about a year and a half ago at CBS and she’s been going strong ever since. “I Cover the Waterfront” is the type of song she does best.

Ahhh, what news! Deems Taylor is divorced! Ted Husing’s wife is in
PHILL. BAKER, like Bing Crosby, has taken to wearing a toupe. Or didn't you know Bing was partially bald? Phil doesn't like to have his called a toupe. Perhaps it really isn't one—just a dab of hair plastered well up on his forehead.

THAT Alice Joy-Captain Eldon Burn divorce appears to be one of those friendly affairs, reminiscent of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister case. Alice was recently seen in public places with Burn.

PAPPY, Ezra, Zeke and Elton, the city bred hill billies, are playing vaudeville now, but with a new Pappy. The old one got tired, so retired. The new one was found in Brooklyn. He didn't have any whiskers, but that was easily fixed by a visit to a costume shop and the purchase of some. Ahhh, how the dear public is fooled! Yet, after all, if their music is good, why not judge them solely on that score.

At the height of the drought in June, NBC broadcast a prayer for rain by a Moody Bible Institute minister who was certain this appeal for precipitation would be answered. The prayer went over a wide NBC net and general rains in the midwest followed within twenty-four hours. It was further pointed out that eastern executives, who scoffed at the idea, and did not permit the program to outlet on the seaboard, had to worry along for many days longer with the drought. (After all, everyone to his own faith—whether it be in prayer or barometers. They both work. Take your choice.)

PAPERS reported that Leah Ray, nineteen, was engaged to Harry Pinsley, twenty-five, Music Corporation of America employee who was one of seven killed in the crash of an American Airline transport plane June 9th. But it's been learned from reliable quarters that such a rumor is unfounded.

LEAVE it to radio to think up new ideas. This time it's a singing-talking fellow called "Your Lover," who doesn't hesitate in the least to solicit your love. But the news of this item is that Frank Luther, tenor and a married man, is "Your Lover."

VACATION might mean fishing to some people, but to Vera Van it means an operation for the removal of her tonsils which seem to get in the way of certain low notes.

SOON as Ruth Etting finished her recent Oklsmobile series she headed straight for her farm at David City, Nebraska. She wanted to be there for the barn "raising," and was particularly determined to see that it was painted gray for she hates the garish reds that many midwestern farmers go for. On reaching her farm, Ruth announced, to the surprise of everybody, she was going to abolish all implements and machinery that tended to decrease the amount of man power needed in operating the establishment.

WHAT'S new on the air at CBS? Well, dust off your set for here they come! "Roses and Drums" will be back September 9th at 5 (Continued on page 70)
By GEORGE KENT

You can hear Baby Rose Marie any Monday of 7:15 p.m. EDST over the following stations: WJZ, WMAL, WCKY, WENR, WQCR, KSD, WREN, WSYR, WAG, KID, KOIL, WBZ, WBZA.

A CHILD prodigy is a nice thing to have around the house, but, my, what a lot of trouble! The mother of Baby Rose Marie knows! Born to be a fireside fraule, Mrs. Frank Curley has spent the better part of the past five years watching and traipsing after this full-throated birdling of hers. A little like the hen that hatched a nightingale.

There's pang and heartbreak in it, too. Parents of these child wonders of the air work like iron puddlers, sacrifice their own careers and the cozy life, only in the end to face the sharp, cold fact that all they did was relatively of small importance. The thought and care they lavished is absorbed and forgotten in the final result. And ever the question arises to haunt the father and mother: Is a radio career the best thing for my child?

A good question and one difficult to answer. But there's another, equally important, which no one ever asks: Is the child's radio career the best thing for his parents? Yes, how about the mamas and papas? What do they get out of it, besides headaches and heartaches? It's time—if it isn't too late—someone up and spoke for the parents of our baby stars.

This country is full of mothers and fathers who would give a great deal for an answer to these questions. You, for example, may have suddenly discovered that your young son or daughter has a gift for song or dramatics. Yesterday your home contained a charming toddler; today—a talent! A gift of the gods! What are you going to do about it? You owe your child a duty; you are responsible for its future. But, you also owe something to yourself, to your own life. Better think long, hard and deep, and examine your heart and conscience. If you can answer yes to all of the following questions, inspired by the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Curley, you are the stuff heroes and the parents of child stars are made of.
Take it from Baby Rose Marie's ma and pa, a juvenile genius can wreck a home faster than a Kansas twister.

Are you prepared to have your home cluttered with radio folk, never to have an intimate moment alone except when you steal it the way Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curley must?

Think a moment. Would you like to be suddenly yanked from your home, from your favorite skittles and sauerkraut, and sent off to the hardship and boredom of a tank town vaudeville tour?

Would you like to lead a life jig-sawed into a timetable of petty duties as rigid and inexorable as a railway schedule? Imagine never indulging in the luxury of oversleeping, never being late, never a dawdle or a laze, hardly a moment in which to follow a vagrant impulse—imagine yourself the parents of Baby Rose Marie!

Are you prepared to tear up tickets for the theatre because of a hurry call from the studio, cancel a movie date, turn away your bridge guests, call off a birthday party, work the day and evening of your wedding anniversary; and et cetera and et cetera?

Finally, could your selfrespect bear having the slime-slingers sneer at you as people who live off the earnings of their child?

So far as the parents of Baby Rose Marie are concerned, no one asked them any questions. They doted on their child and when they were asked to do something for her, they just did it. And after a time, they found their own life had disappeared into the career of their child. But you who are listening to your own little bird sing, you have the advantage of their experience. What they did, you can do, but consider before you leap.

How does a child get a start in radio? Baby Rose Marie got hers back yonder in the days before the crash, when Pa, Ma and Baby packed up and went to Atlantic City for a two weeks vacation with pay. They spent swimming one day on a beach where a lot of nightclub entertainers were putting on an impromptu show. Baby Rose Marie took a turn, too, and stole the show. The waves went swish as usual but all the humans on the beach said gosh. One of them had a friend who knew a girl whose uncle was well acquainted with a man who—anyhow Baby Rose Marie was hauled down to Station WING and, going on the air for the first time, knocked New Jersey radio listeners clean out of their overstuffed armchairs.

Well, pa and ma of a sprouting radio star, what would you have done? That's what the Curleys did. It was only a two weeks vacation, but some one had to stay and take care of the child, for out of that one crack at the mike had come an offer to sing (Continued on page 90)
UNCLE ANSIE MAN

Curiosity may kill cats, but we love it, so rush in those burning questions about your favorite stars

HOOPLA! Hoopla! Hoopla! Hey, Nephews, Tom, Dick and Harry and Nieces Jane, Joan and Mary! You should see the lengths Unkie Answer Man is going to nowadays to get the answers to your questions. He makes up as an oyster, as proved by the above photograph, which takes very little disguising. Right now, he's on Long Island's smart Lido Beach, rigged out like a life guard. Bronzed, muscular, clean limbed (Hey! Ouch! My suntan,) surrounded by dozens of admiring artists from the Columbia Broadcasting Chaingang and such. Unwittingly they're giving him all the dope, except, of course, their home addresses or whether they send outautographed photographs. So fire away, nie proud beauties, Uncle A. M. can take it and he can dish it out, too.

Q. Are Fred Allen and Gracie Allen related to each other?
A. Sure, Fred is Gracie's missing brother. Or isn't he? No, I guess not, but it's Allen fun anyway. Get it?

Q. I hear Lanny Ross and Mary Lou aren't speaking to each other any more. Is that so?
A. Well, it kind of depends on which Mary Lou you mean. He isn't speaking to the Muriel Wilson Mary Lou, he's singing to her and she's singing to him. But he is speaking to the Rosaline Green Mary Lou who does the talking part. Of course they're all really friendly enough.

Q. Well, what we're leading up to is, will you tell us something about the speaking Rosaline Green?
A. It's a good thing she got that audition at WGY, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1924, because otherwise she might have become a schoolmarm. She graduated with a good degree of honors from the State College at Albany. But the fascination of the microphone persuaded her to live on roles, not rules. And within a year after her graduation she was crowned Queen of the Radio World's Fair, at New York's Madison Square Garden, as possessor of radio's most perfect voice. Up to now, she has played well over a thousand roles on the air. She was born in Bayshore, L. I., and is the fifth child in the family. Call her "Ro," if you want to be pally. They do around the studios.

Q. What's Rubinoff's theme song? How old is he?
A. You very busy? Okay. "Give Me a Moment Please." That's the name of it, I mean. He was born September 3, 1898. You figure out how old he is. Unkie's too hot.

Q. What's Cheerio's real name?
A. I'm not supposed to tell you it's Charles K. Field, so I'm afraid I'll have to let you go unenlightened. Sorry.

Q. Hey, unkie, you drate big hooful mans, tell us something about Nancy Kelly before we wring your scarawen neck.
A. Awh! Glug! Hey, I'll tell. Ever hear of a face being a person's fortune. Nancy's was. When she was around three, she was James Montgomery Flagg's favorite child model. Then Paramount's Long Island studios got around to hearing about her (Continued on page 92)
If you like a catch-as-catch-can frolic along with your early morning coffee and cakes, then tune into NBC's Breakfast Club of the Air at 9:00 a.m., E.D.S.T.

Or maybe you discovered them before I did. Maybe you're one of the millions who have known about them for most of the two years they've been puncturing the peace and quiet of the nation with their free-for-all parade of musical nonsense.

Chief Breakfasteer, master of ceremonies, and Lord High Poo-bah of the club is a sky-scraping gent named Don McNeill. Other conspirators are Jack Owens, the Merry Macs, Songfellows, the Morin Sisters, Mary Steele and Gale Page. Quite a crew, and worth their weight in jigsaw puzzles any day—provided you don't mind duming your crullers in humor.

Recently, two things have happened on this program that are out of the ordinary. If you're a Breakfast Clubber, maybe you remember the dozens of times Don McNeill has introduced Jack Rose, guitarist. One of those times, a woman a thousand miles away heard one of those introductions. This woman remembered that her husband's brother had been a guitarist, that his name had been Jack Rose. She had two daughters who had adored this brother-in-law. But that was thirteen years ago. On a wild chance, she addressed him a letter. "The girls are almost grown now," she said, "but they still remember the songs their uncle used to sing. They wonder if they'll ever see him again. I wonder, could you be that same Jack Rose...?"

Thirteen years is a long time. During all of it, Jack Rose and this family had been lost to each other. That radio announcement and letter brought them together. One of the Breakfast Club programs celebrated it.

A few months ago, this same early morning show actually helped to save the life of eight-year-old Jeannette Hof of Hewlett, Long Island. She lay critically ill from a streptococcus infection complicated by pneumonia. Doctors gave her no better than an even chance for recovery. The crisis approached and her parents were desperate. They tried one thing after another to rekindle her interest in life. Finally, someone mentioned music, wan little Jeannette's face brightened. "I want Uncle Joe to play my memory song."

Uncle Joe is Joe Engelhard, violinist of the Blaufuss orchestra. Last year, when he visited the Hof family in Long Island, one of the things (Continued on page 86)
YOU can imagine my surprise when after a rehearsal the other morning, Vivien Ruth invited us up to lunch. There were six of us and I seemed the only one surprised at her invitation. But, you see, we had little over an hour, and I knew that there was no cook at her apartment; I also knew that Vivien doesn’t brag about her culinary skill. After all, radio stars’ days are cramped with work. When they aren’t rehearsing—and they spend hours preparing just one song—they are in demand here and there and seldom see their beds until the wee hours in the morning. Who would expect them to be the world’s knock-out cooks, yet they do have one thing—an imagination!

Well, anyway, just listen to what we had to eat within twenty minutes after stepping into the apartment, and every bit of it was prepared on the spot. First of all, there was a piquant and spicy soup that would give the most laggard appetite interest to know what was coming next. It came—stacks and stacks of all kinds of fancy cut sandwiches, there were even little turtles, not real of course, and slices of baked bean roll. A delicious ice and tea topped off the meal. A menu that would do justice to a chef at luncheon, midnight feast or picnic.

Let me add here that lots of clever housewives spring picnics on their delighted families at any old time at all. And they don’t pack hampers of food and fill endless thermos bottles and then drive miles into the country. No, sir, they simply pull a table onto the porch or out into the garden, or near a window. Instead of linen, save time and work by using crisp paper table cloths and napkins from the five and ten. Then bring on the picnic menu and there—your picnic is achieved! It’s the food and the way that it’s served that makes the party.

But to get back to that luncheon that taught me what you can do in less time than it takes a chef to tell you to mix this and that to get something else. Exactly four minutes from the time Vivien opened the can of soup, it was in front of us savory and hot. You really should (Continued on page 98)

Anyone can prepare a delightful and nourishing meal in less than twenty minutes

Vivien Ruth suggests a menu for luncheon, picnic or midnight feast that would do justice to a chef. Vivien will again be songstress with the “Happy Wonder Bakers” in September.
Vera Van realizes that looking your best is always essential—whether at a party or just lounging around the house.

By CAROLYN BELMONT

Want to improve your personality? Then get out your makeup box and get busy.

Next, apply a foundation of vanishing cream to the face and neck. Most every skin needs a foundation for powder if you want to achieve a pearly complexion and dry skins absolutely need this cream. While it is chiefly for a foundation, yet it helps to nourish and protect. Now, you are ready for your powder.

I might mention that there is practically no variation at all in the basic color types of skins. You are one of several. So, with so many shades of powder on the market, there is certainly one to suit your needs. While it is exceedingly flattering to have your powder blended, yet, you see, it's not necessary.

Flesh colored skins use that shade of powder. For slightly pinker ones, natural is good. If you have creamy yellow tints in your coloring choose rachel, dark or light, whichever is better. Decidedly yellow skins, these are usually of the true brunettes, require a shade of ochre. Brownish skin with pink lights takes an ochre tinged with rose. Orchid powder is to be used only under artificial lights and white—very seldom!

Put the powder lightly over the face and neck. With a camel's hair brush or a fluff of cotton, brush off excess. Now for the rouge. If you use the cream kind, which is harder to apply, but which looks more natural than the cake, put it on after the vanishing cream. While everybody's blood is the same bright red, whether you number ancestors among those of the Mayflower, or whether you can't count beyond the hospital crib, yet through layers of skin the color takes on either a blush (pink skin) or yellow tint (creamy skin). To determine the shade of rouge to choose, try the old method of pinching the inside of the arm just above the wrist. Match the rouge to this resulting color.

Apply rouge to cheek just below the center of the eye. Spread outward over the cheek and downward in a curve toward the center. This forms a triangle, slightly rounded at the top under the eye, with (Continued on page 66)

(Right) Here's the latest picture of Lazy Bill Huggins, the moanin'-low baritone on CBS Mondays and Fridays at 4 p.m. EDT. He was twenty-two the first of this month, so birthday greetings are in order.

SUNDAYS

(August 31st, 19th and 26th)

9:00 A.M. EDIT (5')—The Balladeers. Male choruses and instrumental trio. WCAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EDIT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program, but lists of older ones listen.

9:30 EDIT (5')—Belshazzar. WABE, WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WKMM, WQAR, WJAR, WEAN, WPHL, WQAAM, WORO, WOST, WPR, WCC, WWHO, WJIN, WLCN, WLOU, WAC, WAGR, WORC, WOG, WOC, KABC, KAGC.

