

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

JULY

10

CENTS



Posed by
RUDY VALLEE
and
ALICE FAY

PROGRAMS

DO RADIO STARS EARN THEIR PAY?

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BING CROSBY

CLEAR UP A MISTAKE

—and gives a tip on clear radio reception



ISN'T BING'S VOICE GRAND IN THE MOVIES?

AND JUST THINK—I'M GOING TO MEET HIM TOMORROW.

NEXT DAY—AT THE MOVIE STUDIO



AND THAT'S THE LAST SOUND FOR AN NEW PICTURE. DID YOU HEAR IT?

INDEED I DID. I WISH THINGS CAME OVER MY RADIO THAT CLEARLY



WELL, IT SHOULD. HOW OLD IS YOUR SET?

BUT MY SET'S ONLY ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD.



THEN IT MAY BE YOUR RADIO TUBES. YOU PROBABLY NEED NEW ONES. BETTER HAVE YOUR OLD TUBES TESTED.

I CERTAINLY WILL. I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING FIXED IN TIME TO HEAR YOUR SPECIAL BROADCAST TOMORROW NIGHT.



"WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT..."



"...MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY..."

HOW CLEAR BING SOUNDS NOW—I'M GLAD I GOT NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES IN TIME

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- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched



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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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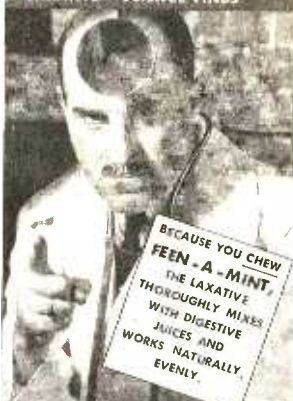
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YOUR
LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION
 COMBATED MORE EFFECTIVELY
 WITH A CHEWING-GUM
 LAXATIVE—SCIENCE FINDS



BECAUSE YOU CHEW
FEEN-A-MINT
 THE LAXATIVE
 THOROUGHLY MIXES
 WITH DIGESTIVE
 JUICES AND
 WORKS NATURALLY
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Every day thousands of men and women are finding that the scientists are right—that chewing FEEN-A-MINT mixes the laxative with important gastric juices which makes it work more smoothly and naturally.

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Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives—Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE
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 DELICIOUS FLAVOR
 AND THE CHEWING
 CERTAINLY MAKES
 A DIFFERENCE IN THE
 SMOOTH WAY THE
 LAXATIVE WORKS.



Feen-a-mint
 The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



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IS AS HOT AS KLEIG LIGHTS . . .

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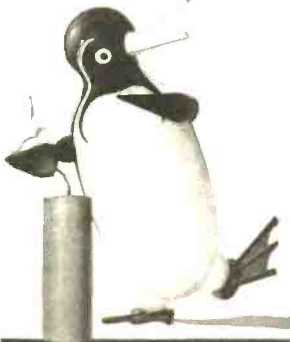
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When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshingsmoke. We want Kools".... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



Tommy McLaughlin, that great big Irish baritone with a laugh in his song, has been pulling gags—and getting away with ‘em—ever since he was knee-high to the proverbial grasshopper. He sings over CBS and NBC.

MEMORIES REVEAL the TRUTH

What is your most vivid childhood memory? Here is an amusing way to discover why you are what you are. Try it sometime

WHAT incidents do you recall most vividly from your childhood? Remember back not only to what you did, but why you did it. If you cared what other people thought, if you were sensitive to what they said, if you acted on impulse usually instead of reasoning things out, nine chances out of ten you are doing the same thing today!

Because our childhood memories reveal the truth about us, a group of radio stars were asked what incidents they recalled most readily and vividly from their childhood. In telling about them they unconsciously revealed themselves.

"Why, the thing I remember from childhood is such a silly incident," said Jane Pickens of the lovely Pickens sisters. And she giggled a little as she told about it.

You know, of course, that she was brought up on a great, sprawling southern plantation. One day a pig

got out of his pen. He was a little red pig with a round belly, who had won many prizes.

Jane saw him running away and started running after him. He ran from her as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. So there they were, the two of them, the pig determined not to be caught and Jane determined to bring him back.

What happened? Jane ran the pig to death! She ran after him and he ran away from her until finally he dropped dead from exhaustion at her feet. Jane, poor child, hadn't known that roly-poly pigs like that are very short winded.

