AWAKEN love... Be utterly Irresistible

AWAKEN love with the lure men can't resist... exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It stirs senses... thrills... sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you... paying you compliments... begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

To be completely fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure is the new lipstick that melts into your lips leaving no paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satiny-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes... stays on for hours... gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Be irresistible tonight... buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Ask at your 5 and 10¢ store for Irresistible Perfume, Lip Lure, Face powder, Vanishing, Liquefying, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brillantine, Talcum Powder. Guaranteed to be pure. Full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.
E N D I N G C O R N S U F F E R I N G I S E A S Y

AND SAFE

This Scientific Way!

No bother—no fuss—no discomfort—no danger of infection... just instant pain relief, and safe removal of corn in 3 days.

If you knew of a way to end corn suffering that was so safe and scientific that it had been used successfully by 30,000,000 corn sufferers wouldn’t you try it yourself? There is such a sure, easy way, used by millions for 35 years—and a visit to any corner drug store will permit you to try it. It is called Blue-Jay. The cost is small, the results are certain!

What It Does

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, stops the pain and ache instantly, by removing shoe pressure. You go about your work in complete comfort... forget you ever had a corn. In the meantime, the safe Blue-Jay medication is undermining the corn in a mild and gentle manner without the slightest irritation. In 3 days the corn lifts right out—and is gone forever!

Blue-Jay works where it should—on the corn, not on surrounding skin. Smart shoes can be worn in comfort. The special Blue-Jay snug-fitting “common sense” pad takes care of that!

This soft felt pad not only feels like a cushion, but is ventilated so tender skin heals quicker. It is held securely in place by the narrow strip of Wet-Pro® adhesive. (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

This famous corn remover is made for you by Bauer & Black, for 40 years one of America’s leading manufacturers of surgical dressings.

Try It Now

Get Blue-Jay today from your nearest drug store. Follow the simple instructions that come with it—and in 3 days your corn will be really gone!

(25c a package. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.)
IT RELIEVED MY MISERY

- I was practically a chronic invalid from dizziness, headaches, bile, and all the things that come with persistent constipation. I'd just as soon have been dead. Finally my husband insisted that I try FEEN-A-MINT—it had fixed him up from gas on his stomach when he was away on a business trip. I was just amazed at the effect it had—right from the first one I began to improve. It was wonderful. It agreeably removes that feeling of fluidance, and the dizzy spells have stopped. It works so thorough—yet doesn't weaken my system or give me the cramps other laxatives did.

For men, women, and children

Because it is effective and still gentle, we are always getting letters from women about what FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their children. And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears their system out thoroughly, too. Because you must chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more evenly through the clogged intestines, works more thoroughly. No harmful violence. And so easy and pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gum. 15,000,000 people depend on it. Try it yourself. 15 and 25c at your druggist's.

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RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR
ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR
WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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“IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!”

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in “Another Language”. Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole’s famed “Vanessa”. When Helen Hayes says: “He has the devil in him... but I love him” she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!

HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE’S NOVEL
Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

with
LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
No need for headaches to spoil your fun!

MISS J. C. D. . . . whose date book is always filled . . . went to the movies in the afternoon. Her eyes began to hurt; her head to throb...

but she knows from experience that a Bromo-Seltzer saves many a splitting headache. Right after the show she orders one...

and that night she feels fine. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only relieves her throbbing head but calmed and relaxed her nervous strain.

Bromo-Seltzer is like a prescription. It is the balanced headache relief and contains 5 medicinal ingredients. Promptly relieves the headache itself . . . its distressing after-affects . . . and often, too, its cause.

Bromo-Seltzer brings you extra benefits. Calms, relaxes. Supplies alkali to combat acidity. Refreshes you. A standby for over 40 years, it contains no narcotics; doesn't upset the stomach. Effective after the faze stops as well as while it's fizzing. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Maryland and Bromo-Seltzer, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

IF YOUR CHIN IS DOING AN ENCORE, MARGARET BRAINARD CAN TELL YOU HOW TO FACE IT

E VRYONE has seen people rhythmically chewing gum in street cars, trains and movie houses. Yet how many of us ever realize that it is just such commonplace of life which can be turned into money?

Margaret Brainard is making her fortune from it. No doubt most of you have heard her programs in which she reveals how to build your facial contour by chewing gum.

Sound silly? A good many intelligent women don't think so.

One of them is the middle-aged society matron who came to meet two friends for dinner in the swank Palm Garden of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in New York. Clad in an expensive mink coat and displaying beautiful jewels, she swept into the room apparently unconscious of the steady manipulation of her jaws. Her chin was a bit on the double side, so that the general effect, contrasted with her otherwise dignified bearing, was rather startling.

As she came up to her friends and realized she was chewing so vigorously, her embarrassment was obvious. "Oh my dears," she blurted, "I've just heard the silliest program. It's all about making your face beautiful by chewing gum. I tried it tonight, but I forgot to throw away my gum before I came in. It sounds perfectly ridiculous, but I really think there must be something in it."

With that she removed an unbelievably large wad of gum from her mouth, deposited it in an ash tray and with the other two swept in to dinner.

Though Margaret Brainard has caught the interest of the wealthy women, her programs are particularly designed for those who run homes or who are in business—women who have neither the leisure nor the means for elaborate beauty treatments.

She conceived these exercises for women of this class because she herself raised two children even while she was earning a living developing a beauty business.

In meeting the bright-eyed, alert and lovely Miss Brainard, you would put her age in the early thirties. So, if the twenty-three-year-old Warren, who frequently visits in her New York office, entered, you would doubtless mentally label him as her brother, rather than her married son. Her daughter, Peggy, is fifteen.

(Continued on page 98)
HELEN: My new dress is all breaking away under the arms—what do you suppose is the matter?

MARY: Perhaps there are some harsh chemicals in your underarm cosmetics.

HELEN: But I have to do something about perspiration!

MARY: Do anything else you like but if you want to protect your dress be sure to use Kleinert's Dress Shields, too! You can get them for as little as 25c.

(Next day)

HELEN: (sewing them in). NOW I'll be able to keep my dresses fresh and new-looking the way you do.

MARY: And if you buy Kleinert's Blue Label, you can even boil your dress shields in soap suds!

ALL KLEINERT'S Dress Shields—even the most inexpensive—are guaranteed to protect your dress from underarm friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. Genuine Kleinert Dress Shields are now obtainable in the store where you bought this magazine as well as in all other good notion departments.

When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can’t curl • Washable • Some are pinless • From 25c to $1.00 each • All Notion Counters.
WHY feel brought on by a skin trouble? Do you know why you should pinch a fish? Allen Prescott can tell you!

**Didja know** that Allen Prescott, alias the Wife Saver, one of the best recipe broadcasters, can't cook? Can't boil, can't bake, can't baste...no ma'am, the man can't cook.

**Didja know** that this curly headed package of household hints can't wash a fork, can't peel a potato and doesn't know one end of a broom from another?

**Didja know** that well over half the hints, recipes, kitchen tricks and homemaking advice he broadcasts comes from you and you and you? Still, if you didn't like him so much you wouldn't send them to him, wouldja?

**Didja know** that most of the letters he gets have to do with the two minutes he sets aside in each broadcast for what he calls *didja-knows?* A *didja-know*, for you who have missed the program, is a gobbled-up practical household information—a labor saver neatly done up in a wiserack.

"Oh, *didja know*, girls, that tea keeps better in a glass jar with a stopper than in a tin can?" he inquires jovially. "Well, it does, and for all we know so would you and I.

That's just a sam-

---

**Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"**

**WHY** put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you? Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure Pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You look better and feel better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

---

**YEAST FOAM TABLETS**

---

**RADIO STARS**

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**HE SAVES WIVES FOR A LIVING**

---

**Allen Prescott, right, calls himself "The Wife Saver." He's a native of St. Louis.**
SMART women everywhere are using Tintex. These magic tints and dyes have become a necessity in thousands and thousands of homes. In the twinkling of an eye they restore the original color to faded apparel or home decorations... or give fashionable new color, if you prefer. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse." Expensive? Not a bit...

... Tintex costs only a few pennies, but saves dollars. Keep a supply always on hand. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Park & Tilford, Distributors

Tintex

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES
RADIO STARS

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL
EXERCISE COCKTAILS WILL MAKE YOU SLENDER, SUPPLE, SPARKLING

By Mary Biddle

Mary Biddle is going to give you "a hand" at the very start with your exercise program, a sort of reward for all your good resolutions. She has a little present for you . . . a very lovely hand lotion. Write for the gift pocket to Mary Biddle, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. The offer is limited, so write in early. Don't forget to ask for copies of her diet and exercise instructions if you want them!

Beauty, health, and a lovely figure are now at your very fingertips through the magic of the radio dial. I mean that, "figure-atively" speaking, for with a twist of the dial, you can bring two experts right into your own private home gymnasium to instruct you in the art of developing a perfect figure, a lithe carriage, and a happier outlook on life when you gaze in a full-length mirror. With the famous Madame Sylvia of Hollywood and now of Radio, and Arthur E. Bagley, director of the largest gymnasium class in the world, as your "keeping fit" instructors, you should accomplish wonders if you yourself give them the right co-operation.

Last month in these columns we talked about Radio's Beauty Queen, the lovely Dorothy Page, and emphasized the part that sports, and most especially swimming, have played in her health and beauty career. She has the vital sort of beauty that goes with perfect health. Classic features mean nothing without health and vitality, a beautiful body, sparkling eyes, and a clear skin. And the woman who possesses these things is beautiful in the only important sense of the word. So because of the supreme importance of health, and thus in the final analysis of exercise and diet; and because we've all of us been lounging over the radiators too much this winter, and getting too little exercise, I scoured around for the simplest, most common-sense advice I could find to give you this month about those two bogies, exercise and diet.

Diet and exercise! Now don't curl down further into the warm bed covers, or cut yourself another slice of chocolate marshmallow layer cake when you hear those words. Here's good news for you.

You know there are exercise fanatics, and diet fanatics, who scare off even the hardiest souls with their complicated, and sometimes bewildering, advice. I have known many a physical "culturist" who rarely practiced what he preached; and many a one, who, if he did practice what he preached, failed to get very far in point of results. Thus to find two people whose advice is simple and sane; who actually practice what they preach, and get results themselves; and who offer no false lures of sugar-coated, soft-cushioned ways of keeping fit or reducing or gaining weight; and to find their instructions available on the radio. . . all this is something of a miracle.

We're going to start right off with getting you out of bed (it may be a cold morning, but we're going to be hard boiled about this) to the tune of the chimes of Mr. Bagley's early morning broadcast. The chimes always open and close the exercise program. I attended one of these early morning broadcasts (Continued on page 63)
Kilocycle Quiz

[Here's a good parlor game for your radio-minded guests. Have them try to answer the following questions in no more than eight minutes.]

1. Have you, within the past six months, heard the word "belching" on the air?
2. Who won the 1934 Best Announcer's Award?
3. What's the name of Bing Crosby's younger brother now in radio?
4. Is Phil Duce a comedian, tenor, actor, baritone or announcer?
5. Is Lanny Ross married?
6. Does Paul White man have any sons?
7. Who is the girl singing on the Camel Caravan over CBS?
8. Who is the director of Hal Kemp's orchestra?
9. Has Lawrence Tibbett ever appeared in the movies?
10. How old is Madame Sylvia of Hollywood?
11. Jane Froman is a native of what state?
12. Who directs the orchestra on the Sunday evening hour operas in English?
13. What artist ends all programs by saying, "Goodnight, Mother?"
14. What famous comedian is switching sponsors and networks this month?
15. What famous violinist-maestro is switching sponsors and networks this month?
16. From what city does the Charles Previn-Countess Albani Sunday night show originate?
17. What program won last month's RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio?
18. Are the three Pickens Sisters really sisters?
19. What radio artist has the same last name as the product he advertises?
20. What two brothers have their own orchestras, both playing in New York hotels and both on the networks?
21. Who are two other maestros, both on the networks, with the same last name?
22. What well-known news commentator of the air and press expects to be a father again this summer?
23. Who is the author of Jack Benny's program scripts?

(Answers on page 99)

RADIO STARS

Bill made me cry a month ago...

...but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!

It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.

"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—and that means leftover dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt.

And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

You bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar!...Fels & Co., Phil., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1938

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap
RADIO STARS

BOARD OF REVIEW

**** Excellent
**** Good
**** Fair
** Poor
* Not Recommended

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

**** PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH CLADYS SWARTHOUT, JOHN BARCLAY AND NAT SHILKRETS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR-DESTROY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** THE JELLO PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).
**** GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERTS (NBC).
**** THE MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
**** ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
**** CHASE AND SANBORN ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE CONCERTS WITH GLADDYS SWARTHOUT, NELSON EDDIE, RICHARD CROOKS AND WILLIAM S. ROYAL'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT, THE TOWN CRIER, ROVER SMITH'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** CHERRY AND THE ORCHESTRA SERIES WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR (CBS).
**** FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
**** LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH WILFRED PELLEGRIN ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
**** SWIFT HOUR WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG AND DR. WILLIAM LYON HELPS (NBC).
**** LUX RADIO THEATRE (NBC).
**** PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
**** CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGNETTE (NBC).
**** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
**** AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FAMOUS MUSIC WITH VICTOR MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENSCHE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** SENTINELS SERENADE WITH JOSEF KOSTELNICK'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (NBC).
**** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
**** "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNN, HAZEL GLENN AND GUS HAENSCHE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND OLLA ALBANI (NBC).
**** LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER PARKER, ANNETTE HANSHAW, GLEN GRAVES' CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA AND TED HUSING (CBS).

**** THE LEADERS

Again the top show is the same. And the second in line last month is again second this month. Many of the other shows listed among past month leaders are again topnotchers. All of which must indicate that radio is being consistent with its good fare. There are ties for third, fourth and fifth places. Only the shows listed in this box are listed in the order of their rank. The others are merely grouped in classes of four stars, three stars, etc.

1. **** The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC).
2. **** Town Hall Tonight (NBC).
3. **** The Jello Program (NBC).
4. **** Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS).
5. **** General Motors Concert (NBC).
6. **** The March of Time (CBS).
7. **** Chase & Sanborn Opera Guild (NBC).
8. One Man's Family (NBC).

**** THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).
**** RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
**** ADVENTURES OF GRACIE WITH BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).
**** A. P. CYRELES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** SONGS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE HAMPTON AND NAT SHILKRETS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
**** THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).
**** CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC).
**** BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
**** LADY ESTHER'S PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** EDDY ARNOLD AND HIS SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
**** "MELODIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIANE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
**** "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY ANTHOLOGY" WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** GULF HEADLINERS WITH STOOPNAGLE AND BUD (CBS).
**** COLGATE HOUSE SHOW WITH CONRAD TRIBAUT AND AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
**** PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBS (NBC).
**** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISSMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).
**** VIC AND SAGE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
**** CONNOISSEUR PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK Denny and his Orchestra with John B. Kennedy (NBC).
**** DEATH VALLEY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
**** THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
**** ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
**** THE SINGING LADY (NBC).

Will Rogers, left, pops up now and then on the Sunday night oil program.

Yvivia M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Joe Haeber
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N.Y.

John G. Yeger
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.
"I took it myself when I was a little girl"

**RCA Radiotron Company's "Radiotone Party" (NBC).**

**The Pontiac Program with Jane Froman and Frank Black (NBC).**

**Lanny Ross and His Log Cabin Inn with Guest Stars (NBC).**

**Warden Lewis E. Lawes in 20,000 Stars in Sing Sing (NBC).**

**Plantation Echoes with Willard Robinson's Orchestra (NBC).**

**"Open House" with Freddy Martin's Orchestra (CBS).**

**Isham Jones and His Orchestra with Guests Stars and Mixed Bag (NBC).**

**Major Bowes' Capitol Family (NBC).**

**The Maybelline Musical Revue with Don Mario and Jack Grant (NBC).**

**Harry Reiser and His Dream Catcher Revue with Ray Heatherton and the La Centra (NBC).**

**The Armco Iron-Black Band with Frank Simon's Band (NBC).**

**American Bosch Radio Explorers with Dixie Dugan and Christian Adamson and Capt. James P. Baker (NBC).**

**Campana's First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Amiche (NBC).**

**Dick Leiber's Musical Revue with Robert Armbruster and Mary Courtland (NBC).**

**Intimate Revue with Jane Froman, Al Goodman (NBC).**

**"Let's Dance" Three-Hour Dance Revue with Kermit May, Xavier Cugat and Benny Goodman (NBC).**

**Between the Bookends (CBS).**

**Imperial Hawaiian Dance Band with Abe Lyman (CBS).**

**Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).**

**Modern Minstrels, CBS Morning Hour (CBS).**

**Laugh Clinic with Doctors Pratt and Sherman (CBS).**

**Bing Crosby (CBS).**

**Hollywood Hotel with Dick Powell, Louella Parsons and Ted Fig-Rito (CBS).**

**Tito Guizar's Midday Serenade (CBS).**

**Little Miss Bar-0's Surprise Party with Mary Small and Guests (NBC).**

**Sally of the Talkies (NBC).**

**The Pitch Program with Wendell Hall (NBC).**

**Cherie! Inspirational Talks and Music (NBC).**

**The Dixie Dandies Minstrel (NBC).**

**Studebaker Champions with Richard W. Hoeve's Orchestra (NBC).**

**Today's Children, Dramatic Sketch (NBC).**

**Betty and Bob, Dramatic Sketch (NBC).**

**Jan Garber's Supper Club with Dorothy Page (NBC).**

**Sinclair Greater Minstrel (NBC).**

**Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins, Dramatic Sketch (NBC).**

**Household Musical Memories with Alice Allyn and Jose Keuster's Band (NBC).**

**Mary Pickford and Company (NBC).**

**Red for Welch, Dramatic Sketch (NBC).**

**Bathing the Side of the Road" with Tony Wons (NBC).**

**The Jenkins Program with Walter Winchell (NBC).**

**Little Known Facts About Well Known People with Dale Carnegie (NBC).**

**Clarke, Lu, 'N' EM (NBC).**

**Roake Carter (CBS).**

**Eno Crime Clues (CBS).**

**Clima-Line Carnival (NBC).**

**Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).**

**Kansas City Rhythm Orchestra with Charley Hopper (NBC).**

**Ed Wynn, The Fire Chief (NBC).**

**National Barn Dance (NBC).**

**Pat Henry with Andy Kassel and His Kassels in the Air Orchestra (CBS).**

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

**Fredric March Drama - "The Plow That Broke the Plains" in Washington Tonight (NBC).**

**"Benjamin Franklin" Dramatic Sketch (CBS).**

**The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).**

**Red Davis Sketch with Burgess Meredith (NBC).**

**Dangers Paradise with Elsie Leslie and Dick Dawson (CBS).**

**Phil Harris' Orchestra (NBC).**

**Jaspar Robison and his Buckeroos (CBS).**

**Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).**

**Myrt and Margie", Dramatic Sketch (CBS).**

**One Night Stands with Pick and Fox (NBC).**

**Smiling Ed McConnell (CBS).**

**Floyd Gibbons' Orchestra (NBC).**

**Ex-Lax Program with Bud Gluskin and Group (NBC).**

**Madame Sylvia of Hollywood (NBC).**

---

**HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.**

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are... reasons!

**Ex-Lax checks on every point**

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points... Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on all.

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positive will not form a habit — you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you can take Ex-Lax as a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities — combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way — that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something" — a certain satisfaction — that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

---

**COLD WAVE Here... and we mean colds.**

Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up — KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

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**WHEN NATURE FORGETS — REMEMBER EX-LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**
THE THRILL

By MARY PICKFORD

as told to
Walter Ramsey

THE radio is my new love and right now it is my most important career! No, I haven't forgotten the stage, and the movies are part and parcel of my life. But I have always believed that professional women should have two careers—one to be the background, the framework, the foundation; the other to be something done for the sheer joy and love of doing it! In my case, motion pictures are, of course, the foundation. Radio I am doing for the excitement and keen interest I find in the work. I am so completely wrapped up in my new thrill, I am afraid everything else is going to have to wait for a while.

Down at the station from where my programs are broadcast, they are beginning to have a lot of fun with me. You see, I can't keep away from the place. On my days off, I take a "bus man's holiday" right back to the studios and watch other companies rehearse! That's how badly I'm bitten by the radio bug.

I read in the paper the other day that Rudy Vallee was sweet enough to say he was thrilled, because I was on hand to introduce his program, which was being broadcast temporarily from the West Coast. As a matter of fact they couldn't keep me away that day. I greatly envy radio headliners like Mr. Vallee who have such poise and confidence before that "ol' devil, Mike" and I love to watch them at work.

The other day a friend said: "Mary, I simply can't understand your hectic enthusiasm for all this. After the thrills and excitement of making pictures I should think the cut-and-dried-now-you're-on-and-now-you're-off system of the radio would be boring to you."

Boring? This is my little secret—just between the half million of us—I can't sleep for a couple of nights before I go on at eight o'clock Wed-
OF MY LIFE

WHY DO THEY CALL MARY PICKFORD THE HARDEST WORKER IN HOLLYWOOD? AND THE SMARTEST BUSINESS WOMAN? THIS STORY IS A CLUE...

Wednesday evenings for my radio half-hour over the network. That is how boring the cut-and-dried system of radio is to me. As much as I love pictures I can't ever remember losing any great amount of sleep over one.

Radio is so new to me, so exhilarating! About me there are new faces, new personalities, new ideas working in a new medium! There are no traditions; no hard and fast rules to fight, such as one encounters on the stage, and, yes, in Hollywood, too. The minute you step foot in a radio station you feel that the big trails of radio are waiting to be blazed! The demand is for newness . . . aliveness . . . originality. There is no one to say, "We can't do that because it doesn't go well in Podunk." On the radio there are no yesterdays, only tomorrows. And for that one reason it will always remain the most perpetually youthful entertainment. It is the art of sound and mystery. The idea of the unseen artist playing to his or her unseen audience is awe-inspiring.

When that all-important little red light goes on it demands perfection. To me, it is as though it spoke and said: "For thirty minutes, to the very clock tick, your voice and personality will be hurled through space into the homes and perhaps the hearts of millions of people. You must do what you have to do perfectly, for there is no turning back the hands of the clock, no rectifying of mistakes. These few minutes of time demand your ultimate effort!"

In making pictures, it is entirely different. We rehearse and rehearse until we think we have the scene and our lines perfectly. Even after the camera starts to grind, it does not really matter if we make a mistake. You say "Sorry" . . . the director says "Cut" . . . and everyone starts all over again. On the stage, before such a small group, mistakes are frequently covered up by ad-libbing and general stalling until the prompter can conveniently give you your cue. But the moment you step into that sound-proof studio there are no obliging directors to say "Cut," no prompters to whisper you on your way again, no time to correct your errors. To make a little joke of it: when that fateful little light goes on you are on and you must be good, or you will be off the next time the program goes on.

As long as I live I'll never forget our first program, "The Church Mouse." We rehearsed for days and days. We thought we were letter-perfect in our lines and timing. Two hours before we went on the air, we arrived at the studio and started final rehearsals. And the more we rehearsed the worse we got.

An hour . . . a half-hour . . . fifteen minutes . . . ten minutes . . . and the company was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I kept dropping my script, forgetting important lines. The music played too loudly, then too softly. Men without coats ran to and fro.

Five minutes . . . two minutes. I felt I could hardly breathe. I wanted to back out, for a moment I wished they could find a substitute. Then suddenly one more minute! I held out my hand to see if it was shaking with the same nervousness I felt inwardly.

Suddenly the red light, the voice of the announcer, a second before he had been as hectic as the rest of us, but now he was calm and steadied. My hand was not shaking!

(Continued on page 69)
Nino Martini has made up his mind to face the camera. He goes to Hollywood this spring. It will be his second movie experience; the first time being immediately upon his arrival in the U. S. from his native Italy. In fact it was a movie producer visiting abroad who saw and heard and brought the handsome Nino to these shores.

Did you know that Carol Deis, the young and beautiful warbler, is the mother of an eight-year-old son, Donald? Since parting with her husband, her name is being linked with that of a New York press agent. We don’t think it’s serious.

Morton Downey is a radio freak. He had his buildup to fame over CBS which has him under contract. Now he’s drawing a few thousand-a-week salary on an NBC program, paying commissions to CBS. Only in radio can such things happen. And in radio anything can happen.

Russell Brown, the baritone singing from St. Louis, is newly married. She’s also a St. Louisan.

Ted Husing is romancing, or so says rumor, with a Broadway eyeful.

Frances Langford, after three weeks on the Monday night House Party show left suddenly for Hollywood to take picture tests. With her went Ken Dolan, her manager, which revived those rumors about the singer and Ken. “Are they married?” people ask. To which question the couple shuts up like a clam. Frankly, Radio City doesn’t know. But on every hand one hears, “I think they are.” Dolan formerly managed Shirley Howard, another songstress, but dropped her to devote his full time to Miss Langford.

This Hollywood move again necessitated a change in the House Party show. That, you recall, is the program which opened with Conrad Thibault, Fritzi Scheff, Rita Stevens and Don Voorhees’ band. The second week setup ousted Scheff and substituted Peggy Allenby; switched Langford for Stevens; and replaced Voorhees with Al Goodman. Now come more changes practically remaking the show.

To Dick Leibert and Ray Heatherton (pictured above) go honors or perhaps headaches for long and sleepless hours. Dick plays the organ each a.m. over the network and for four or five shows a day in Radio City Music Hall. And each night finds him in the Rainbow Room night spot organing for the late dancers. On top of that he has a Friday night commercial. When does he sleep? Between three and eight o’clock each morning.

Walter Winchell, the man who made blessed eventing news, now announces that Mr. and Mrs. Walter
BROWN

CONFIDENTIAL

Winchell themselves are infanticipating. Their little daughter, Walda, expects her new baby sister or brother this summer. You will recall a year ago death claimed the Winchell's youngest, a daughter.

Some more Hollywood bits: Lawrence Tibbett has been signed for five years at a salary of something like $275,000 per picture. The first story will be “Sing, Governor, Sing.” It will be his first since he did “The Cuban” two years ago. ’Tis said only one or two other stars make as much money before cameras. Add to this Tibbett’s radio, concert and opera salaries and be assured that no Tibbett stomach will go empty for a year or two despite heavy expenses.

If you’re interested in salaries, the Sunday night condensed opera sponsor pays Deems Taylor $500 weekly and its musical director, Wilfred Pelletier, $650. All told, the hour show costs anywhere from $6,000 to $8,000 for talent and music.

Irene Beasley figures in the news. First her tonsils acted up and had to come out. Then she announced she wouldn’t renew her contract with the network, preferring to find her own jobs. Next the rumors about her romance were revived. And now we learn that she is being given a buildup, that she’s doing better work, and the end of it may mean a big new program to start this spring.

Jack Deny is doing all he can to make those evening sustaining band programs a little bit different. He started it by using low voiced commentators and readers to add news and poetry to song introductions. The stunt was first tried on WOR and other stations of the Mutual Quality Group. Now he’s making an effort to do the same on his NBC spots. The original idea for the latter was to use well known men to do the chattering. As long as names only were used, everything was lovely. But it was explained that names alone were not enough, that the names should be identified with leading radio publications or newspapers. So don’t be surprised to hear a voice from this Magazine in your loudspeaker.

Beatrice Lillie, the singing comedienne, after one show on the Vallee program a season ago and another shot on an auto program last month, landed a fat program. A milk company, in cooperation with a movie magazine had a program on Thursday nights just after the Fred Waring half-hour. Then Fred’s sponsor decided to increase his time to a full hour which shoved the milk-movie program called “Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood” right out of the scene. The latter liked the idea so little that the sponsor packed up his sound effects and moved over to NBC, changing the entire (Continued on page 100)

TOLD, YOU WILL BE SURE TO READ IT HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME!
Joan's Coming Later, She's a Dear! But I Wish She'd Be More Careful about....

Yes, I Wonder if That's Why Lloyd Doesn't Propose

When She Comes, Let's Talk Up Lifebuoy, Maybe She'll Take the Hint

When the Party Broke Up

Remind Me, Doris, to Stop at the Store on My Way Home and Get Lifebuoy

I Want Some, Too. I Wouldn't For Worlds Miss My Daily Lifebuoy Bath to Stop "B.O."