9:30 A.M. EDIT (5')—Children's Hour. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. W3Z and a NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:30 EDIT (5')—Edwistour Vines, Jr. Not a marathon. Just how to use them on the tennis courts. WSKP and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EDIT (5')—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant harmony. W3Z and an NBC blue network. WSKP and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EDIT (5')—Sallieh Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, Mixed quartet. WSKP and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EDIT (5 min.)—Monday morning. WSKP and W3Z and NBC red and blue network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EDIT (5')—News Service. WSKP, W3Z and NBC red and blue network. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EDIT (1) —Major Baroes Capital Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; The Quartetmen, Male quartet, symphony orchestra, Walter May, conductor. WSKP and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EDIT (1) —Salt Lake City Tomorrow. Chair and Organ. Maclntosh in Church mode. WABR, WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WNGO, WJAR, WOAG, WAC, WQAM, WAMQ, WORK, WORC, WTAG, WDA, WJIN, WLCN, WLOU, WAC, WAGR, WORC, WOG, WOC, KABC, KAGC.

11:30 EDIT (1) —Eucharist. WABR, WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WNGO, WJAR, WOAG, WAC, WQAM, WAMQ, WORK, WORC, WTAG, WDA, WJIN, WLCN, WLOU, WAC, WAGR, WORC, WOG, WOC, KABC, KAGC.

11:30 EDIT (1) —Eucharist. WABR, WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WNGO, WJAR, WOAG, WAC, WQAM, WAMQ, WORK, WORC, WTAG, WDA, WJIN, WLCN, WLOU, WAC, WAGR, WORC, WOG, WOC, KABC, KAGC.

11:30 EDIT (1) —Eucharist. WABR, WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WNGO, WJAR, WOAG, WAC, WQAM, WAMQ, WORK, WORC, WTAG, WDA, WJIN, WLCN, WLOU, WAC, WAGR, WORC, WOG, WOC, KABC, KAGC.
"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (It actually made the hair invisible.) Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about regrowths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous.

For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

Marchand's Hair Experts Develop Marvelous New Castile Shampoo to Cleanse All Shades of Hair
Shake Hands with Cap'n Henry

(Continued from page 17)

treachery's the river could be. Calm and secure one day, and choppy and threatening the next, rocking the boat perilously. Many's the time during one of these angry storms that Winninger was pitched right off the deck into the river and bobbed about until rescued. But still he loved it.

As though he had been born for it he slipped in with this fantastic sort of life. So much so, in fact, that he had the supreme honor of being made the baton carrier of the eleven-thirty march. You don't know what that is? Well, let me try to explain this bit of show boat tradition.

When the "Cotton Blossom" docked at a town, the show boat band, replete in scarlet coats with magnificent gold braid and brass buttons, would march through the town's main thoroughfare at half past eleven in the morning to announce the fact that they had arrived. Charley proudly twirled his baton, the people in the town would drop everything, rush to the street and wave and cheer at the brass-buffed elegance parading down their streets. And there was Charley at the head, strutting like a peacock, bowing and bowing to the crowd, like a conquering hero just come home.

The years on the "Cotton Blossom" had set the conception of show boat life coursing through his veins. He loved its carefree, unconventional, exciting life and perhaps would be commanding a real honest-to-goodness show boat right now, if some incident hadn't cropped up to cause him to leave the "Cotton Blossom" in a flood of blighted dreams.

Charley Winninger fell in love. At the impressionable, serious age of seventeen. She was Emmaline La Verne, big, blonde and buxom, the lady Andrey, wronged wife of Lord Andrey, in "Speak No Evil," the little Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the lovely, harassed heroine of all of the "Cotton Blossom" shows. She was a few years older than Charley, but that didn't matter to him. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, even when she rested on the deck with tight paper curls bobbing grotesquely on her head. He lavished jewelry of shal lows origin on her, and thought that they would surely marry. But one evening, as they were floating down the river, Charley saw her on the deck with—of all people—Pete, the "heavy" of the troupe. Her arm was entwined in his, her head was resting on his shoulder. Young Winninger rushed to his room, his heart heavy with sorrow. All the next day he noticed that she was constantly with Pete. Never did Charley Winninger catch the role of Lord Andrey. He was deceived by his wife in "Faithful to the East" with more poignant bitterness than he did during those first days when he learned that Emmaline no longer cared for him.

He couldn't stay on the boat any longer. When they reached the next town, he crept out of his room before daybreak, tucked his trombone under his arm and hopped the first train that pulled out. Before he knew it, he was deposited in Calumet, Michigan. With his wealth of theatrical experience, it wasn't hard for him to get a job in the leading theatre of the town.

One day a letter arrived for him. He tore it open with shaking fingers. Perhaps Emmaline had found out where he was, and was writing to forgive him. But he read, instead, that "The show is coming to Calumet next week. We're saving some good parts for you. Join us. Mother.

Thus did the adventurous son return to the family fold—and more trouncing. Days with the "Winninger Family Novelties" weren't much different than those spent on the "Cotton Blossom." There was that same irresponsible mode of living, the same thrilling sense of living in the present and receiving the tumultuous, joyful welcome from the same native type of audience.

The Winningers were master showmen. No art of ballyhooing was lost to them. As an added attraction they even organized their own baseball team and played against the local baseball nine of the towns. But Charley was over zealous about this new venture. He added five outlaw ball players to the Winninger team, and then took on the home talent of Keokuk. What a beating the Winningers gave the Keokuk's that day! Charley was chuckling softly to himself as he put on his grease- point that night, recalling how the Keokuk's had stalked away from the baseball diamond grumbling.

Suddenly Papa Winninger came sputtering into the dressing-room. "There's nobody in the audience in a whispering manner, and we're going in a minute. What do you think's the matter?" Charley rushed out. There, in front of the theatre, he saw the members of the defeated Keokuk team, some with baseball bats in their hands. They were eyeing the would-be audience in a menacing manner, and prevented any from entering the theatre. Charley understood, but didn't have the nerve to relay the news to Papa Franz. The Winningers didn't play Keokuk that night, and the baseball team was disbanded for good.

After touring a while longer, Charley decided to try the green fields of New York. "You'll be back," the Winninger clan warned him, but that didn't stop him.

Several times, when he found the going rough in New York, he felt like packing up and returning to the security of the family nest. But that would spell defeat—so he had to hold on.

Finally, after playing comedy roles in shows that never seemed to quite make the grade, he landed the comic lead in "The Wall Street Girl." It was a smash hit and Charley Winninger, the backwoods boy, now had his feet firmly planted on Broadway soil.

The leading lady was a vivacious, beautiful brunette who brought down the house every night when she sang a catchy jingle about rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." She was Blanche Ring, the most popular belle of the New York stage at the time. After every performance, she held a party backstage for the entire company. Only Charley Winninger didn't attend. He was still the shy country boy, and felt awkward in the company of all these sophisticated Broadwayites. Blanche Ring was a wise woman, with an innate ability to understand people. She understood Charley.

"We're going to have buckwheat cakes and maple syrup at my next party," she said to him. "Why don't you come? There won't be many there."

Charley went. That was the beginning, he learned that Blanche Ring, the toast of New York, wasn't the haughty, spoiled star he thought she might be. She was a "regular," and he found himself falling in love.

It was when "The Wall Street Girl" was playing in Chicago that Charley finally got up enough courage to pop the question. They slipped away from the rest of their fellow performers and signed up for life. That night, after the show, Blanche threw the grandest party of her career, and the folks in the show are still wondering why buckwheat cakes and maple syrup were the big feature of the event. Today, after twenty-two years, their happy marriage is a legend on Broadway.

From that time on Charley was in clover. One hit after another—"No, No Nanette," "Oh Please" and loads of other sparkling musicals quickly placed him on top of the theatrical ladder.

But part of his heart was still out in the midwest, with the river, with the family, with the show boat. No wonder then, when he learned that Ziegfeld was going to produce Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" he rushed over and begged for the role of Cap'n Andy. He didn't have to plead for it long. Ziegfeld looked over Charley Winninger, took note of his broad, beaming, red face, his twinkling china blue eyes, his mass of white, wavy hair, his suavely swagger, his impish grin, his two chins which quivered when he uttered his famous chuckle. The master showman noticed all of this and then told him, "The part's yours. You were made for it."

You may remember that show critics praised him in this production, that people came from miles around to see him.

And now, we who think of Charles Winninger as "Cap'n Henry" of the radio "Show Boat" know that he isn't playing-Acting-He's Cap'n Henry. And when he cries in that inimitable manner of his, "This is only the beginning, folks, only T-H-E BEE-GIXXIN'" he is not standing before a back radio microphone then, but on the rickety old stage of the old "Cotton Blossom, Floating Theatre of the Mississippi!"
LET'S SPEAK PLAINLY... When napkins harden they hurt!

INFERIOR napkins can harden until they cut like knives. An unforeseen delay in changing them—hardened edges chafe until every step is torment.

Modess starts soft and stays soft! And for reasons that you can actually see and feel.

Make this ten-second test for weeks of greater comfort.

Check over the special materials used in making Modess.

Run your finger tips over the soft, surgical gauze. And feel that downy layer just beneath the gauze? That's Zobec—exclusive with Modess. Press the pad between the palms of your hands. Thistle-down softness! The Modess filler is cellulose at last made perfect for this purpose. Pure cellulose—100% disposable. And because it is so fluffy, the Modess filler can't harden and chafe.

Then notice how Modess is put together. The fluffy filler is wrapped around with a covering as soft as the finest facial tissues. And notice particularly—all edges are rounded. No sharp edges to invite painful hardening.

A quality napkin. But listen... Modess is not expensive!

This quality napkin sells at an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist or department store for Modess. Discover the extra assurance this finer sanitary napkin can bring you!

VACATION SPECIAL

For a limited time only—two regular boxes of Modess (12 napkins in each box) with special Gift "Travel Package" of 4 Modess napkins... All for...

39¢

At your druggist's or your favorite department store

MODESS STAYS SOFT IN USE!

THE NEW MODESS BOX IS IN BLUE AND GRAY WITH A CONVENIENT SIDE OPENING

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Use Travel Package first. If Modess is not the finest sanitary napkin you have ever tried, you may return, unopened, the full size packages to the Modess Corporation for refund.
Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 55)

o'clock Sundays. Louella Parsons' interviews will start again September 26 and will be on the air at 11:15 p.m. Wednesdays. On August 12 and each Sunday thereafter at 9 p.m., James Melton, Joseph Pasterneak and guest stars will make hay for the Ward Baking Company. October 3 is the date set for the return of "Easy Aces" and this time they'll be on three times a week—Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8:15 p.m. "Buck Rogers, Frederic William Wile: Burns and Austin and "Skippy" will be back, too, on CBS next month.

The Red Headed Music Maker of radio, Wendell Hall, Sr., and his oldest son, Junior, civilized Los Angeles August 23. Junior was born on his father's birthday six years ago. Wendell has another son, Lowell, four years old.

BRAVES are making life difficult for Blair Walliser, WGN production manager. Recently he called Dorothy Shideler of the "Romance of Helen Trent" cast and asked her to drop in the next day for an audition. "Sorry," she replied. "I am getting married tomorrow."

A few days later he was planning another audition for the same show. He called Sally Ward who plays with Don Ameche in "Romantic Melodies," and said: "How about dropping over for an audition tomorrow?"

"Sorry," she replied. "I am getting married tomorrow."

Sally married Fritz Blocki, playwright and radio script writer.

VERRY seldom do we have to record a death. Radio has indeed been fortunate in escaping the clutches of sorrow. But now we must report the death of the father of Ralph Dumke, one of the Sisters of the Skillet. He died in South Bend, Indiana, several weeks ago.

CALIFORNIA. Here We Come," is the vacation time for many Chicago radio stars this season. Wayne King and Jan Garber were among the first to go there for extended vacations. Clara of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, is on her way. (Em will visit Mexico City and Lu has picked Glacier Park for her rest.) Myrt (Donna Danel) Kretzinger of Myrt and Marge went to the Coast to visit her father, George Daneler, and her brother, George, Jr. Her husband, Gene Kretzinger, remained behind in Chicago because of his radio commitments, and Myrtle Vill, her mother, also had to stay in Chicago to work on a new Myrt and Marge script for fall.

THIS mixup in talent is about to drive us nutty. So if you can't keep 'em straight, don't blame yourselves. Guy Lombardo, always a CBS favorite, is now flying the NBC banner. Victor Young, always thought of in terms of NBC, is waving a stick over CBS' Schlitz Beer program. Reggie Childs, an NBC man from the start, switched his Hotel Roosevelt band over to CBS. The makers of Bayer Aspirin, NBC's child, was adopted by CBS. Mary Courtland had her start on NBC as a sustaining feature. Now she's warbling for Sam Linn's orchestra over at CBS. Likewise Florence Case, formerly with Don Bestor's NBC unit, is now with CBS's Emil Velasco playing from the Hotel Taft. And so the world goes topsy turvy.

WHEN you see Lazy Bill Huggins, CBS crooning bartender, ask him about "Lazy." That's Bill's favorite subject these days. You see "Lazy" is a tiny woolly pup which is Bill's only roommate. "I saw the pup in a store and picked him up. He looked so lonesome that I didn't have the heart to leave him there," Huggins says. Bill, by the way, is being given some night spots by CBS.

WHEN Burns and Allen return to the air in September, the program will be known as "The Adventures of Gracie" which shows the progress Mrs. George Burns has made to be featured over her husband. And, as reported before, there'll be a new band as Leon Lombardo is no longer flying the White Owl colors.

CLARA, Lu 'n' Em celebrated their fourth anniversary on the air in June. Theirs is the oldest women's radio show on the network. On their anniversary they recalled that four years ago an official of an NBC outlet had told them there was no place in radio for a sketch featuring only women. So they went to a local station and picked him up. The station was burned off the air and had no way of putting any programs on its channel.

AN unusual sidelight on the burning of Station WAAF during the great Chicago Stock Yards' fire was that the station's request for an extension to the Federal Radio Commission to be allowed to stay off the air temporarily was denied. A Commission order requires that every licensee operate for a certain number of hours daily unless given permission to do so. The station was burned off the air and had no way of putting any programs on its channel.

THIRTEEN CBS artists have birthdays this month. Two more fall on the thirteenth of the month. Whether that will be lucky or unlucky is no reason why you shouldn't know and send your favorite a birthday greeting card. So-o-o-o-o, here they are:

Announcer Andre Baruch, August 20; Announcer William Brenton, August 22; Abram Chasins, concert pianist and composer, August 17; John Corigliano, violinist heard on the Mark Warnew program, August 23; Guy Lombardo, announcer in the Washington studios, August 31; Arthur Godfrey, master of ceremonies, August 31; Dave Grant, pianist and member of the Olio Trio, August 24; Bill Huggins, bartonie on the Silver Dust program, August 31; Nick Lucas, crooner, August 22; Edith Murray, blues singer, August 28; Albert Spalding, violinist, August 15; and the Voice of Experience, August 16. Address Elliott and Godfrey in care of WJSV, Washington, D. C. All the others will get your card at CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

RENEE B. FEASLEY, the Long Tall Gal from Dixie, is pinch-hitting for Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker, for eight weeks this summer while he vacations. Wendell and Mrs. Hall recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of their broadcast wedding, said to have been the first on a radio hookup. The ceremony was performed in WEAF studios. Parents of the bride and groom were guests via headphones tuned to WGN, then the Chicago outlet of NBC.

CBS TID-BITS: William Daly, maestro on the program aired to Admiral Byrd at the other end of the world, was a gang foreman, an under-ear director, and managing editor of "Everybody's Magazine" before he began a musical career. The newest book by the Voice of Experience is "Strictly Better Than Fiction" published by Dodd-Mead...

T. S. Stribling, author of the drama "Conflict," is also the author of "Unfinished Cathedral" which was the Literary Guild book selection for June... H. V. Kaltborn, commentator, is now on the road to the U. S. after a month in Russia conducting a group of prominent American bankers and industrialists through the Soviet. He'll be back on the air by the end of August.