"It's such a silly incident," repeated Jane. "I can't imagine what in the world made me think of it."

Silly? Perhaps. But almost any other girl in her place would have gone for help. Even in her childhood Jane wanted to bear the brunt of everything, herself. Today, she

is the same way. Not only does she arrange the music for the broadcasts of the Pickens sisters, but sees that the musicians are ready, selects the songs, and doesn't ask help from anyone. She hates to delegate responsibility to other people.

"I realize," she says, "that there must be lots of capable people who could take care of some of the details, but somehow I like to see to them myself." The kind of a girl who just dotes on responsibility—that's Jane Pickens.

Just the opposite is Tommy McLaughlin, the baritone you enjoy over both CBS and NBC. All his life he has been getting into scrapes and pulling all sorts of gags trying to get out of them. The result of all this gay dodging is that he usually gets in deeper and deeper.

THERE was the time, when he was a young lad in school, that he brought home a report card marked, "Department V. P." That meant "Very Poor," of course, but Tommy tried to convince his parents that it meant very perfect.

And there is a grand story which he tells on himself, which happened when he was attending college in Los Angeles. He had an appointment at a friend's house at eight o'clock in the evening. It was past eight thirty, and he had miles to go! His father was very lenient about letting him use his car, so into it he dashed and began speeding "like a bat out of hell." Just as he drew up before his friend's house, a motorcycle cop drew up alongside and handed him a ticket.

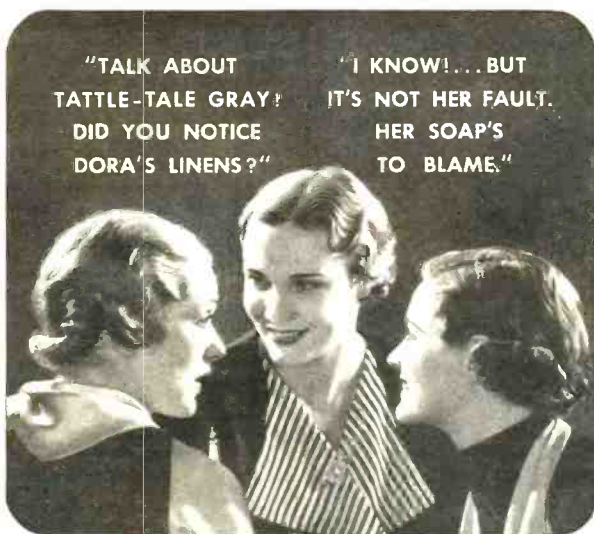
The last thing in the world that Tommy wanted his father to learn was that he had been speeding. When he went home late that night, he left the summons he had received at his friend's house, and begged him to try to square it.

He was supposed to appear in court the next morning. As the minutes dragged by and he heard nothing from his friend, he became terribly nervous. So, he went to the prefect of the school during the recess period, told him what had happened, and asked for the day off to report in court.

That was an old gag in that school. Whenever the boys wanted an afternoon off to go down to the beach, they pretended they had to appear in court for speeding.

The prefect was wise, much too wise. He told Tommy that he could take the day off if he would show him the ticket.

It was still at the house of Tommy's friend, and there were only about fifteen minutes left of the recess period. Once more Tommy dashed



"TALK ABOUT
TATTLE-TALE GRAY!
DID YOU NOTICE
DORA'S LINENS?"

"I KNOW!... BUT
IT'S NOT HER FAULT.
HER SOAP'S
TO BLAME."

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



Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is one soap that has the ability to coax dirt completely. It coaxes grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—dazzling white! And here is why: Fels-Naptha is not only marvelous soap—golden ribbon soap. But it holds lots of dirt-loosening naphtha, too.



And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is safe for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your finest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's drier, too. You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.

Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.



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**BROADWAY STARS IN BLUE-JAY'S
DRAMATIC NEW PROGRAM**

WAGE BORTH
—When he sings his marvelous baritone voice, he's Broadway star, master of melody and romance.

DOROTHY DAY
—Near this great theater actress, star of "Coca-Cola" and "Law and Order" and other Broadway hits.

"THE SINGING STRANGER!"
Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, 4:15 Eastern Standard Time. 28 Stations—Check to Coast NBC

They'll thrill you




into his car and began a race against time. He must reach his friend's house in less than fifteen minutes. He did! And just as he drew up in front of his friend's house, another cop handed him another ticket for speeding.