You're Right. One Simply Can't Take Chances with "B.O."

Next Day

Lifebuoy for Me, Too! From Now On I'll Be as Careful as the Girls Are of "B.O."

No "B.O." Now to Keep Her Single

I Certainly Am Coming Tomorrow. I Have a Surprise for You Girls Lloyd and I... That's No Surprise, Darling. We've Seen How He's Been Rushing You These Last Weeks

Can't Help Kissing a Soft Smooth Skin Like Yours

Then I Owe These Kisses to Lifebuoy Which Gave Me a Soft Smooth Skin


Perspire in Winter?


Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

It's the Suds That Save the Work

It Makes Wonderful Suds—Washes Clothes 4 or 5 Shades Whiter

My Wife Uses It for Dishes, Too

Will You Look at the Grease Go—I'll Be Through in Half the Time!

Use Rinso for Dishes, M.E.G. It's Marvelous! So Easy on the Hands

How the News Spreads! For the Wash, for the Dishes, for All Cleaning—"There's No Soap Like Rinso!" On Washday It Soaks Out Dirt—Saves Scrubbing—Gets Clothes 4 or 5 Shades Whiter. Clothes Washed this Safe, "No-Scruff" Way Last 2 or 3 Times Longer.


A Product of Lever Brothers Co.
Any radio magazine is bound to receive many letters from radio listeners. Most of those letters make complaints or ask questions. Occasionally, one tears at your heart. This one, for instance:

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am blind, yet life has been good to me. As a girl, I visited New York with my parents and saw, on the stage, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske, and Sarah Bernhardt. Sometimes, I even dreamed of becoming a great actress myself. That was before the accident. The accident burned the skin from my eyes and I have never been able to see since. Back home, out here in the West, I resigned myself to such a life as you will never be able to imagine. Friends tried to help me with too sweet kindliness.

No one who can see will ever know how empty were those next years. No one can understand the hollowness of such an existence for a girl who had too few memories.

Yet, life has been good. Many, many times I have thanked God that His Goodness gave to those afflicted as I am the blessing of the radio. For radio has filled all those empty tomorrows and brought me a future.

One program particularly has given me great joy. That program is the Lux Radio Theatre.

When I could see, I loved the stage quietly but deeply, and the knowledge that I could no longer visit New York and the theatre was the cruelest part of my burden. Now, Broadway is brought to me; the fine plays I have heard about, the strong voices of the men and women who have become famous since I entered this house of darkness.

Please understand that this letter of mine is no impulsive gesture. Rather, it comes from the heart. Believe me, it is my prayer of Thanksgiving that a miracle has brought me back into life.

Sincerely, Miss A—— M——.

Because many people, people who are not blind, are finding themselves delighted and entertained by the splendidly produced Sunday afternoon dramas, RADIO STARS Magazine awards to the Lux Radio Theatre its monthly award for Distinguished Service to Radio.
LOVELY LADY

And one of the most diligent in Radio is Jessica, looking at her every lovely thing that you imagine as you listen to her warm, lyrical soprano each Friday. She made her first concert appearance at the age of seventeen in "The Miracle," a stage spectacle.
Ennio Modiglani is this town's top young bachelor, who makes every girl's heart beat crazy. He's eligible and handsome, and his music fills the air with the tunes of his favorite song, 'New York's Four Hundred.' If you're having a party or a dance, you know that when a rich man like poor old Ennio is sure to be there with his handsome bandleader.
"Sweet Music" is Rudy Vallee's latest picture. The beautiful girl, whom Rudy is visiting, is the enchanting Gloria Stuart, Dick Powell's new leading lady in "Gold Diggers of 1935." The police dog is a bit rude in staring, but she is so lovely, don't you think?
CROONER'S CRUSH

Three of them! They are Ted Fio-Rito's singing debutantes with King Crooner Powell on a recent "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast Friday evenings. We have inside information that Dick Powell may soon ankle to the altar with the pert little Mary Brian of the movies.
YOU'VE often heard that Jane Froman and Don Ross are the most happily married couple in radio. But you also probably have heard stories that pictured Don as a gigolo and a parasite living on Jane's money. Jane is sick and disgusted with those stories. Don is burnt up about them. And I, as a good friend of theirs, am so fed up with those rumors that I want to blow off all I know and clear up the mess, once and for all!

Don has been through all of the humiliation and embarrassment that it is possible for any self-respecting man to undergo. For instance, here are just a few of the things he's had to listen to: (1.) That he is a hindrance to Jane's career. (2.) That he is a failure on his own and is supported by his wife. (3.) That the only jobs he does get are through Jane's "pull" and influence. (4.) That he prevented Jane from accepting jobs that didn't include him. (5.) Hear himself sarcastically referred to as "Mr. Jane Froman." And so forth and so on, ad nauseum.

Let me answer these rumors one by one, so that you will know the truth for the first time.

To begin with, if it hadn't been for Don Ross, Jane Froman would not be the successful radio star that she is today! I say that with finality and without fear of contradiction to disprove the accusation that Don is a "hindrance" to her career.

Long before Jane ever dreamed of becoming a singer Don was successful. He and his partner were a singing team in some of the leading Broadway shows for about ten years before Jane came into his life. It was when he was a star on Cincinnati's famous station WLW that he met Jane, then a struggling young novice to the air.

I won't go into the details of their romance except to say that it was a case of love at first sight. Don, I believe, was the only person in the world at that time who had any faith in Jane's voice. He now had two careers to handle—his own and Jane's.

His own, however, was a case of clear sailing. Both the networks in Chicago held out very attractive offers to Don and his partner. So here we have Don settled in Chicago, a featured artist of the air.

His next job was getting Jane on. Believe it or not, that was pretty hard work! The radio executives couldn't see her at all. Finally Don managed to place her with Paul Whiteman. But, clever man, he insisted that Jane—an unknown, mind you—he given prominent billing of her own, and not merely listed with the rest of the White- man troupe. Sounds unimportant, doesn't it, but that cautious bit of showmanship on Don's part saved Jane...
from the fate of being just another girl singer with a band. That fine bit of strategy helped make a star of Jane Froman.

After several months, Don felt that now he and Jane were ready for New York. At this stage Fate and Don Ross contrived to shoot Jane up to stardom, while strangely enough at this very time Don’s career was interrupted by an unexpected occurrence.

His partner suddenly left him. Do you know what that meant? Don, for the first time, had to go out on his own as a singer. Had to scrap his entire act, his whole method of singing, and practically start over. Radio executives and booking agents who had heard of the team were a bit wary of taking Don Ross alone. You see how it was.

But Don wasn’t worried. He was used to the ups and downs of show business, and he knew that in time he’d be right up on top again. Besides, he had plenty of money saved to tide him and Jane over just such periods.

Meanwhile, he was throwing all the weight of his ten odd years of show experience in building up Jane. A beautiful voice alone doesn’t do it. One rash move could end a career forever, a clever move could make one. Don knew it—and so did Jane.

She left everything to him. Several small offers came her way, but he wouldn’t let her accept them. “You’ve got to be identified with the best and the biggest, otherwise you’ll never have an important name.”

Finally it came—the big offer. It was the cigarette program, and it was through Don’s efforts that Jane got that commercial. It was just what she needed to zoom her straight to stardom. The program had hitherto starred Bing Crosby and Ruth Etting, topnotchers in radio. Now Jane Froman, the little girl who had just come in from Chicago, shared the same glorious spotlight. It put her in the star class immediately. In each and every step up, from Cincinnati to Chicago to New York and stardom, it was Don Ross who paved the way for Jane to step up each golden rung in the ladder of glory.

You must remember, it’s one job to get on top, but it’s a tougher job to stay there. Now Jane has about as much business sense as my cat Josephine, but Don sees to it that she makes no false moves. For instance, about two years ago a theatre in Chicago wired Jane an offer of $200 a week to appear there. Jane was delighted with it, but Don put his foot down. “If you take that, honey, you’ll never get out of that $200-a-week class, and they’ll never want to pay you more. Wait another year.”

There were many who thought he was foolish to advise her so. “He’s ruining her career,” were the whispers. Well, exactly one year later Jane was singing in that same theatre—at $1,000 a week! Ruining her career? Don’t make me laugh.

In fact, the only time Jane didn’t follow Don’s advice the results were almost disastrous. He planned and prepared her theatrical act and taught her those little stage tricks which would make her go over. She was such a great success that she was held over another week.

But when he wanted to prepare a new, fresh skit for her second week, Jane protested. “No dear,” she said, “it isn’t necessary. All I have to do is go out and sing. There’s really nothing to it.”

So Don let her have her own way. At the end of the first performance he found Jane in her dressing-room crying. “It was terrible. They didn’t like me,” she wept. “I hardly got any applause at all. What’s the matter?”

He told her what the matter was. He selected different songs for her, wrote a new act, coached her and rehearsed her. The next day, with the new routine that he had planned, she was again the glamorous, sensational star who was called back for encore after encore by the enthusiastic audience. Do you wonder now that Don “meddles” in his wife’s career, or that she places everything on his capable shoulders? You must admit, judging by Jane’s phenomenal success that he’s done a darned good job of it.

But let’s get back to Don. What’s happened to him? Has he been a failure in his own work, just living the easy life of a “celebrity’s husband”? I should say not. Don has a thrilling baritone voice, and it took only about five months after he had come to New York before he got back on his feet again. Then jobs came thick and fast. He was loaded down with recording and transcription jobs. Then came the (Continued on page 58)
A BUNCH of Dutch Schultz's muscle men were whooping it up in a fifty-ump street night club when through the doorway drifted a familiar, high-pitched nasal voice.

"Winchell in person," said the newcomer, chucking the hat-check girl under the chin. "Winchell in the flash," he cracked to the headwaiter who bowed deeply and led him to a table on the floor. "Bring me whiskey, bring me women, bring me..."

The muscle men looked at each other and remembered Mr. Winchell had been saying nasty things about their Mr. Schultz. So the muscle men went to the table on the floor, jerked its occupant out of his chair and gave him what they jokingly described as "the works." When they were done, there was hardly any flesh, certainly little flash left in the nasal body. He was alive but he was not much more than a face on the barroom floor.

But luck was with Walter that night. It wasn't Walter who took the beating but a smart aleck imposter who, posing as Walter, thought to grab himself the free cakes and ale the name Winchell commands. Which gives you an idea of how dangerous is this job of watching the world through a keyhole.

It also gives me an opportunity to inquire in a whisper, how long can he get away with it? He has been stabbing, slashing and sand-bagging the citizenry of the commonwealth nigh on ten years. His nail holds a threat a day. They come to him on scented stationery and butcher paper—and they seem to mean what they say.

Will they kill Winchell?

The answer is no. The logical assassins—the gangsters whose secrets he learns and lays before the police and the public—don't dare. The man is too prominent. Has too many friends in the upper and underworld. He is no
Jake Lingle, the Chicago Tribune reporter who was bumped off without a boo from his bosses.

They did have it under consideration once when it seemed to them Mr. Winchell knew and was about to say who filled the body of Vincent Coll with lead in a drugstore telephone booth. But they didn't. The men who paid the killers were too smart. They reasoned rightly that a dead Winchell would produce a storm which would sweep them and their rackets out of existence.

The answer is no because Winchell is too careful. He never travels without a bodyguard. The guard is also a witness. Double protection, for the "mogul scandal monger," as he calls himself, fears frame-ups more than he fears bullets.

His haters know that to get Winchell, he must be killed or framed. His life is a clean sheet. He has been trailed by experts. He may stay up until seven every morning, haunting night clubs of Broadway and Harlem, mixing with the toughest, fastest, most evil company in the world, the gay cats, lone wolves, ex-convicts—but he mingles as a reporter. His personal life is immaculate.

The Nazi Government in Germany, upset by Winchell's continuous attacks, sent two special agents to investigate him—with a view to silencing him either by bribery or by death. They reported him immune to offers of money, indifferent to the fair sex. Winchell somehow got hold of the report and was brazen enough to publish it in his column. That was buffoonery—it was also journalistic genius.

Like the gangsters, these agents and their supporters who call themselves the Friends of New Germany, are said to have solemnly considered wiping Herr Walter from off the Broadway scene. They too dropped the enterprise—too risky. They gnash their molars, it is their only reply to the machine gun (Continued on page 70)
REVEALING MARY LOU'S SECRET ROMANCE . . . !

BY JAMES ELLWOOD, JR.

IN THE BEGINNING there was Lanny Ross.
In the beginning there was Muriel Wilson whom you
know as Mary Lou of Captain Henry's Show Boat.
In the end, there was heartbreak. Three long secret
years of it.
I know the awful price Muriel Wilson had to pay for
Show Boat stardom, and the inside story of why
she had to pay it. I do not think it has
been worth the price, all these years.
Let me tell you about it. She had
never known love until that
morning. Eight a.m. of a sun-
nny autumn Sunday, and the
occasion a hymn-singing
broadcast. They were in-
troduced to each other, hurriedly, just before
the program went on
the air. An orchestra
played "Lead Kindly
Light," "The Old
Rugged Cross" and
"Beautiful Isle of
Somewhere," and
they sang together.
When it was all
over he walked up
Fifth Avenue with
her, out into a world
that was all chilly
bright yellowness and
blue heaven and tall de-
serted skyscrapers. Stroll-
ing beside him she found
herself liking the way he
talked, his easy athletic gait,
the strength of his forehead and
chin, his cobalt muffler, a generous
gayety in his laugh, the way he insisted
upon shaking paws with a dirty mongrel
pup in the subway station.
He asked if he might come to call just
before he left her.
Back at home she excitedly told it all
to herself for the thousandth time.
Fred Hufsmith. Thirty-four and Penn-
sylvania-Dutch. Concert, Chautauqua, the
stage, then radio. A clear pure tenor.
Funny she hadn't met him over at the studios before. He
had noticed her lots of times he said. He had nice shoul-
ders. Handsome too. Tomorrow night! She'd wear the
new silver lamé. And just before he left her—O
remember:
"There's something I like about your eyes, Miss Wil-
son." Perfectly seriously. Then he walked away.
The thing she had lived twenty-five years for had hap-
pened. Muriel knew. And for a little while she was
more completely happy than she had ever dreamed she
could be.
Until, on the heels of love came radio's Show Boat.

Show Boat was a big, new idea. Radio had nothing
like it. A big boat on the Ohio River and Mississippi,
peopled with glamorous actors and actresses. An impor-
tant part of the idea was the romance angle. Danied
important. Get a boy and a girl in love and the country
would sit up waiting for them every night.
Well, the men who cooked up that idea didn't know
what they were starting when they found
the girl. Her name was Muriel Wil-
son and she had brown curls and
and danced blue eyes and a voice
that could make a nightingale
the head of its wing.
And the boy they found
was named Lanny Ross, a
handsome blond fellow
who seemed to know
what to give a love
song to make it go
over. They named
the girl Mary Lou,
they put her across
the microphone from the young
man named Ross,
and Show Boat
went on the air.
How they made
love, those two! It
couldn't be make-be-
lieve. When she sang
to him you could tell it
was real by the very tone
of her voice. And he, even
when he just said her name
("Mary Lou" sort of softly-
like) it showed, love did. You
could tell all right. Besides, it was
too nice to think of those two radio stars
really being crazy about each other, both
charming and famous and romantic and
everything. It made listening to Show
Boat lots more interesting. The papers
and radio magazines were always telling
the latest news about the pair. It was
fun keeping up with them.

Mary Lou and Lanny were really in
love. A nation decided that. Show Boat
grew into the ace program of the air at that time. And
the name Mary Lou came to be as much of a household
word as Crawford and Garbo.
Then, like a thunderbolt, came the news that turned
her world topsy-turvy. Whether it was dictated to her
by the higher-ups of the network, whether her sponsors
insisted upon it, whether she herself suddenly came to
realize that her radio life depended upon it, is unknown.
But the warning broke—her radio romance with Ross
had grown to proportions that made it a whole nation's
heart interest, had become such a vital element to the
continued success of Show Boat that she must keep her
real love a secret. Can you imagine the torture that was? 

_She must not marry!_ 

If she did—well, that was the warning, she absolutely must obey or else. 

And so love, a first and only love, was ruled out of Muriel Wilson’s life. She had become the victim of a pitiless ready-made radio romance and there was no possible escape. 

You can’t think what troubled months she went through—having to tell Fred, trying to find a way out. There were but two plans to choose between. She could announce her engagement and be free to love; and stand the chance of losing all she had worked so long and hard to attain on the air. Or she could take the choice of secrecy. That meant waiting—putting off the life they’d planned together, holding their emotions at bay. Being careful where she was seen with Fred and how many times; give the radio gossipers half a conclusion and they’ll jump at it. Keeping love under cover, when a great part of the fun of romance lies in living it, telling folks. Women so much like to wear their love in their eyes, a bright gay banner. Muriel never could, because she chose secrecy. 

Bravely, over a period of two years, she kept up the pretense. Singing to Lanny with heartbeat in her voice—not even he knew what lay behind it. Loving Lanny, the radio way, as per orders. Staying, so far as everyone but Muriel’s immediate family knew, elsewhere unattached and uninterested. Remember when she flew to Hollywood to broadcast with Lanny and write for _Radio Stars Magazine_? She told me what a heavenly trip it was—going places with so popular an escort, meeting the screen stars, lazying through golden California days, having the very time of her life. She told me all that. 

And then she broke down and told me afterwards that it was the first time she had ever been away from Fred and she’d missed him so she’d almost died. 

I think maybe that was the last straw. Or maybe, on Fred’s part, it was the new Mary Lou he flew to Chicago to meet on her return home. The beauty specialists of movie land had dieted and massaged twenty pounds of her away, bobbed her brown curls into a bewitching coiffure, arched her eyebrows à la Harlow and returned her to Radio lovelier than she ever had been before. The two, gloriously incognito for once, saw the Fair together. And then, in a plane speeding toward New York, Muriel decided she couldn’t, _wouldn’t_ wait any more no matter what the price. She had stuck it out long enough to learn for certain that love is the greatest thing that can ever happen to a woman; and that when it does happen half a loaf is never enough even if the full loaf should cost a career. It was going to take courage but she wouldn’t be afraid with her man beside her. 

So Thanksgiving Day, with Mr. and Mrs. Hufsmith at the Wilsons’ for dinner, Fred took _his_ Mary Lou aside and slipped a diamond on her finger. 

Two nights (Continued on page 97)
CRASHING the glittering gates of Radio is credited with being one of the toughest undertakings anybody can shoulder these days. Every year approximately eight thousand hopeful candidates for fame are brought before audition microphones by the two major networks. And out of that vast aggregation of talent a good round fifty usually get on the air. Twenty-five of them will stay on the air after a test period of thirteen weeks. A half dozen of the twenty-five will finally hit the big money class.

So, folks say, radio is a tough old nut to crack.

But it can't be as tough as it's cracked up to be when new personalities are so constantly becoming established among the other famous. Those on the inside will tell you there's a secret to it. And the secret's simple, too: that the ones who finally reach the top are those who have first developed something different to bring to the microphone, and secondly, learned exactly how to get it there. They're the two things you've got to know before you seek your radio career.

Who could tell you about them better than the stars themselves? To them it's an old story of the road they once travelled. So I've talked to the biggest and brightest of the ether satellites and asked them to give you this marvelous opportunity to profit by their own errors, to share their intimate inside knowledge of "precisely what to do to attain ether success."

In the case of each of the following statements the star has assumed that you wish to enter that particular field of radio with which he or she is connected, that is: singing, comedy, orchestra conducting, announcing, dramatics and so on.

KATE SMITH: "For my type of singing I do not recommend voice culture. Keep your voice natural; it will set you apart from the rest. Serve your apprenticeship in amateur theatricals then make a break for the stage. Any fair-sized theatre nowadays is equipped with a microphone amplifying system which will teach you microphone technique and how to work before an audience. The latter I consider very important. Although spectators are never allowed at my broadcasts I find myself visualizing the theatre audiences I used to play to. That visualization I firmly believe improves my performance one thousand per cent. Become good enough on the stage and you won't have to bother to crash radio—you'll be heard and invited in! I know that to be a fact. You see, it's exactly what happened to me."

CONRAD THIBAULT (Baritone of Show Boat and the Colgate House Party): Air work similar to mine demands first rate vocal study. You'll need it to help you to the top and keep you there. Try a series of programs on your home town station first; if the audience response is outstandingly big perhaps a station official can secure auditions for you with the networks. If this is impossible, but you want to take the chance, save and go to New York. Be sure to have sufficient money or a job in the city to sustain you while you're waiting for a break. You'll get it by presenting yourself to the program directors and plugging for it like I did. Incidentally, make acquaintances with all the radio folks you can, even the less important ones. It's a good idea in New York. Anybody who is 'in' the least bit, even studio attendants and secretaries, can make it easier for you."

GERTRUDE NIESSEN (Blues singer of The Big Show): "Try
to be heard, girls, by the big orchestra leaders whose tours bring them to or near where you live. This can often be arranged through a theatre manager or dance hall proprietor whom you know. The O.K. of a well known radio maestro can be your golden key to success; he can really do something for you. I'm assuming that you have unusual talent so I say don't waste time and money trying to be taught blues. You either have rhythm or you don't—you'll soon find out. Make yourself as pretty as possible too. Radio business is really show business now. You'll have to make good in theatres, clubs and often pictures. Personal attractiveness will help you a lot."

"LAZY" BILL HUGGINS (Formerly the vocalist with the Enoch Light Orchestra): "I'll gladly tell you one way of getting a chance on the air. I sang for four years without pay on a small station in my home town. The nearest network outlets were in Washington, D.C., so I bummed a ride there, got a twelve dollar a week job to eat on, and bothered the program director of WJSV until he gave me an opportunity. Network-affiliated stations nearly always have public auditions and their program directors are truly the fellows to help you. Pretty soon Al Chance, that was his name, requested the network to hear me. Here I am. Why don't you try the P. D. of the network station nearest you? 'Course I think it's a swell idea."

ANNETTE HANSHAW (Featured Songstress of Camel Caravan): "The first thing you need is a singing personality, a trademark like Jeanne Lang's giggle or (I hope) my own method of doing a number. I developed my singing personality this way: if a note was out of my range I'd invent a little trick to avoid it, a talking line or a different bit of tune. Some of the tricks people liked and some they didn't. I stuck to the best ones and soon found myself doing songs my own way. Feel free to sing numbers any way you want to and you'll find yourself inventing your own personality. That means the beginning of a singing personality. With a good one of those no small radio station can hold you. I mean it!"

FRANK LUTHER (Formerly known as "Your Lover" and now vocalist on a three hour dance program): "Sing and you'll get your radio career. I mean sing! Anytime, all the time, every chance you get. For friends, Sunday School socials, entertainments and parties—sing. Find out exactly what people like about your voice—ask them frankly—then you will discover what creates your particular style. New styles of singing are in demand. Take yours to the local radio station, to microphone contests, to vaudeville, anywhere you can be heard. Keep on singing. If your style is downright unique enough I guarantee you'll attract radio attention. You won't have to knock on any program director's door to do it, either."

HELEN JEPSON (Star Soprano of Paul Whiteman's broadcast): "I am doing largely concert music and opera on the air. As a preface to that, study under the best teachers is essential. Many performers of this type of singing came to the air via opera; I am going to opera via radio which, I believe, is the first time such an occurrence has been known. At any rate, if you can distinguish yourself in concert or opera, you stand a great chance of an air opportunity. The figures of (Continued on page 68)
(Above) You can see Jack Benny has one admirer! The top-notch comedian makes him happy with the famous Benny autograph.

(Below) Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kretzinger — Gene of "Gene and Charlie" and his Missus is Donna Damerel—"Marge" of Chicago's "Myrt and Marge."

(Below) Bob Becker, the noted dog authority.
(Above) Left: The Billy Yates family with the Don Bestors. (Below) Tenor Frank Munn, Hazel Glenn, soprano, and the jolly Round Towners Quartet.

(Above) "The Two Doctors"—Pratt and Sherman of St. Louis. (Below) Conductor Victor Kolar in action.

(Below) The teller of sea and fish stories, Capt. Cameron King of "Seven Seas."

(Below) Catching the voice of Niagara Falls for a program.
If you like your love stories hot, your blues singers torrid, and your romance risque, get the story behind Loretta Lee. She’s the pert little St. Louis gal from New Orleans who puts a sizzling griddle under the vocals for George Hall’s Orchestra.

That’s not all she does, either. There’s the way she pours her chorus girl figure into a flaming velvet evening gown, prances out under a purple spotlight, rolls back her eyes, sways seductively to an agitated four-four rhythm, jitters out those guttural blues and ends up by wiping off half a lipstick on the microphone.

Hot? Listen, you’ve no idea. I’ve never yet seen the masculine portion of a studio or theatre audience witness it unmoved. I mean unmoved. Only recently a boys’ prep school, for which the Hall band was playing a dance, requested that she be omitted from the evening’s entertainment. Too you-know-what for youngish lads, they said. The gal really packs a wicked wallop when she sings. And torch carriers like that don’t exactly go home to a glass of milk and a good book after the broadcast, either. That’s what I thought.

Get the story behind Loretta Lee. I did and I’m still floored. It’s the story of the hottest cool girl along Radio Row. And it’s one of the sweetest, most refreshing, romantic love stories you’ll ever read.

I waited a long time to write it because I wanted to know long enough to be sure it was true. That the adoring young eligibles of New York’s social and theatrical worlds get thank-you notes instead of dates for the orchids they send her. That she hates inhaling and has never gotten as far as the olive in a Martini. That she really spends her evenings reading Marcel Proust and writing the daily fourteen-pager to her man. That she’s as swell and sweet and unaffected a girl as you’ll find on Manhattan Island. And that she really does love and hold that 2,000-mile-away man of hers.

The flaming gown and the lipstick are just good show business. The eye work and the swaying are just, as George Hall puts it, rhythm rampant. And the chorus girl figure, the sizzling sixteenth notes and the love are just Loretta, pure and simple. As is. Natural to the nth degree.

Back in New Orleans no amateur theatrical had a drawing card unless Judge Lee’s little daughter was on the bill. At the age of three she could pipe a mean refrain to “Two Pretty Dairymaids.” At ten she did right well by the chorus of “You Gotta See Your Mama Every Night.” And at sixteen even the faculty of the Sophie B. Wright High were asking her to do her version of “Limehouse Blues” so the school dances could break up. The kids wouldn’t go home until she’d sung it at least twice with the orchestra.

It was on just such an occasion as the latter, one night, that a handsome young musician walked over to Loretta. Nervously fumbling his trumpet between his hands and blushing to the roots of his hair, he blurted out a plea for her friendship.

“Could I—take you riding tomorrow night, Miss Lee?” he queried anxiously.

Loretta was overcome. Riding Miss Lee. Could I! No wonder her party bag took that moment to drop from her hand and embarrassingly spill its contents on the dance floor. No wonder she blushed and faltered. The handsome young musician didn’t know it, but he’d done something pretty wonderful for the shy little girl in the pink taffeta dress. He’d asked her for her first real date! She’d prayed for it to happen for a long time, too. Going out with your brother all the time gets tiresome after you turn sixteen.

In a far away voice she heard herself answering, “Thank you very much—I’ll ask my mother.”

That night Loretta stared at herself in the bureau mirror for a good hour. Thinking how she could do her hair a new way, what she could talk about so he’d be entertained, how she would act grown up for him. Heavens—he was a man! At least twenty-three. Irving DuSomm. French. You don’t pronounce the m, he said. Better to decide now what to order in case he stops by the drug store; it’s more sophisticated to know right away what you want. “Chocolate shake” sounds all right. And all this time he’s been living just four blocks from our house. “Father, may I present . . . ?”—better practise all that beforehand too. His shoulders did look big and broad when he walked back to the bandstand. He carried them so straight. Wavy black hair. The other girls said he was cute. You call boys cute, not men. Buy some of that jade perfume to wear. “I’ll be seeing you”—she smiled and waved to herself in the glass to see how she must have seemed to him when she said it.

And so, thrilled pink, a little girl went to bed.