RENEE WICKER has signed for another year as NBC's Singing Lady. In August she plans to go on a European vacation—more specifically, England, where she hopes to gather material for her song and story programs. Recently she recently received a letter from Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, in which she revealed hitherto unpublished details about his childhood which the Singing Lady will utilize in a broadcast on his next birthday.

YOU will hear spring broadcasts in September. And it will actually be spring at the point of origin of the broadcasts. Here's the way it is: Admiral Byrd, down at Little America, is preparing for spring right this minute, for spring starts down here just as autumn starts here.

GERTRUDE BERG is writing a play for Broadway while vaudevilleing around this summer. They tell us she'll be back on the air this fall. Irving Berlin is another who is working on a Broadway production. He's spending this month in upstate New York with Moss Hart, doing a successor to "As Thousands Cheer."

When Rudy Vallee opened at the Palace Royal, 65,000 people visited during the first evening.
**SKINNY?**

**NEW EASY WAY ADDS POUNDS**

so fast you're amazed

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times, iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks!

Now there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands of people solid attractive flesh—in just a few weeks.

As doctors, you know for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, handsome flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining good-looking pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from constipation, etc. 7 times.

**Concentrated 7 times**

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs get husky, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

**Results guaranteed**

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Insist on the genuine "1Y" stamped on each tablet.

**AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME SKINNY**

**Y-E-A SKINNY**

**Special FREE offer!**

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the coupon below, and mail it to us with a deposit of $1. We will send you a fascinating new book on health. "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 39 Atlanta, Ga.
Radio's Wonder Boy

(Continued from page 15)

The world of entertainment is often an "easy-come-easy-go" world. A world of cocktails and good cigars and mysterious blondes and on-again-off-again love affairs. Would you, if you were a college lad and young and healthy, take that sort of life as you found it? I think so.

So Bing became what the tabloid papers call a "playboy." Which means that he stayed up later than was good for him and drank more than was good for him and was probably more interested in exciting members of the opposite sex than was good for him. So Bing became—and this is not a secret—a grade-A pain-in-the-neck to the club proprietors who sought to employ his voice in their mysteries. "Unreliable" was one of the things they called him. Other things they called him are unprintable.

He was fast going to a high, wide, and handsome Hell in his own glorious fashion when something utterly odd and unfathomable happened. He turned cold sober and decent and responsible. One story says he fell in love with Dixie Lee and she reformed him. Another story credits his brother Everett with the transformation. I'm convinced the whole truth has never been told. The whole truth would reveal those Olympian fate-makers up above watching the man-child of their choice and deciding that he had played long enough.

Bing's story becomes even more familiar. From Whiteman's orchestra, he went to Hollywood for the second time—to become the West Coast's radio favorite. A trip to New York, a swift marriage to Dixie Lee of the movie lots, and this thing called fame swept like a hurricane about his puzzled brow.

And the golden rain commenced. There were weeks when he made $5,000. And weeks when he made $8,000. And weeks when he made only $4,000.

The motion picture makers hired him into the west for the third time and piled their moneysacks at his doorstep, begging for his service. Starting inconspicuously, he fooled the critics who said a radio crooner could never become a movie actor and turned himself into Paramount Picture's greatest box office drawing card.

At present, he combines pictures and radio, and draws a king's ransom whenever he opens his mouth.

A few days ago he signed his name to a land deed that made him the owner of one of the most historic and beautiful ranches in California. If you're a Californian, surely you've heard of the Rancho Santa Fe which is part of an original grant from the King of Spain. Two of Bing's buildings are 150 years old and landmarks in American history.

Last year he completed a house in the picturesque district of Toluca Lake that has become a show place and a special stop for all movie sight-seeing buses.

Two years ago he formed the corporation of Bing Crosby, Inc., for investment of the golden stream that has flowed into his pockets since he first sang over the air.

You've heard of alchemists, those zany giants of antiquity who misspent their lives attempting to change base metals into gold. You've heard of the luckless chappie who sought to make silk purses out of a sow's ears. They got nowhere in their endeavors. They should have lived to know Bing Crosby—and to learn how from him.

That is radio's own wonder boy. But you don't yet know the real wonder of it... the real wonder of Bing Crosby. Here is his secret:

Bing Crosby is preparing to abandon all he has gained. Bing Crosby is planning to walk out of movie and radio studios and forget the drudgery of being a chaste boy for America's movie and radio audience. He wants to quit—and settle down on that far flung ranch he bought the other day.

But there's more to it than just that. A king who abdicates always hopes to name his successor. And Bing is every inch a king. The fellow he wants to name is already on the air. Perhaps you have wondered at the startling similarity between this pretender's voice and Bing's own.

The man Bing desires to succeed him is Bob Crosby, Bing's twenty-two-year-old brother, who sings now in Chicago with Anson Week's orchestra.

"The kid hasn't got his high notes right yet," Bing says. "But when they are and he's ready for my job, I'm stepping out."

As this is written, Dixie Lee is about to become the mother of Bing's second child. Perhaps, also, of his third, for doctors have said she is bearing him twins. As this is written, I hear that Dixie Lee's own life is desperately near extinction, that the burden she is bearing may be too much for her fragile strength.

If Dixie Lee should die...

More than once, man has plotted and planned only to see his dreams swept aside like a house of jackstraws. Men more potent and powerful than this smooth-voiced singer of songs have broken themselves on the unyielding rocks of Fate. If his time comes, I wonder what Bing Crosby will do.

1. for one, have faith in the Gods that long ago marked him for their own. 2. for one, believe that Bing's plan and Bing's will shall prevail. He will have his ranch and his family and the time and means to enjoy them all to the utmost. Whether or not he succeeds in naming his successor, he will step up from his niche as radio's wonder boy to become his own ideal of husband, father, and master of the art of living.

And those Gods above who sit and rock will sit and grin and grin.  

"The Oxol Trio" on WABC Mon. and Wed. at 5:45 p. m. EDT. (Left to right) Gordon, Dave and Bunny—Messrs. Graham, Grant and Coughlin.
RADIO STARS

Programs

(Continued from page 71)

MONDAYS (Cont'd)

8:30 EDT (8)-Cheerins. For people who like early morning optimism. WRAP and an NBC red network. Stations list unavailable.

10:15 EDT (5)-Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (G. E. Muster Co.) WABC, WOKO, WSAC, WOR, WHK, CKOA, WCAP, WABR, WEAN, WBFL, WBNR.

10:45 EDT (3)-Today's Children. Dramas of American Life. (Fabbury.) WJZ, WBAL, WLAL, KDKA, WRVA, WJAY, WBBZ, WBZA, WSTR, WGAR, WCYW, WFTF, WPLA, WJR, WCHR, KSO, KWK, WHEN, KOIL, WYK, WBAP, WYJL, KETT, WBEC, WPFC, WCNC.

WHAM. (WHEN 11:15-11:30 EDT.)

10:30 EDT (5 min.)-First Radio News of day. WABC, WOR, WINS, WKJZ, WSP, WBEX, WRC, WTOP, WBON, WPRO, WHN, WFTB, WJZ, WFB, WBNR, WJFU, WPOR, WBNR, WJFU, WJFF, WBNR.

11:15 EDT (5)-Joan Marrow, Music. (J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co.) WJZ, WNBC, WJAC, WKBW, WBHM, CKAJ, KMRX, WJAS, WJSB.

1:20 EDT (1)-National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers; Walter Bluhm and Orchestra.

WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

2:45 EDT (4)-Dixy's Own Ma Perkins. Dramatic sketch with Virginia Foote, Margery Romm, Carl Hubel, Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston. WGA, WTAI, WLW, WCAE, KSD, WJLZ, WOC, WHU, WUP, WJLT, WJY, WPRB, WHC, WAG.

(Continued from page 72)

FRIDAYS (Cont'd)

8:00 EDT (1)-Radio Guild. *Syrup! *Syrup! It's a good drama. WJZ and a blue network. Station list unavailable.

8:00 EDT (1)-Dreams Come True. Barry McDaniel, baritone; orchestra. (Proctor and Gamble.) (For notices see Thursday.)

3:00 EDT (1)-Woman's Radio Review. Guest speaker, Littlest orchestra; Claudine Marchmont. WRAP and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

4:00 EDT (8)-Betty and Buh. (General Mills.) WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WQAR, WJL, WLW, KJK, WJLZ, WBAP, WFTB, WJY, KYOD, KOA, KPRC, KDYI, WPRC, WJLZ, WPRC, KFI, KGW, KONG, KIQ, WMAL, WBYR.

5:30 EDT (1)-The Singing Lady. Charm for children. (Kellogg's.) WJZ, WHAM, WJLZ, WLW, WQAR, WHAM, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA.

3:45 EDT (5)-Jack Armstrong, All American schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.) WABC, WJNO, WJHE, WACU, WJAC, WJRA, WEAN. (See also 6:30 EDT.)

5:30 EDT (5)-Dixy's Own Ma Perkins. Dramatic sketch with Virginia Foote, Margery Romm, Carl Hubel, Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston. WJZ, WBZ, WJAS, WHAM, WQAR, WJL, WLW, KJK, WJLZ, WBAP, WFTB, WJY, KYOD, KOA, KPRC, KDYI, WPRC, WJLZ, WPRC, KFI, KGW, KONG, KIQ, WMAL, WBYR.

6:45 EDT (5)-Little Orphan Annie, Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wanderer Co.) WJZ, WJNO, WJHE, WACU, WJAC, WJRA, WEAN. (See also 1:45 EDT.)

6:45 EDT (5)-Dreams Come True. Barry McDaniel, baritone; orchestra. (Proctor and Gamble.) (For notices see Thursday.)

6:15 EDT (6)-Ruth Brown and Sunny Jim. Clean Western drama for youngsters. (Heckscher Co.) WABC, WJNO, WJHE, WACU, WJAC, WJRA, WEAN. (See also this time.)

6:30 EDT (5)-Jack Armstrong. All American schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.) WABC, WJNO, WJHE, WACU, WJAC, WJRA, WEAN. (See also this time.)

6:45 EDT (5)-Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wanderer Co.) WJZ, WJNO, WJHE, WACU, WJAC, WJRA, WEAN. (See also 1:45 EDT.)

7:05 EDT (5)-Jeff and Ginger. Songs and patter. (G. E. Muster Co.) WABC, WOKO, WSAC, WOR, WHK, CKOA, WCAP, WABR, WEAN, WBFL, WBNR.

8:00 EDT (1)-Cheerins. For people who like early morning optimism. WRAP and an NBC red network. Stations list unavailable.

10:15 EDT (2)-Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (G. E. Muster Co.) WABC, WOKO, WSAC, WOR, WHK, CKOA, WCAP, WABR, WEAN, WBFL, WBNR.

10:45 EDT (3)-Today's Children. Dramas of American Life. (Fabbury.) WJZ, WBAL, WLAL, KDKA, WRVA, WJAY, WBBZ, WBZA, WSTR, WGAR, WCYW, WFTF, WPLA, WJR, WCHR, KSO, KWK, WHEN, KOIL, WYK, WBAP, WYJL, KETT, WBEC, WPFC, WCNC.

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WOC.

(Continued from page 72)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

Inexpensive!

They cost but 10c—yet they equal $1 to $3 brands in Quality!

They are so precious to be entrusted to anything but the best. With Faoen Beauty Aids you are sure of the finest quality that money can buy ... a purity and quality attested by the most exacting scientific analysis...yet the price is a tiny fraction of what you once paid for the best. As a result, America's loveliest and smartest women are Faoen-wise. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids at 10c are as fine as those selling from $1 to $3! Faoen Beauty Aids have made loveliness inexpensive! You owe it to yourself to start using Faoen today!

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

MAKE LOVELINESS

Inexpensive!

They cost but 10c—yet they equal $1 to $3 brands in Quality!

They are so precious to be entrusted to anything but the best. With Faoen Beauty Aids you are sure of the finest quality that money can buy ... a purity and quality attested by the most exacting scientific analysis...yet the price is a tiny fraction of what you once paid for the best. As a result, America's loveliest and smartest women are Faoen-wise. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids at 10c are as fine as those selling from $1 to $3! Faoen Beauty Aids have made loveliness inexpensive! You owe it to yourself to start using Faoen today!

PARK & TILFORD'S

FACE POWDER + ROUGES + PERFUMES

CLEANSING CREAM  * COLD CREAM

FACE POWDER + ROUGES + PERFUMES

CLEANSING CREAM  * COLD CREAM

-10% each at the better 5 & 10c Stores
quality in his voice. "What are you, a tenor or a baritone?" she asked him.

"I don't know," Nino had answered. Then he sang for her.

"You have a very beautiful tenor voice," she told him. "You must develop it. You must study music."

So twice a week Nino took lessons. But he kept it a secret from all his friends for he was afraid they would laugh at him. Whether he could ever make a success of his music was doubtful, but he loved it more than anything in the world. And so it was easy for him to forget Assunta. Italy was full of beautiful women.

Then one day he met her again. Walking with the boy who is now his brother-in-law toward a garden in Italy, he saw two girls approach along the flower-covered path. One of them was Assunta.

"Why, I know those girls," he said excitedly to his friend.

In a moment they were acknowledging his greeting. "Do you remember me?" he asked. "I'm the boy you spoke to in the theatre that night."

In Assunta's eyes was the answer. She remembered. Eagerly he begged if he could see her again. She gave him the answer that women have always given to Nino—yes. For months they met each other, along paths fragrant with flowers, in the gardens of Italy, by public fountains. They went sauntering together, they talked of books and trees, of cabbages and kings, but Nino never spoke of love.

One day when she met him, Assunta's eyes were stricken, like the eyes of a dove that has been hurt. Of course, Nino asked what was wrong. Her hand flittered in his. "It's my father," she said. "He has heard that we have been meeting each other. All the neighbors are talking. Only this morning he scolded me. 'Who is this Martini fellow you are running around with?' he asked. 'I don't object to your going out with him, if he'll come to the house to see you. But I do object to your meeting with him outside the house. Why do you do that?' Have you done anything wrong?'"

"Didn't you tell him that we had done nothing wrong?" said Nino. "I haven't come to your house, because I don't want your father to get the wrong impression. I don't want him to think that I am a suitor for your hand. I have no plans for getting married."

So Nino Martini spoke, not realizing how Assunta's heart was still. She nodded, and he did not realize the hurt behind those limpid eyes.

But Assunta had a problem. Friendship? Where is the woman who can warm her hands on the cold fires of friendship? And there was something about Nino's dark looks and eager boyishness that awakened a sultry fire in her heart. Some day she was sure Nino would realize that he loved her. After all, men had found her beautiful. Only, dear God, please make him realize it soon. And surely it was impossible that such love as hers should not awaken love in response. Soon Nino was coming to her house to visit her. She had won her first skirmish in the battle of love.

"Alas for her dreams! Nino was fond of her; perhaps he knew something akin to love; but he was really in love with Destiny. All his life he had longed and thirsted for power. As a boy he had dreamed of being a great hero. His idols were men who had wielded power, such men as Garibaldi, Napoleon, yes, even Rasputin. Now he saw in his music his chance. He would go away to study. He would sing in opera in Milan. Some day he would be a great opera singer. His dreams were brighter than the dark sheen of Assunta's hair. Slowly but surely they were tearing him away from her.

"And she knew it. What she would have given not to know it, not to be aware of this pain. Nino told her his dreams. "Oh, Nino," she said, "why don't you forget about singing? It's such a crazy dream. So many young singers study. It's such a long hard road, and at the end you'll fail, as so many have failed. What will your dreams matter then?"