The next few weeks were a nightmare for Tommy for he didn't dare let his father find out what had happened. He finally got one friend to square the first ticket, and someone else to square the other.

TOMMY found out then that he hadn't put anything over for his father had known right along just what he was trying to pull.

That shows one side of Tommy's character. But there is another side, which is also revealed by a small and seemingly unimportant incident in his childhood.

No matter what happens to him, Tommy never whimpers. He always tries to cover up everything with gaiety. Once when he was a small boy he swallowed a police whistle. He never said a word to anyone about it! He just sat very quietly, still as death, on the steps of his house. His parents discovered him sitting there, looking very queer, with his face blue, and choking. If they hadn't found him like that, he might have choked to death without saying a word.

Today, he is the same way—never whimpers. He finds laughter in everything. Even when he had to go to the hospital for an appendicitis operation, he made quite a lark of the whole thing. Friends asked him, of course, as friends will under such circumstances, if there was anything he wanted that they could bring him.

He told each and every one of them that what he wanted more than anything was a bottle of rye. Not one of them knew that all his other friends were bringing the same thing, but the nurse was in on the gag. You can imagine how many bottles of rye were brought to the hospital for Tommy McLaughlin. Even when ill, he couldn't resist a gag. But that's just like Tommy, making a joke of an occasion that others would take seriously.

Lanny Ross's most vivid memory from childhood reveals what a tremendously resourceful child he was. When he was seven years old, his mother put him on a train going from New York to Montreal, where he was to stay with his uncle for the summer. She put him in the conductor's care and gave the conductor the money to pay for his meals, but Lanny didn't know anything about that.

All he knew was that around dinner time he became terribly hungry. So, he walked up to the steward and said, "I'm hungry and would like some ice cream."

"Have you any money?" the steward asked.

"No," Lanny answered.

"Then you'll have to sing for your supper," the steward kidded him.

Lanny took it seriously.

"Okay," he said and stood up at the end of the long day coach.

The steward motioned for silence. "Quiet," he said, "Announcing Lanny Ross singing."

Lanny sang the nursery rhyme, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" When he had finished, he passed around his hat and collected \$1.75 in nickels, dimes and quarters. Not only had he

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It removes corns safely, scientifically—here's how:



1 Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, wipe dry



2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.



3 After 3 days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS



A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is the strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER



Jackson Photo

Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly as Dan'l Dickey and Hiram Neville in "Soconyland Sketches," NBC red-WEAF network, Mondays at 9 p. m.

enough to pay for his meal, but when he arrived in Montreal he proudly showed his uncle money he had earned.

Lanny is equally resourceful today, when the occasion demands. Not so long ago, on his way to a broadcast, a spring in his car broke. When he stepped on the starter, nothing happened. Lanny had to reach the broadcast in a hurry. There was no time to stop and have the car fixed. He thought for a moment, then picked up a string, tied it around the starter, and fixed it so that the darn thing worked and he arrived at that broadcast a few minutes ahead of time!

LOWELL THOMAS' most vivid childhood memories reveal that the boy loved adventure from his early youth, and was brought up in an atmosphere that encouraged it. For twelve years he lived in the crater of a volcano. When eleven years old, he worked in the gold mines where he heard miners talking of Nicaragua, Paraguay, and many far off lands. His imagination was fired and his love of travel quickened.

He recalls the time he was lost in the gold mine where he was working. Great gusts of wind would blow through the place. One day a sudden gust blew out the flickering light of the candle he was using. Absolute darkness veiled the place. He knew that at that level of the mine were huge abysses into which he might fall and be killed. There was no way of relighting the candle and there was no one in that level of the mine to hear his calls, if he cried for help. In the eerie darkness, conscious of the great chasms yawning for him he journeyed half a mile on his hands and knees.

Afraid? Of course he was afraid. But he found his way at last and the knowledge of the danger he had faced did not keep him from going back to the gold mines day after day, though no man, let alone a mere boy, could ever know how soon he might brush the shoulder of Death.

Yes, there is a key to every man and woman's character, if you only know where and how to find it. And one way is from childhood experiences which, as is common knowledge, shape our adult characters.

So if you are interested in finding out what makes your friends the kind of people they are, ask them to tell you their most vivid childhood memory. You might recall a few of your own, too.



Are you an "ingenue?" Are you a "character type?" Are you a "juvenile?" Would you like a free Screen Test—a free Hollywood Casting Report? Would you like to get into the movies? Hollywood is looking for new stars—through snapshots! The Agfa Test for Hollywood is your real opportunity for motion picture fame!