The next night a very grown up young lady came back to the same room. The way that moon had hung on the edge of the Mississippi! The jasmine and magnolia blossoms in the front yard had smelled sweeter with him beside her in the porch swing. Loretta Lee was in love.

She still is.

And if she hadn’t been, George Hall would still be auditioning for his idea of an ace feminine vocalist.

The Lees, it seems, didn’t want their daughter to think seriously about love at such an early age. Maybe they were right, but Loretta didn’t think so. There was only one thing she could do; go away somewhere, make something out of her voice, prove to them that independently she could determine her own decisions.

Two long, arduous years she stuck it out at home, finishing her education. Years when she couldn’t even see Irving. It was forbidden. Nights when the warm breeze blowing up from the bayou made her want to cry. On some other boy’s shoulder. Never his.

Then she came to New York to visit her aunt, happened into a music publishers to learn (Continued on page 62).
Loretta Lee is not Spanish as you might guess, but French-American. She's from down South — New Orleans.
THREE TIMES in their long career as an outstanding harmony trio, the Pickens Sisters have come dangerously close to splitting up. Once it was illness, once it was ambition, and once it was love.

Believe you me, no job offers the complications and the headaches that go with being a member of a sister trio. For you must keep this in mind: when you hear the softly blended voices of the Pickens Sisters, just remember that there are three individual girls you are listening to—three girls, each of whom have had to give up a certain amount of freedom and individuality to keep the trio intact. Their lives have become so interwoven that not one of the girls dares live or think for herself. And when you hear the never-before-told stories behind their near break-ups, you'll understand just what I mean.

First, did you know that there is a fourth Pickens sister who figures very importantly in the career of the trio? Would it surprise you to know that the first time you heard the Pickens Sisters a little over two years ago, it was not the familiar "Jane, Patti and Helen" you were listening to, but actually "Jane, Grace and Helen?"

Strange as it may seem, Patti doesn't figure in the tale of the Pickens Sisters until they were already launched on the air. Her entrance, however, was a dramatic and sensational one.

Jane first blazed the trail from the Pickens' rambling plantation home in Georgia to New York. She had a splendid voice that showed great signs of promise, so she enrolled in the Juilliard School of Music. Later Helen, the oldest, who was studying art, and Grace, a gifted pianist, joined her. And Patti? Why, she was the baby of the family and was too young to enter any of the girls' plans.
THE PICKENS SISTERS ARE NOT THREE BUT ONE—WHEN IT COMES TO WHAT THEY MAY OR MAY NOT DO, FOR THEY'VE TIED THEIR YOUNG LIVES TO A SINGLE CAREER

By Helen Hover

So here we have the three original Pickens, Helen, Grace and Jane, settled in a New York apartment, and fooling around with a haunting, new type of harmony that was to startle the radio world.

It started out as a pastime and ended as a career. A theatrical friend they had met in New York heard them and promptly brought them to the Victor Recording Company to make a test record. The Victor people raved about their bizarre arrangements and shipped the record off to a radio executive. Before the girls knew what it was all about, they were in the executive's private office signing their names to a three-year contract.

With the Pickens Sisters and the "mike" it was a case of love at first sight. But what they didn't realize was that from then on they were shackled by an invisible chain to their career—and to each other.

They were given several weekly spots and were catching on like a forest fire on a windy day, when suddenly the dreaded happened! Grace fell sick. So sick that she was absolutely forbidden to get out of bed for months. The girls were frantic. Can you imagine anything more panicky and puzzling than trying to get someone to take her place? It just couldn't be done. A strange girl couldn’t grasp the Pickens' technique, certainly couldn’t look like a Pickens, and besides, she would ruin the whole "sister" illusion.

As Helen and Jane racked their brains, it looked very much as though the budding career of the Pickens Sisters was going to be nipped right then and there. The broadcast was two days off.

Suddenly Jane had an idea. She rushed to the telegraph office and sent a TNT wire to Georgia that caused Mrs. Pickens to yank Patti out of school and fly to New York with her.

Then began the metamorphosis of fourteen-year-old Patti from a high school freshman into a radio star—in one day! Do you know what that means? All day long and all night long she was taught the difficult harmony tricks that had taken her sisters so long to master. She stood beside the piano singing until the weird rhythms became a throbbing, monotonous beat in her ears and she almost faint of exhaustion. (Continued on page 76)
Don Ameche, voted by you readers as the best radio actor, has a game of solitaire in his home. Barry McKinley, the baritone, used to be known as Maurie Neuman of Cincinnati.

Rose Bampton is the opera star who takes time out for radio. She's on the air Sundays. Joey Nash sings with Dick Himber's band on both networks and in a swank New York hotel spot.

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Jack Owens. He's the tenor. She's the former Helen Streiff, singer. There's a new baby in their home. Bert Parks, announcer, recently turned singer.

Clyde Lukas, the ocker, poses with his singers, the Siegel sisters. The man with the Greek dialect — George Givot. He is doing vaudeville this winter. But he'll probably be back on the air soon.
The rush of recording companies to grab name artists for platters continues. Brunswick has just released the first of a series of twelve by Walter O'Keefe. It is the typical Broadway hill billy song, "The Bearded Lady."

To keep pace with the demand for such numbers, Walter has just written "The Gambler's Wife" and "The Fella Who Played the Drums," the latter an old song resurrected and revised is expected to have as much success as "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Joe Haymes, whose music is broadcast from a Manhattan hotel, is the latest of the bandleaders to enter the composing field. "The Life of the Party," "One Man Band," "Let's Have a Party" and "My Favorite Band" are some of his past works and now comes "Stay Out of Love," a ballad.

While sweet ballads are the rave, Raymond Scott, Mark Warnow's talented kid brother and pianist, has been turning to the novelty field. "Serenade to a Lonely Railroad Station" and "Yesterday's Ice Cubes" are two of the series he is doing. Raymond caused quite a stir when he introduced his "Piano and Pistol" duet in which black cartridges were shot off during the music.

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Leopold Stokowski left as head of the Philadelphia Symphony under strained circumstances. Out he walked, leaving only two statements of cause: (1) The inability of the board of directors to select a successor for Arthur Judson as executive director; and (2) "deep-lying differences" with the board.

As to the first cause, it is reported Judson left because of the slashing Stokowski temperment, something that executives tried in vain to smooth out. The "deep-lying differences" might also be charged to temperament. When Stokowski directed the orchestra while sitting on a wooden horse, called down audiences during concerts and dropped iron chains on metal plates for noise effects, some disagreement on the part of directors was to be expected.

His future plans are indefinite. He may be reconciled, organize a new orchestra or go abroad.

Sometimes it pays to be on the inside. Frank Black is a network musical director and has been on many commercial programs during the past year. Right now he is advisor to a Sunday evening motor symphony concert and also swings the baton that same evening on another auto show. He perhaps does more auditions than any other staff man of the network. He's boss, too, of that soft drink half-hour.

George Devron, holding forth in a Chicago hotel with a network outlet, has been sued for divorce. The decree may come soon.

(Continued on page 93)
Annette Hanshaw, star of Camel Caravan, is the tiny songstress who stepped into her dad’s shoes and won her family security.

HERS was a great love, but it is not the kind of love you ordinarily hear about. For it is not romantic love, but the love of a brother and a sister, who have stood united against the world. It is the real reason behind Annette Hanshaw’s career.

If it were not for Frankie, her nineteen-year-old brother, Annette would not be on the air today. She would not want to be, for by some strange quirk of nature, she hates the spotlight. She hates to be the center of attention, to perform before an audience.

You know how most of us are as children. How we love to show off, to kick our heels in the air, to recite our silly little pieces and show dear Uncle George how beautifully we can play the piano.

Annette hated every minute of it. When her father begged her to sit down at the piano and sing for his guests, she throbbed with loathing for this thing he asked her to do. People milling around her. Their eyes glued on her. Watching her every minute as she sang.

If her father had dreamed of the feelings that welled in the child’s heart, he never would have asked her to sing for company. But never by so much as the bat of an eyelid did Annette show how she cringed from the ordeal. No one dreamed of how she felt about it. Not till years later did she confess to her mother how she detested it. “But Annette,” her mother cried out, “why didn’t you tell us?”

No, it was not like Annette to tell. In vain she struggled against these feelings she didn’t understand, that she still doesn’t understand to this day. But she wouldn’t yield to them.

Under ordinary circumstances, she would never have dreamed of going after a career which forces her into the center of attention. But ordinary things didn’t happen to Annette. The swift course of life came along and swept her into midstream.

If her father had had his way, Annette would never have known the sting of poverty or work. He thought that women were made for luxury and silk and happiness, and not to bear the bitter tang of tears. When his own income dwindled, when the (Continued on page 65)
“RUSH, HAVEN’T you even a tiny little kodak picture you might send me, if I sent you a quarter or whatever it would cost, with your name written plainly across the face of it? You, and Jackie Cooper, Marie Dressler and Madame Frances Alda are the only ones I would want to honor my cabin in such an intimate personal way.”

That’s no Boy Scout speaking—although plenty of them are Vic and Sade followers, too. It’s from the letter of a brawny sea captain, Capt. W. R. Whilden, master of the Nosa Line “Chief,” shuttling between New Orleans and South American ports.

Day after day the Captain leaves his bridge to join once more that cosmopolitan throng who eagerly look in on “the house half way up the next block where Vic and Sade live.”

As Capt. Whilden goes below to switch on his radio, a tobacco planter in far off India turns from his toil to catch the Cook family’s story for the day by short wave.

Frank King, the famous cartoonist, who draws Gasoline Alley, puts aside his pencil for a few minutes to follow young Rush Meadows, whom he finds as entertaining as his own Skeezix.

In classic Evanston, Mrs. James A. Patten, widow of the wheat king, interrupts her philanthropic activities to listen in on the happenings of the little family on Virginia Avenue.

Women postpone their shopping tours until after Vic and Sade do their daily stint. Mothers tell their youngsters, “Get busy with that spinach or there’ll be no Rush—no Vic and Sade today.”

There’s even a town in the Black Hills of Dakota where all business halts for fifteen minutes every day because every last inhabitant is a Vic and Sade follower.

Well, you get the idea. Vic and Sade and young Rush have as enthusiastic and loyal a following as any program on the air. And this audience isn’t confined to any age, sex, occupational or social level.

“Vic and (Continued on page 78)
NE short, hard, sharp word tells the story of Ed Wynn. The word is Nerve. N-e-r-v-e.

Examine his history, you'll agree with me.

At twelve he jumped into the water and saved a 160 pound adult from drowning. It took nerve. At fourteen he clung for forty minutes to a barnacle-covered piling at the end of an Atlantic City pier, both legs paralyzed with cramps. They pulled him out covered with blood. Was that courage?

It took nerve and plenty of it to fight and single-handed defeat the entire theatrical world—which he did back in 1919, the period that followed the great actors' strike.

It took nerve to drop a quarter of a million dollars in an attempt to establish a new broadcasting network. It took more to turn his back on the enterprise and start in his middle forties to build up a new fortune.

Right now it is taking all his remarkable store of courage to fight off an invasion of his private life by the whisperers and keyhole snipers. For the first time in his career, the wet snails who spread slime on Broadway have crossed his threshold and are dragging these stories about his wife wherever an unclean ear will listen.

File that word—n-e-r-v-e—in your memory, for it explains Ed Wynn. His life has been a constant jousting against impossible odds. He has invariably triumphed. So-o-o-o, the next time you hear him giggle to Graham, giggle back. His right to giggle has been well earned, earned and paid for. Paid for with the most inspiring battle any human being in these times has had to fight against hard luck and conspiracy.

Other courageous spirits have gone out looking for trouble, but trouble has always come seeking Ed Wynn. This fat, soft, fifty-year-old man is a stay-at-home, a night club hater, the type that crosses the street to avoid a fight. Yet his life has been full of brawling excitement, all of which came hammering at his door.

Take the actors' strike. He knew nothing of the strike, far less the date. He arrived at his theatre the night fixed for the walk-out, big-eyed and innocent of any trouble.

Lee Shubert, to whom Wynn was under contract, was on the sidewalk. He said to Ed: "You're not going to be a damn fool like the rest of them, Ed, I hope?"

"I don't know what it's all about," said the comedian. "But I won't desert the actors. I'm going over to the Lambs Club and find out what's happening."

As he walked through the door of this theatrical club, he was greeted by a roar. Everybody shouted at once and the words they shouted were: "Ed Wynn has walked out. Ed Wynn has walked out."

Well, they picked him up on their shoulders and carried him around the lobby. Then out to the street—to Broadway—to Times Square. They stood him on a
barrel and he made a speech. A speech without gags that scared and shriveled the Broadway producers.

The result? He was pitchforked into the strike leadership. He joined the Actors' Equity Association and put his soul into the new job. He lambasted the managers on every occasion, not because he disliked them, but because that is what a strike leader is supposed to do. When the strike was settled everybody went back to work to earn more money under pleasanter conditions—everybody except the man who made it possible, Ed Wynn.

His ordeal had begun. Up to that time life had been whipped cream to him, for he was a gifted comedian, a sure laugh snatcher, in demand everywhere. Shubert cancelled his contract. George M. Cohan, an old friend, slammed the door in his face. But Flo Ziegfeld made him suffer.

When Ed called there, Ziegfeld made him wait. The great Wynn, welcome everywhere, always first to be seen, sat down among hoofers and chorus girls and waited. Six hours he sat and then the office closed and he went home. He came back the next day and again was told to wait. He waited, with the same result. Ditto a third day at a fourth. His spirit began to ooze. Six, seven, eight, nine days. His confidence was going. He came home and cried. Hilda Keenan, daughter of Frank Keenan, the great actor, and wife to Wynn, told him not to go back, it wasn't worth such humiliation.

But he went back; this was the eleventh day. He told her that this would be his last attempt. If Ziegfeld still refused to see him, he would look for a job as a salesman.

As he entered the building a theatrical producer named Whitney came out. But for that incident there would be no Fire Chief today. Whitney told him that the managers had sworn a solemn oath not to employ Wynn and to boycott all who aided him in any way. All but Whitney, who sympathized and offered to back Ed in a musical show.

It was a straw to the drowning clown. He grabbed it. No one would write music for him. Through all the length of Tin Pan Alley, he could find no lyric writer, no composer to work for him. No one but Irving Berlin. But Ed would not accept his offer, knowing that in employing his friend, he was killing his career in music.

The managers' boycott of Ed Wynn was complete. He was alone on Broadway. He couldn't even get a theatre. But list and hark ye, how he carried on. To get a theatre he went to Joseph Tumulty, secretary of President Wilson, and obtained a presidential order compelling the theatre folk to rent him a playhouse.

Then he went home and wrote a musical play called "Ed Wynn's Carnival"—wrote it all, music, lyrics, plot, patter and gags. Then he produced it, directed it, and played the leading role! It ran for 117 weeks in New York and the smaller places. (Continued on page 72)
IT PAYS TO TAKE CHANCES

RADIO'S RED DAVIS ISN'T AFRAID TO TEMPT FATE

By Ruth Arell

Four big crises stand out in the life of Burgess Meredith. Five times he has made decisions which have altered the course of his life. And from each one he has learned it pays to take chances.

Burgess Meredith is the young actor who plays the name part in the Red Davis sketches three times a week. He was a typical American boy like "Red" whom he impersonates on the air. Yet his real life-story contains elements of melodrama far more thrilling than you'll ever find in fiction. For example, he ran away to sea to find out he wanted to be an actor. And he went to sea in the first place to escape a gang.

But let's start this story at its beginning, the first time he found it paid to take chances.

Crisis No. 1 in the life of young Meredith, or "Buzz" as he is known, came at the age of thirteen. Like thousands of others who have achieved success in the theatre or on the radio, he sang in the choir as a boy in his home town, Cleveland. Then one day, the Paulist Choristers of New York announced a national singing contest in which a singing scholarship was to be awarded to one boy from each section of the country.

Buzz wanted to enter the contest. But doubts assailed him. What chances would he have? After all, he had had no training except the bit at rehearsals. If by some miracle he won, what then? Would his family let him, a mere boy, leave home to live in the East?

Thus we find him, still a youngster, confronted with his first big problem. The more he thought about it, the more confused he became. But somewhere he had read that victory puts a different complexion on a situation.

If he won... Buzz entered the contest. Came the day of audition. He was so nervous when he arrived at the concert hall, he felt as if he were tied in knots. When he saw that the son of the church organist was a contestant, he wanted to run away.

"Only," he laughingly recalled, "my feet refused to budge. So I stayed."

He stayed and was the last to sing. His first notes were wavering ones. "But," he continued, "I suddenly spied Freddy Whipple, a kid I had licked the day before, in the audience. Instantly I knew that if I failed, I'd never live down his razzing. Believe me, I put my heart into my solo."

When it was over, the judges retired. Buzz squirmed in his chair. Freddy Whipple prepared a choice razz-berry.

Finally the judges came out and beckoned to the organist's son and to Buzz. They were asked to repeat their solos. Buzz sang last. But when he finished, the applause was deafening. With one (Continued on page 74)
8:15 a.m. The toothbrush is in motion even if this handsome sleepyhead isn't. 8:30 a.m. With coffee and the paper the morning brightens.

"You gotta get up"—Scotty is Conrad's alarm at 8 a.m.

8:45 a.m. Pleased? No wonder. He's listening to his own voice—via records. 9 a.m. Rehearsing in the drawing-room of his apartment.

9:45 a.m. Scotty gets his reward for having behaved for almost two whole hours! 10 a.m. To the studios for dress rehearsal.

Photos by Wide World
Remember the day you were given the run-around by local sophomores putting on the high-hat?
Remember the evening you expected to be taken to a breezy party and instead had to do your wall-flowering at home—ignored?
Remember the time your name was left off the guest list for the town's swankier dances and clubs?
What's the reason for it? New York's gayer radio crowd has found out the whys and wherefores. And they're trying a remedy—a soul stirring remedy they've turned into an exciting tête-à-tête which they've christened the "P. P. T." (Personality Plus Test, to you). They ask themselves a flock of questions and by the answers judge just where they stand in the opinions of others.
For instance, how would you answer this, most personal of personal questions: Is your attitude toward the opposite sex free from vulgarity? Or: Do you keep your nose entirely out of other people's business? Would you say "yes" or "no" to this: Do you keep your clothing neat and tidy?
Well, those are just a few of the forty-five P. P. T. questions radio artists are asking themselves. There's nothing funny and fake about the game. These Microphone Club members are taking the questionnaire seriously for it has been proven by Dr. Donald A. Laird, head of the department of psychology at Colgate University, that the answers to these questions will show you whether you are liked generally or not and why.
It's all very, very simple. You just answer the questions with a "yes" or a "no" and then count up your score. The highest possible score is seventy-nine. But don't expect to be perfect. Very few people are perfect these depression days. In fact, only ten per cent of all the people in the world are able to reach the top score.
At some of the Personality Plus Test parties in New York, radio artists are finding themselves above the average. Take Annette Hanshaw for example. Not many sunsets ago she introduced the game in her Park Avenue apartment. When the verdicts were read, Annette had an average of sixty-five out of a possible seventy-nine. In other words, she could "yes" all questions but a very few. Annette just had to admit that she sometimes found fault, that she didn't always control her temper, that she doesn't always keep her personal troubles to herself and that she sometimes does borrow things.
Conrad Thibault found his score to be seventy-one points. Maybe that's one reason this handsome, young Romeo who was unknown two years ago is now drawing a salary above the thousand dollar per week mark.
And maybe that's one reason the young girls of the microphone sorority are all a-flutter when he comes into the scene. You see, there is something besides a voice that counts in radio. Personality can make or break a radio artist. The radio fan, too.
Just where do you rank? This test may give you the answer to many of the perplexing personal problems that have been bothering you for so long.
HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

HOW TO MEASURE YOURSELF

Give yourself a score of 3 for each of these questions you can answer “Yes”:

1. Can you always be depended upon to do what you say you will do?
2. Do you go out of your way cheerfully to help others?
3. Do you avoid exaggeration in all your statements?
4. Do you avoid being sarcastic?
5. Do you refrain from showing off how much you know?
6. Do you feel inferior to most of your associates?
7. Do you refrain from bossing people not employed by you?
8. Do you keep from reprimanding people who do things that displease you?
9. Do you avoid making fun of others behind their backs?
10. Do you keep from domineering others?

Give yourself a score of 2 for each of these questions you can answer “Yes”:

11. Do you keep your clothes neat and tidy?
12. Do you avoid being bold and nervy?
13. Do you avoid laughing at the mistakes of others?
14. Is your attitude toward the opposite sex free from vulgarity?
15. Do you avoid finding fault with everyday things?
16. Do you let the mistakes of others pass without correcting them?
17. Do you loan things to others readily?
18. Are you careful not to tell jokes that will embarrass those listening?
19. Do you let others have their own way?
20. Do you always control your temper?
21. Do you keep out of arguments?
22. Do you smile pleasantly?
23. Do you avoid talking almost continuously?
24. Do you keep your nose entirely out of other people’s business?

Give yourself a score of 1 for each of these questions you can answer “Yes”:

25. Do you have patience with modern ideas?
26. Do you avoid flattering others?
27. Do you avoid gossiping?
28. Do you reprimand people to repeat what they have just said?
29. Do you avoid asking questions in keeping up a conversation?
30. Do you avoid asking favors of others?
31. Do you avoid trying to reform others?
32. Do you keep your personal troubles to yourself?
33. Are you natural rather than dignified?
34. Are you usually cheerful?
35. Are you conservative in politics?
36. Are you enthusiastic rather than lethargic?
37. Do you pronounce words correctly?
38. Do you look upon others without suspicion?
39. Do you avoid being lazy?
40. Do you avoid borrowing things?
41. Do you refrain from telling people their moral duty?
42. Do you avoid trying to convert people to your beliefs?
43. Do you avoid talking rapidly?
44. Do you avoid laughing loudly?
45. Do you avoid making fun of people to their faces?
By Nancy Wood

FIND OUT HOW TO COOK THE KIND OF DISHES THAT LANNY ENJOYS

"That was a very delightful meal," I found myself saying to Lanny around one o'clock the next day after a leisurely breakfast-lunch (quite a favorite combination with radio stars, I find). The meal had consisted of fruit juices, waffles, sausages and coffee. That is, I think that's what we ate, although most of the time I was having such fun listening to Lanny talk about Radio in general and his Show Boat and Log Cabin broadcasts in particular that I was derelict to my duty and paid little or no attention to the subject of food. But now I was nobly returning to my duties.

Mr. Ross, doubtless recognizing that "now I am the Cooking School director" gleam in my eye, settled back, lighted a cigarette and, like a lamb being led to the slaughter, meekly prepared to do as he was told. However I soon discovered that it was but an outward show of meekness and that under it all was a boyish spirit of fun coupled with a desire to spoof the subject of food and to make light of his own importance as an outstanding radio star. And, alas, he even showed signs of wishing to kid the guide of your RADIO STARS' Cooking School, who is nothing if not serious over anything pertaining to her department.

"Well, now that we have had such a pleasant repast, let's talk about food," I began sententiously.

"So you liked your lunch," Lanny commented. "And I suppose those were marvelous waffles?"

"They certainly were," I agreed politely.

"They certainly were not," he contradicted, a disarming smile taking the sting out (Continued on page 60)
Every woman knows what one shopper meant when she said recently: "I don't know any task as exhausting as shopping. I often slip away for a Camel when I'm getting tired. A Camel restores my energy. And I enjoy Camel's mild flavor so much that I smoke a lot. I can smoke as many Camels as I like, though, without bothering my nerves."

BUSINESS MAN. Irving J. Pritchard says: "Camels give me a 'lift' in energy that eases the strain of the business day, and drives away fatigue. Since turning to Camels, I smoke all I want, without alerting nerves."

SQUASH CHAMPION. John L. Summers, National Pro Champion, says: "After a tournament, I smoke a Camel. It's no time at all before my energy is brimming again. And Camels, I find, never jangle my nerves."

AVIATOR. Colonel Roscoe Turner: "A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas'—and smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. After smoking a Camel, I get a feeling of well-being and vim."

For Your Enjoyment!

THE CAMEL CARAVAN

featuring

ANNETTE HANSW
WALTER O'KEEFE
GLEN GRAY'S
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY
10:00 P. M. E. S. T.
9:00 P. M. C. S. T.
8:00 P. M. M. S. T.
7:00 P. M. P. S. T.

THURSDAY
9:00 P. M. E. S. T.
8:00 P. M. C. S. T.
9:30 P. M. M. S. T.
8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

Over Coast-to-Coast WABC-Columbia Network

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!
FAME is an old story to Grace Moore. Opera and stage acclaimed her. Then she brought the world to her feet in the movie, “One Night of Love.” Immediately thereafter she went on a widely successful concert tour. Now each Tuesday evening you can hear her over the radio from Hollywood where she is making a new picture.
Dreaded Age Signs first Appear **Under Your Skin**

Do lines and wrinkles begin **Below Surface** as early as **20**—Dermatologists say

**Lines, Wrinkles** are caused by wasting of the under skin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

Coarseness is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

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

Dryness is often attributable to poorly functioning under skin, inadequate oil supply.

Little Defects. Many factors lead to these—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

Sagging Tissues, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles. All occur in under skin.

Coarseness Blackheads Skin Faults

**all develop when Under-skin fails to function**

DO YOU KNOW what is the time of a woman's greatest beauty? The glorious teens!

Here's what a great skin authority says: "From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally blooms. It is satiny, clear, glowing. Not a line, not a pore. From 20 on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins." A fight it is!

If you want to know the secret beginnings of blackheads, coarse pores, lines, wrinkles, you would have to see into your under skin.

There's where the firm young tissue first begins to age. Where circulation slows. Where tiny oil glands begin to lose tone. When these things happen, your under skin actually starves! As a result, the outer skin becomes a prey to all sorts of disfiguring skin faults.

To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your under skin.

This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. In this famous cream are the purest of specially processed oils that sink deep into the skin. This rich, penetrating cream sustains the failing nutrition underneath—aid the natural functioning of the oil glands.

Use this youth-sustaining cream. See how quickly its use brings back freshness, color, a satiny texture. Even makes lines fade. Prevents development of blackheads, little defects.

Pond's Cold Cream is a wonderful cleanser. Use it at night before retiring.

In the morning and in the daytime before you make up, repeat this. Your powder goes on so smoothly—stays that way for hours.

Send the coupon today for the generous tube and other Pond's beauty aids. Then see if you do not win back that youthful charm every woman should have!

**Send for generous supply**

See what this famous cream will do for you!

POND'S, Dept. C128, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and a shade of Pond's Face Powder.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

State__________________________

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company
KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED

SMOOTH SLEDDIN’ for your throat

If you’ve never tried a KOOL, try one when your throat feels all smoked out. Ready? Light up! Didn’t know any smoke could be so refreshing and so good — did you? The mild menthol cools the smoke, soothes your throat, and brings out the choice tobacco flavor. Free coupon with each pack is good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet... and switch to the cigarette that keeps your throat KOOL.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

RADIO STARS

PROGRAMS
DAY BY DAY

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED

SMOOTH SLEDDIN’ for your throat

If you’ve never tried a KOOL, try one when your throat feels all smoked out. Ready? Light up! Didn’t know any smoke could be so refreshing and so good — did you? The mild menthol cools the smoke, soothes your throat, and brings out the choice tobacco flavor. Free coupon with each pack is good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet... and switch to the cigarette that keeps your throat KOOL.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

RADIO STARS

PROGRAMS
DAY BY DAY

SUNDAYS
(February 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th)

9:00 A.M. EST (6)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan’s. Children’s program. WABC, WNAC, WOR, WHK, WINS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WPBL, WCAC, WIBR, WJJC, WBBB, WDBK, WPSR, WPHF, WJHC, WWVA, WCNW, WADJ, WJJG, WQAM, WPHF, WPP, WPG, WIBR, WPBS, WPTC, WWSJ, WJLC, WJMA, WBBX, WDBO, WIBR, WLCB, WIBR, WMAE, WORC. 8:00 CST—WFBM, KMMC, WODB, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WBBB, WCCO, WSFA, WLAG, KTSF, KBOK, WACO, WART, KRTF, WAXN, KDUU, WDSU, KWKQ, WREK, WNOX, $1.00 MNT—KZL. (Network subject to change.)