He looked into her dark eyes. They were mysterious pools beckoning to him. In them a man could easily lose himself. He might grow dizzy and forget his dreams if he looked long into those eyes.

Assunta's plea was the heart-broken cry of a girl who wanted to keep him by her side. With her eyes and with her lips, she told him that she loved him. Perhaps he was half in love with her. But he never told her so. For there was a Golden Grail to follow.

I am sure Nino did not mean to hurt her. But he had lit a fire which he could never quench. Even to this day Assunta has not married. And I am sure that Nino, who knows so very much and is so very little about women, does not realize why that is so.

Of course he fulfilled his destiny. When Maria Zanetello, a famous opera singer of her day, heard him sing, she was enchanted, and promised to train him for the operatic stage. Nino was only too glad for this luck.

He made his debut as the Duke in "Rigoletto" and all Italy raved about this new young singer. One triumph followed another. Jesse Lasky, the movie producer, heard him one day and signed him to make musical pictures in New York and Hollywood.

Assunta was forgotten.

In Hollywood Nino perhaps came closest to allowing love to master him. She was a blonde, exquisite, like a Dresden-china goddess. She was an actress on a different lot than his, not very well-known but very beautiful, Nino met her at a friend's house. Together they went to all the smart places. They looked rapturously into each other's eyes. They sat quietly at the beach, watching the waves lapping the shore. Surely this was love. And yet some instinct warned Nino. Some instinct told him that this heady emotion he felt was counterfeit. And so he never actually became engaged. He has never been engaged to anyone. Yet there was real grief in their parting. Nino had to go to New York. The flame of his ambition drove him there. Months later they met again in New York. Over a little tea-table they chatted gaily. Nino told her of his plans, and she told him of hers. But something had vanished between them. The fire once there was dead.

Some men have known love that consumes like a flame, that causes its victim anguish and ecstasy and increases when the loved one is out of sight. That kind of love Nino has never known. Wherever he has gone, it has always been the same. Women have attracted him, but when separated he forgets them.

Not very long ago Nino made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. The critics were none too kindly. They pointed out that his voice was too light, that it lacked emotion and depth. "I'm afraid he's not ready for opera yet," said Maria Zanetello, his friend and mentor. "Some day his voice will be big enough for anyone."

Not ready? Of course he's not ready. His voice is beautiful. But when you think of the great Titans of the opera world, of the misery and unhappiness they suffered and endured, you realize why Nino of the beautiful voice is not yet a great opera singer. He has never known the whiplash of a real emotion. He has never known the torture of unrequited love. He has never had to plead with a woman he loved, only to see tears in her eyes.

Women have been too kind to Nino Martini.
Shocking, but Enlightenment

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on for a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean has blackened the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
made him its musical advisor. Sponsors know too. That's why Oldsmobile selected him to make the music for its show with Ruth Etting.

Johnny has made good. That's one reason why he is feared. He has rebelled as a follower. He has made himself a leader. Not just an orchestra leader, but a leader in the realm of modern music.

His first setback was paternal disappointment. He seemed a moody, disconcertingly sensitive and arty young idiot whose strong brown fingers preferred to dabble at piano keys rather than carry the pigskin for the Harvard eleven. By invariable family usage Johnny seemed doomed to a career in the financial district of Manhattan, but keeping him four years in Harvard did not make him become the least interested in bond selling, nor accept, as inevitable to his existence, the gloomy somber long of the bell in Trinity Church on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway.

When he was graduated he became a comparison clerk, but after six months he gave up trying to like it and demanded desperately on the doors of Tin Pan Alley, with the house of Green frowning down upon him.

Throughout school he was the originator of music clubs and orchestras—a leading spirit, and an unquestionable brightie. When he was in knickers at Horace Mann School, he organized the "Harmonians" of which he had the intense satisfaction of being ountains—arranger, Johnny cultivated an irresistible professional air, however, which his colleagues found extremely irritating. They couldn't take it so seriously, and they warned him they'd nail him if he dared take a concert bow after any performance in the school's assembly.

"If anybody got a tack on his chair," Johnny said facetiously, "it was mine. I was never very popular. Pretty bombastic, I guess."

There was, however, a theatrical star on whom Johnny made a deep impression. She was Gertrude Lawrence whom you might have heard on the Gulf Program on NBC recently. Though Johnny's "Body and Soul" was turned down twice by publishers in America, Miss Lawrence popularized it in Europe.

"Funny thing," Johnny said, "I thought 'Body and Soul' was much too involved, but when it clicked I fought for my style too. It was very, very noisy. I'd go to a music-publisher's office, and if they suggested changing a single part of a new tune, I'd slam my fist on the desk, pace the floor—and you know—"

The continuous warfare must have been exhausting, but it did preserve the individuality of his tunes, Eddie Heyman, Johnny's lyric writer, also took a stand. He fearlessly passed up "Snow-June-Novel and Spoon" for more sophisticated themes.

On the strength of the rising popularity of "Body and Soul," Johnny and Eddie formed themselves an association, and were fully convinced that they would conquer the world. Accordingly, they raised enough money to hire a studio in Carnegie Hall. To add extra prestige, Johnny bought himself a cane and a rebellious-looking black felt hat.

Although the brave association hardly threatened to eclipse the music world, Johnny was not surprised when the publicity ran one morning and the party at the other end of the wire turned out to be an executive of Paramount Pictures, who desired an audience with John Waldo Green & Company.

Striving desperately to conceal their ecstasy, Johnny and his cohorts marched to Paramount with brief cases stuffed with new songs. Suspecting they would all leave shortly for Hollywood on the Twentieth Century, Johnny played enthusiastically for the Paramount executive for two hours. At the conclusion of the song he was invited to become a Paramount pianist. Rather a comedown for the Mr. Green whose very least expectation was to join up as their composer. But he took the job hanging a piano and got the other, later. Five years of Tin Pan Alley associations have tuned Johnny down considerably. He is apt to talk like a Broadway song plugger unless he feels the necessity for declaring in the Harvard manner. And he no longer pounds on the desks of music publishers. He doesn't even have to go to them. They seek him out, this Johnny Green, generalissimo of revolt. Revolt—in the modern manner.

You Only Love Once

(Continued from page 31)

just a swell bid to get newspaper space. Norma persistently denied that they were serious. Georgie had nothing to say. And then one day, seemingly out of the blue, came word from Mexico that a divorce had been granted, that Norma was no longer Joe Schenck's wife. This news was shortly followed by an announcement that Miss Courtney and Mr. Jessel were now disentangled, matrimonially speaking. They had talked it over and agreed that marriage together was not for them. They had tried it twice and it was no go.

On the heels of this second interesting announcement came a third: Norma and George flew to Atlantic City, New Jersey. They took out a license and were wed last May. The insurmountable had been surmounted. Two marriages were cancelled to make one possible.

Now the Jessels are at home in a Park Avenue apartment, surrounded by modernistic furniture and gay companions, taking a stab at domesticity. It isn't the sort of domesticity that you and I know so well. They try to have things run like clock-work, but it looks to me as if it's a clocky clock, for there's a hectic note that is the underlying motif of the life that the Jessels lead.

I went over to see Norma recently. George arrived as I was about to leave and at the telephone rang. He answered it, "All right, Sam," he said, "see you later."

"When, later?" inquired Norma, "You're not going out tonight."

"But, honey, that was Sam. We've got some business to talk over."

"I don't care if it was F. D. and you had to discuss the banking problem," returned the little woman, "you're not going out tonight."

"All right," returned her husband, lighting one of those famous Jessel cigars.

"And put that thing out! If you can't smoke a civilized cigarette around the house, do without."

He did. Perhaps you think George is hen-pecked? Well, if he is, he loves it. I could see the joy of being wanted in his eyes. Someone now cares whether he comes or goes, smokes or doesn't, and that is by way of being a novelty in the life of a Jessel.

Just as I was leaving, he turned to his ever-loving wife. "Honey, you haven't watered those plants today," he admonished, looking at their limp and drooping leaves.

"Oh, George. I'm sorry; I forgot," apologized Norma. And she forthwith sprinkled the pink geraniums with the white rock and ice that filled a tall amber tumbler. Which, after all, isn't perhaps the way you and I take care of a garden, but then we're not the Jessels, nor on the radio, nor Park Avenue—so, maybe we're wrong!
IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

... and meals that taste different, look different, and smell different make life worth living.

NOT only does the clever hostess get variety into each individual meal but she seeks always to have a constantly changing bill of fare for her family and is always prepared to serve up something excitingly different when friends come dropping in.

To accomplish this feat is no easy task unless the hostess has learned the value of reading RADIO STARS Recipe Department—"Food Fit for Kings of the Air." This department gives scores of valuable suggestions and ideas as to menus, recipes and when to serve certain dishes. By sending in the coupon which appears at the conclusion of this interesting department, you may obtain special recipes for the month of September.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air Every Month in

RADIO STARS
Radio Stars

Stars Made While You Wait

(Continued from page 42)

Taplinger, of "Meet the Artist," renown.
"And why not have her appear on
programs, other than their regular show,
looking for him?"

So the idea was born, but with all the
enthusiastic work of the publicity de-
partment, no one realized the mushroom
pro-
tions the stunt would assume. Within
a week, Gracie was popping up on all
sorts of Columbia programs demanding to
know if anyone had seen her elusive
brother.

The newspaper writers were delighted.
It made grand material for gags. But even
they didn't suspect what was to come.
Since the same advertising agency con-
trolled the Burns and Allen program as
did the Cantor, Jack Benny and Vallee
hours of NBC, it was planned to have
Gracie appear on them.

It was a daring, unprecedented move.
Never before had a network had the
tenacity to use a rival chain to build up
one of its own stars. But before NBC
was able to make up its mind whether or
not she should be permitted to go out, she
had appeared both with Cantor and Benny,
still seeking her lost brother.

Come the Valley show. The continuity
was written, rehearsals held. Then, just
a short time before the program was to
be broadcast, NBC officials put their feet
down hard. Nothing doing, they said.
Gracie could appear, but she could make
absolutely no reference to her missing
brother. Control men were ordered to cut
the program off if anything like this were
done. Frantic last minute changes were
made, new continuities produced.

Vallee went on the air. Perhaps you
heard the program. He picked up his
script and read, "Gracie, have you had
any word from your brother?"

A click, then silence. After a brief in-
terval in which hasty whispering was heard,
the program went on again. This time
Rudy made no reference to the brother.
What had happened was that Rudy had
picked up an old script, had unconsciously
read the forbidden words and had been cut
off the air by the control man until given
the revised copy.

It is still hailed as one of the cleverest
publicity stunts ever done on radio.

Don't think for a minute that the life
of a publicity man is all of these. Audiences.
Editors fight shy of anything which
suggests publicity, yet on the other
hand, many are avid for stories which
breathc scandal. That's one of the tough-
est assignments a publicity man can have,
keeping such yarns out of the papers.

Some of you will recall the fanfare flour-
ish of the stories heralding the debut of
Bing Crosby on the Columbia network.
It was great copy. NBC had already put
Russ Columbo under contract. Already the
preliminary skirmishes of the "Battle of the
Baritones" was under way. Bing and Russ
both claimed to be the originators of that
style of singing.

When the time came to go on the air,
Bing's voice was fogged by a severe case of
laryngitis. The debut was postponed.
Word began to spread that he was afraid
of Russ-Columbo's competition, and worse,
that he had been drinking.

This was a terrible situation. Such
stories spread like wildfire, and promised
to ruin Bing even before he'd had a chance.
The story was denied. The truth was
spread. But the rumors persisted.

The hours dragged into days and the
public-

ity

men fought tostem the insidious
rumor. Finally Bing was able to go on.
How would he be received by people who
had heard the stories. Frantically they
cast about for something to divert the at-
tention of newsmen. The idea burst with
startling clarity. A dozen newspaper and
publicity offices all at once—"The Battle of
the Baritones." And public attention di-
verted from the earlier rumors, folettered
to the banner of Bing.

You should peek behind studio doors and
see some of the maneuvers which have
made you far more familiar with Columbia
stars than you suspect.

There's Gertrude Niesen, for example.
Gertrude the glamorous, the exotic singer
of thrilling love songs. A fascinating crea-
ture. If you really want to know, Gertrude
was just another New York girl, born in
Brooklyn. Her name was Gertrude Eisen-
stein.

But they saw in this Brooklynite pos-
sibilities for a creature of glamour. Every
picture taken of her was designed to em-
phsize this quality. The story got around
that she was born on the high seas and had
discovered singing for fun in a night
club. It stuck, and the aura of enchant-
ment was cast about her. Now she can't take
it off.

You'd think Fred Waring's name would
be an easy one to keep in the public's con-
sciousness, wouldn't you? It isn't. Fred
is too serious to find entertaining stories in
him. He hates the suggestion of scandal.

Stories are hard to write about people like
that. Though you may not realize it,
there's much beyond the excellence of his
programs which keeps his name before the
public.

There must be hardly one of you who
did not see one of those photographs
in store windows showing Fred and his
gay trumpets when they were on for Old
Gold. Imagine. There were a million and
a half of them all over the country, distrib-
uted at a cost of over $75,000.

But here's the real secret of his greatest
name building device—the word of mouth
enthusiasm of those who have seen his pro-
grams. Wherever he goes, Fred opens his
broadcasts to great audiences.

Sometimes promotional devices assume
almost tragic proportions. The Columbia
planners—never will forget the time they
decided Guy Lombardo's name was not
thing often enough into the public con-
scious. A stunt broadcast was planned.

You may have heard it—when Gertrude
Ederle told us her reactions as she sped
up the Hudson River on an aquaplane
towed by Mrs. Gaye's speedboat. The re-
action consisted chiefly of "Whoopie!"
and "Are we having fun?" The result was
something of a flop. The newspapers car-
rried hardly more than derisive comment.
The publicity men were dejected.

A few hours later, telephone wires be-
gan humming with awful news. The cap-
tain, returning the boat to its berth on
Long Island's South Shore was reported
missing somewhere in the Atlantic. Search-
ing parties set out. For eight long hours
no word came, and long before the boat
was located, the presses had raised the
news all over the country.

And thus are all stars created. Give
them talent, personality and the backing of
these imaginative, alert builder-uppers and
they gallop to fame at breakneck speed.

Edward Nell, Jr., baritone appears
on the "Night Owl" program
Mondays on CBS.

George Givot is the Greek Ambas-
sador of Good Will who cracks
jokes for CBS.
How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest

Say Dear Why Don't You Enter the Beauty Contest at Pine Crest?

Grace Clark Cleared up Her Skin with Some Marvelous New Kind of Pasteurized Yeast Why Not See Her?

What? With My Skin Like It's Been Lately? Nothing Seems to Clear It Up

Do You Think That New Yeast Will Really Help Me Grace?

It Did Wonders For Me

Are Yeast Foam Tablets Hard to Take Mr Jackson?

You'll Like Them I'm Sure They're Not Like Ordinary Yeast They Don't Ferment and Can't Cause Gas

6 Weeks Later These Yeast Tablets Are Wonderful My Skin and Complexion Are Just Perfect Now!

The Judges Vote to Award the $5000 Grand Prize to Mary Ellen White

Hurray for Mary Ellen!

Gee I'd Like to Take Mary to the Yacht Club Dance

WHAT! Yeast Foam Tablets did for Mary Ellen's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY 1750 north Ashland avenue Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

Name__________________________Type of Advertisement__________________________

Address__________________________City__________________________State__________________________Zip__________________________

Dick Leibert plays the mammoth console of Radio City's $250,000 pipe organ from 8 o'clock in the morning until 11:30 at night. RADIO STARS, next month, gives you the first real story of this amazing young man.