This Test, sponsored by the makers of America's finest film—Agfa Plenachrome—offers a guaranteed job in the movies. Hollywood wants to see *your* pictures. Send in *your* snapshots *without delay!*

A GUARANTEED MOVIE CONTRACT

The winner of the Agfa Test for Hollywood will receive a *guaranteed* movie contract in a feature production of Monogram Pictures and will appear with famous movie stars. Other winners will get free Hollywood Tours, will meet prominent Directors for sound and screen study. Regional Screen Tests and Movie Cameras are among the other awards. And *every entrant* will receive a personal Hollywood Casting Report.

Men, women, boys, girls, babies—*anyone* may win. Characters, "types" are wanted as well as beauty. Hollywood Directors want to see *good* snapshots. Agfa Film catches "personality." This sensitive, high-speed, "all-weather" film *insures good pictures—guarantees* "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. A **GUARANTEED** contract in the movies.
2. Five Hollywood tours; all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.
3. Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.
4. Twenty-five Anaco Movie Cameras for photographic excellence—all subjects.
5. Your snapshots made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.
6. Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.

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Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself!*—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, Special Theatrical Color**. This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything...yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you tonight. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK



Someone at NBC must be the final judge on what can and what can't go on the air. That man is Thomas H. Belviso.

HE RULES OVER SONGS

Thomas H. Belviso is NBC's czar of music. Radio kings and queens bow to his orders

NOT so long ago, Sigmund Spaeth, the tune detective, rushed into the library of the National Broadcasting Company in New York, all out of breath and excited. He managed to hum a tune in the slightest idea what song it was—he only knew the melody. He needed the name badly as he wanted to use it on a program.

What was it? All the library clerks started humming it. Some whistled. The great detective was baffled and had come to this secluded department for help.

And herein lies a tale. Behind the door that's labeled "Music Library, Research and Rights Division" things go on that never reach your loud speakers, and yet if it wasn't for this department and Thomas H. Belviso who heads it, there's no telling what your radio ears would hear.

This is the department upon which the big shots of NBC rely for protection against those complicated copyright laws. All kinds of executives and some 500 artists depend upon Mr. Belviso and his staff for music, for information, for hidden facts about little known melodies and for—well, anything of which no one else can tell them.

That's why Sigmund Spaeth, the great tune detective, went to these rooms to hum to the forty staff men and women.

What happened? You guessed it. A comely girl clerk gave the first clue. She recalled hearing the melody in England on a recent visit there. And so the origin and the date were quickly discovered. A few more deductions, some hurried glances through big index volumes, more humming and more whistling and the hunt was over. "Destiny," was the number Spaeth wanted. Now that he had his copy, much relieved and smiling, he rushed up to the studio in time for his broadcast.

THAT is just one of the many duties that fall upon this department. There are lots more, but first, you should be introduced to the man behind the scenes—Thomas H. Belviso, the master musician. He has to be a master musician to handle the six divisions under his command. There is the library, reference, research, copyright, arranging, and binding departments under his guidance.

New Haven, Connecticut, holds the honor of being his birthplace. That wasn't so long ago, either—only

thirty-six years. About the first thing he did on reaching the standing-up age was to study the violin. New Haven saw him playing first violin in its Symphony Orchestra when the boy was only thirteen. This orchestra, by the way, was a Yale University unit, and Belviso stayed with it until 1919.

Boys at this age always do a lot of day dreaming. So did Thomas H. But he put those dreams into working order. Perhaps he can thank the gods of destiny for giving him a business head as well as musical talent. Anyway, he was conducting concert and dance orchestras in hotels and clubs when only fourteen years old, and at sixteen, while in Yale's department of music, "Thomas H. Belviso Orchestras" were born and the business of booking musical organizations began.

By 1920 his booking organization, exceeded only by Meyer Davis of New York and Benson of Chicago, became the third largest of its kind. What boy of twenty-two has accomplished as much? During all this time he was attending school, taking part in various activities at Yale, and also studying at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, making special trips for his lessons.

Doesn't this sound like the story of a child prodigy? Yet, you haven't heard the half of it. At the age of twenty-three he had organized a chain of thirty theatres in New England. These were later absorbed and expanded by Paramount Publics to a hundred.