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EST (5)—Peerless Trio. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (5)—Southernaires (Quartet). Poinsettia melodies of the South. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (5)—Church of the Air. WABC, WNAC, WOR, WHK, WINS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WPBL, WCAC, WIBR, WJJC, WBBB, WDBK, WPSR, WPHF, WJHC, WWVA, WCNW, WADJ, WJJG, WQAM, WPHF, WPP, WPG, WIBR, WPBS, WPTC, WWSJ, WJLC, WJMA, WBBX, WDBO, WIBR, WLCB, WIBR, WMAE, WORC. 8:00 CST—WFBM, KMMC, WODB, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WBBB, WCCO, WSFA, WLAG, KTSF, KBOK, WACO, WART, KRTF, WAXN, KDUU, WDSU, KWKQ, WREK, WNOX, $1.00 MNT—KZL, KKL.

10:00 EST (5)—Radio pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Mixed quartet. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:15 EST (4)—Between the Bookends. Readings. (From Kansas City.) WABC, WNAC, WOR, WHK, WINS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WPBL, WCAC, WIBR, WJJC, WBBB, WDBK, WPSR, WPHF, WJHC, WWVA, WCNW, WADJ, WJJG, WQAM, WPHF, WPP, WPG, WIBR, WPBS, WPTC, WWSJ, WJLC, WJMA, WBBX, WDBO, WIBR, WLCB, WIBR, WMAE, WORC. 8:00 CST—WFBM, KMMC, WODB, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WBBB, WCCO, WSFA, WLAG, KTSF, KBOK, WACO, WART, KRTF, WAXN, KDUU, WDSU, KWKQ, WREK, WNOX, $1.00 MNT—KZL, KKL.

11:00 EST (6)—News Service. WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowes’ Capitol Family. Supporters: Zona McLaughlin, soprano; Nicholas Costantino, tenor; Helen Alexander, soprano; The Sizzlers, musical quartet. WEAF and red network. Station list unavailable.

12:00 EST (5)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.) WOR, WABC, WOR, WHK, WINS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WPBL, WCAC, WIBR, WJJC, WBBB, WDBK, WPSR, WPHF, WJHC, WWVA, WCNW, WADJ, WJJG, WQAM, WPHF, WPP, WPG, WIBR, WPBS, WPTC, WWSJ, WJLC, WJMA, WBBX, WDBO, WIBR, WLCB, WIBR, WMAE, WORC. 8:00 CST—KMMC, WODB, WIBB, WESN, WACO, WART, WAXN, KDUU, WDSU, KWKQ, WREK, WNOX, KZL, KKL. 12:00 Noon EST (5)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.) WOR, WABC, WOR, WHK, WINS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WPBL, WCAC, WIBR, WJJC, WBBB, WDBK, WPSR, WPHF, WJHC, WWVA, WCNW, WADJ, WJJG, WQAM, WPHF, WPP, WPG, WIBR, WPBS, WPTC, WWSJ, WJLC, WJMA, WBBX, WDBO, WIBR, WLCB, WIBR, WMAE, WORC. 8:00 CST—WFBM, KMMC, WODB, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WBBB, WCCO, WSFA, WLAG, KTSF, KBOK, WACO, WART, KRTF, WAXN, KDUU, WDSU, KWKQ, WREK, WNOX, $1.00 MNT—KZL, KKL.

1:00 EST (5)—Radio pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Mixed quartet. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

(Continued on page 82)
The new XR Yeast...

"is a really great discovery for Constipation!"

-CONFIRMED BY GREAT DOCTORS EVERYWHERE

Physicians acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion, Skin Ills, Loss of Energy more quickly than any yeast before!

A FAMOUS American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a wonderful new kind of yeast. It is much stronger than any previous yeast... an entirely new "strain" of yeast... that acts far more vigorously!

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (in group at right), past president of an important medical society, say... "It gives the quickest results ever seen from yeast in constipation."

As XR Yeast speeds up your juices and muscles, your food digests better, is kept softer, does you more good, and is more easily eliminated.

Your appetite perks up. You can eat more of the things you really like. You lose that distress after meals.

Soon you should be able to stop taking cathartics that so often weaken you and make your trouble actually worse.

Soon your blood is purified, your skin is cleared of blemishes, looks healthy.

Combats Colds, Too!

In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G... giving you four vitamins you need for health.

Start eating the new Fleischmann's XR Yeast right now! You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Eat three cakes every day—plain, or in ½ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. Begin to eat it today... and keep it up for at least 30 days!

"GOODBYE, dear," said a prominent Milwaukee businessman to his wife. "I’ll be back just as soon as possible. Probably within the next day or two."

With these parting words, the businessman hopped into his car and sped toward Chicago, where he had "an important business engagement."

The next day his wife happened to tune in the Milwaukee court broadcast. She heard the court clerk call the next case:

"City of Milwaukee versus It.

It was her husband who was being tried! To her waiting ears came the motorcycle cop’s story of how he had arrested her husband for speeding on the Blue Mound Road, a highway leading into Milwaukee. And the cop’s opinion that the defendant and "the woman with him" were slightly intoxicated. "But that isn’t all," added the officer. "The defendant was driving with only one arm."

For driving while drunk the man who was supposedly in Chicago got "the works" from the court. But it was nothing compared to what he got when he appeared at his home several days later.

Now his wife accompanies him on (Continued on page 85)
RADIO STARS

"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger...

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance — so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure — soft, smooth skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — a dull, lifeless look — these are warning signals that you are not removing cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — protect your skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE ROUGE AND POWDER — BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN! I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY. IT DOES LEAVE YOUR SKIN LIKE VELVET!

LORETTA YOUNG
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"
Pontiac program on the network. He earned in the neighborhood of $25,000 that year. He has just signed a contract to star alone as a one-man show on the new Rexall program five times a week, starting January first on the CBS chain. Several other radio offers have come his way, one of which he may accept. He will probably earn over $50,000 this year. Would you call that being a failure?"

One of the most insidious rumors that floated around town was that Don got jobs only because of Jane’s influence. There was “The Follies of 1934,” for instance, in which they both appeared. It was said that Jane wouldn’t go into the show unless Don was also taken.

Now let me tell you what really happened. Don Ross first got the job in the “Ziegfeld Follies,” and later he brought Jane into the show! Yes, actually. You see, he had renewed his contact with the Shuberts (he had played in their “Lady Butterfly” some years back) the first day he stepped into New York, and when they were starting production on “The Follies” they called on him. Then Don hit on the idea of having Jane join the show. He felt that she needed one Broadway show as part of her background, and “The Follies” with its glamour, tradition and prestige would provide the perfect setting for her. It was Don, though, who fought and argued for top billing over the other stars for her, for the best songs and the best “spots” in the show, so that she would not have to share the heart-breaking experience of many other radio stars who are flotsam in shows.

To prove further that Don was hired on his own merit here’s something else very few people know. During the run of “The Follies,” Don’s old sponsors, the Pontiac company, wanted him back on the air, from nine to ten Saturday evenings. Don couldn’t appear on the program and in the show at the same time, so he asked the Shuberts to release him from his “Follies” contract, and they refused to let him go!

"Don Ross held Jane back from accepting an offer from Paramount Pictures because it didn’t include him." This is another story that has circulated around Radio Row, Broadway and Hollywood.

Yes, Don did hold Jane back from accepting the Paramount offer, but here’s why. Jane, as you know, is beautiful and talented, obviously a great hit for pictures. But she stuttered. Paramount wanted her to play the part of a stuttering girl! Can you imagine anything more disastrous? Don knew that that sort of role would forever destroy every bit of glamour and allure that Jane’s orchid-like beauty seems to radiate. It would spell her professional suicide, so the contract went unsigned. Does that sound like “jealousy” or “hindering” to you? Nor does it to me, either.

Now let me whisper a little secret to you. Jane plans to retire in about a year or two. So if you hear reports that Jane is leaving to keep the field clear for Don (and I’ll bet my new spring beret that those whispers will fly thick and fast), let me tell you right here and now just why she is planning that step.

To you, to the average radio or movie star, a career means two things—fame and money. Jane is the most unusual girl in the world in that she has absolutely no earthly use for fame. Really. As for money—well, she has been able to save almost all of her earnings, and she knows that Don can always continue to support her in the style to which she’s accustomed. So what is left? What she wants to do is settle down in the role of wife and mother. Then, she feels, her life will be complete.

So there we have Don and Jane. Not Mr. and Miss Jane Froman—but Mr. and Mrs. Don Ross! * * *

Jane Froman can be heard each Sunday at 10:30 p.m. EST, over the following stations: WAEF WITC WTAG WEI WJAR WCSS WYBR WBOC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WLW WDAF WMAQ WHO WMTA WTMJ WIBA KSTP WERB WDAY KFYR WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WPLA WSWM WMBC WSIB WAPI WJDX WSMB WSOC WAVE WYK KTHS WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KAO WDYL KGK KGHL KPO KF1 KGW KOMO KHQ KFSK WKBR KTB.

Do you know the inside story of Paul Whiteman’s fourth marriage? You will find the answer in the April RADIO STARS. Another absorbing feature in this issue is "The Taming of Barbara Bennett." As you might guess, Morton Downey had something to do with it.
Don't ruin your nails with dangerous acetone-type Polish Remover

The way you remove polish can make your nails brittle or keep them smooth and strong...

THE new soothing Cutex Oily Polish Remover will make all the difference in the world in the looks of your cuticle and nails.

It's simply criminal to ruin their natural smoothness and strength with harsh, old-fashioned acetone-type polish removers! Dangerously drying, they make your cuticle hard and rough, and your nails brittle—easy to break. If you go on using them, you might as well give up all hope of having gloriously lovely finger tips!

Cutex Oily Polish Remover can't dry your nails... it contains a special, beneficial oil that helps keep your cuticle soft, smooth and perfect, and your nails healthy. It will improve the looks of your nails day by day!

And, unlike other oily polish removers, it leaves no film to dim the lustre of your polish and shorten its brilliant life.

Try it. Cutex Oily Polish Remover comes in a 75% larger bottle now, at no increase in price. Its tendency to evaporate in the bottle is 20% less than that of the old-type polish removers. And tests show that it's more effective!

Your favorite store has it... go out right now and get a bottle... decide to keep your cuticle always beautifully plant, your nails smooth and strong.

Cutex Oily Polish Remover

SPECIAL GENEROUS OFFER
A generous sample of Cutex Oily Polish Remover for only 6¢...
SHAKER line. When every vitamins, we cannery. rush them crispy-fresh to care gives your baby finer, vacuum, the sterilization without overcooking.

Your better than ordinary straining Peas Prepared seasoned as they are, they are unsea-

Prepared Vegetables are now vigorously cooking at the center. And In ordinary canning, food nearest the heat is cooked more coarsely than that in the center of the can.

The flat contradiction he was making, "Well, do you really like waffles?" I questioned hopefully.

"I really do"—Lanny answered and then stopped—leaving me no place at all! Then, taking pity on my confusion, he continued:

"I like waffles a great deal, but only when they're crisp and extremely rich. And I want to have melted butter to pour over them and syrup served in a lavish manner."

"What other proportions she uses?" I asked hopefully, pencil and paper ready and all set to take down quantities.

"Do you know the story of King Alfred the Wise?" replied Lanny.

"Speaking of waffles?" I asked.

"No, speaking of cakes." I objected.

"True enough," grinned Lanny, "but it is significant enough that you are going to talk cooking at me, and I'm going to make you listen to my story first. It's a famous folk tale, one known to every English schoolboy."

"Well, go ahead," I replied, feeling that I could sit and listen to any story if Lanny would just smile occasionally during the telling. (It's really a devastating smile! I'm sure I shall never be the same again after seeing those perfect teeth flash at me.)

"Once upon a time," said Lanny, "and I want you to pay strict attention to teacher—one upon a time, about 1,000 years ago, good King Alfred of England had to hide from the Danes, whom he had tried to chase from the shores of his country. He came to a swineherd's cottage and, without revealing his identity, asked to be admitted. The swine-

"And I suppose," I interrupted, "that the moral of this affecting recital is that kings should stick to their king-leg."

"And singers should stick to their singing," laughed Lanny. "Go to the head of the class, Miss Wood. You've come here to help me on the subject of cooking. Well, I don't know how to cook, I never did know how to cook, and furthermore I never intend to learn. So, aren't you so happy you chose me for one of your Cooking School broadcasts?"

"I certainly am not," I declared. "And, anyway, you surely know that old bro-

"I don't know anything about mu-

sic, but I know what I like!" Well, the same holds true of the food question. I know you enjoy eating—I've had a glimpse of! that's what you just tell me you want to eat!"

"If you like sweets," he replied quickly. "Remarkable!" I exclaimed, laughing. "Fortunate!" he said, laughing, too. "If I didn't like desserts, I don't know what I'd do. For, since I became master over my Log Cabin program, I've been served maple-flavored sweets at every home to which I have been invited. 'We're having just a simple main course, Lanny,' my hostess will inform me, 'but we're going to have the most mouth-watering maple dessert!'" At first I was a bit surprised, as I had thought of maple syrup as being something one poured over waffles and hot cakes in copious quantities, and that was that. But not so the imaginative cooks and caterers of the land, it seems. I've sampled some of the most delicious concoctions of late. Actually, you know, it's a little like breaking your arm—you immediately see, and hear of, nothing but people who have broken arms, too! So now that I'm doing a broadcast for Log Cabin, I've learned about any number of dishes calling for maple syrup that I never even heard of before. Why, I even caught my manager's cook from a bit of pouring some into the cocktail shaker."

"Seriously, though," he continued, "most of the combinations have been superb, and the maple syrup has given a distinctive flavor to an otherwise prosaic dish. For instance, I abhor Rice Pudding. But I had a so-called New England Maple Rice Pudding the other day that was entirely different and really great. I don't suppose I can tell you anything about Maple Ice Cream that you don't already know, but you can try a Maple Mousse some time if you want to taste something special."

"Then the other day I had a cake flava-

"And now," said Lanny rising, with an air of courteous frankness, "if you tell your photographer to come up to the apartment tomorrow morning, I'll let him take a picture of your mouth-watering home-made waffles I really like and I'll have Mother mail you the recipe for them. Further than that on the sub-

ject of food I will not go. The next thing I know you will be asking me to change

RADIO STARS

RADIO STARS' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)
my theme song to. 'Waffle I do, when you are far away'—and Lanny sang it guiltily and with evident relish for the pan.

'I shall take the hint,' I replied. 'And go far, far away—back to my test kitchen, where I'll try the Rice and the Cabin puddings you mentioned, while impatiently awaiting the colored maid's sweet potato specialty and the waffle recipe you promised to have your Mother send me.'

That about terminated the interview, but was just the beginning of my researches into maple-flavored foods. Inspired by Lanny Ross' suggestions, I decided to try my hand at some original concoctions. I'm going to give you one of these recipes here.

MAPLE DIVINITY

- 1/2 cup maple syrup
- Whites of 2 eggs, stiffly beaten.
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 cup chopped walnut meats

In one saucepan cook maple syrup until small amount forms a slightly firm ball in cold water (240° F.). Cool slightly. Pour cooled syrup slowly over stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Beat constantly until mixture loses its gloss (about 2 minutes). Meanwhile, in another saucepan, cook sugar, water and corn syrup, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils, then cook without stirring until small amount of syrup forms a hard ball in cold water (252° F.) Add this syrup slowly to egg and maple mixture, beating constantly. Continue beating until candy is nearly cool, then add salt, vanilla and chopped nuts. Turn into greased pan 8x8 inches. Cool until firm. Cut into squares.

You girls who want to give Valentine gifts, pack some of this divine Divinity in a heart shaped box and present same to your best beloved. This is one time when I feel absolutely certain they'll enthuse!

And let me remind you to cut out, fill out and send out the coupon at the beginning of the article. It will bring you, posthaste, four of Lanny Ross' favorite dishes—Cabinet Pudding with Maple Sauce de Luxe, New England Rice Pudding, Maple Candied Sweets and Vericrisp Waffles. You will also notice in the coupon a postscript about the Jane Froman recipes. If you would like to have them too, just put a check mark in the space provided for it on the coupon and both Jane Froman's and Lanny Ross' recipes will be yours.

* * * *

Lanny is on these stations each Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. EST: WJZ WBAL WMAL WSYR WHAM KDKA WGR WJR WLS KWCR KSO WREN KOH WCKY; and on these in a repeat broadcast at 11:30 p.m. EST: WKY KPO KTHS WBAP WQAM KTBS KPBC KOA KDYX KPI KGW KOMO KHQ KESD KWK. See programs for Thursday evening for his Show Boat stations.
looks

Marvelous—It looks an feels like the best oilcloth!

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THE CLOPAY CORPORATION
1360 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

She Holds Her Man

(Continued from page 36)

some tunes, happened out with a network contract. George Hall, one of the ablest of the radio maestros, had heard her sing. Cupid had taken care of Loretta and Irving—after a fashion. That's been over two years ago. Do you know how much time they've had together in that two years? Twenty hours. Part of twenty hours, at least, that Loretta had in New Orleans last summer. Radio people of importance seldom get vacations. But the amazing thing is that despite their separation their love has grown greater and deeper and truer with the passing of time. Which, if you ask me, is one of the surest indications of the real thing. Particularly when so much has happened.

To Loretta—well, George Hall took her talent in the raw and let it develop unhindered. The biggest audience response seemed to come from her blues numbers, she found, so little by little she relaxed into giving a low-down tune what she felt she had to give it. Soon the now famous Loretta Lee style of singing evolved, something to see as well as to hear. If she knew that people really thought of her as hot, as well as her music, I'm sure it would be disastrous. Rather than be considered affected she'd stand behind that microphone like a stick. And flop. Loretta couldn't sing without rhythm flowing through her from her head to her toes. It goes over, all right. Witness her own coast-to-coast program, the tremendous demand for her at guest artist performances, benefits, vaudeville houses. Unlimited pursuit from men. Adulation. She is, off the air and off stage, so freshly beautiful. Long-lashed grey eyes, misty brown hair. She has fame that might make any other girl's heart turn.

To Irving—he's an up and coming young accountant now in a New Orleans firm; and he still plays the trumpet in Al Streiman's Orchestra at night. No vacations for him, either, with two jobs. Hard-working young man. Because there are plans ahead. She'll be coming home to stay with him forever some day soon.

In the meantime his heart hasn't done any turning! Loretta, woman-like, has sort of seen to that. Holding your man by the good old radio method of "remote control" may be difficult, but it's worth it to her.

Here's how it works. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday he can tune her in. That means staying up 'til one a. m. down in New Orleans, getting an early lunch hour now and then, hurrying home on Thursday afternoons. On Saturday there's the weekly long distance call when with tortuous magic a lot of wires and telephone poles and gadgets link up to carry whispered love messages back and forth across the continent. Then on Sunday and Monday extra long, sweet letters.

And, in all the in-between times, holding her man means to Loretta being true to him. That's not why she doesn't have dates. If she found, among the scores who petition her favors, anybody she really wanted to go out with she'd feel perfectly free to do so. But as yet no one else has ever looked half so charming to her as a memory back home; and that admission, because he knows it, must surely be a comfort and a strong binding tie to Irving.

She's keeping on in radio for a time yet because she hates to do things by halves. While he's getting soundly on his feet, she's working away, intent from morn until he does, singing all her love songs to him. The one man for her. Living her own quiet life with her aunt and saving some money, she's waiting.

When the Great Day comes—when the two see financial security ahead and blessed togetherness assured forever, Lorretta Lee will quit radio as cold as she knocked it. She's told me so earnestly and for so long now that I know it's true.

For, rare phenomena though it may seem, she's one blues singer who doesn't mind admitting that she actually prefers tots and tea towels to torch songs!

Did You Know that

RADIO has a Stepchild?

See the April RADIO STARS. You will also find out in this issue that many of your favorite radio performers are far from angels. Read "It's Dynamite" and learn why.
so as to have first-hand information for you, and to gather some additional helpful hints to pass on to you. The sun was just peeping through the clouds, revealing all the tall spires of Manhattan in a gray mist, when I arrived. It gave me a thrill to think that some of you readers might be hearing that very broadcast, too.

Every morning, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, for “going-on-ten” years, Mr. Bagley has been broadcasting setting-up exercises.

The exercises begin at 6:45 (EST) and last an hour. (Ouch! We know that’s mighty early in the Middle West.) Of course, if you live out on the West Coast, we wouldn’t suggest your getting up at 3:45 in the morning in order to tune in on the program, but you can select your own common-sense exercises and tune in on a nearby station in the morning to get some rhythmic music by which to enjoy your getting-in-trim drills.

Mr. Bagley knows what he is talking about when it comes to exercises. He supervised gymnasia for the Y. M. C. A. for twenty-three years, and he directed the soldiers in exercise drills at training camps. During the ten years he has been broadcasting, some two million people have written in to say they listen in to him regularly, and one can only guess at how many others listen in who don’t write the station. Physicians and nurses recommend his broadcasts to their patients. Women write in to tell him how much they’ve gained, or lost, since taking his exercises, or about how much better they are feeling and looking. He’s good!

Now we’re going to be kind to you at the start, and let you begin on the easy exercise Mr. Bagley heartily recommends as an eye-opener. Stretch... that’s easy, isn’t it? Just stretch, stretch, stretch, your arms, your legs, your neck, your whole body, from the tips of your fingers to the ends of your toes, much as a cat stretches. The cat family has stretching down to a fine art, so watch your pet tabby stretch, if you have one.

You’ll find his exercises have imaginative names that are often self-explanatory. There’s the Goose Step, the same practised by the German soldiers during the war; the “Tournistil,” which consists of swinging from the tips from side to side like a regular turnstile; the “Punching Bag,” driving your fists forward and back; the “Bicycle Ride,” lying on your back with the arms alongside, then lifting the legs to vertical, bending the knees and hips in fast time, as though you were riding an imaginary bicycle; and so on.

Fifteen minutes of exercise and your circulation is in a warm glow, and you can be sure that when blood circulation is being increased, more food is being brought to your tissues, and more waste carried away by them. After all, we’re not just stenographers, and housewives, and mothers; we’re living machines made up of bone
and muscle, blood and nerves. If we don't use our bodies, they get flabby, old, and ugly.

It takes gumption, of course, to keep at your exercises day in and day out. "Compulsion" is a favorite word of Madame Sylvia's. And if ever a person possessed gumption, and pluck, and spirit, and ability, it's Sylvia. You can't help but drop the "Madame" part after you've once met her. She has a regular whirlwind of energy, a regular dynamo of vitality, and yet she's just about as big as a minute. Is "gumption" in exercising and proper dieting worth while? Look at Sylvia's picture and judge for yourself. She is fifty-three—yes, she is, whether you believe it or not—and proud of it. The picture doesn't show her lovely complexion coloring, either. I have met several times and have never failed to be impressed anew with her tremendous vitality. When she comes into a room, you say to yourself, "There is a person!"

Sylvia "darlings" and "baby's" everyone impartially. She scolds every lazy soul with an equal impartiality. And makes them love it. She has scolded the pampered stars of the screen, and the moneyed darlings of the wealthy, and they have been docile as lambs in following her instructions, because they knew she produced results. There's no hokum about Sylvia. If she can't do anything for you, she'll tell you so. But she generally can. Constance Bennett, Grace Moore, Norma Shearer, Barbara Hutton—yes, even Ronald Colman—are but a few on the long roster of "big names" who owe a debt of gratitude to Sylvia.

Perhaps you are saying to yourselves, "That's easy enough for the celebrities who can afford to have Sylvia give them treatments every day, and put them through their prescribed tricks. But what about us ... how can we work such miracles? That's the very point that Sylvia makes in her broadcasts. What she has done for her patients, others can do for themselves, if they have enough gumption (there's that word again ... it's getting to be my favorite, too), and plain ordinary stick-to-itiveness. She gives you exercises and diets for gaining energy, or height or energy, or reducing or building up in spots, for clearing up the complexion. Circulation ... circulation ... that's the secret of physical fitness and a smooth skin. Tepid showers instead of devitalizing hot baths, with cold water finishes if you can stand them, and vigorous massages with coarse Turkish towels, especially concentrating your massage on the spine. Certainly we need good circulation to put us in a way to glow this kind of weather. Eat raw apples, raw carrots, lettuce, cooked beets, blackberries, cherries, spinach juice, figs and dates. All these foods are pep producers and excellent blood tonics.

One of the best suggestions (if you can select a best one) that Sylvia makes as a general exercise for both fats and slims is dancing. A snappy fox-trot is a tonic to beauty, according to Sylvia. Every night—imagine you're dancing with Bing Crosby, if you must—but dance. Turn on the radio and dance from a half hour to an hour at a time. Have the room well-aired. A stuffy place in which to dance doesn't do your lungs any good. The old-fashioned two-step with a hopping motion is grand exercise ... an easy, close step, with hands high above your head, and your hips swaying à la Mae West.

Sylvia favors early morning rising too, so I guess there's no getting away from it. After all, getting breakfast in a hurry, skipping your exercises, and not giving yourself time enough for good grooming, is a pretty sure way to start the day all wrong. Sylvia would put in a word about lunches, too, we feel pretty certain. A friend of mine told me about Sylvia throwing up her hands in holy horror when she mentioned her soda-sandwich lunch. Sylvia said she should have a good big salad with plenty of crisp lettuce, and fresh vegetables and fruit. The girl was one of those "in-betweeners," neither too fat nor too thin, but her complexion was losing its smooth clearness. Incidentally, however, fresh fruits and vegetables are necessary for both fats and thin, you know. If you want to get fat, don't choose the heavy foods that will give you sluggish circulation and a bad skin.

First and foremost, of course, you must be able to size up your defects in the mirror. That isn't always easy, because you're so used to seeing yourself as you are that it is difficult to see yourself as others see you. Don't depend on your friends. You know they generally think you want their candied opinion instead of their candid, frank one. Select some screen or radio star that you know has a good figure, and use her as a "measuring" stick. Remember, too, that bad posture can make defects easily remedied through good posture.

Now if you've started to map out, or rather, "figure" out your keeping fit career, perhaps you'd like some of the special exercise sheets I've prepared for you. And I'll be glad to tell you how to do the morningday dieting that's a humdinger, too. If your complexion needs a blackhead remedy, I can give you a cleansing treatment to clear up that difficulty. So write me... and good luck to you in your "tuning-in" program for health and beauty. * * *

Arthur Bagley is on these stations every day except Sundays at 6:45 p.m., EST: WAKF, WEEI, KYW, WGY, WRC, WEN WCAE, CRCT.

Madame Sylvia can be heard each Wednesday at 10:15 p.m., EST over: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBNJ, WHAM, WKBK, KDKA, WGR, WENR, KWBC, KSQ, KWW, KOIL, WREN, WTMJ, WIBA, WJR, KSF, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KG, KOMO, KIQ, WCKY.

If you have any personal beauty problems that require individual answers write to Mary Biddle. She will help you solve them.
money from his oil wells ceased coming in, he never went to his wife and said, "Darling, we must cut down on expenses." Instead he tried to live as though nothing had happened, taking greater and greater gambles on success. Finally, he sank a fortune in a hotel in Florida and you know what happened after the Florida boom. The shock of realizing that he could no longer provide for his loved ones did something to him, and suddenly all his vitality deserted him.

He tried to keep his misery from them, but Annette's eyes saw deep and true. She must do something. She must! If things didn't happen soon, there would be no one to take care of her mother; why, Frankie, her adored younger brother, might even have to leave school.

Slowly the thought came to Annette that her singing might mean a path out of the wilderness. She begged and pleaded with her father to let her open a music store, and reluctantly he let her do it. Perhaps you've heard about that music store, but I'm sure you've never heard some of the strange things that happened there.

It was a music store out of a story book. She fixed it up like a studio with dark blue wicker chairs, gay rugs, and a black and yellow showcase. She swept and cleaned the store herself, and sold pianos, phonographs, radio service and sheet music, which she always demonstrated herself.

It was a tough spot for a girl as young and naive as Annette. For here came all the town's gay young blades; here came rough gangsters; here came all the people of the town. Right behind the shop was the Italian colony, with its hard-working young mothers carrying their little bambinos in their arms, and the blustering men who spoke a language strange to Annette's ears.