79
I thought I was different

I know better now!

THIRD is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think you are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR Imitations!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

I thought I was different

that this "someone" he was to meet was a very important person or a very dear friend.

When I entered his room at six the next morning, Mr. Whiteman was already up. He was impatient to be out. "I don't want to be late," he explained. As he was dressing, he turned to me, "Order a large bouquet of flowers, and then come along with me."

I got the flowers, three dozen dewy gardenias, and we drove off to the Grand Central Station. Meanwhile, I was wondering whom he was rushing down to meet. I had not seen him inconvenience himself like this for some of the most well-known celebrities, whom he numbers as his friends. At the station Mr. Whiteman sat on a bench with the huge bouquet of flowers in his hand. Suddenly a stream of people swarming out of one of the dark tunnels announced the fact that the Chicago train had finally pulled in. Mr. Whiteman rushed up, hastily scanned the people and then suddenly swooped down upon a short, mousey-looking girl. He pumped her hand violently and, beaming at her with his friendly grin, tucked the flowers under her arm and led her to the car.

I heard him talking to her on the way back. "Now, my dear, I want you to feel perfectly at home here. Don't worry about anything. There's a big future for you in New York and don't hesitate to ask of me any favor, no matter how great or small.

Mrs. Whiteman and I have already made hotel reservations for you and have taken care of everything."

In the car mirror, I could see the girl's face. Her lips were trembling. When we entered in the case care of the Whiteman, I saw Mrs. Whiteman was waiting for them. She greeted the girl warmly and they all sat down to breakfast.

LATER I learned that the guest was Irene Taylor. So you see, while you may know that Paul Whiteman "discovered" Irene Taylor as a radio singer, yet only I know how Mr. Whiteman's welcome was a hard, frightened little lady, saved her from running back to Chicago and obscurity even before she had time to open her bags. That's the way he is. And it wouldn't surprise me in the least if Mr. Whiteman were to go through the same elaborate preparations to make another lonely, little out-of-towner feel at home in this great big city.

I am going to let you in on Paul White-

man's greatest weakness. He is terribly scared of crowded elevators. You can't begin to imagine how this fear possesses him. For instance, he will never ride in an elevator if he can walk up. Never will he ride beyond the fifty-fifth floor at the most! And even if he may have to make that short trip in two or three stops.

Once I had to go along with him when he had an important business conference that was to be held on the forty-fifth floor of the Chrysler building. "I'm going to see if I can overcome my peculiar fear of elevators," he confided to me as we walked into the building. "Today I'm going to ride all the way up."

Knowing him as I did, I had my doubts. We stepped into the elevator and started up. I looked in the mirror and saw him paling a bit. At the fifteenth floor, the first stop, the elevator paused to let off a handful of people. The operator was just about to shut the door when Mr. Whiteman yelled, "Stop! Stop! Let me out. I'm suffocating in here!"

He rushed out amid the bewildered stares of the passengers, and I followed him. He leaned against a wall, trembling. "I won't step into that elevator to go up another floor," he muttered. "I can't do it."

"But they're waiting for you upstairs," I remonstrated. Suddenly Mr. Whiteman's glance turned toward a vacant office. "I have it," he cried. "You go upstairs and tell these people to come down to this floor and we'll hold the conference in this room. Tell them to bring all the papers and paraphernalia down here. I'll rent this office for the day."

"That's sound incredible to you? Well, that's exactly how this phobia has seized the band master. I might add that the men came down and held the meeting in the improved office on the fifteenth floor.

ANOTHER time this terrible fear kept him from making an important train. He and the whole Whiteman troupe were leaving on a special midnight train for Pittsburgh. They were opening in the town's leading theatre the following evening. Mr. Whiteman was at a party with some friends in the Savoy Plaza Hotel, and I was sent out to call for him so we could get care of his hand luggage. We hurried to the elevator with just enough time to make the train. On the way down, the elevator stopped and a whole party of people swarmed in. I knew then and there that we were sunk.

"Let me out! Let me out, quick!" Mr. Whiteman cried. I had expected it. He ran out of the elevator gasping. "Those crowds. I can't stand it."

He sat down on a suitcase and mopped the cold sweat off his forehead. "Wait a minute, Harrison. I can't leave just yet."

We finally left—but we walked down! No more elevators for Mr. Whiteman that night. Thank heavens, it was only nine floors down.

When we finally reached the station, the train had already pulled out. The next train was not due to leave before noon the next day. It was imperative that Mr. Whiteman reach Pittsburgh before three o'clock the next afternoon. Airplanes were out of the question. He won't step in one. As he once told me, "Harrison, I never want to get any higher than I can kick a midget in the nose."

"Come on," he announced, "we're driving to Pittsburgh."

Now this may seem paradoxical, but in spite of the fact that Mr. Whiteman trembles at the thought of elevators and air-planes, he is reckless when it comes to
RADIO STARS

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! BIG MONEY!

BROADCASTING offers you these:

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting? Do you want to have your voice brought into thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, there's your big opportunity. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded to bring you the training that will start you on the road to broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcaster—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Through this remarkable Course you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your com- plete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique that makes Radio Stars.

Send for FREE Booklet
An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. No cost or obligation. All postal coupons below today.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 4237, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE LASS ROUND-UP

HAYE you seen a copy of Film Fun lately? It's rounded up some of the most hilarious humor ever published... full of new jokes and gags profusely illustrated with hundreds of side-splitting pictures posed by Hollywood's leading citizens (see above). Dash around to your nearest newsstand and get the September issue just out. They don't last long, they sell so fast, so don't delay.

September

FILM FUN

Now on sale
MR. WHITEMAN is just as afraid of boats, too. Because of this, he has turned down countless offers to play in Europe. Once, however, he was inveigled into playing a European engagement. We were all to meet him on the ship just before sailing time. Everything was all set. The musicians, managers, everybody was on board. I had already seen that Mr. Whiteman's twelve trunks were stored away and his immediate clothes were carefully hung up. But no Whiteman.

"I'm going to see what's keeping Paul," his manager said. "Come along with me, Harris-on."

Reaching his apartment, we found him in bed with a huge blanket over him.

"I'm sick, Jack," he protested to his manager. "I can't go. I can't step on that boat."

"What! You are coming. Here, Harrisson, give me a hand." Well, we both literally dragged him out of the bed, slipped a togsuit over his pajamas and hustled him down. We just managed to make the boat a split second before the gangplank was pulled in.

Afraid he might get seasick, Mr. Whiteman stayed in his bunk throughout most of the voyage. One of the boys in the band, Charlie Teagarden, wanted to hire him out of his cabin at any cost, for a party is never dull if Whiteman is around.

"Here," he told Mr. Whiteman, "drink this, it's an imported tonic that's very good for seasickness."

Mr. Whiteman gulped down a glassful, and then pronounced the deck. "Why, I feel fine. That tonic works wonders. Order lots of it, no matter what it costs."

During the remainder of the trip over, and all the way home, he drank the concoction religiously. On the last day aboard, he asked Teagarden, "What's the name of that tonic? I don't want to be without it."

TEAGARDEN'S eyes twinkled mischievously and he started to laugh. "Why, that's no tonic, Paul. It's just plain vichy with lemon juice."

I'm afraid I'm giving you only Paul Whiteman's little weaknesses and idiosyncrasies. Let me tell you then, that Mr. Whiteman is a great sportsman. He would as soon think of missing a big sporting event as he would one of his broadcasts. He is a rabid boxing and race track fan, and once let several important conferences go hang (a thing he seldom does) so that he could go to the Kentucky Derby. He is a golf fiend and shoots in the low eighties. He is a fearless and daring horseman. And he is a crackshot with a rifle.

Recently, while in Colorado, he rented a cabin in the mountains. Yes, the suave, immaculate Paul Whiteman discarded swanky hotels for the inconveniences and joys of roughing it. Every day he and Mrs. Whiteman tried their skill at the bullseye. Never do they shoot at birds or game.

He takes excellent care of his health—such care, in fact, that he consults a doctor on the slightest provocation. Once, when playing in St. Louis, he noticed several red spots on his arm. He worried about it all day. "It's nothing at all, Mr. Whiteman," I tried to assure him. "Just forget about it."

But he couldn't. The next morning, as soon as the sun shone, he was up and out and noticed that the red spots were still there.

"Call my doctor in New York and tell him to spare no time or expense in getting down here," he ordered. "I want him to look this over."

I phoned the doctor, and the next morning he was already on the scene, anxious to see what had necessitated his flying trip from New York.

When he looked at Mr. Whiteman's arm, he burst out laughing. "Why, you old so-an-so," he swore affectionately, "that's nothing but a bruise. And to think that you got me all the way out here to tell you that. I'll fix you."

He did. He sent in a bill for one thousand dollars!

Mr. Whiteman paid it good-naturedly, but I'll wager that if he were to wake up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, tomorrow morning with a blister on his neck, he would still frantically wire his own doctor to fly down to take care of him.

Lee Conrad, left, and Marjorie Tremont are featured pianists at WOR's New York studios. You've also heard them over NBC.
Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 81)

WEDNESDAYS (Cont'd)

11:00 EDT (3d) — Galaxy of Stars

(For stations see Tuesday)

11:15 EDT (5d) — Bartos, Cooking Talks

(General Foods)

11:30 EDT (5d) — Clamaborn Carnival

Little Jacks Hitler, comedy; Gale Page,萃行amental; four King's Jesters; Harold Stokes' orchestra

11:45 EDT (2d) — (For stations see Tuesday)

12:00 EDT (8d) — National Farm and Home Hour

(For stations see Monday)

12:15 EDT (5g) — M. Perkins, dramatic serial

(For stations see Monday)

12:30 EDT (5f) — Dreams Come True, Harry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (Practer and Gamble)

12:45 EDT (5g) — M. Perkins, dramatic serial

(For stations see Monday)

1:15 EDT (5f) — Dreams Come True, Harry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (Practer and Gamble)

1:45 EDT (5g) — M. Perkins, dramatic serial

(For stations see Monday)

2:15 EDT (5g) — Little Orphan Annie

(For stations see Monday)

3:00 EDT (5d) — Bobbi Valley; stage, screen, and radio celebrities; Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Perles-Joanans' Hood)

3:15 EDT (5f) — Connee Thampo

(For stations see Monday)

5:00 EDT (5e) — Kix Bailey's Red River Jamboree

(For stations see Monday)

7:00 EDT (5f) — Lively Dust Readers

(For stations see Tuesday)

7:15 EDT (5d) — Dime Store Cinderella

(For stations see Monday)

8:00 EDT (5d) — Body Barber; stage, screen, and radio celebrities; Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Perles-Joanans' Hood)

8:15 EDT (5d) — Kane Smith

(For stations see Monday)

8:30 EDT (5f) — Philadelphia Summer Concerts

(For stations see Tuesday)

9:00 EDT (5d) — Glades Country

(For stations see Monday)

9:45 EDT (5d) — Kate Smith

(For stations see Monday)

10:15 EDT (5d) — Today's Children

(For stations see Monday)

The charm of lovely eyes

can be yours with MAYBELLINE

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, fuller, and more luxuriant. It is non-smearing, tearproof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and easy to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

elegantly shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially made brush will train the brows to be flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dandy-gro hair, and sterilized brushes, kept cliniiaally in Relo and wire.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye makeup without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely, simply and on the way to the shop. Maybelline Co., Chicago.

(Clinch on page 83)
Kostelanetz family. They are at the mercy of an uncontrolled proletarian fury. Law and order have ceased to exist. Where can they turn?

Imagine yourself a young Russian aristocrat in this land risen in arms against all things related to private wealth. Every hour of your life brings a new threat. Innocent though you may be, to the revolutionary soldier you are a thorn in his flesh. The blood of the people on your hands, an oppressor, a spy. People were executed without trial. Andre will never forget the day such suspicions nearly cost him his life.

There came a curious pounding on the huge front door of the Kostelanetz residence. A servant peered out. "Red soldiers," he gasped.

The heavy panels were bending under the pounding rite, but as the bumbling fingers fumbled with the bolt, then the door swung violently open, the soldiers rushed in and in an instant were guarding Andre while others stamped noisily through the house, searching for evidence of treason.

A triumphant shout from an officer. Andre is hustled to him.

"Private telephone line, eh?" demanded the officer roughly, pointing to an electric instrument from which many wires led into the wall. "So this is how all that information has been leaking into Germany. You're under arrest."

"Wait a minute," protested the boy. "That's not a telephone. That's what we use to call the servants with."

"Pal!" spat the officer. "Never mind the excuses. You're spies, all of you, and you know what that means. Come on now."


Grunbling, the officer complied. Two minutes later, the roughly clad soldiers tramped out, only half convinced, muttering threats.

So day and night, Andre's heritage laid him open to the suspicion and violence which grew to such intensity that his father's life was in gravest peril. Kostelanetz senior could not stay a moment longer and expect to live. Under the cover of darkness he fled the country, death dogging his footsteps until he crossed the border.

Then as the band of violence groped for the life of his mother, she too departed swiftly and secretly, facing dangers in her flight through Turkey almost greater than those she had left.

NOW Andre was alone. Sixteen years old and alone. What should he do? Should he stay and face the danger, or should he try to escape across the border? What could he do? Remember, he loved his country and above all, his country's music. It was a difficult decision to make. He knew that ahead of him were dark days of bloody strife. But, fortunately for you who love his music, he stayed. It is a tragedy, since through such living, his emotional understanding of music was deepened. It was what gave him the vision to see that in both the folk and currently popular music of the American people, just as in the Russian, there must be as much greatness as in music which appeals only to the intellectual.

Yet what in the world could a sixteen-year-old youth of the hated upper class do in order to live there safely? Young Kostelanetz turned to the music in which he had been schooled and determined to secure a position with the Petrograd Grand Opera Company. His life might be safe at least from the unruly masses. The government, despite the tumult of the war and revolution, maintained the opera as best it could. He applied and was made the opera's assistant director.

Even now, though, such governmental recognition did not greatly lessen the dangers and privations with which he was faced. The nightly trips through Petrograd were harrowing experiences for him. The very silence of the deserted streets spelled terror. Leaving the opera each night, the artists traveled together for mutual protection. But always came the corner where Andre must go his way alone.

As he hurried along the rusty car tracks in the narrow streets, he yearned heartily for the lighted comfort of the trolleys now lying idle in the car barns, and the protection of the police of old days.

In those dark, unlighted streets, the echoes of his own footsteps seemed like those of an army of pursuing thugs. The memory of what had happened to a friend of his increased his apprehension.

One evening, hearing a cry from the stage entrance of the opera, Andre rushed out to see a young tenor stagger in and drop into a chair. Blood was flowing from a deep gash in his forehead.

"Rubber," explained the singer between gasps as the wound was being bound. "One of the fellows on strike. He passed me from a dark doorway. Tried to fight me off, but he was too high up and got me with his knuckle dusters."

Was it worth while, do you think, in the face of these dangers, to carry on? Well, it might have been had the compensation been sufficient. But food, money and fuel were so rare during those bitter Petrograd winters of 1920-21-22 that Andre suffered distressingly.

Night after night, he languished in the wings before the performance, fingering the few pennies which were his salary, watching the performers in their fur coats rehearse such parts as the Garden Scene from "Faust."

So cold was it that their breath came in clouds of steam as they spoke. A few minutes before each performance, an employee would go down and throw into the furnace the few showy bits of coal.