IN the spring of 1930, the "air" urge and NBC got him. At that time he was employed as a program builder and conductor. Later, he became the supervisor of program building. It is his responsibility to see that the programs you get are properly arranged for broadcasting.

Now, this stocky man with the impressive brow is the czar of research, copyrights, library, and reference work for the network, and no program comes to your loud-speaker without his O.K.

You've probably heard him conducting orchestras, too. He waded the baton for such programs as "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Song," "Danger Fighters," "Slumber Hour," "Radio Guild," "Neapolitan Days," "Impressions of Italy," "Story Behind the Song," "In the Spotlight," "Our American Music" and others. Conducting is one job he won't surrender for any executive honors.

An interesting story about Phil Harris appears next month

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline



STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . selectively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture!

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Makeup will instantly lend it to your ladies. . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids. . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.



The Approved Mascara



**GRIFFIN
ALLWITE**

makes it easy to
**PUT YOUR BEST FOOT
FORWARD**

For only ALLWITE will clean, whiten and give that "new shoe" finish.

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Grete Stueckgold, celebrated concert soprano, is featured on the Chesterfield program each Saturday evening at 9 p. m. EDST over CBS.

IT'S A GRETE LIFE!

Grete Stueckgold, in German, means a piece of gold. In radio, it means a golden voice

GRETE STUECKGOLD! There's a name for you, isn't it? In German, Stueckgold means piece of gold. In the business of singing songs for folk, they say everything this girl Grete touches turns to gold. Even since the world went off the gold standard.

In case you don't recognize the name, she's the owner of the lyric soprano voice that the Chesterfield program tosses your way via CBS each Saturday at 9 p. m. EDST.

She comes to radio from the opera. But don't let that scare you. Mention opera to most average citizens and their minds conjure up a thick-khipped war horse of a singer whose only attractiveness lies in their vocal chords. But look at Grete. And look back again. Here are some of the vital statistics.

Tall—about five feet and ten inches—with a fair skin and hair the color of ripe corn. Eyes—you'd

think of blue, wouldn't you?—are the merriest sort of brown.

You see, her mother was English and dark and her father was German and ash-blond. And she's a lot like each of them in unexpected ways. She is bi-lingual, for instance. Which means, after you've swallowed, that she can talk two languages perfectly. Papa's language and Mama's language. Which gives her practically perfect pronunciation when she sings.

Back in London where she was born, she and two sisters and brothers used to rouse their neighborhood with their juvenile hymns. It was Grete, though, who held each note longest and sang each word loudest. Great training, that. Not many years later, at the age of sixteen, she was throwing that voice to the far reaches of Europe's most esteemed opera and concert halls.

There is a story about her first appearance in Berlin. She was finish-

ing up a series of recitals in several German cities. Leaving the last town on the last train that would get her to Berlin, she settled herself comfortably in a coach.

The train stopped and excited men came through and told her to get out. Obeying, she found herself in a strange countryside. Her train would move no more, she was told. A strike had been called.

AND there she was, miles away from the audience that would soon gather to greet her. Hiring an automobile she sped toward Berlin. Night fell and the car had to travel slowly. Finally, it rolled through the outskirts and up to the concert hall. This appearance was to have been in conjunction with the Philharmonic orchestra under Richard Strauss. But now, the orchestra was playing its last number. Nevertheless, Grete walked backstage and presented herself.

Somehow, the crowd learned she had arrived and at the conclusion of the orchestra number, they began to call for her. They refused to leave until she had sung, such was the magic of the voice about which these Berlin burghers and their hausfraus had only heard.

So Grete sang. The orchestra took its position again. Strauss lifted his baton, and they swept through her entire repertoire. It turned into a glorious evening, and it carved forever a place for her in the hearts of those who listened.

But singing doesn't claim all her time. On the authority of Walter Winchell we are told that she bakes an amazing cake. Best of all, she likes to rest in her villa at the edge of Lake Starnberg in the Bavarian mountains. A horse is there named Mailuft—May Wind—and she rides him with swagger abandon. Around New York musical centers, she is remembered as the owner of a long-haired dashund of unique appearance that she calls "Lumpi."

One final answer to a question inevitably asked wherever she sings—yes, indeed, she is married. He is Gustav Schneizendorf, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. She is happy, but her singing has already told the world that.

If you like the pictures on page 19, be sure and see next month's RADIO STARS. It will contain more action shots of your favorites.

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DO THEY EARN THEIR PAY?