What was Annette to do? Wise-crack at them? Play at being the hard-boiled young thing? Greet them with a smile she didn't mean? Of course not; these would never have worked. Instead she became the big sister to all the people in the town. They all knew that they could come to Annette and tell her their troubles. The Italian women could speak of how had their little bambinos were and ask whether they ought to feed them spinach or garlic. The men could pour out all their domestic troubles and be sure that Annette wouldn't take them wrong. The result was that the whole colony adored her. The Italian women would walk by and grab the broom from Annette's hands, saying to her, "Shoo, shoo, we clean de shop."

Annette even won the friendship of the town's toughest and toughest gangster, a burly Italian who came there again and again with a bunch of men, whom he ordered to buy her most expensive records. They would plead with him that they didn't want them, but a flood of obscene
Italian drowned one of all their pleas.

"How much is this? And this? And this?" the Italian gangster would ask Annette. The cheap records he passed by scornfully, but just as soon as she mentioned a high price for one, he would turn to the other Italians who stood trembling in their boots and order them, "Buy that!

Then there was the boy whose mother burned a hole in his trousers.

He was a tall gangly youth, nineteen years old. To Annette he confessed that although he was a Catholic he had never been confirmed. She told him that it was not too late.

Finding her sympathetic, he went on with his confession. "You know," he said, "my mother was ironing my trousers and she burnt a hole in them, so I popped her one on the nose."

Of course Annette was horrified, but she managed to explain to the gangly youth that it was not quite the thing to do, to go about popping one's mother on the nose.

Shortly afterwards he was confirmed at the same time as Annette's younger brother Frankie, and I understand that after, under Annette's influence, his character underwent a striking change. He even gave up the diversion of beating up his mother.

Finally Annette sold her little music shop at a profit. But her father's health continued to fail, and when she was eighteen years old, he died, leaving her and Frankie and her mother unprovided for. He had left not a penny of insurance and nothing from the wreckage of his fortune.

There was no one to help them. Annette's older brother was married and had two children of his own to take care of. Her mother had never been trained for making a living. Her younger brother Frankie hadn't finished grammar school, and it was her dream and his that he was to become a great surgeon some day.

Where was the money to come from? Annette's fingers trembled as she picked up the bills that kept piling in.

With her father's death, Annette was the head of the family. She, who was so frightened of life herself, didn't dare show it. For Frankie's sake, for the sake of her mother, she must take her father's place.

You have read of what happened, of how she sang at parties, how Wally Rose, then recording manager of Pathé, heard her sing, and asked her to take some tests for phonograph records. You've heard how, under several different names, she made thousands of records, and how at last she won a place for herself on the air.

But the story that no one knows is how she became Frankie's guide and his inspiration and was both father and sister to him. She not only sent him through school, but she gave him a code by which to live.

It was such a simple code, yet it was one that would make a man of any boy who followed it: "Always take the blame for everything you do, but never tell on anyone else." Frankie followed it, as though his very life depended on it. There was the time he got into trouble in school because he obeyed it.

One afternoon he and a group of about fourteen other boys who had been playing football in the school yard climbed in through a window for a drink of water. The next day their teacher announced sternly that "A group of boys were seen climbing in through the window yesterday. Which of you boys were in the group? Stand up."

"I never told a lie," was the reply true to his code, stood up. Only Frankie, of all those boys. "What boys were with you?" asked the teacher.

"I'm sorry," said Frankie, "I can't tell you.

"You can't tell me!" The teacher's face burned with rage. "You've got to tell me."

But Frankie stood there, white-lipped, refusing. They sent him to the principal's office, where he still refused to tell. That night related to Annette what had happened. "You did exactly right," Annette told him, nodding her blonde curls approvingly.

As she was the "head of the house," the principal sent for her. Annette, only eighteen herself and feeling like a little school-girl being sent to the principal's office, faced the angry, white-haired woman.

"Why don't you make your brother tell?" demanded the principal.

"Because I think what he's doing is right," said Annette.

"How can you say that? Would you encourage your brother to harbor a criminal?"

This time Annette was really furious. The color flamed in her cheeks. "No, he'd never shield a criminal," she retorted, "I'm too shy, or too timid to stand up for what she believed in, who won that battle. And it's Annette, shy, timid Annette, to whom her mother and her brother turn to in every emergency.

Annette and Frankie, Brother and sister. Together against the world. Annette breathing into Frankie some of the courage she herself learned when she had to pit her wits against the world to wrest a livelihood from it. Teaching him that her shyness and reserve were assets which she must use to get somewhere in this world, where people are only too often taken at their own valuation.

But the worst and most heart-breaking task that Annette ever faced was as the head of the family was when she had to tell Frankie that he must never play football or basketball again.

Frankie was always in the midst of the worst scrimmages. He was always breaking a leg or wrenching a shoulder, and he never took these injuries seriously. Then he got septic poisoning. The tissues of his head were injured.

The doctor called Annette aside and said, "Frankie must never play football or basketball again. If ever the ball were to hit that part of his head where the tissues are so delicate, he'd be done for."

Knowing what this would mean to Frankie, Annette asked the doctor if there weren't some way of protecting him. The doctor shook his head ruefully. Even if Frankie wore a guard, it would still be dangerous for him to play, he insisted.

"I'll tell him somehow," Annette answered, her voice shaking, her eyes bright with tears she must not shed.
Back to Frankie's room she went. Back to his whining face and the hopes she knew she would have to shatter. "What did the doctor say, Sis?" he asked. "I'll be able to be up and about, playing football in a couple of days, won't I?"

She pursed her lips to the task for she must break this news to him gently. "Frankie," she said softly, "the doctor doesn't think that would be such a good idea." He swallowed manfully, and a lump choked Annette's throat, too.

"At least I'll be able to play basketball, won't I?" he asked, his eyes fixed on her face and on her honest blue eyes.

"Oh, God, please give me the wisdom to say the right thing," she prayed silently. And that wisdom was given to her. "Frankie, Frankie, dear," she said, "you know those hands of yours, those hands you hope will become a great surgeon's hands some day? If you play basketball you may injure them, and your dream will never be fulfilled."

It was the one argument that could possibly have won the day for her. He might have hesitated if she had explained that his life was in danger. To be barred forever from the two games he loved best was a bitter thing. But then there was his dream of becoming a great surgeon. A dream which Annette will make it possible to fulfill, for she has set aside enough money so that Frankie can go to medical school.

She doesn't realize that she has done anything wonderful in bringing comforts and luxuries to her mother, whom she adores, and making it possible for Frankie to fulfill his dreams. But how many sisters would do the same? Would you?

* * *

Annette Hanshaw is on these stations Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9 p.m., EST: WABC WADC WOko, WCAO WNAC WKBl WB.Bl WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KM0X WFBW WSDP WJSW WPG WLBZ WDRK WGBW WT WDOH WBNS KRLD WDNA WBIG WHP KTRH KFAB KLRA WFEA WREC WINS WCRO WILA WSFA WLAG WDSU KOMA WMDB WMBG WDBJ WHHC KTHS WJOC KW KSA KLSK KUMT KIBX WACO WMT KFJ KKOI WJSF WORC WNA WKBK. Also on a repeat broadcast Thursday at 11:30 p.m., EST on these stations KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KG KFBW WDB KOL KFPP KWG KVI KLZ KVOR KOH KSL.

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ANNOUNCING THE WINNER OF RADIO STARS' COAT CONTEST

We are happy to announce that Mrs. Ruth Warner, 894 Eighteenth Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota, is the winner of the I. J. Fox fur coat. The contest was run in the December issue of RADIO STARS Magazine.

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RADIO STARS

I have no time for sticky hand lotions

MRS. JOHN HELD, JR.

Wife of the famous artist, who created "Margie" and other flappers, keeps her hands lovely this way

"Naturally, I want to keep my hands attractive—a husband who is an artist notices every detail. But I certainly haven't any time to spare waiting for sticky hand lotions to dry—not with a house to run and a lively two-year-old daughter to look after, and a pair of dachshunds to keep track of. That's why I'm so delighted with Pacquin's—it doesn't leave any sticky film at all, just seems to disappear into the skin and make it soft and smooth and beautifully white."

There's an excellent reason why Pacquin's leaves no sticky film on your skin—because this cream actually sinks right into the inner layers of the skin where it is needed. Your skin absorbs it—very different from the old-fashioned lotions that remain on the outer skin until evaporation dries them. Make your hands lovelier this convenient, modern way. Send for the lovely introductory jar today.

"I do my own work and still am proud of my hands"—Mrs. S. C. Hahner

"There's no excuse for even the busiest woman not having pretty hands when Pacquin's is so quick and easy to use. It seems to feed back into the skin all the softness that house-work takes out. And not waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry, as I used to. And Pacquin's keeps my hands whiter and smoother than they ever were."

Pacquin's Hand Cream

THE QUICK, MODERN WAY TO LOVELY HANDS

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION, DEPT. 610 101 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name...........................................................................................................

Address.................................................................................................

City........................................................................................................

State......................................................................................................
Give That COLD Just 24 Hours!

Colds Go Overnight When You Take the Right Thing!

A COLD doesn't have to run its course and expose you to serious complications.

A cold can be routed overnight if you go about it the right way. First of all, a cold being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. Secondly, a cold calls for a COLD remedy and not for a "cure-all."

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct— and it does the four things necessary.

Fourfold in Effect

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system. Anything less than that is taking chances with a cold.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist.

You Can Have a Radio Career

(Continued from page 33)

the music and radio worlds are fast becoming closer associates and word-of-mouth among them will be the best possible advertisement of your talents."

JOE PENNER: "Your gift for comedy needs the training ground and acid test of the stage. Try your stuff in local theatres first, amateur nights at nearby theatres, etc. I did. Don't copy anybody and don't be afraid to say anything you think will give the folks a clean laugh. That's how I hit on 'Wanna buy a duck?' and other catch lines. They popped into my head and I said 'em to see what would happen. Try keeping a notebook like I used to of the gags that get the biggest laughs. When you get enough of 'em you can work up an act for vaudeville or burlesque. Stage experience will take kinks out of your stuff that no amount of small-time radio ever will. You've got to have a visible audience to know how you're doing. Make the customers guffaw loud enough in the theatre and the nearest network will hear the fuss. Simple."

ED WYNN (The Fire Chief): "Decide definitely what type of humor you have—whether you depend on material like Fred Allen, delivery, mugging and catch lines like Penner, a method of presentation similar to mine, or your own way. It's a novel one that's all the better. Then do theatrical and local radio work for experience. Write your own stuff if possible; it will better you and give you more to offer. When you're sure you have something on the bull try New York or Chicago. But be certain to have enough saved to live six months without working because it will take all your time to consistently plug the casting directors of the webs. If after six intensive months you haven't clicked on an opportunity go home, improve yourself and try again. If you've got something good you'll get there."

PAUL WHITEMAN: "Frankly, if you want to become a maestro, you've got to know the right people. No matter how, but get to know them! One method involves becoming a musician with one of the better-known bands on the air. You'll learn then what influential figures to see and how to reach them. Make yourself so dynamic a music personality that you can convince them you've got something over the rest of the boys. Then you're set. Contact is all-important in the orchestral field of radio."

GLEN GRAY (Casa Loma Orchestra): "Big bands grow from small town or school units who develop an unusual dance style that people like. Examples: Hal Kemp's Orchestra from the University of North Carolina; Fred Waring's Orchestra that was once a five-piece outfit in Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Put enough originality in the unknown band, play any engagements you can book, barnstorm all the radio stations you can. You'll gradually become known. It takes time to make big time, but you can do it."

JOHNNY GREEN (Musical advisor of one of the broadcasting networks and composer of "Body and Soul"): "Easy Come, Easy Go," "Night Club Suite," etc.: "To the aspiring hand conductor I recommend two things from my own experience. First, get your outfit sustaining programs, if necessary, on the largest radio stations you can—for the good of the band. Second, for the further good of yourself, do any composing or arranging of which you are capable. Your own tunes played by your band will do much to promote you. After you've done enough with these two items big-time offers ought to start popping."

GRAHAM McNAMEE: "The boy who aims at announcing will get a college education first to give him an equal footing with college competitors for radio jobs. He'll take as much English, music and diction as he can and he'll make good first on a local station. Then he'll apply (with the best recommendations he can get) via mail, or preferably in person, to a network. Don't worry, brother, if you're crackerjack they'll grab you."

DAVID ROSS: "Network announcing positions aren't hard to obtain if you have first conquered the school of the small station. How to get in there? Hang around until they make a job for you. Do all types of announcing until you discover which you do best, then specialize on it. Go to the manager of your nearest network outlet, who probably already will have heard you, and show him what you are capable of. Take along a knowledge of several foreign languages. You'll need them."

LOWELL THOMAS: "The route to becoming a radio commentator is pretty roundabout. But I'd say briefly, college first with plenty of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit and modern languages. Be a newspaperman for at least three years. Then get into a business that will take you around the world many times over. Learn all you can about everything you can. It's up to you after that to distinguish yourself in writing, lecturing or some similar occupation which will undoubtedly bring you to the attention of radio. I'm afraid commentators just don't grow from announcers who attempt to work up without sufficient background. "Try my method.""

CURTIS ARNALL (Buck Rogers): "You can knock radio dramatics for a loop if you have the right training behind you. I strongly endorse the preliminary grind of a good art theatre similar to the Pasadena Community Playhouse—others just as fine are scattered everywhere. At an art theatre you'll receive act instruction and big people will be watching and waiting to push you into the legitimate. Reach that and you have both opportunity and entrance to squeeze New York dry for your radio chance. Notice the present crop of other actors and you'll see ninety-five per cent of them are stage products. Don't overlook the local stations in New York for they can be stepping stones to the networks."

There you are—advice from the biggest and best—to help you who have ambitions for a successful radio career.
The Thrill of My Life

(Continued from page 15)

The music played softly, I vaguely heard myself speaking without a voice quaver or a mistake. We were on and we went through it without an error!

How do they do it?

I don’t know. It is one of the great mysteries of radio that one minute before you go on everything is in a turmoil and then when you step before the microphone everything is miraculously all right. You don’t drop your script any more. You just don’t forget your lines.

They laughingly explained to me that if I thought my program had been in a turmoil, I should see some of them! Well, I think I saw as much as one weak woman could stand.

But I love it. And now that I am getting used to it, I think I would miss the confusion. On the “Coquette” broadcast we were changing lines and cutting the script one minute before we went on the air, because we discovered we were two minutes overtime. This naturally precluded the possibility of any final rehearsal. Yet none of the programs went so letter-perfect as this one.

Many people have asked me if I ever experienced microphonic fright? And that is a rather difficult question to answer.

I always have been frightened when I am standing before the microphone merely as Mary Pickford. I mean, when I am just myself, making a speech for charity or in tribute as I did at dear Marie Dressler’s last birthday party. As Mary Pickford I am ill at ease, not at all sure of myself. This is also true of my stage appearances when I have nothing to do but to talk directly to the audience. As much experience as I have had is woefully frightening to me.

But when I can hide behind a character such as “The Church Mouse” or “Coquette,” then I’m going to brag a little and admit I don’t know the meaning of personal nervousness—except in that prayerful hoping that everything will be all right!

“At the present time I am devoting five days a week to my radio programs, in assembling my casts and in rehearsals. My days off are Thursdays and Sundays. And is it any indication of the way I feel toward radio when I admit that Thursdays and Sundays are the dullest days I know?”

* * *

Mary Pickford is on these stations each Wednesday at 8:00 p. m., EST: WFAF WTHC WTAG WEEI WJAR WCSS KYW WFBT WDAF WTMJ WRC WGY WHEN WCAE WTDN WWJ WSAI KSD WOW WHO WCKY CCFP WNNC WMAQ WIBA WEBB WKY WDAY KFVR WPTF WMC WJDX WSMB WAVE KVOD KTBS WOAI KIO KHYL. KFW KVW WADO KTAR KFI CSCT WIS WYWA WIOD WFLA WSM WSB KPRC WJAX KSTP WFAA

RADIO STARS

There are two ways of looking at Dentyne

as an aid to mouth health

Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods—but not today. Dentyne’s extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing. Everyone’s needs... It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM 5¢

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

as a delicious gum

You can recommend Dentyne because of its delicious flavor, also. Everyone will agree that its delightful spiciness is completely satisfying. Its firm chewiness makes it still more enjoyable. Your friends will be delighted to learn of such a different, distinctive gum. Dentyne, you know, comes in a handy vest-pocket package—a shape that originated with Dentyne and has identified it for many years.
of ridicule their enemy trains on them almost daily.

The answer is no, because Winchell is getting old—and with age the yen for respectability becomes stronger. The words he has invented are now in dictionaries. Gray-bearded professors write heavy articles about him. Walter likes these things. He reads, he studies, he yearns for a literary career—earning a place beside Jonathan Swift and Thomas Carlyle and other brainy boys who grew great by throwing the harpoon at their fellow men.

Have you listened to him recently on the air—or read his columns? Catch the note of sweetness and light. Watch him slickly try to alter the picture of Winchell, the Broadway mud toter, to Winchell, the Broadway good Samaritan. Both are Winchell, but the world doesn't change as easily as one man.

Whom does he fight with most? His managing editor, Emil Gavreau, the man who found him and taught him the trick of skimming a victim in the press without suffering the consequence. Why does he fight him? Because Gavreau clams for more assault, more snap, more mud—these things make readers—readers make money. Of all these things Walter is weary. He is growing more mellow. But Gavreau's whip is across his shoulders—and it's go on for Winchell.

Where do the haters come from? From gossip relayed to the wide world, gossip that should have been kept secret. Names slandered, pride hurt, families disgraced, careers ended—these are the good iron loam for hatred. Wasn't it he who said "you must pump people for news...you can always manage to find a leak in the person who promised not to tell."

Not very dangerous, but important enemies are the rival columnists, those on other tabloid newspapers. Almost daily there is a leaf from the poison column in their oatmeal. Here are two examples, chosen at random:

"We know you don't give a damn about the petty pranks of our pupils—most of whose jobs were made possible by our pillar and the inventor of carbon copy..."

"Things that put me to sleep: Echoes who ahi who that they ape this column because they are 'under orders.'"

Yet he goes along merrily, making enemies. Does having enemies disturb the debonnaire Winchell? The answer is yes. The answer is also no. Yes, because you see it in his jitters, his nervousness—unquestionably Radio's most nervous performer. They tell me that at his debut broadcast he was shaking so hard he couldn't talk. A friends told him to take hold of a table and grip it hard to hold down the quivering—and so he managed to go through with it. But even today, supposedly a seasoned broadcaster, he is as jumpy as a three-ring flea circus.

His hat stays on his head—always. He loosens his necktie, pitches his coat to a chair—and he is off...da-da-da-di-da-di-da. He speaks so rapidly he loses his breath. When that happens he pounds the telegraph key. It is there as a sound effect, but principally to give him an opportunity to regain his breath. When the broadcast is over, he slumps, completely exhausted.

Superficially, these enemies don't bother him. He seems to glory in them. He brags about them. Someone wrote a book called the "Columnist Murder." The columnist in the story was Winchell to the flesh, a full-length portrait. Walter loved it, talked about it to the public.

But if you want to know what makes the Winchell wheels go around, read this story he printed in his column about James Gordon Bennett, owner and editor of The New York Herald. It is the Winchell slant on beatings, murders, and other things that may happen to him.

"On a couple of occasions, according to his own files, irate victims called at the Herald and horsewhipped Bennett. "Stories of the whippings were prominent in the next day's paper. New York read them avidly. A heckler once accused Bennett of printing these stories to exhibit himself as a wronged man."

"Wronged hell! Bennett boomed, there are any number of people in New York who have no greater pleasure than to read of me being hurt. They pay for the paper so I give them what they like."

When Al Jolson knocked him down twice in the belief that Winchell was about to reveal the story behind his marriage to Ruby Keeler, did Winchell run in a corner and hide? No, he told the world about it—as James Gordon Bennett would have done. That's good journalism—and you have to tip your toque to that. Winchell is a durn good reporter.

Give the leopard credit for his spots. He was the first to interview the man who shot at President Roosevelt and killed Mayor Cermak of Chicago. He was the first to break the news of the death of Baby Face Nelson, of the Dillinger gang.

Oh, he's not all black, not by a cargo of facts. In parts he is shiny white. He has a way of hurling himself into crusades. When Hollis and Cowley, the two Federal agents were killed by Nelson, he campaigned for their widows. His campaign got them jobs. When Lydia Roberti was on the point of being deported, he raised hue and cry and she stayed. Newark reporters were on strike. Who helped with contributions, benefits, whatnot—Winchell. Then he lambasted the Nazis and Himmleman and everyday he does his good deed, even though he is no member of the Boy Scouts. He sees a street car conductor help a blind passenger across the street. He asks in his column that the company give the man two days off for this gallantry.

They say in his favor that he will never discuss the peccadillos of a married man or woman in his column. If he sees so and so with a blonde—and so and so is married and the blonde is not
his wife—he says not a word to anyone.

To get news you need friends, grateful friends, thousands of them—and Winchell, oddly enough, has them. His good deeds mount up and every good deed gathers in a friend or a gang of them. His anti-Nazi crusade, for example has endeared Winchell to practically the entire population of New York.

His mail comes in like a spring freshet. Letters of hatred, letters of spite. Hundreds of them. The most detestable are those from anonymous writers who attempt to get even with neighbors by whispering to Winchell the dirt they know about them.

Little news comes by mail. Most news comes from people like hotel managers who have a way of knowing what their celebrated guests are up to. From run-down actors. From reporters. From night club hostesses. From stool pigeons, at eleven o'clock each night he establishes himself at his table in the Casino de Paris and there he sits as in an office until three o'clock in the morning. Anybody with a rumor to whisper or a fact to sell can find him there at these hours. Press agents, scandal venders, gunmen with bullets to shoot—they know the hangout and there they come.

His crusades on behalf of Department of Justice men have netted him scores of friends who give him the inside track on big Federal news. Why does he print an item entitled, "Don't be a Joe McGee" which reports that bellhops play tricks on guests who give no tips? Why? For the simple reason, it endears him to every bellhop in town, and what better source of keyhole news can you desire than the amalgamated bellhops of New York City.

Back of Walter Winchell's front line enemies are those who make no threats, who dislike him intensely, who despise him, a quite considerable army of enemies whose hatred is bottled up, who are not likely to punch or shoot. He makes them daily by insult, by ridicule, by exposure.

Items like these:
"Is the Eleonore Fairchild dancing at the Firenze with M. Sandino the daughter of Henry Pratt Fairchild, the nationally known sociologist . . . I am wondering . . ."

"Adèle Astaire has no intention of divorcing Lord Cavendish. She gets along beautifully with her husband . . ."

"Will people like these kill Winchell?"

The answer now is I don't know. I tremble a little for this man who is trying to climb out of the muck on the back of crusades for good causes. Items like the above appear every day. Sometimes they die and hurt no one. Sometimes they arouse frenzy. He makes an enemy every time they appear. His enemies will write letters occasionally, to him and to his superiors. They end up in the same waste basket.

I say I don't know, because some day he may offend a man who will not be satisfied until there's Winchell blood on his hands. I hope it never happens.

It shouldn't happen because Walter, after all, is going the road travelled by all important men. Their early days are all stories of bitter, ruthless, frequently bloody fights to get started. Most of
Four ravishing cient see, with your skin a Peacock Face Powder and, coarsen pores. oils ing moisture French ingredients Powder. Not expensive theing of breeding FACE "MAKE-up-LOOK & FORM-ING ordinary With "nervous powdering" MI5- proof! Skin oils three 50c box try store. Or send name and address drug depart- ment. One hundred and fifty dollars, list of tens of thousands $250,000. A record for those days! After the "Carnival" came "The Perfect Fool." After that "The Grab Bag." Ed Wynn was back on Broadway, feeding on clover. The boycott was broken. The managers came to him, hats in hands. One of them, George White, followed him to Europe to sign him for $5,000 a week, a high in salaries. Did it take nerve? Answer for your- self. And now take a peek at his radio venture. It started with a fanfare of trumpets. The announcement was swell. The Ama- gamedet Broadcasting Company, Ed Wynn, president, was going to be the third chain in Radio. It was going to make the other companies work hard to keep their laurels. The networks' executives gnawed their nails and watched Ed Wynn. With characteristic enthusiasm, the president of the new company tossed his money into the venture. With character- istic innocence, he left most of the manage- ment to others while he filled theatrical, movie and radio engagements. The success of the venture meant more to him than anyone with the opportunity to do on the air what he had dreamed of doing and never been able to do on Broad- way.

After that, "The Grab Bag." Ed Wynn was back on Broadway, feeding on clover. The boycott was broken. The managers came to him, hats in hands. One of them, George White, followed him to Europe to sign him for $5,000 a week, a high in salaries. Did it take nerve? Answer for your- self.

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**Four Times Finer**

And, due to a costly new process, Golden Peacock Face Powder is four times finer than any other powder we know of! It blends with your skin a new way. It ends that artificial, made-up look. Instead it creates that natural peachbloom perfection.

Get a 50c box at any good drug or depart- ment store; or try the generous purse size—10c at any 5-and-10c store. Or send name and address with 6 cents in stamps, to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. C-203, Paris, Tennes- see, for generous size box suf- ficient for three weeks. Be sure to give your powder shade.

Four ravishing tones, that bring out the finest features of your complexion. At Drug and Depart- ment Stores... 25c—50c At All 5-and-10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock Face Powder

however who are seeking to make him remember. Today there are close to 300 suits against him involving claims totaling far more than his original investment.

Could you be gay with one lawsuit hanging over you? Think then of the Fire Chief, who succeeds each week, not only in being gay himself, but in infecting sev- eral million listeners with his own joy. His one thought, since the Alamacgomated fiasco, has been to rebuild his fortune and that he has done cheerfully until the other day.

That was the day the whispers about his wife culminated in a suit brought by one Samuel Greenberg and his wife, asking $15,000 payment for services rendered Mrs. Wynn. There is also another suit asking compensation for injuries alleged to have been suffered while performing these services.

Ed Wynn asked me not to discuss his personal life. I am deliberately disobeying this request because in making it he was being unjust to himself. Only the strong will of public discussion will halt this and similar attempts to discredit radio artists by attacking their private lives.

As a matter of rockbound truth, Ed Wynn doesn't give a whoop, personally, what or how much they say about him. Neither does he crave the protection of a Chinese Wall of silence about his wife who is an independent individual, well able to take care of herself.

Mud slinging of this type disturbs him because it gets printed in the newspapers and his mother reads them. She's a bright old lady, who knows little of Broadway and less of the way of a reporter with a story that happens in court. In a word she believes what she reads in the papers, word for word, and an unfriendly report about her son and his wife might prove a great shock to her.

**Radio Stars**

_Artificial Little Doll_ he Thinks

Not a Brain Cell Working... Except for That Eternal Priming and Powdering

Stop "Make-Up-Worry" With This Vitally Different Face Powder!

How many girls lose love because of that everlasting powder puff? To any sensitive, well-bred man, constant priming and powder- ing spells artificiality! Yet it's so often not il- breeding but "nervous powdering"—the result of ordinary powders that don't cling and don't look right.

Utterly Moisture-Proof

Find out, as thousands of other women have, the amazing difference in Golden Peacock Face Powder. Not expensive—yet it contains two important advances. It is made with selected French ingredients—and every ingredient is moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it, leav- ing your face shiny. It can't mix with these oils or with perspiration to cake, or to clog and coarsen pores.

Broken-Hearted, Yet He Laughs

A record for those days!

(Continued from page 45)
THIS the comedian sought from the outset to prevent by requesting the court to try the case in secret—and if not, at least to excuse him from giving testimony. Both requests were denied.

The complaint of the Greenbergs stated that Mrs. Greenberg had served Hilda Wynn as an attendant. She was engaged for this purpose by the comedian who told them to spend all the money necessary to keep his wife in a state of contentment. This, the complaint said, was difficult because Mrs. Wynn was a temperamental person, and who in certain moods attacked her husband and her eighteen-year-old son. They complained further that Mrs. Wynn, on a trip to Havana, had become noisily abusive and once had struck Mrs. Greenberg hard enough to cause her to be confined in a hospital.