In the basement of the opera house was a huge cauldron set on a stove. Into the boiling water was dropped such little meat and vegetables as could be secured by the brave opera company. This soup, always turned the same course as his fellows, was wretched food. But he kept determinedly on even though that meagre food, secured

(Continued from page 86)


(Continued from page 33)

THURSDAY (Cont'd)
KTRH, WACO, WBIZ, KZJ

(Per station as Monday.)

8:00 EDT (2)—(Mr. Happy Armstrong.
(Per station as Monday.)

8:15 EDT (7)—(Little Orphan Annie.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:00 EDT (2)—(Ray Bolger.
(Per station as Monday.)

9:15 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:15 EDT (1)—(Maxwell House Show Boat.
Captain Morgan (Charles Winninger), Lanny Ross, toasts; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Shemp Thibout, baritone;
Mohasses in 'January', comedy; Show Boat Band.

9:00 EDT (4)—(Whimsical wit ofBeans Taylor.
Paul 'Whim' Taylor and his gifted ensemble.

10:00 EDT (5)—(Conflicts).
T. S. Stripling's dramatic series.

11:00 EDT (5)—(Little Orphan Annie.
(Per station as Monday.)

FRIDAYS
(August 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st)

6:15-7:00—20:15 A.M. EDT—(Tower Health
Advertising.
(Per station as Monday.)

8:00 EDT (3)—(2000 BC.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:00 EDT (3)—(Press News.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:45 EDT (5)—(Road to Rome.
(Per station as Monday.)

1:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

1:15 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

1:30 EDT (5)—(Mia Perkins, dramatic
sketch.
(Per station as Monday.)

3:00 EDT (5)—(Ray Bolger.
(Per station as Monday.)

4:00 EDT (5)—(Little Orphan Annie.
(Per station as Monday.)

6:15 EDT—(Davy Crockett.
(Per station as Monday.)

5:30 EDT—(Jack Armstrong.
(Per station as Monday.)

6:15 EDT (6)—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

6:15 EDT (7)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

7:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

7:45 EDT (5)—(Press News.
(Per station as Monday.)

8:00 EDT (5)—(Little Orphan Annie.
(Per station as Monday.)

8:00 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

9:00 EDT (5)—(Joyce Brothers.
(Per station as Monday.)

9:30 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

10:00 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:00 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:15 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:30 EDT (5)—(George Washington Carver.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:45 EDT (5)—(Little Orphan Annie.
(Per station as Monday.)

12:15 EDT (5)—(Ray Bolger.
(Per station as Monday.)

1:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

1:15 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

2:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

2:15 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

2:30 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

3:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

3:15 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

3:30 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

4:00 EDT (5)—(Miss America.
(Per station as Monday.)

6:45 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

7:00 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

7:15 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

7:30 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
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8:00 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
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(Per station as Monday.)

11:00 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:15 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)

11:30 EDT—(Kraft Foods.
(Per station as Monday.)
The Breakfast Club

(Continued from page 63)

he played was a melody he had learned as a child. It had no name, only a haunting, lyrical and simple beauty.

Jeanette’s father wired Uncle Joe in Chicago. When the Breakfast Club went on the air the next morning, the little invalid heard her memory song as Uncle Joe had never played it before. With every stroke of his bow he was pumping strength back into the dying-wasted body.

Don MeNeill came on the air with a plea to his listeners. “We’re playing this number for a fine little girl who is very, very ill. She needs your help to get well. Pray for her, you Breakfast Clubbers. Please pray for her.”

Jeanette passed her crisis that night—and lived. Prayers and a memory song and the miracle of radio, these accomplished more than medical science.

Now, just a bit about the chief interrupter, wheeze-deliverer, and off-the-shoulder humorist of the program. I mean Don MeNeill.

He was born in Galena, Illinois, December 23, 1907. The family moved to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, during his childhood and youth Don attended grade and high school there. He earned his first pocket money shooting sparrows with an air rifle in his father’s cherry orchard.

As a high school student, he distinguished himself for winning a fly-swatting contest, and playing the hurfer in a school play called “Come Out of the Kitchen.” This role he played in the full dress suit in which his father had been married.

He broke into radio in a novel way, while still a student of journalism at Marquette University. The manager of a Milwaukee-station offered Don a position announcing at the princely salary of fifteen dollars a week, but added as a condition that Don obtain a date for him with a certain young lady whose acquaintance the manager was eager to make. Don got him the date and he got the job.

In April, 1930, he moved to a Louisville, Kentucky, station. It was there that the MeNeill sense of humor began to assert itself publicly. He encountered a musician at the Louisville station who had similar ideas, and the two teamed up for a comedy act under the name of the “Two Professors.”

Lacking a sponsor, they went out and sold their own act, later taking it to the Pacific Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. It was while on the west coast that Don was married—to a girl he’d met back in college at Milwaukee.

Returning to Chicago, he went to work for the National Broadcasting Company as a staff announcer. His assignment as your cheer leader came short afterward.

Walter Blaufluss, his musical steward, had an amazing story. At fifteen, he was a boy wizard at the piano. His concert tours took him all over America. At sixteen, he was in an accident that severed the tendon controlling one thumb. With that thumb useless, he could not give concerts. His entire future was blotted out.

Reluctantly, he turned to medicine. For three years, he studied diligently. Some time during that third year, he read of an operation that had united severed tendons, of an operation that made useless thumbs and fingers of service again. Here was something that would give him back his music, he realized. Not long after, he underwent an operation. It was successful.

So Walter Blaufluss came back to his “lost” career.

Last year, he rounded out forty years as a musician. Two songs he has written will probably stand as record-breakers for all time. “Your Eyes Have Told Me So,” sold over 2,500,000 copies, and “My Isle of Golden Dreams” sold 4,000,000.

With MeNeill and Blaufluss in charge, the Breakfast Club is in capable hands. If ever you get up with that “morning after” taste in your mouth, or if the coffee in your cup and the toast is burned, you might find some of their careless high-jinks to be the thing you need. They’ve helped a lot of folks look at the sunny side of an egg without shuddering.
A Radio Editor Writes to His President

(Continued from page 11)

contributions. If it's education, I'd like to ask these questions: What sort of formal educational program could ever teach people to love and understand fine music as well as Walter Damrosch's personal programs? What series could spread the knowledge of opera and symphonic music as well as the Saturday afternoons at the Metropolitan Opera House provided by NBC, and the CBS presentation of the Detroit and the Philadelphia Symphony Concerts.

We're getting religion on the air, Mr. President. We're getting it from inspired religious leaders instead of small-time promoters who seek their own advancement. We're getting our education in doses more effective and pleasant than any "educational program" could ever provide. And don't let any fast-talker tell you differently.

There's just one other thing I want to mention. It's about programs that almost all of us enjoy. Frankly, what I propose is out of the question today, but if ever this idea of government ownership and operation of our broadcasting chains gets anywhere, I think we listeners would rest a little better if we thought we could keep some of our old favorites on the air.

I'll cost money, of course, but this listener has two shoes in mind.

One, I'd like to see keep Captain Henry's "Boat" show right along through the years.

Two, I hope you will make Jack Benny your court jester and keep him handy. With them on the air, even the religious and educational spots have been talking about couldn't ruin radio for us.

Earnestly yours,

Curtis Mitchell.
The murderer was willing to help the innocent lad get out of jail, if this could be done without involving him. But he'd be jiggered before he'd give himself up. "What's power No. 1? What would you have done? Remember, the Voice of Experience guarantees that all communications sent him will remain anonymous. You can no more drag folks' sacred confidences from him than you can from a priest to whom you confess your sins. The murderer absolutely refuses to say or do anything that will incriminate himself. Meanwhile, an innocent boy has been sentenced to life imprisonment. What's the solution?

Not all the letters the consultants receive are stark, unrelated tragedy. While they are sad enough to the person who sends them, they often seem quite funny to us. There is one, for example, which the Voice of Experience got, signed "Famous Pop."

It was a bitter complaint from a middle-aged husband who wrote: "Wife and I have just got over one more of our regular weekly squabbles that come every pay day. She was raised on a farm and her mother handled the purse and, although her father was a successful farmer, he had to go to his wife to ask for even tobacco money."

"My wife and I never discussed finances before our wedding. When I brought home my first pay envelope, she said, 'I'll take care of that.' Naturally I didn't want to start a row right off the bat, so I gave it to her. It grew to be a habit."

"Once I went on strike. I didn't turn over my salary so she packed up and went home. In order to get her back I had to agree it was O.K. for her to handle the purse-strings."

"The trouble is she gets tighter every day and keeps pulling more and more away for a rainy day. She even tried to make me smoke a pipe, because it was cheaper than cigarettes. I got out of this by getting the strongest pipe I could find and darn near smoked her out of the house. But I came pretty near to passing out myself doing it!"

"I make a good salary, and we could really enjoy life if I could only get her to meet me halfway. Then I'd have as happy a home as a man could ask for."

Well, how about it, you wives whose husbands dole out the pennies, one at a time, and who act as if you are crazy when you timidly suggest a budget or allowing you pin money? How about it, you husbands whose wives consider the two of you perpetual paying tellers? It's a pretty tough blow to one's self-respect to be entirely dependent for dough on the whims of someone else, isn't it? I can't remember any real tough man or gal with an ounce of spunk puts up with it.

I, for one, would let the fair lady go home, bag and baggage. I'd even help her pack. It's my guess she's bugging up her sleeve at her spineless jellyfish of a husband.

What's your solution?

But here's the best poser of them all—the only one the Voice of Experience couldn't answer: "What would you do if you married a Siamese twin?" Since it was written by a man who said he was already married, the Voice of Experience decided against taking time off to map out a program for such a person. Maybe he was right.

Beatrice Fairfax, Tone Wons and Cling mistake—receive doodles of posers. Here's one Miss Fairfax received about the eternal triangle. How would you solve it?

A Mrs. L. wrote asking her for advice. Always a strong center, when she was eighteen she had married the steadiest, nicest, squarest-shooter she knew. To save her from herself. They had had three children whom she adored. The youngsters were ten, eight and five, respectively. Old enough to get along without her, if they had to. Her husband was very prosperous and kind to her. But he left her cold.

Now, she had met the one man in the world for her. He was a business associate of her husband, who came up for dinner one night. He was companion, lover, friend—everything she ever dreamed of. After seeing each other secretly for a year they decided to elope. They couldn't stand the strain. They had honestly tried to fight against their love, but it was no use.

Mrs. L. admitted she had no feeling toward her husband. She felt he could set along without her. But she heard the thought of losing them, their love, their respect. She was particularly afraid of what might happen to the oldest, a very nervous child, if she found out. Children had been driven to suicide by such shocks.

So she hesitated to run away. Didn't Beatrice Fairfax think it would be better for everyone if she broke up the family and had a clandestine affair with the other man? She felt quite sure she could get away with it. No one need ever know. How would you answer this woman? Was she interested in what was the conventional moral thing to do. What she wanted to know was simply how best to find happiness without losing the love of her children, or hurting them. She was unwilling to even consider giving up the man whom she felt was the great love of her life. That's poser No. 4.

There was another presented to Miss Fairfax. This one came in the person of a young lady, terribly worried, beseeched. Oh, what should she do? It was the same old story. When she was sixteen, she had met a young man who wooed her ardently. She had surrendered to him. He had disappeared as soon as he heard she was to become a wife. Her parents were understanding and fairly well-to-do. They had protected her. The baby, who was now six years old, had been left in good hands. For years she had been tortured by her single status. Finally she felt able to face society again. Now, she had met another young man and fallen in love with...
RADIO STARS

I know I can depend on F0 polish to the end

5 SMART SHADERS
Friends of F-0 Nail Polish know that quality and style are assured

AND... F-0 Cuticle Remover... F-0 Cream Polish
F-0 Polish Remover... F-0 Dainty Polish Remover
AT ALL 10c STORES

BE DAINTY
In Spite of Hot Weather

WITH X-Cream Deodorant you can safeguard yourself against any trace of offensive perspiration or body odors. This snow-white, pleasant deodorant cream is cooling, soothing, and positive in its action. Harmless to skin or fabrics—does not interfere with nature. It's the best cream yet!

For sale at the better 10c stores exclusively. Buy it today!

X-CREAM
PREVENTS BODY ODORS
"Well, you see Mary's mother had to take Mary when she came, but we went out and chose you. We went out and chose the niceest baby we could see. So don't talk about it. Remember nice people don't brag."

Pity the Parents of a Child Prodigy

(Continued from page 5)

In addition to the ordinary chores of training the child, in-specting her ears and finger-nails, teaching her manners, putting her to bed at nine, there are mountains of letters to be answered, songs, verses, financial and business problems solved, letters rewritten, rehearsals arranged, contracts signed—a thousand and one tedious details. Between times Mary Curley has to shop for the child's wardrobe.

Parenthood becomes slavery. I am not trying to discourage you, but simply seeking to place the facts before you so that you know what a radio career for your child will mean to you. This, parents, is the case of one successful child prodigy, as good an example as any for you to study before you toss your charming son or daughter to the airwaves. There's one more detail: Baby Rose Marie's money is being put away in a trust fund so that on her twenty-first birthday she will be able to earn and make an impulse gesture at the alarm clock—on that day she will be wholly and permanently free of financial worry.

But I warn you—look before you leap into the shoes of parents of a child prodigy.
Gold Bricks They Have Bought

(Continued from page 59)

And speaking of mountain lions and skunks, "Those were the only two kinds of furs I ever saw in my life, before I came to New York," chuckles James Melton, of the Ward Bread program. "Well, I was walking along Fifth Avenue one day and a man came up to me and whispered, 'Want to buy a silver fox, buddy?' A lot I knew what a silver fox was! I wanted fifty bucks for it—how I would have given it to him too, only I had with me was fifteen. So I gave him the fifteen. Darn! nice of me—the fur was cut, worth about ten cents."

Many a gold brick has been bought right inside the studio. Some time ago, when Jimmy Kemper was appearing over WMAQ in Chicago, a young singer approached him and asked permission to watch him work and thus learn microphone technique and other radio angles from him. Flattered, and at the same time being a decent guy wanting to give a youngster a lift up the ladder, Jimmy said, "Sure." The young singer was an excellent student. Excellent. Inside of a month he was doing Jimmy's own program for a rival station.

Are you feeling better now about that time the fakery salesman sold you the stock bricks in oil wells? Oil wells? Why, the radio stars just love oil wells! They’re one of the favorite things they buy. Half a dozen years ago, Frank Parker, the often-hated tenor, bought a well that was absolutely guaranteed to spout a gusher the very next day. "It’s spout time it spouts any day now!" he howled. And Phil Duce treated himself to several hundred dollars’ worth of participation units in a bunch of oil wells supposed to be located near Galveston, Texas, only to discover upon a closer reading of the contract that what he had bought was a large section in Canada.

Even the rowdy Marx Brothers got taken by one of those men with a big black mustache. (Maybe it’s in memory of him that Groucho wears that smear of black grease paint across his upper lip.) Anyhow, this kindly strangler got hold of the boys and told them how nice it would be to have a movie studio of their own. He pointed out how many millions the Hollywood studios were getting and explained smoothy that anybody could make pictures, so why not the Marx Brothers? They could act in their own super-epics, and direct them, produce them, release them and get all the money themselves. All they needed was a studio, and he had a splendid studio all ready to sell them.

They bought the nice man’s studio from him. It turned out to be a shack buried in the middle of the Jersey marshes. Finally they sold the property to a realtor, for next to nothing, and let him subdivide it and sell it as building lots to hardy laborers who didn’t mind mosquitoes. The actual reason for the collapse of the scheme, according to Chico (you don’t have to believe it if you don’t want to): "We were making a comedy with monkeys in it," he swears, "and one day Harpo came to visit us and the monkeys saw him and got scared and ran away."