By ROBERT EICHBERG

(Left) Will Rogers is an innocent looking fellow in this picture, but the sponsor that wants him must agree to fork over \$7500 per broadcast. (Below) Ida Bailey Allen once made a two line statement over the air which realized \$304,000 for her sponsor.



EVERY penny the sponsors spend on radio programs, and the cost runs into millions of dollars a year, must come back and show a profit. Yet stars are hired at salaries which are stated to range from \$1000 to \$7500 for a single broadcast, and "time" on a major network costs as high as \$15,000 an hour. Add these together, then add the cost of an orchestra and other artists in the show. Put the broadcast on two networks instead of one, and it can run into as much as \$50,000 a performance, more than it costs to stage many Broadway shows for an entire run.

How can the sponsors afford it? Salaries paid radio artists are said to be \$100,000 a year for Amos 'n' Andy.

If you were a sponsor, how would you know how much to pay your singers and funny men? Could you tell if they earned their salaries?



(Above) Gertrude Berg, who is known to listeners as Molly Goldberg, proved to her sponsor that the public was willing to spend \$250,000 at one time to see her program continued. (Left) Ed Wynn is in the upper brackets with a weekly salary of \$7500 for thirty minutes of laughter.

program it was announced that you could get a copy of the foolish fedora by going to any Texaco filling station and asking for it.

Optimistically the sponsors ordered 1,000,000 hats for sale to their dealers. *Bingo!* In a few days the hats were all gone, and they ordered that many more to satisfy the demand: 2,000,000 hats, surely that was enough. But was it? Not on your life. They had to buy 1,000,000 more!

Three million—count 'em, 3,000,000—hats costing the service stations seven cents each were demanded by auto-owning, gasoline-buying radio listeners. And each hat given away meant a sale of Fire Chief gas, many to new customers at least some of whom, it is hoped, remain users.

Ed Wynn himself says, "I spent twenty-nine years plugging the name 'The Perfect Fool.' Now, in a few short weeks, it's of no use. I am now 'The Fire Chief' and not even my best friends will call me anything else."

Why, he is so popular that when Ex-President Hoover overlapped Wynn's time with a campaign talk in one of the hottest political battles in the history of the United States, some 6,000 people telephoned the network and complained about it.

That'll do for the Chief. Let's look back a year or two at the Stebbins Boys, who, as aerial representatives of Swift and Company, put on a sketch in which they were supposed to be editors of a small-town newspaper. On three nights they announced that (Continued on page 75)

\$3500 a performance for Rudy Vallee, \$7500 each for Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Will Rogers, \$5000 for Al Jolson, and equally astounding fees for other stars.

Surely these entertainers must be super-salesmen of the air if their broadcasts are to pay for themselves. Of course they make us listeners more familiar with the names of the products they advertise, but do they bring new customers into the sponsors' retail outlets?

Let's look at some confidential figures and find out. Here, for example, is Ed Wynn, who heads a show on fifty-four stations of the red network at 9:30 E.D.S.T. Tuesday nights. Wynn is said to get \$7500 for his appearance, to which must be added the fees paid to Graham McNamee, the Fire Chief Band, Don Vorhees and the male quartet. Then, on top of that add about \$7700, the cost of time on the network for one-half hour. Texaco has to sell quite a few gallons of gasoline to write off the weekly cost of that show which runs into about \$20,000.

Well, what results do they get?

Remember the silly little fireman's hat Wynn wears when he poses for publicity pictures? That kady gives the key to an analysis of Texaco gas sales which are directly attributable to Wynn's broadcast, for during his

DON
AMECHE,
Radio's
DON
JUAN

He married his first girl, his first date,
and has a son. Yet ladies hefty and
slim, blonde and brunette sigh for
romance when Don takes the air

By ANDERSON
C. CHANIN

Illustration by JACK FLOHERTY

DON AMECHE—the Don Juan of radio! Hero of a thousand air romances. The Prince Charming of thousands of ladies who listen and sigh! There's a suggestion of John Gilbert in his appearance. He's straight and tall, a six footer, lean, lithe, alert and vital. There's a hint, too, of Valentino about him, dark eyes, olive skin, black hair. Like Rudolph, he has Tuscan blood in his veins.

Handsome though he is, you've got to look deeper for the key to his popularity than his romantic appearance. After all, few listeners see their radio favorites.