Wynn described the complaint as “false in every particular.” In his plea, requesting the court to excuse him as a witness, he denied all the charges—denied them emphatically. He went further. He charged that they were threatening to bare the intimate details of his private life, simply for the purpose of obtaining payment of a debt which did not exist.

Mark you, the courage of this man. There are almost 300 suits pending against him. Their total value—if and when collected is only a little less than $300,000. In comparison the demand of the Greenbergs, especially with its threat of scandal, is a trifle.

By paying all or part of what they ask, Ed Wynn could silence them. He could halt the suit in ten minutes—simply by picking up a telephone. He could also, by this act, protect his mother. But if he did this, he would be craven, a coward, false to the principle of courage and decency which has animated all the days of his life. He would be betraying his companions, the stars of screen and stage and microphone who are all potential victims of this kind of lawsuit.

I have no doubts of the outcome. Wynn, the undefeated, is protected by the god of war who loves courage, and the god of little children who loves clowns.

What worries me is that it may affect the fun he bubbles into the mike every Tuesday night. How long can he live on giving the world contagious felicitous laughter when he himself hasn’t got them? There’s a limit to Pagliacci laughter. How long, I wonder, can a harlequin, with a breaking heart, go on obeying the command: Laugh, clown, laugh!

**

Ed Wynn is on the following stations each Tuesday at 9:30 p. m., EST:

- WEAFC WTC WTAG WEEI WJAR WC SH KKW VFB R WRC WGY WBN WCAE WTM WWJ WKB F WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WDAF WTMJ WIBA KSTP WECB WDAY KFFR WRYA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WSOE WAVE KVoo WKFY KTHS WBAP KTBS WOAI KOA KDUL KGR PKH L KPO KFI KGW KOMIO KHQ KFSD KTAR KP RLC WFWL WJAR

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

Hinds soothes chapping, roughness and sore cracked skin at once. Yes, it works so fast because Hinds is liquid cream. Rich in softening oils, you see. Hinds does much more than leave a slick surface-coating that lasts only an hour. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing balms and beauty oils. It softens dry harsh skin into silky-smoothness.

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

**
accord the judges proclaimed him the
winner.
His family was so proud of him, they
looked up friends in New York with
whom he could stay. Of course Freddy's
razzberries remained undelivered.
Thus, the first time he tried it in a big
way, Meredith found it paid to take
chances. Although he was too young to
realize it at the time, he was really laying
the foundation for his future attitude to-
ward life.
The second crisis came at college.
After a year and a half at Amherst,
Buzz decided to quit. But he needed
money.
Again the luck that smiles on the
audacious favored him.
The college announced a public speaking
contest with a prize of $100 to the winner.
That $100 was tempting. The trouble was
it was tempting practically every student,
so what chance would he stand?
But in the singing contest Meredith had
learned that if you try, you may lose, but
at least you stood a chance of winning. If
you don't try, well, then you're licked be-
fore starting.
The contest lasted four days, at the end
of which three finalists were chosen. Bur-
gess was one of them. The three were
asked to repeat their recitations. Then
the judges went to another room.
"That," according to Meredith, "was
the longest ten minutes of suspense I ever
lived through. Our eyes were glued to
the door. At last it opened and the
chairman of the judging committee came
out. Slowly he walked up to the plat-
form, raised his hand for silence, and then
announced very simply, 'The winner is
Burgess Meredith. Boy! What a thrill!'"
Again Buzz collected for taking a chance.
Crisis No. 3. It was the biggest in
Meredith's life, so full of danger was it
that he'd had to give the right answer
at the proper time and the audacity to work
his way out of that peril-
ous situation, it would have been all over
with him.
Here's how it happened. After leaving
college, Buzz came to New York. He
drifting from one job to another. None
lasted more than a few months. His funds
ran low. Finally they ran out altogether.
For two days he tramped the streets,
hungry and homeless.
Then he met a casual acquaintance who
insisted that Buzz accompany him home.
He stayed a week, regaining his lost
strength. All that time he wondered what
his host did for a living. He always had
plenty of money, yet was vague about his
job.
But he soon showed his hand. He was
a "fence" for a gang of crooks, disposing
of the stolen goods for them. Now that
Buzz was stronger, he made a place in
the gang for him.
Meredith was on the spot. What could
he do? He realized that he was at the
crossroads in his life and much depended
on his answer. On the one hand, he could
make a lot of money. Of course, there
was the possibility of arrest and imprison-
ment. That wasn't so attractive. But
neither was starving to death. And they
might not even let him do that. Gangsters
and their associates generally use bullets
to answer arguments.
Meanwhile the "fence" was watching
him closely, waiting for his answer.
"Say, it's nice of you to want to take me
in," replied Meredith, weighing his words
carefully, "but I'm still a bit weak. Give
me a few more days to get set."
Believing that he had consented, the
"fence" let matters rest. But for Buzz
there was no resting. Not until he'd
gotten out of this jam.
He left the house for a stroll. While
he walked, he kept asking himself over
and over again: What was he to do?
Unmindful of his destination, he suddenly
found himself at the waterfront. Tied to a
dock was a freighter. With a sudden
determination, he went aboard in search
of the captain. So earnestly did he plead
for a job that he was signed up as an
ordinary seaman. That night they sailed
for South America.
Nerve had licked the third crisis.
Ordinarily, there would be little connec-
tion between Buzz and Meredith as
unemployed and Buzz as a future Broadway
star. Nevertheless, it was on this trip that the
connection was made.
One night Meredith was standing his
watch on the bridge. Thinking himself
alone, on a sudden impulse he began to
recite the piece that won him the $100.
Half way through he was joined by an-
other voice, that of the third mate.
As a youth, this officer had been a
member of the National Theatre in Stock-
holm, Sweden. Therefore he appreciated
the excellence of Meredith's recitation.
He told him he belonged on the stage.
And for the rest of the trip he gave Buzz
many lessons in stage technique. This
was the first time Buzz thought of a
career in the theatre.
Back in New York again, Obstacle No.
4 loomed on the horizon—how to get a
job in the theatre?
A friend gave him a letter of introduc-
tion to Eva LeGallienne of the Civic
Repertory Theatre. But what's a letter to
a young man accustomed to getting things
for himself?
Instead of presenting the letter, he put
it in his pocket and presented himself
to the actress and asked for admittance
to her school of the theatre. Probably
no other gesture on his part could have won
her so quickly to his side. She imme-
diately became interested in him. After a
short apprenticeship, his work with the
student group was so good that Miss Le
Gallienne gave him a contract as a regular
member of her company.
By his own initiative he achieved his
fourth goal.
In the next three years he appeared in
a number of plays. It was while he was
in the role of a college boy in the comedy
"She Loves Me Not," a talent scout
from one of the networks was so impressed.
with his work that he invited Meredith to
the studio to audition for the part of Red
Davis.
Out of curiosity he went. But at the
studio he found eighty-three others wait-
ing to audition for the same part.
Meredith was stumped. Should he re-
main? Would it be worth his while? After
all, he had already established himself in
the theatre. Why bother about a new field?
But he couldn't give up that easily. He
simply had to find out what it was all about.
Patiently he awaited his turn. Hours
passed. At the end, Meredith and four
others were asked to return the following
day for further auditions.
The next day two more were eliminated,
but Buzz was still in the running.
The third day's audition. Just two en-
trants, and Buzz was one of them.
The fourth day . . . a very difficult
script. After hearing both contestants the
judges unanimously decided that Buzz
must play Red Davis, radio's typical
American boy.
His tenacity not only brought him
to his fith crisis, but even opened up a new career to him.
Today, still in his early twenties, Bur-
gess Meredith has every reason to be
smug and self-satisfied over his achieve-
ments. But he isn't. He simply feels
that he has vindicated his faith in himself.
What his sixth great crisis may be,
only the future can tell. But you can be
sure he'll find some way to overcome it.

* * *

Burgess Meredith is on these stations
each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at
7:30 p.m., EST: WIZ WBAL WMAL
WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA
WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN
KOIL WIBA KSTP WBEC WRVA
WPTF WIS WJWDC WJOD
WFLE WSM WMC WSB WJDX
WSMB WKY KTBS WYR WAVE
WOAI WKBW WSOO WFAA KPRC
WJW KOA KDFY and on these in re-
peat broadcasts at 11:15 p.m., EST:
KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD
KOA KDYL.

A MAN'S ADVICE

Daring, but sincere — taken from a letter to Louise Ross

"This is pretty frank—a girl is a dumb-bell who fails to beautify
her eyes. A girl may have lovely features and skin, yet have dull,
dreary eyes, with no life, no sparkle. A fellow may admire her
figure, but too often when he looks into her eyes, he cools off
suddenly. I often wonder why so many girls are still asleep at the
switch—when it's so easy to give eyes depth, glamour and sparkle
by a minute's application of Winx Mascara. Most girls use every
other cosmetic yet neglect their eyes—called "windows of the soul" by poets."

A REPLY BY LOUISE ROSS

Noted Beauty Expert

"My friend, it's unfortunate that too many girls think their eyes are lovely and
fool themselves. Smarter ones accent their lashes with Winx Mascara and are de-
lighted at the lovely effect and would never give it up. Fortunately, more and
more girls are glorifying their lashes with Winx—the superfine mascara, so
safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting."

Now a word to girls—why do you delay
beautifying your eyes? It costs only 10c.
to see how Winx transforms your lashes,

**FREE**

Just mail coupon for the most com-
plete book ever written on eye
make-up. Note also trial offer.

A MESSAGE
FROM
LOUISE ROSS

"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." If
no 10c. coupon is handy, send for gener-
ous purse size—note offer.

**FREE**

Mascara, enclose 10c., checking whether you
want Cake or Liquid. Black or Brown.

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Appetite gone?

✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale
✓ tired
✓ then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you...though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks' treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

RSS

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

They Aren't Allowed to Live!

(Continued from page 39)

But on the day of their scheduled broadcast, the three Pickens Sisters stood before the mike wash-de-dahing as only they can. It didn't matter that Patti was suddenly transplanted from the quiet, sheltered atmosphere of a large Georgia plantation to the hustle and bustle of a studio within forty-eight hectic hours—it didn't matter that bewildered little Patti didn't really want to leave Georgia and all of her friends, and miss her first prom. No, all that didn't matter. The trio was saved.

No one was the wiser, and from then on Patti was an established member of the team. They were riding on the crest of the radio wave, when another incident, even more serious than the first, threatened.

Jane is the ringleader, so to speak, of the girls. It is she, you know, who arranges their fantastic harmonies. It was she, more than the other girls, who was really destined to be a singer. But the opera and concert field was her goal. She kept up her studies with big professors in the hopes that some day she would be able to see her dreams come true. Well, it seemed as though that day had finally come. A famous opera impresario heard her clear, thrilling mezzo-soprano voice, raved over it and urged her to embark on a concert tour of Europe which he would arrange.

Helen and Patti were so happy over Jane's good luck they couldn't possibly see the danger signal ahead.

There was the business of reorganizing the trio once more. This time Grace was called in. For days they worked without Jane, just to get used to this new combination. Finally they called her in to pass judgment.

They had hardly gone through a few notes when Jane bounced out of her seat. "Look," she interrupted, "That's not quite right. Now here..."

The girls started another song, and the same thing happened. On and on it went. Inside of an hour, Jane was in her accustomed place, between Patti and Helen. At the end of their last number, as she suddenly became aware of her position, the truth struck home. With her to lead and direct as of old, the Pickens Sisters could go on. Without her, never. She sat down to think it over. A flood of imaginary scenes swept over her. She could see herself touring the European stages, could see herself surrounded with glory as prima donna in some beloved opera. That was her life, yet... .

She looked at Patti and Helen. What would happen to them? They had entered upon their careers with such high hopes, and now it was up to her to decide whether they would continue—or fade. That settled it. She went to the phone and dialed the impresario's number. And in that short, quiet conversation with him she gave him her answer. It was an answer which doomed her own operatic career—but saved the career of the Pickens Sisters.

They had passed through two critical periods, and it looked as though no other bugaboo could come between them. But they figured without that "ole deblil Love." It hit Helen—and indirectly Jane and Patti, with almost alarming results.

The girls were in Hollywood working on the picture "Sittin' Pretty" when Helen met Salvatore. He was dashing, handsome and of a royal Italian family.

"Torico," as the girls affectionately nick-
named him, hung around Helen with lover-like persistence, and Helen did nothing but moon and sigh over him.

When the girls were ready to leave New York, the bombshell burst. "I'm not going back," Helen announced. "But we're booked for that new air commercial," Jane said, puzzled, "and we've got to return."

Then the news came out. Helen and Torie were going to be married. Torie's business was here in California. Helen's place was by his side. Patti, looking back at her lost childhood, and Jane looking back at the ashes of her thwarted career, made up their minds that the trio wasn't going to stand in the way of Helen's happiness.

But their thoughts were troubled as they rode home. What could they do now? The Pickens Sisters had become a radio institution by now. Their fans knew Jane, Patti and Helen. Their pictures were plastered in fan magazines, were even now being released in a motion picture. They couldn't substitute another girl now as they had done in their pioneering days. It looked as though it were really the end.

A few days later, Helen, still in California, was listening to her radio. She heard an announcer say, "The program of the Pickens Sisters scheduled for this time will not be heard." To Helen those words sounded like a death chant.

Two days later she was in New York. "I couldn't go through with it. When I discovered that it would break up the trio, I realized how selfishly I was acting."

Acting selfishly? Just because she wanted the right to consummate her love in marriage. How many other girls would think that way? But Helen had learned by now that she had no right to think for herself like the average girl.

Fortunately for Helen, her story ends happily. Torie dashed to New York to join her. In one of the quickest weddings on record, he and Helen were married in a Park Avenue church the day after he reached the city. He has started a new business here in New York—but I wonder what chance at happiness Helen would have had if Torie weren't the sentimental, impetuous Latin that he is.

However, this doesn't settle their problem by any means. For instance, what if Helen should want a baby? Any other singer or actress would just take time out for the event and kiss her career adieu for a while. I think that's what Helen would like to do. After all, Torie has enough money to support her. What she would like to do is settle down and raise a family, keep a home for him, travel with him to Italy, meet his family. What bride wouldn't? But Helen knows that if she were to satisfy her natural desires, it would be Patti and Jane who would suffer. This may be their next problem. Will they be able to hurdle it as they have the others?

And so it goes. That's why I said at the beginning that not one of the three girls dances live or think for herself. You know why now.

* * *

The Pickens Sisters can be heard over WEAF AND WJZ and associated stations.

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RADIO STARS

Worry—ON THE DAY

HE'S "QUIET AS A MOUSE"

CLATTER... bang... crash... what a din one small boy can make! Hard on your ears, yes—but proof that there's no need to worry about the young Indian's health.

Worry—rather—on the day he's "quiet as a mouse." When the house is ominously still... the toys lie neglected on the floor.

Then, you may be sure—something is wrong! And the chances are that it is constipation.

90% of all children affected

Even though your child is "regular," his elimination may not be thorough. 90% of all children, doctors have found, are affected by constipation. Your safest course, when a youngster becomes dull and droopy or irritable and rebellious, is to give a laxative.

But—give a child's laxative. Give Fletcher's Castoria! It will never cause painful cramps nor act so severely that the system's normal regularity is upset.

Made especially for children

Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Ask your doctor about it. He will tell you it contains no harsh purgatives, no narcotics—only ingredients suitable for a child's growing body. And children like its pleasant taste.

Keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria always in the house... from the time your oldest child is born until the youngest is 11 years old. Give it for constipation, and as the first treatment for colds. The family-size bottle is most economical. The name CHAS. H. FLETCHER is always right on the carton.

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Clatter... bang... crash... what a din one small boy can make! Hard on your ears, yes—but proof that there's no need to worry about the young Indian's health.

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RADIO STARS

Meet Vic and Sade

(Continued from page 43)

There's no better introduction to Rhymer's characters than his own conception of them:

"Victor Rodney Godd," he explains, "is the chief accountant of the bookkeeping department of the Consolidated Kitchenware Company, Plant Number Fourteen. He's held this job for about ten years and his salary is thirty-nine dollars a week. The chances are he'll never be anything more than he is now. His thirty-seven years of life have solidified and tempered him; he's content with his little wife, his little boy, his little home, and the little rivulet of life that flows along Virginia Avenue.

"Something of a braggart at home, he is the quintessence of citizens at work and among his men friends. A good and loyal worker, he is respected and well-liked in the place he works. For his wife he has a deep and enduring affection, together with a vast admiration, which he would not have as soon as she didn't know about. Apart to be short and even surly with her on occasion, yet he can always be depended upon for sympathy and understanding when it is desired or required. Equipped with a brisk sense of humor and an eye for the ridiculous, he manages to have just about as much fun as the next guy."

"Well, you know plenty of men like that. Fact is, he's pretty close to the average man—the there's probably a little of you and me in him. And Sade, she's just about the perfect match for him."

"Sade," Rhymer confides, "has reached that point in life where she's beginning to realize, with some surprise, and emotions she herself cannot understand, that she's no longer a girl. Although in the dark about most things that go on in the world, in her own kitchen she's as deft, wise, and captivating as any woman could be. A gossipy, in a small and innocuous scale, she enjoys talking about other people, or about anything for that matter, whether she understands the subject or not.

"Apt to cry at movie shows, apt to eat too much rich food, apt to say things she doesn't mean, still she has herself pretty well in hand, and stacks up as a good all-around human being. She has acute perceptions on her own little field, and can fry a steak, get up a dinner for eight, or read her husband's mind like a book, all with equal dexterity. With a heart as big as a tub—chock full of love—she's the sustaining spirit and the guiding light of the happiest family in ten square blocks."

Sade was inspired by Paul's mother. And Rush is Mrs. Rhymer's boy, Paul, I am sure, with half his life rolled back."

"Rush is going on thirteen," the author explains. "He is doing fairly well in school, has a bicycle, new shoes that hurt, a tooth out in front, a neck tinged more..."
often than not with the soil from the vicinity of third base in Seymour’s lot.

“He’s just exactly like my own boy,” thousands of mothers insist in their letters. Billy Nelson, who plays the part, is Rush come to life.

He also is thirteen years old and attends Proviso High School in Maywood, a Chicago suburb. He has never had a bit of training as an actor and got into radio on a fluke. His sister, a teacher at a dramatic school, was asked to dig up 100 youngsters for a radio audition one day. Billy pestered her until she let him go along. He got the job. Hasn’t a trace of the child actor complex. He’s what you just naturally call a swell kid.

Bernardine Flynn fits well into the role of Sade. She’s a half dozen years out of the University of Wisconsin where she starred in undergraduate dramas. Zona Gale sent her from Madison to Broadway, where she played several seasons. Broadway helped bring her to radio. She’s been on the air for four years now and has played in many network shows. She is young and good looking, has dark brown hair and medium complexion. She likes radio, but she’s usually late to rehearsal. Recently she became the wife of Dr. C. C. Doherty, a well known Chicago obstetrician.

Art Van Harvey considers it a singular tribute that his friends regularly address him as Vic, because of his convincing portrayal of Mr. Gook. Art is in his fifties. He has been in advertising, the brokerage business and in vaudeville. This is his first big radio part. In the studios he’s known as an “eight threat” man because he can do that many dialects expertly. His mother was Irish, his father Dutch and he was brought up in the ghetto, so he had a pretty fair start in languages as a youngster. He does a lot of impersonations and his portrayal of Ed Wynn is as good as the Fire Chief can do himself.

Young Harvey has a warm personal feeling towards everyone he meets. He enjoys letters and reads all of the Vic and Sade mail—which is almost a superhuman job.

These days he is chuckling over thousands of letters congratulating Vic and Sade on getting a sponsor. That’s unusual. Most radio listeners would rather have their favorite programs without advertising blurs, but not Vic and Sade’s. Perhaps that is because, as a sustaining program, it was kicked around on the time schedules and the audience had a tough time following it. Any change in time has always brought a terrific storm of protest. Once when they were taken off the network, because a local advertiser bought the show, more than 30,000 irate listeners howled about it.

That sponsorship by an oleomargarine concern was unfortunate. At the time butter prices were low. Oleo seeks a price level about half that of butter. Butter dropped to eighteen cents a pound forcing the substitute to go to nine cents just when Vic and Sade were beginning “to pull!” Every pound, sold at that price, lost the maker more than a cent. They almost bankrupted him before he called a halt and had them taken off the air. They were sold a little later to a concern guaranteeing weight building.

---

**SKINNY? ADD 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK—THIS NEW EASY WAY!**

NOW there’s no need to be “skinny” and lose your chances of making friends. Here’s a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

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

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

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 marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—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. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body,” by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with every first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.

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**NO MORE POOR “SKINNY” GIRL**

[Image: Peed by professional model]
“Everybody wanted to lose weight about then,” Art Van Harvey recalled ruefully. “I don’t think there was one person in five thousand who wanted to put on pounds.” So they went back on a sustaining basis for another year.

Down in Pasadena a woman’s club offered to start an endowment for Vic and Sade lest it might be taken off the air. Well, that was unnecessary. A sponsor came along, as you know.

Many a sponsor had shied from “Vic and Sade” because, unlike most dramatic programs, it is not, strictly speaking, a serial. Each day’s program is a complete story and it doesn’t matter if you missed the previous day’s episode. A definite advantage, it seems to us, since there are lots of listeners who are bound to miss occasionally.

The utter naturalness in “Vic and Sade” are so much more effective than the artificial suspense built up in so many conventional radio dramas. Every broadcast has a unity and completeness and satisfaction that episodes in continuous yarns never achieve. Immune listeners write praising a particular story and ask that it be repeated. And sometimes it is.

Vic and Sade can be heard every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m. E.S.T., over WJZ, WBBZ WSIV, WJAR, WUTC, WTAG WTAG, WJAR WJWS WJW KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN KF1 WCAE GTAM WMM WMAQ KS5 WHO WOW WDAF KOA KYL KGW Kom KPI.

He Saves Wives for a Living

(Continued from page 8)

He started out by being born in St. Louis, but the remainder of his life was spent in New York. From mid high school he went to the University of Pennsylvania. There his failures began. He folded up as a college student in his third year. He was bright enough and a good enough worker, but he had no chance. His brightness or his diligence for his class work.

Out of college on his ear, he heard the strains of an orchestra rehearsing for a stock company show, which was ending. He walked in, got a job. Six weeks later he was through. The story goes that he was acting a part when a silence fell on the stage. The prompter practically shrieked the words of the next speech at him. Finally, Prescott said: “All right, I hear you—but whose speech is it?”

So it came to pass that Allen Prescott was through again. He came to New York, got jobs here, got jobs there, but the man who got them was neither here nor there—and he always got fired.

The next scene of our little operetta, as Ed Wynn might say, is in the city room of the Daily Mirror, sometimes referred to as a newspaper. One of the reporters is none other than Prescott. He has been trying his best to make good on this job. It is a job with glamour, excitement, opportunity. But having the city editor’s voice! He hails Prescott before him and tells him that he is a nice kid, but, not by any stretch of the imagination, a newspaper man. Prescott was fired again.

He just sat there and thought of the city editor. And the city editor, looking at him, saw an extremely unhappy youngster. The city editor melded, (Didja know that city editors can melt?) He said to his ex-reporter, “You’re a clever writer, you’ve got a good voice—why don’t you get a job on our radio program? Here, I’ll give you a note.”

The note did the trick, Prescott went on the air over Station WINS which is a station in New York. Just as a new commentator, later as a master of ceremonies. One day he was told to take over the household hints department. He did,
rebinding to you who have gone blonde
warm, but not parafin
iron's the crack, `She's all imagine letting anyone
take perhaps you'd
obtained will
on to feathers from
a
odor from the
your stomach
can be
ing onions
inquiring thumb, the
you

MY Aunt Harriet, a fisherman's daugh-
ter at heart, also cautions me to tell
you that the body of a fish should be
firm. When you give it a pinch with an
inquiring thumb, the fish should not carry
your thumb print. A fish that carries your
finger print, besides being a beast at heart,
will in turn leave a lasting impression on
your stomach when taken internally.

"Didja know that if you have been peel-
ing onions or garlic, you can run the
knife through a potato and eliminate the
odor from the knife?

"Didja know that your electric toaster
can be cleaned most effectively with a
small new paint brush?

"A tweezzer is a fine thing to have in
a kitchen so you can remove the pin-
feathers from turkeys and other fowls that
come in and out of the place . . . . even
including your neighbor if you can hang
on to her long enough.

"To be a truly great muffin maker, first
you have to have the right mental atti-
tude, of course, and once you get that you
will find that the iron pan should be used
for muffins and that the best results are
obtained by getting it good and hot before
pouring in the liquid.

"Before we offer you a moment's rest,
perhaps you'd better listen to the way to
take rust from flatirons. After all, girls,
that letting anyone come through with
the crack, 'She's all right, but her flat-
iron's rusty!' Well, in the case of the rusty
flatiron, tie some yellow bee's wax or
parafin in a cloth, and when the iron is
warm, but not hot, rub the iron over it
and then some sand or salt.

"Girls, I'm told on good authority that
you have gone blonde in the head
will find a vinegar rinse after shampooing
will keep your hair light and fluffy.

"Didja know that when a sheet is worn in
the middle you can turn the center out
to form the edges and by doing a little
rebinding it is as good as new except for
(Continued on page 83)

Will he admire her TOMORROW
... as he does tonight

Will the sunlight tell tales that soft lights conceal?

PART of every woman's secret of
enthusiasm is to keep "him"
guessing . . . to be ever provocative,
alluring.

Just when "he" thinks he has you
catalogued, then is the time to take
an inventory of one's self. Are you aware,
for example, of that new secret of Pa-
risian charm—the up-to-the-minute art
of powdering to look un-powdered?

You, too, can attain this French chic
by switching to the new and amazing
SOFT-TONE Mello-glo. It gives an
utterly new effect—a rose-petal com-
plexion of youthful freshness, never
artificial, always adoroble.

You will be thrilled, in using this
new creation, at how smoothly it
blends in without shine, how it lasts
longer than any powder you've used,
how its velvety texture conceals pores,
never enlarging them—all due to an
exclusive process—it's stratified
(rollerd into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence grit-free.

Now you need not fear a "close-up"
. . . no crude over-powdered look, no
artificiality—so disliked by men. For
SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is invisible,
blending perfectly.

Everywhere the new SOFT-TONE
Mello-glo is a sensation. Its superior-
it is so instantly revealed, when com-
pared with your favorite. Buy a box
today. You'll be delighted. In five
flattering shades, carelessly per-
fumed—50c and $1.

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

New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO
the close-up powder that
gives an UN-powdered look
AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

FREE The most complete book ever written on how to powder properly.
Mail coupon today. Note generous offer of two weeks' package.
for a real shine
the seam up the middle?

"Didja know that an old toothbrush handle is a fine thing for opening up or running a cord through a starched hem?"

He has a million didja know. And the man can’t toast bread. He’s the most helpless male imaginable. Yet, what he gives you on the air is practicable, workable. His advice covers every phase of a wife’s life. That’s why he calls himself the Wife Saver.

When he first was ordered on the air to give household hints, he ran poll-moll to a woman’s magazine, dropped on his knees and begged the editor to help him. She did and he got away with the first broadcast.

Then he began digging in the files of newspapers, reading books, hundreds of them, in two or three languages. He talked to old ladies who knew. He went to food manufacturers who, because they wanted to create a market for their products, had investigated all possible uses for them.

After he had been on the air for some time his listeners began to help. They would write in to ask a question and in a P. S. pay him for his answer with a didja know of their own. These voluntary didja know have become so voluminous that they make up sixty per cent of his program. Asked by listeners for candy recipes, he appealed to his audience and within a fortnight he had several hundred. His assistant, who is never heard on the air—Mary Louise MacKnight—helps lots by doing all the research and testing for him.

And didja know that Aunt Harriet who is constantly being referred to by the Wife Saver doesn’t exist? There is no such aunt. It’s just a funny name to him, although he had a grandmother named Harriet.

All the other folks on his program are males including Irving Miller, the pianist, Ray Heatherton, the tenor, and Allen Kent, the announcer. All of them, married or single, laugh at Prescott’s jokes and take home copies of the scripts to help their wives, mothers, sisters, as the case may be.