Ray Perkins, recently of the Palmer House broadcast, is pretty proud of himself as a collector of antique furniture. One day in a second-hand store he spotted a Chippendale chair and bought it—the proprietor must have seen the gleam in his eye—for a hundred dollars. He took it home and invited a pal, who also collects antiques, to come over and gloat with him. Said pal arrived, bringing the wife and little Ronald. Little Ronald was just learning to read. While Poppa and Ray were gurgling superlatives over the Chippendale piece, the infant prodigy slid under it and looked up at the bottom of the seat. "Poppa," came a plaintive whine from down on the rug, "what does g-r-a-n-d-d-r-a-p-i-d-s spell?" As the label plainly stated, that was from where the antique chair came.

You know Ramona and Peggy Healy—Paul Whiteman features both of them. Well, both Ramona and Peggy have been caught, too! Ramona, renting an apartment, was tickled because it had a piano in it. "We’re leaving the State," the people told her, "and if you want the piano you can have it for twenty-five dollars." She bought it—and, the day she moved in the installment collector came and took it away.

As for Peggy, she was coming out of a tea-room one afternoon when a man trying to start a car at the curb spoke to her. "I’ve got to crank this thing," he said. "Would you mind sitting in the front seat and feeding me gas, honey, while I crank it?" Peggy, always obliging, climbed into the car to help. Just then the man spied somebody coming along whose books he didn’t like and hurriedly vaulted into the crowd on the sidewalk. What he saw was a cop bearing down on him. The cop arrested Peggy for sitting in a stolen car.

Jimmy Durante, the innocent city boy, was hooded by a country slicker. Jimmy has an uncle upstate who owns a farm, and this uncle wrote to him and said, "If you see any good fat cattle, buy ‘em for me." So Jimmy, just an old cattle fancier from the East Side, hunted around the stockyards until he saw some good fat ones. And were they fat! They were the fattest cows he’d ever seen! He bought them on sight.

As he later discovered, their owner had run them up and down all day, locked them up all night with salt-blocks to lick, and then in the morning—just before Jimmy arrived to look them over—turned them loose at a walking pace so that they had gotten up enough thirst to drink gallons. What Jimmy bought was out-and-out watered stock. The first time Paul Whiteman hit New York he was four-tenths of a cent in the bank. He had money to invest. And let it be known that he might be interested in some good real estate. A stranger called, soon after, and mentioned a fine nine-story apartment house which he

Bring out that
HIDDEN CHARM
in your hair

New improved

10c SIZE
MAKES 1 PINT

Wildroot Wave Powder

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

ZIP SPILATOR—IT’S OFF because IT’S OUT

10¢ each
at 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

Vanishing Cream
Cold Cream

FREE—Send for generous sample, stamp referring
Vi-Jon Laboratorries, 6304 East Ave., St. Louis
owned on the upper East Side. They drove over in the stranger's handsome car to look at it. A janitor, bowing and scraping, led them through the building and told them what the rents were—about $20,000 a year in all. "I'll tell you what I'll do," the man said to Paul. "I'm going to Europe, and I have no way of collecting the rents while I'm gone. If you'll pay me $500 now and $500 a month while I'm gone, you can keep the rest." Paul handed over the first $500 right on the spot.

The apartment house owner was a cheap Broadway racketeer and the bowing and scraping janitor was his confederate. Neither of them had ever been in the apartment building before in their lives.

Oh, there are hundreds and hundreds of racketeers, and your friends of the air, it seems, have fallen for all of them.

So cheer up, Stucker! You're not the only one.

Uncle Ansie Man

(Continued from page 62)

and she played leading roles in fifty-two pictures. And as you cinema experts know, she was chosen in New York for the lead part in "Alice In Wonderland" just a day or so before Charlotte Henry was chosen on the Pacific Coast. But maybe you did hear Nancy do "Alice" on the NBC Christmas party. If not that, certainly you've heard her on the "Wizard of Oz" programs. They'll be back on NBC in the fall, you know. Nancy was born March 25, 1922, is four feet eleven inches tall, weighs ninety-seven pounds, has brown eyes and light brown hair. Pretty as a picture by James Montgomery Flagg, too.

Q. How did Lanny Ross come to be called Lanny, huh?

A. Daughtoned if I know. His name is Lancelot, but how they get Lanny out of that is more than I can figure.

Q. Gotta know all about Nick Lucas. Make it snappy, too.

A. Born August 22, 1897 in Newark, N. J. Is American of Italian descent. Has done amateur and professional entertaining and vaudeville. Made air debut from WEH1, Chicago, in 1922. He's five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His eyes are gray and his hair dark brown. He likes spaghetti and ravioli, of course. And woman, well, the gay, talented Latin woman is the kind he likes to have ride with him in his Maybach-Zeppelin. Now, that's a car, not a dirigible. He's married to Catherine Cifrodella and has one small daughter, Enid. Is Isabel Cary Lucas. That snappey enough for you?

Q. Has Allos Havriella always announced on NBC under that name?

A. Yip. Except, of course, on the Chevrolet program with Jack Benny when Mary Livingstone used to call him Vanilla, Sappariella and such like flavors. Aside from that, he's always been Allos.

Q. What are the real names of Marion and Jim Jordan on the "Smackout" programs on NBC?

A. This is very confidential, so don't tell a soul. It's Marion and Jim Jordan.

Q. Has Ruby Valley married again?

A. Say, give a guy a chance, won't you? He's got to get a rest sometime. Noy, he's still married to Fay Webb, and if he's divorced before this comes out, don't call me a liar, call me a prevacillator. It sounds better.

Q. Are the "Wheatonville" sketches going to return to the air and what are Ray Knight and Alice Davenport (Mr. and Mrs. Billy Batchelor) doing now?

A. Well, I guess not. Ray's running his "Cuckoo" program on NBC Saturday nights and Alice isn't doing anything right now as far as radio's concerned.

The Band Box

(Continued from page 61)

the trial of the wild Tonleys, who were convicted of the murdering, testimony was given forth that an employee of the Dells had "put the finger" on Factor for the kidnappers while he was a guest at the roadhouse.

Many times two or more celebrities come out of the same city. Nashville, Tennessee, claims both Betty Barthell and James Melton and Kansas City, Missouri, is the home town of both Gladys Swarthout and Ramona. Now we've discovered that Phil Harris, the dance director, and John Dillinger, America's bad man, were born just a few miles apart in southern Indiana, and both of these well known lads are about the same age. Phil admits that he and John went to different schools together.

- When Leon Delasco and his band played at the Golden Bear Dude Ranch in Wyoming one night this summer, it meant a 3600 mile drive with Leon fighting against time. He took his men to the ranch in a plane, arriving in time to play a two-hour program of dance music, and then left immediately by plane for New York in order to be in his St. Moritz Hotel stand the next night. The entire trip to and from consumed only twenty-eight hours. Of course there was no time for sleeping. What these guys won't sacrifice for art!

- When Ozzie Nelson took his band on tour these past weeks, he visited ten states. Traveling, by the way, is a popular sport with radio artists. It gives them a chance to actually see them in action, and immediately their popularity goes up a few points.
It may interest you to know that Al Karolin's theme song, "Love Has Gone," which is being recorded now at Hotel Lexington over CBS, is his own composition. Al shunned the run-of-the-mill tin-pan alley tunes because, he said, they were not written to a formula which makes for a samey-sounding display to true music lovers. That's why he wrote his own.

Most every trade has its own language. In other words, there are certain words that have a definite meaning in its business while those same words mean something entirely different in other businesses. Now Jack Denny comes along with a glossary of radio "slang" used in the studios. It's a vocabulary designed to express quickly and concisely the complicated technical terms. Here are some of Denny's definitions:

Eeny—lacking culture; dead mike—a microphone which has been disconnected; down in the mud—low volume; fuzzy—a tone lacking clarity; nemo—a program broadcast outside the studio; talking in his beard—a muffled voice; town crier—a very loud singer; wow—a nondescript term used in testing microphones but which has no exact meaning; fade in—in volume; fade out—decrease in volume.

Peter Van Steeden is being listed on the sporting pages as an athlete who made good on a band leader. Various lists as an Iowa swimming champion, winner of a Miami tennis tournament, and a former golf professional. Van insists that his swimming strokes are wretched, his tennis strokes worse, and his golfing strokes never have given him better than a 100 for eighteen holes.

Jimmy Lanevers, whose colored aggregation has been making hot-cha at the Cotton Club, is now vaudevilleing all over the U. S. C. Maybe you'll have a chance to see him. This fall Cal Callaway will be back at the Cotton Club.

Take off your hats to Ben Pollack, one of the few maestros, if not the only one, to be heard on sustaining programs over both major networks. The music he makes at the Hotel New Yorker comes to you via CBS, while his Casino de Paris playing is broadcast by NBC. And this achievement of Ben's goes also for Doris Robbins, his attractive singer.

Beware of Hollywood

(Continued from page 85)

show the country how bad these radio people look in a movie," the movie men may have said. "Well show the country its favorites in roles that will make them look like home. Everyone will forget about radio and start spending money for movie tickets again.

If you're interested, you can count three strikes on each of our radio generals. Ed Wynne has his goofy movie. It made it the way he told us it would. Jack Pearl did the same. And Kate Smith. They collected their golden harvest and returned to New York.

Better late than never, they almost lost the war. Critics everywhere used strong and fearful language when they attended their various pictures. People who had lived from one Tuesday to the next waiting for Ed Wynne saw his unfunny film and started buying anything but Fire Chief gas. Jack Pearl's career hit a greased skid. Kate Smith, friend of farmers and firemen, lived to see her own phone which has been disconnected, while his Casino de Paris playing is broadcast by NBC. And this achievement of Ben's goes also for Doris Robbins, his attractive singer.

As I said, there may not have been a war at all, but the evidence shows that three pretty potent broadcasters were rendered temporarily hors de combat by some pretty terrible films.

As for those other generals, Jessica Drag-nett was caught that year—but she signed up the other day and she'll be a-larrying around the cinema circuit any how. For a conductor always has been a double-throat man, good for either method of entertainment.

Now, bringing this conflict up-to-date consider the case of Crosby. Bing Crosby was the first instance of a radio singer being turned into a movie box-office attraction. Paramount Pictures hooked him with a gold-embossed contract and

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LEARN AT HOME

to make

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...A KISS TO REMEMBER

ONE fleeting corpse—to carry with her through the dark days when he belonged to another woman! As long as she lived, eleven o'clock would be a dread hour. Eleven o'clock! John Rhodes and Lida Hampton had stood at the altar, had been made man and wife. Eleven o'clock! And she, Virginia Roslyn, who loved John Rhodes better than life itself, had bent over rheumatic old Mrs. Dobson and forced herself to keep her voice steady as she urged her pain-racked patient to be brave.

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Many people with defective hearing and deafness enjoy conversation, go to theatre and church because they use Leonaud Invisible Ear Glasses which resemble tiny Megaphones fitting to the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. The set inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who won his case.


Kilocycle Quiz

(Continued from page 8)

WELL, get ready for the verdict. You're just about to find out if you're normal or not—or sompin', if you're normal, run out in the back yard and tell your neighbors that you're radio conscious. If not, you'd better get out and have some other kind of music.

Here are the answers to the questions on page 8.

1. W. L. Cincinnati, Ohio.
2. Muriel Wilson sings the role while Rosaline Green does the speaking parts.
3. Connie Boswell. Don't tell us we're wrong and that Helen Morgan also sits because we've seen Helen stand.
4. F. Chase Taylor, otherwise known as Colonel Stoopnagle.
5. Irene Hubbard. Her program is "Maria's Certo Matinee.
7. Amos 'n Andy.

10. George Gershwin.
11. Victor Young.
13. Joseph Pinter is Joe Penner's real name. Before Ben Bernie changed his tag, his ma called him Benjamin Anschutz. Isadore Lahrheim is really Bert Lahr.
15. Lucky Strike Cigarettes.
16. Yes.
17. In Europe the first half of August and in the U. S. after that.
18. Ted Collins, her manager.
19. No. Only NBC.
20. By crushing cellophone before a mike.

Now wasn't that simple? You feel just like flying into a tautroon for having missed some. Didn't you? Do you want some more? If so, let us know. Just drop a line to RADO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Human Side of Edwin C. Hill

(Continued from page 8)

And it made him the star reporter he wanted to be—and on the WJ.

Maybe those human interest stories have been instrumental in making Edwin C. Hill the man that he is—a likable human sort of fellow. Not the ragged, sleepy reporter you might expect of one who must be ready for duty at all hours of the night.

They tell a story about him which illustrates his modesty. A prominent New York columnist once asked him whom he would want to be if he could be somebody else. Mr. Hill said instantly: "My wife's second husband."

When radio wanted a commentator who could take the cold news of the day and find in it little stories of interest to all people, it picked Mr. Hill. He can do that very thing because he knows life—has experienced it, seen it, recorded it.

Why can't you get tickets for a broadcast? Watch for the answers in next month's issue
From Stogies to Stokowski

(Continued from page 21)

listeners east of Pittsburgh. West of there no station picked up the program until forty-five minutes later. A storm had knocked down the lines. But the worst had not yet come. Even though they were not concerned with split seconds, as they are today, it was general radio practice to end a program within a minute or two of its scheduled time. That inaugural program ran two hours and forty-five minutes overtime.

Slowly, fighting every inch of the way, Paley's efforts began to show results. Order was beginning to stand out from chaos. Now was the time for the big decision. Should he, could he, remain a serious contender for some of the laurels his firmly established rivals had won? Boldly he met the challenge. But, with the small studio space and inadequate engineering facilities, it promised an uneven battle, threatened a losing fight.

The company was rapidly approaching the point at which it either must provide increasingly impressive entertainment, or fail completely as a network. Plans for six new studios and office and engineering space were rushed. September 16th, 1929, was set as the date for the official opening.

The first of July arrived and the studios were still incomplete. Tension ran high. Contracts had been made with advertisers who would soon have to be fulfilled. Unless the studios were completed, they couldn't be.

The writer remembers well that night of September 16th, when William Paley, with pretty Olive Shea, Miss Radio of 1929, at his side, stood before the ribbon stretched across the entrance of the new Columbia Broadcasting System building at Madison Avenue, New York City. Paley's quiet smile revealed no trace of the strain he had been under, as with the shears, symbol of triumph, he cut the ribbon.

That dramatically simple clip of the shears was the beginning of a new era in Columbia's brand of radio entertainment, an era in which such names as Morton Downey, Kate Smith and Bing Crosby became radio bywords in every household. Under William Paley's guidance, his organization made radio celebrities almost overnight of such artists as Colonel Stoopnagle and Budid, Guy Lombardo, Bing, Bob and the Boswell Sisters and the Mills Brothers.

But you must remember that William S. Paley was as deeply concerned with the more serious side of broadcast entertainment. Remember how enthusiastically the American School of the Air was received by millions of American children and a good many adults? Remember how sensational were Columbia's first international broadcasts?

Do you recall the first regular nationwide symphonic programs which came to you in 1930 over CBS with the broadcast of New York Philharmonic Symphony? And even the radio world didn't dream, back in those days, that such a dignified organization as the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski would ever go on the air sponsored by a cigarette manufacturer.

You should see young William Paley in the midst of these fights for stations, artists and sponsors. Despite all his accomplishments he has the same youthful enthusiasm he had when he began. He sits behind a desk as cleared for action as the deck of a destroyer tearing into battle. Tall, dark skinned, head shoddered, he would look as well behind the breach of a roaring naval gun as the telephone into which he speaks quietly, yet decisively.