The secret of Don's success is his voice. His eager, often ecstatic words are music; his speech flows in rhythmic cadences, soft and undulating. It is capable of fire and fury, too. No wonder then that he becomes such a perfect ethereal bridegroom for femmes, whether young





This portrait of Don Ameche with his gay, devilish smile was taken for you, gels who've been wanting his picture.



The versatile and handsome Don with June Meredith during a recent broadcast of the "First Nighter," NBC.

and fair, or fat and forty—for ladies cannot live by bread, or even cake, alone. (The bills for "Betty and Bob" in which Don plays the lead are paid by a cake-maker.)

Of course, Don appeals to men as well as to women. They followed him in "Milligan & Mulligan" and "Rin Tin Tin," the only show in which he played the villain. Now they listen to him in the role of the hero in "First Nighter," "Grand Hotel," and "Romantic Melodies."

His parents in their fondest fancies could never have envisioned him as a radio Romeo when he was born twenty-five years ago. They didn't call him Don but gave him the rugged name of Dominick. His reputation as a favorite of feminine listeners doesn't make a bit of difference to Don, for you see, a year or so ago, Don married his boyhood sweetheart, his first girl, his first date. His bride was Honore Prendergast of Dubuque. They have a baby who is Dominick, Jr., and they live a healthy suburban life in River Forest. Jim Ameche, Don's 18-year-old brother, who is "Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy" on the Columbia network, lives with them.

A priest introduced Don to his first girl, or shall we say the only girl? When Don was seventeen, and a student at Columbia Academy, the Reverend Father Maurice Sheehy, his close friend and counselor, introduced him to Honore Prendergast. Honore and Don continued to see each other while he was in school.

When Don carried the pig-skin across the goal line, or tossed the sphere through the hoop, no heart beat so fast as that of the fair and golden-haired Honore.

TOGETHER they strolled atop the romantic old bluffs overlooking the mighty Father of Waters. They dreamed. Then fate separated them—years passed before they were reunited. Don left to study law, to become a successful attorney and then would return for Honore and they would live happily ever after. He entered law school at Marquette University, Milwaukee, and later transferred to the University of Wisconsin, but again fate intervened and he never got that law degree. We'll come to that.

Honore found her way, too, to the big city. In Chicago she studied dietetics and returned to Dubuque to become chief dietician at Mercy Hospital. As the years rolled by the letters between them became fewer and fewer, then stopped. Years passed, six from the time Don left Dubuque until he saw her again.

One night just before "First Nighter" went on the air an old friend dropped into the studios to talk to Don. It was Honore.

After the broadcast they went to the Edgewater Beach Hotel to dance to the music of Charlie Agnew. As he played his sign-off song, "Slow But Sure," they were sure.

They married. And when Don, Jr., came it was Reverend Father Sheehy who came to bless and baptize the baby.

While at the University of Wisconsin Don got his first snell of grease paint, and Blackstone and Marshall lost their appeal. No stodgy law office for Don now. The applause of an audience was fire to his blood.

Everyone at some time or another experiences a thrill which is never quite equalled. (Continued on page 20)

Don Ameche may be heard at 10 p. m. EDST Fridays in the dramatic sketch "First Nighter" over the following stations:

WFAF, WEEL, WTC, WJAR, WTAG, WASH, WLIT, WFRB, WRG, WGY, WREN, WCAE, WFAM, WWI, WSAI, WMAJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KGO, WTLI, KSTP, WECB, WSM, WSR, KVOD, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KFI, KIGW, KOMO, KPND, KTAR, KHQ, WMC, WRVA, WWSC, WTAX, WIOD, WFAA, WFLA

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Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wiconian News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Look over these programs and see if you agree with our radio critics