They’re a happy family and never quarrel; but if they did Wife Saver has a remedy as to wit:

"On turning to sweet oil for a moment, if you don’t mind. I have another note which says that if you will apply a bit of sweet oil to a bruise it will keep it from turning black and blue, and what with all the persis of the household one has to face, that is really something to know."

* * *

Allen Prescott can be heard each Tuesday at 9:45 a.m. EST., over WEAF, and associated stations.

Whose pictures do you want to see in RADIO STARS? Tell the editor.
"IF YOU LOVE ME."

...send for SERGEANT'S FREE DOG BOOK!

Your dog's health and very life are in your hands. Do you know all that you should about how to care for him? How to diagnose his diseases? How to feed him properly? Would you like expert advice on these subjects that are vital to your dog's welfare? Then write for your free copy of "Sergeant's Dog Book." Written by a famous veterinarian. Packed with information that every dog owner should have. Makes it simple and easy for you to keep your dog well. It may even save his life. A copy of the latest edition will gladly be sent free.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR DOG OWNERS

At this time of the year carefully watch your dog. If he has fever, coughs, is listless, has no appetite, and eyes are dull and watery, you should treat these symptoms at once. Give Sergeant's Special Medicine to reduce the fever and Sergeant's Condition Pills as a tonic. If help or information is desired, write our veterinarian, giving all symptoms, and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge for this service.

For Free Book or Advice, Address: POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION 1961 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia

SERGEANT'S MEDICATIONS

DENISON'S PLAYS

MUSICAL COMEDIES OPERAS VAUDEVILLES MINSTRELS COMEDY SHORTS CANTING FREE

T. S. DENISON & CO. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 25 Chicago

THE CHORE GIRL INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS No more dishwashing! - Protected parallel over layers prevent - Double the Wear, where the Wear comes!

NEW LARKIN CATALOG NOW READY!

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR PERSONAL COPY OF THIS GREAT MONEY-SAVING BOOK. See all the lovely new Club Selections yours through our new 50c a share Cozy-Home Club. Read about our big rewards for Larkin Secretaries. Just a postcard brings this free book.

664 Seneca St. Larkin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
all "business trips." Needless to say, he does not subscribe to the opinion that the radio is a great invention.

Milwaukee's District Court has taken to the air! Throughout Wisconsin and surrounding states, countless thousands of listeners have enjoyed one of the most unusual programs on the ether waves—of actual court broadcasts.

A voice booms through the loudspeaker. It is the clerk of court. "City of Milwaukee versus John Jones."

Another voice. This time it's the judge. "Swear in the defendant."

Again the clerk of court. "Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

This is the real thing! And the listeners know it. Not just another court room drama put on by a group of studio players, but an authentic broadcast of the happenings in the police court of a metropolitan city. There are not any actors on this program. The judge is real, the policemen, attorneys and court attaches are real . . . and if the defendant is found guilty, he really "takes the rap," no foolin' about that!

Started two years ago as an experiment, these court room broadcasts achieved a tremendous following. In fact, the Milwaukee Safety Commission, sponsor of the program, received almost as much fan mail as the participants in any other popular program broadcast over WTMJ, Milwaukee.

The novel idea first came up at a meeting of the Safety Commission. The number of automobile accidents in Milwaukee was greatly increasing. Many of these accidents could be attributed directly to the fact that the drivers had violated some traffic law or ordinance. "If we could only educate the public, so that it would know and obey at least the fundamental traffic laws," said one of the Commission members, "our accident lists would automatically diminish."

How to do it? That was the problem. Other means had been tried. Billboards, newspaper advertisements, driving schools. All of them had failed. As the Commission pondered over its weighty perplexity, suddenly an inspired expression appeared on the countenance of Dr. B. L. Corbett, executive secretary of the group.

"I think I've got the answer," he said. "Why not broadcast the cases of people who've been arrested for traffic violations? Thousands of people would listen to such broadcasts because of their unusual nature. These thousands will then learn what the various traffic ordinances are. And, incidentally," he added, "they'll learn what happens when these laws are disobeyed."

The idea sounded very good at the time, (Continued on page 87)

---

**NEED**

**A BLONDE FADE EARLY?**

**By Lady Esther**

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin.

A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to flatter your whole appearance.

**To Find the Shade that Flatters**

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try all five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. Try all five! Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

**Stays on for Four Hours—and Stays Fresh!**

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a clinging face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

**Write today!** Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

**-ady Esther, 1935**
An Affliction so Embarrassing, Many Bear it in Silence!

PILES are enough almost to drive one mad! They torment you day and night, even while you are asleep. The pain is a severe strain on your strength and vitality, and incapacitates you for your daily work. The dangerous part about Piles is that because of the delicacy of the lining membrane, they are subject to rapid bacterial decomposition, and the condition is further complicated by skin irritation and inflammation.

Piles are successfully treated today with Pazo Ointment. Pazo gives immediate relief from pain, itching and bleeding. It lets you walk, sit and sleep in comfort. More important still, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole.

Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which controls the itching, discomfort and inflammation. Second, it is healing, which repairs the sore and damaged tissue, stops the bleeding, and which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and in cream. The tubes have a special LEC TUBE for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Wall coupon for free trial tube. A small pack is always a good idea.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 34-M, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, a trial size of Pazo Ointment.

NAME.
ADDRESS.
CITY. STATE.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of borax and a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerin. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired result is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or white hair. It softens and plumps it up, and not for the color, is not sticky or greasy and does not run off.

NO GENIUS NEEDED TO WRITE!

95% of all big city writing jobs and producable free-lance writing work requires no rare literary ability. If there is a demand for a certain type of writing the editor or manager will want a man who can produce it. This man may yield rich returns. If you are interested in this interesting and profitable field, send for our free report, "Finding Your Pitch - or, Making Writing a Career," containing interesting short story, look, plot, news, reporting, feature articles, advertising, salesmanship, public relations instruction and criticism. Costs less than average monthly magazine subscription. A keepsake of 56 pages. A bargain for both buyer and seller. No obligation. No salesman will call.

U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING, Dept. C-19
20 W. 60 St., New York, N. Y.
but not entirely practical. Broadcasts had never been made from a court room while court was in session. This brought up several important questions. Would it interrupt the dignified court procedure? Would it be possible to pick up the voices of all the participants in a case? Most important of all, would the judge consent?

The last question was answered first. Judge George E. Page, who presides over District Court, readily agreed that it was a splendid plan. After two years' experience Judge Page still believes that it was a fine idea.

"The court room broadcasts have accomplished their purpose," he says. "Automobile drivers living in Milwaukee, and those in surrounding territory who often drive into the city, are now more familiar with our traffic laws than ever before."

Listen to this: "These court broadcasts may be hot stuff to you, but they're just a pain in the neck to me."

Thus wrote an irate husband to the Milwaukee Safety Commission. It seems that his wife is a regular listener to the program. Now she is familiar with practically every traffic law "do" and "don't.

Perched in the back seat, she doesn't hesitate to impart her driving knowledge to her helpless husband as he sits behind the wheel. Hence his complaint to the Commission.

Several hundred other letters have voiced the same sentiments.

But to get back to the broadcasts.

Two microphones, placed on the judge's bench, pick up the testimony of everyone connected with the case being tried. Outside of a brief introduction by the station announcer before the program goes on the air, the only voices heard during the period are those of the court clerk calling the scheduled cases, the presiding judge, prosecuting and defending.

(Continued on page 89)

(Continued from page 85)
Difficult Days?
I don't have them any more!

“When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet.”

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for you. And even if it didn’t, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is not a narcotic, so don’t be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don’t decline this comfort any longer.

An Invitation

to try it without expense; send this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.

Name:

Address:

(Continued from page 87)

attorneys, arresting police officer and witnesses.

From the beginning, the program has been an outstanding success, both from a standpoint of listener interest and from a standpoint of helping Milwaukee police enforce the traffic laws. Many operators of large fleets of trucks in Milwaukee and surrounding cities insist upon having their drivers listen to the broadcasts. Numerous letters are received every day by Judge Page and the Safety Commission as a result of the program. Many of the letters bring up various questions of law. Some make suggestions, while others merely comment enthusiastically on the unique form of entertainment.

Much of the popularity of the Court broadcasts can be attributed to the fact that they always offer plenty of human interest, spiced with generous portions of thrills and humor.

Many insiders are still chuckling over a young chap who recently staged such a good show in court.

The youth, pale-faced, heard the judge’s words: “Ten dollars and costs. Next case!” With a brilliant display of high school oratory, the lad had defended himself during his radio court trial for speeding. But it was to no avail. The court had found him guilty.

Now, dejectedly, he walked towards the city attorney’s office to make arrangements for paying the fine. Although it was his dad’s car, the youth had intimated that dad had no intention of paying his son’s fine.

As he walked down the hall, he glanced in the press room where the writer was sitting. Noticing a phone, he asked to use it. He wanted to call home. To break the bad news, apparently. This, we thought, was the payoff. We felt sorry, but not for long.

His mother answered the call. “Hello, mom” he said. “How d’ I sound?”

Being only human, after all, some motorists listen to the program just for the satisfaction of hearing an unfortunate victim “get it in the neck.”

One motorist became so absorbed in the broadcast that he failed to notice an automatic traffic light. As a result he went right through. A passing police squad car spotted the deed and gave pursuit. The police machine overtook the car and forced it to the curb.

Still engrossed in the court program, the motorist was surprised to see the officers. He was about to ask what he had done when he heard a voice coming from the loudspeaker of his auto radio. The voice was that of the clerk of the court, and he was saying to a defendant in the court room: “You are charged with violating the automatic traffic light ordinance.”

While no one is required to go on the air unless he or she wishes to, those who play such an important role in the true court room radio dramas seldom decline the opportunity to appear before the microphone. Some do it just for the thrill of having their voices broadcast, while others willingly accept the chance because they hope for a better “break,” feeling that the judge will be in a more charitable mood during the period that his verdicts are heard by thousands of listeners.

(Continued on page 91)
Dress in the height of fashion at little cost. You can, by wearing authentically styled Fashion Frocks offered directly from the maker through specially appointed representatives, or you can order right from this magazine. Either way, your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Here’s a most engaging sports frock, with raglan shoulder, chic scarf, smart pole belt and flattering cut of skirt. Two shades of adaptable Sun Orange or Peacock Blue. Scarf and button trimming are softly harmonizing brown. Direct from factory. Reliable. Frees, No. 45, only $7.08.

Employment for Women
Reliable women can earn money demonstrating these lovely Fashion Frocks and get their own dresses free. No capital, experience or investment necessary. Write fully for representatives’ plan and dress right.

**FASHION FROCKS, Inc.**
Dept. 6-20. Cincinnati, 0.

**BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT**

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $25 to $65 a week. Write for free complete illustrated literature. This is a life opportunity for any intelligent person of either sex. No special training needed. Positions filled in all parts of the United States. Write now.

**LaSalle Extension University**, Dept. 3118 (Chicago The School that Has Graduated Over 2,000 C. P. A.'s)

**ACCOUNTANT**

**AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN**
New Remington Portable only 10c a day

**FREE HOME TYPING COURSE**
Write Remington Rand, Inc., Dept. 14.0-3, Buffalo, N.Y.
case is broadcast unless the defendant has entered a plea of "not guilty," and has indicated that he has a reasonable defense.

Although it is a regular police court, hearing all kinds of cases, only trials of traffic law violations are broadcast from District Court. These, of course, are the only type that can be sent out to a general group of family listeners, which includes, undoubtedly, many children.

When the National Safety Congress met at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, the entire group, consisting of 450 representatives from all parts of the United States and Canada listened to the program as it was broadcast from District Court in Milwaukee. Many pronounced it the most unusual air feature they had ever heard.

That these broadcasts are effective is shown by the fact that Milwaukee was awarded first prize in the National Safety Contest in 1933, the first year of the court programs. Every large city in the United States competes in this contest, which is to determine the city having the best traffic record.

Several large manufacturing concerns have attempted to cash-in on the tremendous following of these programs by offering to put them on the air as a commercial feature. A number of these concerns, most of whom manufacture automobile accessories, have even seriously considered placing the broadcasts on a network, knowing that they would have an ideal listening audience for their products. It goes without saying that these attempts to commercialize a court of justice in such a manner were promptly turned down by Judge Page, station WTMJ and others responsible for the Milwaukee District Court programs.

(Radio Stars)

(Continued from page 89)
Fashion emphasizes the “Ensemble Idea” in costumes. Hat, frock, shoes and accessories—all of matching color. And now the smartest women are seeking the same exquisite harmony in their make-up.

One way of giving it to you... with face powder, rouge and lipstick, all precisely matched in shade... each complementing the other to produce a perfect Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids to blend naturally with the true tones of your own skin. To flatter your complexion and to protect it, too. For all your Outdoor Girl preparations, as you know, are made with a base of pure Olive Oil, to keep your skin soft, smooth and young. And to guard it against the ravages of cold and wind.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in 10c trial sizes at your favorite chain store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of Olive Oil Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

POWDER
The only face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet delivers hours of coverage. Translucent, transparent effect. No shiny marks! No oil recoil! 7 stunning shades.

ROUGE
Smooth and satiny to texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.

LIPSTICK
Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating shades.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.
“The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade!”
Over these Columbia Network Stations:
WABC — New York
WGR — Rochester
WGRB — Chicago
WBAL — Baltimore
WCBS — Philadelphia
WOR — New York
WIBJ — Cleveland
CWLX — Detroit

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL
BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 50-C
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

I enclose 15c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Oprint Carmine, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light □ Medium □ Dark □.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 90)

WEDNESDAYS (Continued)

WABC, WOR, WMCA, WINS, WCBS, WORC, WNBC, WMCA.
5:14 EST (5)—“Power Hour” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
1:10 EST (5)—“Tune-In” by Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
7:14 EST (5)—“You Can’t Do It” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
9:14 EST (5)—“The Sign of the Cross” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

11:14 EST (5)—“Bob Heidt” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
1:14 EST (5)—“You Can’t Do It” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

THURSDAYS

7:14 EST (5)—“The Sign of the Cross” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
9:14 EST (5)—“Bob Heidt” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

RADIO STARS

7:30 EST (5)—“Reagan and Lipstick.”

8:30 EST (5)—“It’s All Happening” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

9:30 EST (5)—“Bob Heidt” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”
11:30 EST (5)—“The Sign of the Cross” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

12:30 EST (5)—“You Can’t Do It” on Radio Station “E-Z-K-A with Pat Barrett, Cliff Clammer, and others.”

(Continued on page 94)
Maestros on Parade

(Continued from page 41)

* Herbie Kay and his band were followed the first of this month at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel by Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers. Ted Fio-Rito and his West Coast okr will open there June 1st. It won't be new to Fio-Rito as this is the spot where he rose to prominence as Dan Russo's pianist and later was there for a half-dozen years with his own band.

* It's a large family in Jan Garber's orchestra, and it's getting larger all the time. When Garber took the band over, Freddie Large was in charge. Then Jerry Large, his brother, took the wood, and now Frank Large has been added. All play the sax. Garber has often been charged with aping the Lombardos. However that may be, the two bands have this one thing in common—the Large brothers, like the Lombardo brothers, came from the same section of Canada.

* A Southern bride received one of the most unique of all wedding gifts last month. It was the gift of an advertising agency to the daughter of II. Clay Williams, NRA official and one of the executives of the company which sponsors the Camel Caravan broadcasts. The gift was five hours of Casa Loma music. Immediately after completing their evening's work at a New York hotel, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma boys boarded a special Pullman on the railroad and speeded to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, for the wedding party.

* Oscar Bradley, maestro of the oil program featuring Will Rogers and Stoop and Bad, has joined the Hollywood trek. He'll be musical director of Fox Films. He's also to direct the St. Louis Municipal Opera next summer. Jimmie Grier is also doing movie work—shorts.

* Harry Reser, the banjo king, has never been on any but a sponsored program—a record of some sort. He also holds a record for having one of the longest commercial contracts on the air, having been identified with a ginger ale program for eight years.

* While we are talking about popular songs, give a thought to "Stille Nacht"—or "Silent Night," as it is better known—which dates back to the Christmas Eve of 1818, when it was written by Franz Xavier Gruber, Austrian. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been singing it in America for more than thirty years.

* It takes one dozen arrangers to provide the fifty or more different scores for the three bands of the "Let's Dance" program, the three-hour show. . . Ken Sisson is the power behind the orchestra on the Lanny Ross spot. He does all the musi-

(Continued on page 95)
THURSDAY (Continued)


7:15 EST (2): "Genius," Checks, by Alexander, Thieard's comedy orchestra, EVA GINGERS' chorus, D'AGUARD MEADE, commentator. (Carlton & Kayy Clark.)

7:30 EST (5): "THEY'RE JUST LIKE US!" Featuring the Melodies, Quarter and Milton Rettenberg and the Melodean orchestra.

7:45 EST (1): "Whispering Jack Smith.

8:00 EST (3): "Hunt Rogers."

8:00 EST (5): "Al Bernand and Emil Casper, end men; Maria Cozza, baritone; Halleck Buttersworth, interpolator; the Melodies, Quartet and Milton Rettenberg and the Melodean orchestra.

8:15 EST (2): "Bobo Carter."

8:15 EST (4): "Radio Local, stage, screen, and radio celebrities. (Connecticut Yankees.)

8:30 EST (5): "I Was a Man of Property." Featuring Sophie and her Vocal and Orchestra. (Herschens's Vocalists.)

8:30 EST (6): "I Was a Man of Property." Featuring Sophie and her Vocal and Orchestra. (Herschens's Vocalists.)

8:45 EST (1): "Cameo Caravan with Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. (Cameo Cigarettes.)

9:00 EST (6): "Willie the Wise." Featuring Mr. Kaye, Marty Rose, Harry Lewis, (For stations.)

9:00 EST (7): "Point of View." Featuring Miss Jody and her Mandolin Orchestra. (Mandolin Orchestra's "Limit.""


9:30 EST (6): "Death Valley Days." Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Broadcast Corp.)

9:30 EST (7): "Death Valley Days." Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Broadcast Corp.)

9:30 EST (8): "Waring's Pennsylvanians with guest stars. (Ford Motor Company.)

9:45 EST (1): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (2): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (3): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (4): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (5): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (6): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (7): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

9:45 EST (8): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (1): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (2): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (3): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (4): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (5): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (6): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (7): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:00 EST (8): "Paul Whiteman's band and all that goes with it."

10:15 EST (5): "Amos 'n' Andy."

10:15 EST (6): "Amos 'n' Andy."

10:15 EST (7): "Amos 'n' Andy."

11:15 EST (5): "Jesse Crawford, organist; Dorothy Page. NBC Service from Chicago to WEAF.

11:30 EST (5): "The Camel Caravan with W. O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company; Camel Cigarettes.)

11:30 EST (6): "The Camel Caravan with W. O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company; Camel Cigarettes.)

11:30 EST (7): "The Camel Caravan with W. O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company; Camel Cigarettes.)

11:30 EST (8): "The Camel Caravan with W. O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company; Camel Cigarettes.)

EASIER TO CLEAN

SAFE

EASIER TO CLEAN

SAFE

HEYGIAE

The Safe Nerve Saving Bottle

MAKES IRONING EASY TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes ironing easy. Restores softness and that soft charm of front and back. Not sticking. No shearing. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.

THANK YOU——

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 94, Keokuk, la.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC pins, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

(Continued on page 92)

RADIO STARS

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 92)

Extra food-energy for children and convalescents

- Made as directed, Cocomalt increases the food-energy value of milk 70 per cent. Cocomalt mixed with water is beneficial for growing children, underweight men and women, convalescents. It helps to maintain and restore normal strength because of its special nutritional value and extra food-value. It is easily digested, quickly assimilated. Sold at all grocery, drug, department stores in air-tight cans.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. This formula contains the essential nutritional value for men, women, children. Cocomalt is composed of pure, skim milk, selected proteins, balanced salt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt

The delicious Vitamin D food-drink

Avoid Dirt—Use these wide-mouthed bottles without shoulders—easily cleaned and water tight. No funnel or brush needed—two extra hazards of dirt.

Folder in carton explains amazing FREE replacement offer on broken bottles.

FRIDAY

(February 1st, 15th, and 22nd)

5:15 EST (1): "The Ivory Stamp Club with Carson, Tom Healy; stamp and adventure talk.

6:00 EST (4): "Radio Local, stage, screen, and radio celebrities. (Connecticut Yankees.)

6:15 EST (5): "Tom Mix, Western dramas for children."

6:15 EST (6): "Radio Local, stage, screen, and radio celebrities. (Connecticut Yankees.)

6:15 EST (7): "Radio Local, stage, screen, and radio celebrities. (Connecticut Yankees.)

6:15 EST (8): "Radio Local, stage, screen, and radio celebrities. (Connecticut Yankees.)

7:00 EST (5): "Mert and Marge."

7:00 EST (6): "Mert and Marge."

7:00 EST (7): "Mert and Marge."

7:00 EST (8): "Mert and Marge."

7:15 EST (5): "Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (For stations.)

7:15 EST (6): "Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (For stations.)

7:15 EST (7): "Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (For stations.)

7:15 EST (8): "Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (For stations.)

8:00 EST (1): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:00 EST (2): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:00 EST (3): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:00 EST (4): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:30 EST (1): "Red Davis, Dramatic sketch.

8:30 EST (2): "Red Davis, Dramatic sketch.

8:30 EST (3): "Red Davis, Dramatic sketch.

8:30 EST (4): "Red Davis, Dramatic sketch.

8:30 EST (5): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:30 EST (6): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:30 EST (7): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

8:30 EST (8): "Ricky Renaker, Small Town sketch.

9:00 EST (1): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (2): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (3): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (4): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (5): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (6): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (7): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.

9:00 EST (8): "The O'Neill with Kate McBride, Jack Robin and June Webb. Featuring the Gold Dust Corp.


9:15 EST (7): "The Human Stretch."

9:15 EST (8): "The Human Stretch."
OH, MARY—WHY TAKE THAT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT! LET'S TRY SOMEWHERE ELSE...

NO—I'LL TAKE THIS ONE. I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP—I'LL EXPLAIN LATER...

RADIO STARS

Beware of napkins that don't stay soft

HAVE you—like many other women—wondered how napkins can feel soft to begin with and later turn into instruments of torture? Chafing...cutting...rubbing delicate skin surfaces until every step hurts!

Here's your answer: They harden.

Surface softness in a napkin is no guarantee against hardening. Lasting comfort must be built in! That's the principle upon which Modess is made. That's why Modess is soft to start with—and stays soft in use.

Special materials go into Modess. And they're put together in a special way. No other napkin can duplicate Modess construction, which means that no other napkin can give you the comfort that is yours when you wear Modess.

Take ten seconds—and make this test

Even before you test Modess in use, your eyes and your fingers can prove to you why and how it's better. Feel the softness of the specially treated surgical gauze that covers the pad. Then turn back the gauze and see—the layer of downy stuff that cushions the chafy filler. That's exclusive with Modess.

And notice this about the filler. It's not made of harsh, papery layers. Millions of tiny fibres, actually blown into shape, form its yielding softness—make it super-absorbent—and proof against hardened edges.

And remember—this softer napkin is safer, too. There's a special protective backing that guards against "accidents."

Modess is not expensive!

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. You'll be astonished at its low price. But even better than its bargain price is the lasting comfort Modess brings. Wear Modess once, and you'll have solved the chafing problem!

MODEESS stays soft in use!
his, looking ruefully at the overflowing gas tank on Red's car, and compromised with a sigh: "Well, I guess I'll have to take it on the cuff. One thing's sure—the depression must be over."

Red assured him that it was. Also, that he would have his money in full by registered mail the next morning.

The two other cars of his handsomely fared similarly. The truck driver, however, proved the financial wizard of the troupe. At the first rebuff, the Glen Gray, and music versus sweet music and what's no Ohio, the the fared to one Red Nichols at Columbus, Ohio, in the amount of ninety dollars—and drew ten dollars in change.

"And," remarked Nichols, "some people think truck drivers are all muscle and no brains."

There has been so much talk about hot music versus sweet music and what's best and what's most popular, that we asked Glen Gray, one of the more popular maestros, to give us the low-down on the whole thing. Here's what he says:

"For ten years I have been playing dance music for dancers of America, and during that time my work has taken me before every type of audience to be encountered in the field of popular music. I've run the gamut from summer dance pavilions—five cents a dance—to debutantes' coming-out parties, and played in vaudeville, for photograph records and radio.

"I've studied the likes and dislikes of all of these listeners, and the first taste of one and all is for hot, swing, rhythm or flag-waver numbers. Appreciation of sweet numbers increases in direct ratio to the ascending scale, but the taste for sweet numbers is always secondary. Whatever the audience and however great its appreciation of sweet tunes, it takes the hot ones to stop the show.

"The musical knowledge of the layman, today, is far greater than it was ten years ago, and this is reflected in the type of numbers which are being written. They have, in their embodying themes, more really musical qualities than have ever before been found in this type of song.

"Dance musicians of today, too, are much further advanced, not only in musical knowledge, but in their technique and in their understanding of the possibilities of their instruments. Cognizance must not be lost of the fact that the dance musicians of yesterday, dissatisfied with the sterility of American popular music and alive to possible improvements, blazed a trail which has become a thoroughfare to bigger and better things in dance music. I do not think there has been any comparable improvement in the past ten years in the symphonic, chamber music, or operatic fields.

"Throughout this evolution in dance music the Negro musician has asserted himself as an important factor, and he is mainly responsible for the dance rhythm as it is expressed today. Because of this, dance music now is all the more truly American. The Negro has had no European heritage in music to color his efforts.

"The present day arranger of dance music is on a level far above that of his predecessors, and must be credited for his share in the improvement in the popular field. His ideas today are more in line with what is academically considered good orchestration—in voicing of instruments, effects and general arranging technique. But at the same time his achievements are definitely original.

"There are, of course, many of the old die-hards who refuse to admit that jazz—I detest the word—is more than the passing fancy of a world mad with post-war lasciviousness. They are wanderers by the wayside, having been too quick to judge the bawling crassness of the fan jazz. The baby has blossomed forth into a beautiful specimen of modern manners. Yet, in a way, I can't help but make allowances for these opponents of jazz, for what they have had thrust upon them under the cognomen of dance music has often been pretty terrible.

"Radio, I think, with its tremendous audiences, has been the biggest factor in the advancement of popular music. Dance orchestras which could formerly be heard in only one place at a time are now afforded an audience numbering in the millions. As a consequence the quality of the work they must do to remain on top is increasing with every program. This improvement should continue until we arrive at the point where jazz will have become universally accepted as a medium of artistic expression. And when this not far distant day arrives, I shan't be the one to point a scornful finger and say, 'I told you so!'"
When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?'

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

(And other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

Mum Takes the Odor out of Perspiration

It prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe every day. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

She's bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum

You need Mum for this, too. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

RADIO STARS

Revealing Mary Lou's Secret Romance!

(Continued from page 31)

later a very different Mary Lou made a guest appearance on a special program and her diamond took its first bow before the public. I happened to be there that night. I think I shall never forget the radiance of her face.

The news struck broadcastland a cold blow. But as soon as the shock was over congratulations and cheers flew so fast you couldn't get a word in edgewise with Muriel for days.

And now an end has come to waiting and the bitter, unfulfilled years. If the Show Boat producers still insist upon a romance in their program, Lammy will just have to be content with a microphone wooing of another man's wife. I don't think the change will harm Muriel's career now, what with two radio stars putting such new happiness into their work that they're each ten times better. Maybe you can notice it in Mary Lou? And in Fred's clear tenor.

An end to waiting.

I told Mary Lou I was proud of her for taking the choice a real woman always takes. And I told her I was proud of her for another reason too: Plenty of girls have romance thrust upon them, but it takes a darn clever one to turn a ready-made romance wrong side out and remodel it into Love!

Muriel Wilson is on Show Boat each Thursday at 9 p.m., EST.

Fred Hulsmith can be heard Saturdays at 5:30 p.m., EST over WEAF and associated stations.

The Tango King, Xavier Cugat.
RADIO STARS

Chew and Be Charming

(Continued from page 6)

How in the world, people ask, with the problem of a family to face, did she ever get into this amazing business?