No papers clutter his desk. No messy deals clutter his mind. He would rather write a check and frequently does, to clear an unpleasant situation, than to indulge in useless recrimination.

If anything suggesting unfairness intrudes on his ceaseless fight to build Columbia, it doesn't trouble him for long. He will fuss and fume for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he'll say, "The hell with it!" That's the last ever heard of it unless the subject is forced on him.

Nothing has seemed to dampen Paley's enthusiasm for his network. After six years of hard battle, he still whoops joyously at a challenge. Not long ago he was so carried away by his own sales arguments that he sold time to an advertiser when he hadn't really wanted to. He could have gotten more revenue from another client.

Today, the Columbia Broadcasting System is operating a network of 101 stations. In the first six months of 1934, its income from selling time on the air to advertisers was $7,730,000. That's what has happened under the leadership of William S. Paley, the youngest network executive who ever, one said, would never make a go of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Courts, courts, courts! Glory be to the courts! Stars are suing, have been sued and will continue to sue. So RADIO STARS bursts out next month with a nerve-gripping tale called "I'll Be Suing You."
the outer tip of the triangle shading off to nothing under the eyebrow and the lower tip shading off to a point about half way between the nose and the middle of cheek. The base should follow a slight curve between the two shadow tips. This manner of application has been used successfully over a number of years by an important firm and is still the wisest way to put on rouge, for whether your face is broad or thin, the rouge will look natural. As on a large face, the triangle of rouge will cover a larger area than the same on a thin face.

I n the day time it's better not to be eccentric in makeup. Save it for the evening. Color lines on the temples, or in hard circles under the eyes, or rounding the hollows of the cheeks, are not in the least ingenious for the day wear.

Now we're ready for the eyes—shadow, pencil, mascara and all. It is amazing to me how little most women use of their eyes. They are one of our best features and certainly a chief charm, yet you find women taking them for granted, and often, in fact, neglecting and even abusing them.

During the day use a little less eye makeup than at night. Remove all powder from and around eyes. Then cover the entire lid with eye shadow, brushing upward and outward, letting it fade into the eyebrow. Leave no hard lines of color, and see that the corners of the eyelids are shadowed. Under the eyes use the very slightest bit. Well-formed brows do not need penciling, but a touch of brilliantine for gloss. For sparse eyebrows, pencil the hairs rather than the skin, unless they are already or soon will be straggly and short. Then extend line on skin.

You may pencil the lashes, upper and lower, but I prefer mascara. Brush it first on the upper lashes. Half closing the eye, apply mascara with a downward sweep over the top, then open the eye and brush upward under the lashes into a curving sweep. With eyes wide open, carefully mask the lashes of the lower lids. You will never realize, until you experiment a number of times, just how starry and attractive your eyes can be.

Black mascara in general is for dark lashes. You, with a clear skin and light eyes and dark hair, can use blue. For light haired persons with light eyes, green is good under artificial lights. Brown is usually best for blondes and red hair types.

In choosing eye shadow, you'll find that green is good for blondes and red heads; blue for grey or blue eyes; brown for brown and hazel eyes. Purple is for all in the evening. Green eyes can use blue or brown, which ever blends better with the eyes and the ensemble of color.

The finishing touch—the lips. Relax. Brush off all signs of powder. To bring out the natural color and avoid that painted look, another trick is to match the shade of lipstick with the membrane of the inside of the lower lip. In general follow the natural contour in applying color. If your mouth is too large, rouge the center of the lips, but do not carry it to the corners of the mouth. On the other hand, if your mouth is too small, rouge to the corners. To avoid the appearance of thick lips, keep well within the color line of them. To accent thin ones, apply the lipstick to the very edge, but very slightly beyond. At night be more generous.

Evening makeup must vary, naturally, from that of the day, because of the difference in lights. Choose the cosmetics for the lights under which they are to be seen. Usually you will need brighter colors. There should be more orange tones in the rouge, lighter powder and darker eye-shadow. Purple, as I remarked, is good for all eyes at night. Golden blondes with yellow skin tints, who use shades of ochre in the day, can use flesh. On light blondes with pinkish skin, orchid is attractive. The olive-skinned girls need flesh or rachel and you with dark hair and clear skins should try orchid or yellow. If you skin take light rouge and olive ones need brilliant or medium. Touch the cars and chin with it, too—aids pinyan.

You can stick to your usual shade of mascara, but put it on more heavily. Here's a stunt that lots of radio stars do. Apply cream to the lashes, wipe off excess. Now powder over this, then put on the mascara. Each lash will stand out like a star apart. Here are some tricks, better to use at night than in the day. A dent of rouge under the top of the nose will make it appear shorter. A double chin slightly rouged will make it less obvious. A broad face will look thinner if you apply rouge to the back of the cheek, and hollows can be filled out by putting powder on the cheeks in front of the ears. Rouge the sides of your fingers to acquire long slender hands.

A hint for you girls who have a sun tan—remember that the skin takes on yellowish tints, so powder should be chosen with this in mind. Eye shadow, in most cases, should be brown. Lipstick, rouge and mascara remain the same as usual.

T AKE a Sunday afternoon off, invite your girl friend around and experiment with makeup. Put it on and take it off. Try all kinds of ways to apply rouge and lipstick, different shades of powder, eye shadow and mascara. Remember that makeup is essential in every girl's toilette. It is as important as the dress and the shoes you wear. Too many of us associate it with the idea of dressing up and going some place. All wrong. Put your makeup from creams to the last touch of color when you get up in the morning. Refresh it several times a day.

Oh, by the way, last week I ran across a grand line of new cosmetics. Have you been using them for the past five days and I hardly recognize my complexion it's so improved. They're a boon to the skin, certainly, and done up in the most adorable containers. You'll love them.

There's a skin cleanser that nourishes the skin and makes an excellent nightly facial, so you should leave it on a bit longer to do its work. For quick cleansing,
which is a boon during the day when you don’t have much time to fuss around, there is a cream that liquefies instantly and rolls the dirt right out of the pores. And the vanishing cream! One little dab and you can be sure your powder will stay on all evening. The powder, incidentally, gives you that lovely pearly complexion that’s so rare. And believe it or not, the lipstick stays on—and looks pinuply natural.

For warm weather I’ve found that talc and cologne keep you dainty and fresh. Usually I reserve perfume for the evening. These are also included in this thoughtful manufacturer’s products. And they are all in consistent scent. And what fragrance! I’m beginning to realize why they have been given such a unique name—they are just what they are called, they have a most subtle and elusive odor—makes you want to discover who’s wearing it. Drop me a line and I’ll let you in on the secret. New I have something else to tell you about. I have a generous sample of the kind of face cream that you’ve dreamed of. It’s a four in one—(1) It cleanses; (2) it softens and refines the skin, helping to give it that youthful freshness; (3) after the cleansing is finished and the cream removed you have a perfect base for your makeup; and (4) it gets after those pesky whiteheads. A generous sample of powder goes with the cream. When you send for these, tell me the shade powder you want. And don’t forget—makeup can give character, expression and personality to the plainest as well as to the most vivacious and interesting features. Keep young and beautiful!” Of course, it’s a woman-size job and requires daily care, but it’s worth it—“if you want to be loved!”

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**He Won’t Be Bossed**

(Continued from page 9)

them were deciding factors in their success or failure. Then he jumped over to the New York Herald as dramatic critic and followed that with three years in the same capacity for the New York World. Now he’s doing the same thing for the American Weekly.

A colorful fellow, he pounces on human weaknesses and holds them up to ridicule one moment and is the soul of kindness the next.

Sunday mornings at the Woolceston apart-

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**Back Talk**

(Continued from page 7)

on Miss Mack’s programs are no more precocious nor clever than the average. Precociousness, coyness and cuteness are not encouraged by her. She never ap-

But here’s the question that may be uppermost in the minds of many of you. Does your child have a chance on the air? Miss Mack’s answer is, “A hundred to one it hasn’t.” Even if it has, and did get on

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Sometimes it’s the man who pays and pays. Joe Cook knows, for when he turned the Cook love nest into a gay merry-go-round of entertainment the one great love of his life walked out—leaving a loneliness he cannot escape.
the situation which was a nice gesture, especially since Joe couldn’t help what had happened.

Ah, to be a champ! It must be a glorious feeling. To be a radio star must be a better feeling. And give a guy a movie contract and a few stage appearances and he’d be in glory hallelujah. Well, Max Baer ought to know. He has all of that. But listen to this: Carnera, the ex-champ, who also had a part in movies, was forgotten within a week. The other day, at the Marguerity, where a radio party was in progress, Carnera sat alone in a dining room which all other guests avoided. While Max, the champ, fought off crowds in another part of the town. Lots of radio stars of yesteryear are in the same boat. It’s a cruel world, sometimes.

Lee Wiley is radio’s moving girl! She has lived in five places within a year and a half. “Oh, I don’t like the view from that side window,” she said as she packed her bags at the last domicile.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 6)

Love at least one hot dish with cold food during the summer. Not only does it make for pleasant contrast but the body needs some warm food. Spaghetti is another delicious hot dish that is a complete meal in itself and, if you finish it off with a green salad or some fruit, you have the bread of meal, whether it’s luncheon, dinner or supper. Too, it can be served within five minutes after stepping into the house and will delight the most demanding epicure.

The sandwiches, all shapes, colors and sizes, which followed the soup, took only fifteen minutes to make. You wonder how? Well, there is simply no end of potted and deviled meats and fowl to be had—all prepared ready to use—and all kinds of various pastes and sandwich spreads. Besides these, if you’ll notice your grocer’s shelves, you will see catup and chili sauce and many other condiments that will add that indefinable something to your food. And for every such article put out by a reliable manufacturer (and always buy only these, if you want to be certain of quality and cleanliness in packing), there is a booklet of receipts of un- usual and tasty dishes that you will enjoy making. So you not only get a good product, but acquire an added skill in cookery.

I SIMPLY loved Vivien’s rolled sandwiches. You make them by cutting all the crust from a loaf of very fresh bread. Then cut the loaf longwise into very thin slices with a sharp knife. Always use creamed butter to spread sandwiches. After you spread, add filling, then carefully roll the slices the same as you would a jelly roll. Fasten with tooth picks or paste tie with ribbons which add quite a gay note. Slice as thin or as thick as you please.

For other sandwiches, use bread a day old. You can cut off the crust either before or after slicing. While it takes a bit more work, I like to slice it with the crust on as you can cut it thinner and it’s less likely to break. Then cut the crust off before filling. This way you won’t spread the filling too close to the edge, which avoids oozing at the sides when eaten. To make the fancy shapes Vivien used cookie cutters.

Most sandwich fillings are good on any breads, so be guided by your taste and imagination. These are some she used:

1. Equal parts of minced chicken, tongue, ham and celery moistened with mayonnaise.
2. Equal parts of chopped chicken and almonds moistened with mayonnaise.
3. Grated American cheese (1 cup), chili sauce (1/3 cup), chopped onions, Worcestershire sauce (1 teaspoon) and a dash of paprika.

Other cheese combinations were made with:
- 1 cup grated American cheese, 1/2 cup crushed walnuts (pecans or almonds can also be used) and 1/2 cup creamed butter.
- One with: 1 cup of grated American cheese, 1/4 cup each of chopped raisins, dates and peanut butter.

Cream together 3 tablespoons of butter, 2 teaspoons of tomato catsup, 2 teaspoons of lemon juice, 2 table-spoons of chopped stuffed olives and 1/2 cup of sardines, for another delicious filling.

Plain thin sliced cucumbers, water-cress or lettuce are always refreshing. But here is a fancier mixture: 1/2 cup butter, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 2 teaspoon of kitchen bouquet, a dash of paprika and celery salt. Spread this mixture on bread and add a filling of 2 chopped hard cooked eggs, pickled capers, chopped olives and anchovy paste. Mix these ingredients to suit taste.

These were the sandwiches that particularly appealed to me, but there are literally hundreds of combinations you can try, for, remember, as I said there is simply no end of potted and deviled meats and fowl, besides all kinds of fish pastes and various prepared spreads.

A delightfully original note that Vivien added to her sandwiches was that some of them were perfumed—don’t gasp—it tasted good. You see, she told us that if you put butter and bread into a covered bowl with freshly picked violets, clover, roses or whatever scent you like, the bread and butter will take on that fragrance.

The baked bean roll with a sausage in the center lasted about one split second after it was served. She made this by slightly mashing one can of baked beans and adding one tablespoon of thick mayonnaise (this is to make them stick together) and then molding this mixture around a prepared sausage roll. It was then placed in the refrigerator to chill and set so that it could be sliced. This and the ice are the only thing that had been made beforehand and, as she said, they just happened to be in the icobox. Lucky for us.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you how those little turtles were made—she quickly mixed a prepared biscuit flour and shaped the dough into small oblongs instead of the usual rounds. You can make a cutter by bending the top of a baking powder can. When the biscuits were baked she split them to cool. Then spread them with the sardine mixture. Next she sliced a sweet pickle longwise. Five slices made the two front legs, the two back ones and a tail. The head was a whole sweet pickle.

In this day and age we aren’t dipping candles or spinning thread to weave into cloth to make a dress, most of us don’t even make a dress, nowadays, for that matter. So, why should we spend unnecessary time and energy over a hot stove when manufacturers provide us with food prepared by the most skilled of chefs and scientists whose life work is to achieve rare flavors and dishes that none of us could ever make. Too, just the thought of you probably know from experience, it’s impossible to keep much more than a daily supply of perishable foods on hand. So, remember, tubes, jars and cans not only mean a well-stocked pantry to meet any windfall of guests or relatives, but in their gas packaging they add a colorful and decorative note of plenty to the shelves.

By the way, the recipe for the delicious ice, which you can vary with any flavor you prefer, together with recipes for nut bars, brownies, and crystallized orange peel are included in this month’s folder, which you can get by filling in the coupon below with your name and address and mailing to Radio Stars.

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RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me VIVIEN RUTH’S Recipes.

Name _______________________________ (Print in pencil)
Address ____________________________ (Street and number)
City ____________________________ State __________________________

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Danville, N. Y.
THE story of Du Barry is like a scarlet thread across the history of France; the story of a woman's rise from the streets of Paris to the Palace at Versailles . . . the story of a woman a king loved and a country feared!

From the first moment of seeing her Louis was captivated by her charm, by her little feminine tricks, by the way her hands fluttered a little when she talked, and by her voice now tender, now gay. He had never known a woman so tantalizingly beautiful.

As these pages of pageantry unfold for you in the September Screen Romances you will be transported into the most romantic period of France's history. You will thrill with excitement as you read this love story which took place so long ago. You will admire this woman who dared all to become a King's love.

This novelization of Warner Brothers-First National Picture, appears complete in the September issue along with eleven other screen stories, all profusely illustrated with stills from the actual productions.

Read These Stories in the September Issue:

玛哈德杜巴莉, 多洛雷斯·德·里奥, 费德里克·马奇, 太太, 布里托、柯克·斯宾塞和罗伯特·赫伦、华纳·贝里和杰基·库珀, 珍珠鸟, 华纳·博克特和马奇·埃文思, 她和他, 加里·格兰特和格温妮丝·图宾, 哈迪·安迪, 威尔·罗杰斯, 查理·卓别林的勇气, 华纳·格兰德, 鲁克·再次, 梅丽安·尼森和奈尔·汉密尔顿, 他们如何摧毁, 达里·肯尼和沃纳·康纳利, 黑色摩门, 杰克·霍尔和 Fay Way, 摩尔·福克, 吉米·杜兰特和马克·道格。
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