When Margaret Brainard first married, her husband remarked to her: "You're the stupidest woman I ever met."

Despite his bawdy tone, she was piqued. Her background had been academic. She determined to prove to herself and to him that she had a good intellect. So she enrolled in Columbia University and studied English, Modern History, Philosophy, and Psychology.

Later on, she went to Reno for a divorce. Having convinced herself that she had a good mind was the impelling force which thrust her into the beauty business. She had discovered the formula for a beauty cream and became interested in making money.

She began to develop other creams. But she was constantly encountering materials which wouldn't mix. Such problems were a challenge to her. She bought all the chemistry books she could lay her hands on. During the six weeks in Nevada, she filled her time profitably in study.

When she returned to New York, she found a position in a department store. Life wasn't any too easy in that particular phase of her career. The faith in her beauty preparation carried her through. She persuaded the store to market it. The sales of the cream created by her own hand made it possible for her to start her own beauty business.

She has a clientele of well-to-do New York women.

Yet Margaret Brainard had always sought some kind of effective beauty treatment within her grasp and time allowances of the average woman. However, she never suspected that the night she went to the moving pictures with a friend, it was to be the night of inspiration.

The friend had given up smoking and to distract himself chewed gum instead. Have you ever watched the unconscious rhythmical motion of people's jaws as they chew gum? Margaret Brainard had been stealing sidelong glances at her escort during most of the show.

Toward the end, still intent on the screen, he took a fresh stick of gum from his pocket. She wondered how he was going to dispose of what he had been chewing. Already he had several sticks in his mouth. But in he popped the new stick to add to the rest of the wad. Utterly fascinated by the movement of his facial muscles, she reached over and touched him on the cheek, the forehead, the nape of the neck. An idea was being born.

He entered into the spirit of the thing and moved his jaws through all sorts of gyrations so that she might discover what muscles were brought into play.

After that, she made a long study of

If you had a MILLION...

you could not buy a finer, purer preparation for your hands! Prevents leprosy, neurosyphilis, scrofula, roughness...smooths, whitens and beautifies the skin. Exceptionally large size for only

10¢

ALL 10c STORES

Landers, Inc.
NEW YORK  MEMPHIS  BINGHAMTON

![Image of a product ad]

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over 50 on all standard office models. Ideal for shorthand students and business people. Theatricals, restaurants, supermarkets.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

HAPPENED in INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS

- MALE & FEMALE - INDEPENDENT & EXPERIENCED Use this card to get a hands-on introduction to a fine profession. Complete free information on request.

HELP WANTED in INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS

- MALE & FEMALE - INDEPENDENT & EXPERIENCED

- Use this card to get a hands-on introduction to a fine profession. Complete free information on request.

TO YOUR DOCTOR

- Why not try our new product? It's something you need and your patients can't live without.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR RADIO SET NEEDS NO AERIAL?

For Perfect Nation, ReceptIon AND We will PROVE IT on YOUR Money Back.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

5 Days Free Trial

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES

Dept. 26, 320 E. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

FREE TRIAL. You obligation is only $1.98 with coupon. Does not impair your present radio. Write for details.

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[Advertisement for a product or service]
The dramatic and lovely Marjorie Hannon, star of "Sally of the Talkies," heard each Sunday. The broadcasts come from Chicago, Miss Hannon's home.

RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

relief

GUARANTEED OVERNIGHT

Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream

HERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

A hospital secret

This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

To end skin faults

Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

WONDERFUL FOR SKIN FAULTS, TOO

- HELPS END LARGE PORES BLACKHEADS PIMPLES OILY SKIN FLAKINESS

SPECIAL OFFER!

Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 5c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 53, Baltimore, Md.

Kilocycle Quiz

(Continued from page 11)

Have you tried the Kilocycle Quiz questions? And were you able to answer them all in eight minutes? Here are the answers. Check up on yourself.

1. No, the word is prohibited.
2. James Wallington.
5. No.
6. He has one son, Paul, Jr., age eleven.
7. Annette Hanshaw.
8. Hal Kemp.
9. Yes.
10. Fifty-three.
11. Missouri.
12. Wilfred Pelletier.
15. Rubinoff.
16. Chicago.
17. March of Time.
18. Yes.
20. Angelo and Felix Ferdinando.
22. Walter Winchell.
23. Harry Conn.

Margaret Brainard is on these stations each Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 6:45 p.m. EST.: WABG WCAO WAAB WKBW WDRC WCAU WEAN
**RADIO STARS**

**Strictly Confidential**

(Continued from page 17)

Barry McKinley, the daytime baritone, is being seen around town with a pretty young thing from a Broadway musical review. Some say he's just lonesome. We think it's love.

Here's the way radio artists stack up as box office attractions in the movies according to a survey of 12,000 independent theatres conducted by a movie publication. Will Rogers tops all other actors (radio and non-radio) with a percentage of 720. Following in the order of their box office draw are: Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, the Marx Brothers, Al Jolson, Burns and Allen, Alice Faye, Lanny Ross, Mary Pickford, Jimmie Durante, Rudy Vallee, Max Baer, Jack Pearl and Phil Harris. But remember, that's for the last four months of 1934 and the first eight months of 1935.

Bette Barbell, the radioiole, and a New York press agent are said to be lonesome when not together.

Jack Teagarden, trombonist and singer with the Paul Whiteman gang, is downcast. After a year of marriage, a few months in a new apartment, and now a network job, his wife, Claire, decided her career was elsewhere. Many think Jack is still madly in love with her, but when this was written, she hadn't returned to the household.

The mail problem of Jack and Denny is serious. Denny gets letters saying Mary Livingston (Benjack's wife) is good. Benjack's letters saying his band arrangements are the nuts. All

---

**Extract of a medicinal—stimulates throat’s moisture glands**

NATURE put thousands of lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes. When you catch cold, these glands clog, throat dries, phlegm thickens and sticks...fleishy! You must stimulate your throat’s moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN. The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily loosened.

**GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD**

**PERTUSSIN**

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

**PROTRUDING EARS**

A simple modern device are them in position instantly. Invisible—comfortable, harmless, worn any time by children or adults. Endorsed by physicians and used as the best method for correction and to keep them in proper position.

Sealed stamps for booklet and trial offer.

**ATTEND LABORATORIES**

Dept. 20

1587 Broadway, New York City

---

**GREY HAIR and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of grey or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownstone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownstone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting grey hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair, is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply brush on the new grey appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Last brush or comb it in. Shade: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownstone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee. or---

---SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE---

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

102 Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky

**PimPles—Black Heads**

Finish other obsolete deficiencies the way a good medicine should. PEELING! Clear, healthy skin in few days. Complete GRAY TONER treatment for peeling, C. 6. 50. QUOTATION BOTTLES AFTER FIRST TREATMENT.

**HUMPHREY LABS.**

181-M Washington Ave., N. Y. C.

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**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noise enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, by using the amazing new Leonard Invisible Ear Dumas which resemble Tiny Megaphones, but are real. In the Ear entirely out of sight. No wire, batteries or head pieces. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 806, 75 1st Ave., New York

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**I'm not troubled with ASTHMA any more!**

People who have "tried everything" for asthma report that they have found a way, at last, to obtain effective relief. In many cases, all symptoms gone! Miss Kathrine Ratcliffe, 2661 Finney St., Omaha, Nebraska, wrote on March 29, 1932: "I had bronchial asthma for 5 years. I was afraid to go to bed—was always afraid to play my arms. I started taking Nacor last November. I haven't had a spell since."

Nacor is absolutely safe and so safe, in fact, and so effective that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. If you have asthma, or bronchial cough, write for helpful booklet—all letters from happy users, and maps of drug stores in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 251 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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**APPROVED WAY TO TINT**

Francis Maddux, who appeared on Lanny's Log Cabin program in January, is a well-known songstress in New York's swing night spots.

De Miriam
because fans get their “B’s” and “D’s” mixed. It’s especially confusing in telephone conversations!

Add Block and Sally to the list of radio performers who use costumes for the audience present at the expense of the unseen listeners.

The idea of Lanny Ross’ Wednesday program was to give unknown or little known artists a break on the network. And look what happened to Kathleen Wells! She sang on Lanny’s program one week and started as a regular member of the Show Boat cast the next. A good example, it seems, of really making good. Willie Morris, the Boston soprano on the program in November, is another being called back to New York by the agency handling the Ross show for audition for other shows. Which is a good indication of another “make-good” possibility.

The March of Time, long a radio favorite, now produces the parade of news events on the silver screen. Which means you can get up to the minute news dramatized in the radio manner at your movie theatres.

An announcer at WIND station, has been elected to the Indiana state legislature. The new congressman is John E. Rozkowski of Gary.

Zora Lyman and Frank Luther of the Heart Throbs of the Hills programs on Sundays have been happily married for a long time.

Lanny Ross’ brother, Winston, younger than the tenor, recently arrived in New York from England where he attended school and acted in English drama. Their father, Douglas Ross, is still in England with a Shakespearean stock company. The mother is in New York with the two boys.

Jack Owens, the Breakfast Club tenor, and Mrs. Owens, the former Helen Streiff, who vocalized with Ted Wrens’ band, are celebrating the arrival of an eight and one half pound baby girl, named Mary Ann. The marriage of Jack and Helen in February, 1933, was the culmination of a radio romance in a Chicago television studio.

If you like to remember radio birthdays with greetings, the following are in order for February: Jacques Fray, 18, 1903; Lorraine Finkow of the Baby Benson show, 20, 1909; Announcer Davidson Taylor, 26, 1907; Announcer Kenneth Roberts, 10, 1910; Tom Waring, 12, 1902; Connie Gates, 19, 1912.

The stork made a pre-Christmas visit to San Francisco, leaving two radio babies. One for Wayne Frederick of Al Pearce’s Clef Dwellers’ trio and the other for Sydney Dixon, network sales manager. The visit cost Wayne an extra five hocks because he bet his brother, Earl, a fellow Clef Dweller, that the baby would be a girl.

Christian Kriens, 54-year-old violinist and conductor who used to be a familiar name on the network, was found shot to

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**RADIO STARS**

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**"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS**

ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blenishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin to the depths.

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove It at My Expense

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days’ time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can post this on a penney postcard) (30) FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City State

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

They

Try them! Sold everywhere.

STOCKING

COLOR,

FIT

No matter how your corns, callouses, or bunions may hurt, New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you immediate relief. They stop pressure on the painful part; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quickly, safely remove heavy calouses. Flesh color, waterproof; won't stick to stockings or come off in the bath. Try them! Sold everywhere.

NEW De Luxe
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs —
not with drugs, but by scientifically sound and irrefutably correct vocal exercises,
and absolutely guarantee improvement in
your speaking voice with our Vocal Corrector.

Extra Fine Chocolate Flavor

NEW MUSCLE BUILDING

Elkhart, Indiana

For children's CROUPY COUGHS

So often serious trouble starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a true antitussive—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease and relief.

Generally, Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40 each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTERED PASTY

MILD

FUN! BIG PAY

WITH an easy-playing, guaranteed instrument you play tunes night and day. Be a social "hit," win new friends; popularity. Increased income. Opportunities unimagined. You can qualify quickly—by trial, at no risk, by free book. Mention instrument: saxophone, cornet, trombone, etc.

FREE BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 1742 E. 111 Street, Chicago

"HUSH" FOR
BODY ODORS
AT ALL 10¢ STORES

BROKEN-OUT, UGLY SKIN?

Amazing Help In
Scientific Advance

NOT a mere cosmetic! Here is a treatment employing a new, non-staining scientific skin dis- coverty called HYDROSAL. Thoroughly tested by doctors, hospitals. Amazing relief in pimples, rashes, eczema and similar skin maladies. Acting and burning in minutes. Acts to refine coarsened, irritated skin. Promotes marvelous, quick healing in burns and injuries, too. Do not stain. Ask for Hydrosal today at any drug store, Liggett and Myatt, Frank, 50c and 60c sizes. The Hydrosal Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal

For Common
Outbreaks

BLACK AND WHITE

FACE OF AN
AMERICAN

ARMY

MAGAZINE

102
inextricably tangled in the language problem. Ten years ago he was plain Joe Benton of Oklahoma. Then he went to Italy to study. So he changed his name to Guiseppe Bentonelli. Last year he returned to America and this season he has been the leading tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company as well as making radio appearances. When he was engaged for the condensed radio operas the problem arose as to whether he might not better resume his original name since the broadcasts were in English. The tenor considered. And decided on a compromise. He would stick to the Bentonelli since he had always sung under that name, but he would drop the Giuseppe for plain Joe.

William Paley, network prez, is building a $150,000 mansion in Manhattan. That's one way of using surplus profits.

* * *

Ruth Yorke, the Little French Princess, is minus a husband. No trouble. It is just that he's in Vienna studying medicine.

* * *

The Lane Sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary, their sister, Leota (who may be on the air before long) and their mother moved into a new exclusive apartment just off Park Avenue. . . . Orchestra Leader Jack Shilkret and Singer Frank Crumit celebrate their tenth anniversary together this month. Their first work together was making phonograph records. Currently they're sharing time on a radio program . . . Shilkret's five-year-old son is following his dad's profession, he's able to play tunes on the piano after hearing them performed once by his father.

* * *

Some people are honest. B. A. Rolfe for one. On Christmas he asked Santa for a program sponsor and then spent the

(Continued on page 105)
TUMS everywhere. (TUMS contain no "works," and to have discovered You'll be astonished candy, mint Such passes TUMS' action (Nature's acts for novelties Dennison for With coupon. Please send me The Book—you can quickly and dislike the acid content of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the cause—if you don't alkalize the stomach entirely, you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys. The new, effective method is to use a natural antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a product is marketed in a candy-mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out in the urine and cannot be stored. Try 3 or 4 of TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy to keep "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no 

FREE TUMS FOR THE TUMMYS

TUMS ARE ANTACID, NOT NAXALAXATIVE


F R I D A Y S (Continued)

8:30 EST 3/2—"The Intimate Review," (featuring A. Gaind.)

9:15 EST 3/2—The Gassins' Orchestra and guest artists. (Emporium Drug Co.)

9:00 EST 3/2—Beatles Little, comedienne with Lee Perrins orchestra; Quartet, Quartet.

9:00 EST 3/2—Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack.

9:00 EST 3/2—March of Time. Demonstration of Modern Weaponry. (Remington Rand.)

9:30 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "How Not to Be Sick, " with Dick Powell, Lorelle Parsons, Ted Fleio's orchestra, and stars and Jane Williams.

9:30 EST (1)—Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Mathon, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra.

9:30 EST (1)—Burns, hersch, Koprowski, Munn, and Munn.

9:45 EST (1)—Mrs. Obie-Jones, comedian, with his stooges Beetle and Battle. (Armour.)

9:45 EST (1)—Burns, hersch, Koprowski, Munn, and Munn.

9:45 EST (1)—Miss P. Jean, Miss P. Jean, Miss P. Jean, Miss P. Jean.

10:00 EST (1)—First Nighter. Drama. (Stamford Press)

10:00 EST (1)—The O'Flaherty's Original Radio Opera. (Philadelphia, Super Bowl.)

10:00 EST (1)—Prayfor Peace. (Remington Rand.)

10:00 EST (1)—The Book of New Dennison Crafts. Send 6c with coupon.

10:00 EST (1)—The Book of New Dennison Crafts. Send 6c with coupon.

10:00 EST (1)—Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack, Dr. Nowack.

10:00 EST (1)—Emerson Drug Company features "The Secret Life of the Doll" by Victor Segal, WENR, KFCO, KSL, KOA, KOH, KOB, KOMO, KGW.

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entire day in Radio City and at his home so he'd be available just in case Santa came.

* * *

While the Fred Waring troupe is happy over its show being boosted to a full hour for the first time since Fred has been on the air, there is unrest within one unit of the organization. It centers about the trio known as Bab's and Her Brothers. To tell the story, it must first be stated that the two boys of the unit are not Bab's brothers. One is Charlie Ryan, husband of Bab. The other is Little Ryan, brother of Charlie. Now it develops that Bab and Husband Charlie are not getting along so well. A family disagreement, the nature of which is being closely guarded by the principals, started the trouble at least two months ago.

Friends are said to be trying to help patch the wounded feelings.

* * *

Johnny Green, the conductor-composer, is another radio name making movie shorts, some of which are now completed.

* * *

When a mind creates a new form of program all the world follows, so it appears along studio corridors. Many months ago Major Edward Bowes of the Sunday Capitol Family program began an hour program on his New York station, WHN, which he called Amateur Hour and which brought to the mike everything from rooster imitators, one man bands and men who play harmonicas through the nose to grand opera singers and Russian orchestra.

Then came two network programs presenting unknown or little known guest (Continued on page 107)

(Continued from page 103)

Grande brought which Capitol ago Pears along studio some is patch the wounded feelings.

months of so and of of Bab. One the air, for over the airlanes?

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Then came two network programs presenting unknown or little known guest (Continued on page 107)

T AKE CARE, mother! This is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don't worry—and don't experiment. Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VaporRub, the proved external method. VaporRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No "dosing" to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VaporRub acts direct through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to inflamed air passages. Through the night, this double direct attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

VICKS

VAPORUB

SAFE EFFECTIVE

CURES Colds

Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VaporRub.

(Continued on page 107)

STAND BY OF MOTHERS IN 68 COUNTRIES

If you want to have a party or give your family a treat, consult Nancy Wood of RADIO STARS' Cooking School. Every recipe is tested!

Do you wonder, after seeing her picture, that the talented and fascinating Carol Lee has been chosen to represent "The Voice of Hollywood" over the airplanes?
Now everything in the world contributes to youthfulness in appearance, a woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the harmless, simple means now at her command.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy to use in the hygiene program of home; harmless as your lip stick, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with curling, leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.
M. G. 25
106 Dudley Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Address.

STATE.

GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play by note. Piano, Banjo, Ukulele, Hawaiian Guitar, banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, piano, harmonica, guitar or any instrument you desire. Two copies of the same course. Lessons, 50 cts. each, 25 cts. each in pairs. Address, S. C. B. K., 214 U. S. School of Music, 1443 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FRIDAYS (Continued)

KYTH, WHO, WABC, WJAZ, KFRC, WHK, WJAC, WISU, WDAY, KFBD, KSLB, WRFM, WOR, WAGM, WJAZ, WISU, WDAY, KFBD, KSLB, WRFM, WOR, WAGM.
11:00 EST (4)—Myrt and Marge.

(Fort stations see Monday.)

11:30 EST (4)—Edwin C. H. Smith, Jr. (The human side of the news.

(For stations see Monday.)


SATURDAYS

(February 1st, 9th, 16th, and 23rd)

2:00 to 5:00 P. M. EST (3)—Metropolitan Opera Series. Geraldine Farrar, soprano; Milton Cross, announcer. (LaMonte Co.) All stations of both the WIC—$100 and WSAY—red network of NBC.
6:00 EST (4)—Finn's Little Time. Arthur Murray, Earl Oxford, vocalists; Chevalier's act and orchestra. (Finn's.) WABC, WSPD, WHK, WORO, WABX, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
6:30 EST (4)—Eddie Dooley's Shell Sports Reviews. (Coney Island Studios, Inc., and Shell Petroleum Corp. of N. Y.) WABC, WCAC, WJAZ, KRCG, WJFO, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
7:00 EST —11:00 EST. Variety Beauty Program. (For stations see Thursday.)
7:00 EST (4)—Merlie's Dancing Sketches (Coney Island Studios, Inc.) WABC, WLRJ, WJAZ, WOR, WABX, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
8:00 EST (4)—Speedway for William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; music directed by Ted Brinck (Swift and Company). WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
8:30 EST (4)—Charlie Wakefield. William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; music directed by Ted Brinck (Swift and Company). WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
9:00 EST (4)—The Gibson Family. Musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees' orchestra. (99 4/100 Per Cent Pure Ivory.) WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
11:00 EST (4)—André Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Light a Chesterfield.) (For stations see Monday.)
11:30 EST (1)—The Gibson Family. Musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees' orchestra. (99 4/100 Per Cent Pure Ivory.) WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
11:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance, Rural Enthusias. (Dr. W. W. Young, President; WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
11:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance, Rural Enthusias. (Dr. W. W. Young, President; WABC, WJZ, WLIB, WJAL, WGBP, WHHS, WJIO, WGR, WJZ, WLB, WCAP, WACX, WRC, WYTI, WADC. 5:00 EST—WCCO, KMUS.
Make Drab Hair
-Gleam with Gold-
in one shampoo-
without bleaching

Try this pleasant weekend test!

If your skin pimplies, dull, unattractive?
New, amazing Tweeze will aid.

Bunions need no surgery:
The amazing action of Pedodyne is tested and proved. How to get to the root of bunion pain and to heal damaged tissues, with and without operation. Prove it by actural test on your bunions. Just write and ask. Want to try Pedodyne? No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. K-411, Chicago, Ill.

Tweeze Pain Stopped!
Smiles while you tweeze, young lady! No longer need stray hairs cause you anguishing pain. Now, thanks to new, amazing Easy Tweeze you can keep your brows forever attractive and smart, pamperingly! So easy—just dab on Easy-Tweeze and pluck. You'll wonder why no one thought of this wonderful Easy-Tweeze before. Write today for a long-lasting supply and be delighted!

Easy Tweeze 25c
Easy Tweeze Co., Dept. L-12, 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, III. Send me a lot of Easy-Tweeze. I enclose 25c.

Name ________________________________ Street ________________________________ City ________________________________

Radio Stars

(Continued from page 105)

Artists—the Lanny Ross program and Freddy Martin’s Open House show. Along the trail came Ben Bernie. A guest, often known to Broadway but not to the air, popped up now and then on the Paul WHITEMAN SPOT. The Radio City Party, Saturday night show with Frank BLACK, joined the parade about a month ago. Kate Smith came along a few weeks ago and added her name to the list. Not to be outdone, Ray PERKINS rushed to join the mass with a program which is more like Major BOWERS than any of the others. WMCA and the new third broadcasting system has an hour of Harlem amateurs which is of the same type. Here the audience says an artist is good by applause or says he’s bad by hissing and booing. Fred ALLEN has added amateurs to his Wednesday night show. Major BOWERS has listeners telephone in their votes for the best. When a lousy one gets before the mike, the Major rings a bell which means, “Shut up!” Between them all, listeners have more fun than watching a barrel of monkeys.

Have you heard the network’s first woman announcer of modern times? She’s ELSIE JANS, singer-actress, who made her debut at the control box the middle of December.

There are two authentic twins acting the roles of twins on the network. They are BILLY and Dobby MAUCH who appear in Robinson Crusoe, Jr., and the Little House Family.

It’s called THE GIBSON FAMILY—that Saturday night show—but it should be THE DAVIS FAMILY. Owen DAVIS, the playwright, writes the script. A son, Donald, is his collaborator. Another son, Owen, Jr., is one of the actors.

ALOIS HAVILLA, the announcer, is a singer of note. In 1925 he sang in the Sigmund ROMBERG operetta, “Princess FLAVIA,” and during his career has appeared in many musical productions.

May Singh Breen and Peter de ROSE, sometimes called “The Sweethearts of the Air,” recently celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary.

MARY McCARTY returns to the airwaves in the middle of March . . . RALPH Dodson, the orkster, is doing vaudeville . . . PAUL Whiteman’s niece, Dorothy ATKINS, has been making movie tests . . . On December 18th the Pennsylvania Railroad made an unscheduled twenty minute stop in Ohio in order that DOOLY CARTER, who was traveling in the mid-west, could rush to a studio and do his fifteen minute daily broadcast . . . Few studios were necessary to accommodate that huge cast of three hundred artists who appeared Christmas and New Year’s Day on that auto show.

"Strictly Confidential" gives away Radio Row’s secrets every month!

Gleam with Gold

In one shampoo—without bleaching

Girls—when hair turns drab, it dulls your whole personality. Bring out the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair. Get Blondex, the glorious shampoo which will uncover the gleaming lights of beauty—keep them undimmed. Make originally for blondes—Blondex has been adopted by thousands with brown hair and medium dark hair. For they have found it gives their hair the sheen and sparkle that they cannot get with ordinary shampoos. Try Blondex today and see the difference after one shampoo. At all good drug and department stores.

Laws

Are you adult, alert, ambitious, willing to study? Investigate LAW! We guide you step by step—furnish all texts, including 14-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and given by members of bar. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Send NOW for Free, 64-page "Law Training for Leadership." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 3318-L, Chicago.
OH woc-ho-ho is your Uncle Answer man!
I'm in jail, I'm accused of simple assault on a policeman which is absurd because it isn't at all simple to assault a cop with a lily.

So please, nieces and nephews, if you want to get Uncle out of jail, write me all the questions you want answered so I can use them for evidence at my trial.

"You've got to let me go," I told the detectives. "I'm the RADIO STARS' Uncle Answer Man and I've got work to do."

"Yea?" the first detective sneered. "And I'm your Aunt Katie Smith. If you're who you say you are, prove it."

"All right," I answered. "For instance, I'm the fellow who tells my readers I'm unable to answer questions personally, or give out artists' home addresses, or tell them how to get photographs, or answer any questions except those asked the greatest number of times."

"If that's so," the second detective yelled, "you ought to be in the cooler anyhow. But I don't think you're the Answer Man in the first place. Let's give him the works, eh Mike?"

So they started barking one question right after the other at me. Like this:

1st Det: What were you doing on the night of December 8th?
Me: Finding out how tall and heavy Rudy Vallee is.
2nd Det: Prove it.
Me: Six feet tall. Weighs 150.
1st Det: What did you have to do with the disappearance of the "Rise of the Goldbergs?"
Me: Nothing, officer, honest. They went off the air because their contract wasn't renewed and went on a vaudeville tour. If they come back on the air at all, it'll probably be in a different sketch.
2nd Det: Are Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hillard married?
Me: If they are, they won't admit it.
1st Det: See? You ain't the Answer Man. You don't know. Is Richard Maxwell, the tenor, married?
Me: Nope. He's divorced.
2nd Det: All right, if you know so much, tell us some more about him.
Me: Easy. He's five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has fair complexion and dark blond hair. He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, September 12, 1900, of a mother who was an excellent musician and painter, and a father who was a talented concert harpist. Dick went on the air for the first time on WJZ, New York, in 1923. That's when Milton Cross announced that he believed it the first time an oratorio had been sung on the air. After that, Maxwell was on a good many of the old programs. On the stage he was in such Broadway musical shows as "Lady In Ermine" and the second and third "Music Box Revues." He went to Georgetown and Ohio State Universities and during the war was a Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, though he didn't see active service. There, now, who isn't the Answer Man?

Me: Awright. Awright. Singing cast: Sally Gibson, Lois Bennett; Bobby Gibson, Al Dary; Jack Hamilton, Conrad Thibault; Dottie Marsh, Loretta Clemens. Speaking cast: Mr. Gibson, Jack Rosleigh; Mrs. Gibson, Anne Elsner; Sally Gibson, Adele Ronson; Bobby Gibson, Jack Clemens; Jack Hamilton, Warren Hull; Dottie Marsh, Loretta Clemens again; Theophilus (or as the Gibsons call him, "Awful"), Emmett Whitman, prominent Negroactor of Broadway's "Last Mile.
Now will you let me go?"

2nd Det: You ain't proved noth-in' yet. Does Elsie Hitz play on any radio drama besides "Dangerous Paradise?"
Me: No, and if she did, I wouldn't tell you.

1st Det: Easy there. To whom is Dick Powell married?
Me: Can't trip me up. He's single.

2nd Det: Lay off the side remarks.
Me: Can't fool me. There never was any wedding because Ted's just Kate's manager and good friend.

Now won't you believe I'm the Answer Man?

1st Det: Not until we see some of the actual letters from the listeners to prove it. Lock him up, Harry.

Ruth Robin, one of the loveliest humming birds of the networks.

Were you at the wedding of Kate Smith and Ted Collins?
Me: Can't fool me. There never was any wedding because Ted's just Kate's manager and good friend.

Now won't you believe I'm the Answer Man.

1st Det: Not until we see some of the actual letters from the listeners to prove it. Lock him up, Harry.