- Excellent
- Good
- Fair
- Poor
- Not Recommended
- METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS FOR LUCKY STRIKE (NBC).
The only program larger than "Excellent."
- AMERICAN ARMY OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH ARK MUMFORD (NBC).
- ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
- WRITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN (CBS).
- CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
- FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
- EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- REAL SILK WITH TED WEEMS (NBC).
- MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
- FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (NBC).
- We miss Foley.
- KRAFT-PHEENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN & AL JOLSON (NBC).
- CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
- NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
- BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & GZIEE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- Joe is still gaining in popularity.
- WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
- Recommended.
- JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ALBERT W. BALDING CONRAD & THE BAULT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- THE CADILLAC CONCERTS (NBC).
- Joe had they had to end.
- CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
- THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAWRENCE TIBBETT (NBC).
- THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
- HOKER OF SMILES WITH FRED ALLEN & LENNIE HAYTON (NBC).
- Excellent comedy.
- CAMEL CARAVAN WITH CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA COL. STODOLNAGLE & BUDD AND LONNIE BOSWELL (CBS).
- MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY (CBS).
- CHESTERFIELD WITH ROSA FUNSELLE (CBS).
- CHESTERFIELD WITH NINO MARTINI (CBS).
- CHESTERFIELD WITH GRETE STUCK-GOLD (CBS).
- THE PALMIST SHOW WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).
- See page 34.
- A & C CYPSIES WITH HARRY HOLIC (NBC).
- AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- Glad to hear Amos telling Andy a thing or two.
- THE GOLDBERGS, PEPESDONT PROGRAM (NBC).
- CRISTAL BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
- PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
- CHALK & CHEESE WITH COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR (NBC).
Durante might improve this.
- GULF PROGRAM WITH GEORGE COHAN (NBC).
- END CRIME CLUES (NBC).
- EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
- FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO LISMAN (NBC).
- CUTEJ PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH MAYNE KING (NBC).
- Very restful.
- MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
- FOAMERS WITH JAN CARBER (NBC).
- LADY GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- SINGING LADY (NBC).
- A good program for your children.
- LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- TEXACO PROGRAM WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
- MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FOLIO (NBC).
- RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
- HITS most variety, please.
- THE SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBIE (NBC).
- WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
- ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
- LIVES AT STARK (NBC).
- CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY (NBC).
- We miss the Mills Brothers.
- ENNAK WITH LERTRUDE NIESEN AND ERNO RAPEE (CBS).
- Getting better.
- CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE (CBS).
- CHEVROLET AND HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
- CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG (NBC).
- Smooth music.
- FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
- THE SMITH SKETCHES (NBC).
- THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
- WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
- HAPPY WANDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DUNEY, FRANK LUTHER AND JACK PARKER (CBS).
- HAD HOT SKETCH (NBC).
- GEMS OF MELODY WITH MURIEL WILSON (NBC).
- CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
- HOOPER SENTINELS (NBC).
- HALL OF FAME (NBC).
- TALKIE PICTURE TIME (NBC).
- RED DAVIS SKETCH (NBC).
- CLARA, LU'N'EM (NBC).
- BARD OF OZ (NBC).
- BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
- House-Altention program.
- LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
- HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
- PLOUGH MUSICAL CRUISER WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
- Lopez does a good job.
- DANGEROUS PARADISE WITH ELSIE HURT AND NICK DAWSON (NBC).
- Two popular artists.
- PRESIDENT WITH EDDIE DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- Good singing. Ray Heatherton.
- ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).
- COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DONALD NOVIS (NBC).
- END SHOW WITH ARLENE JACKSON AND HAROLD STERN (NBC).
- ROYAL CANTINA PROGRAM WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
- OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH TED FIELDS AND ED POWELL (CBS).
- Doesn't seem to click.
- HARBIN SERENADE WITH CLAUDE HOPKINS ORCHESTRA AND THE FIVE SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
- G. C. L. KERR GERSHWIN (FEENAMINT) (NBC).
- THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH THE MARK BROS (CBS).
- LIKE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHESTRA FOR CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. (CBS).
- OLSMOBILE WITH RUTH FITTING AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" WITH FRED. WM. WILE (CBS).
- 45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOB'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EXPEDITION (CBS).
- LITTLE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHESTRA FOR CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. (CBS).
- OLSMOBILE WITH RUTH FITTING AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- LOU'ELLA PARSONS INTERVIEWS MOVIE STARS (CBS).
- MARIE, THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (NBC).
- THE GUZZAR'S MID-DAY SERENADE (CBS).
- LARRY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
- WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH JAMES MELTON AND GUESTS (CBS).
- AN EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
- PATRI'S DRAMA OF CHILDHOOD (CBS).
- H. V. KALTEBORN (CBS).
- SKIPPY (CBS).
- THE MYSTERY CHEF (CBS) (NBC).
- Women will do well to listen to him.
- LITTLE MISS BARBOS SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL (NBC).
- RINGS OF MELODY WITH EDWARD NELL, OHMAK & ARDEN & ARLENE JACKSON (NBC).
- WAVES OF ROMANCE WITH TED BARKER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN ACTIONS (NBC).
- FRANK MERKINWELL'S ADVENTURES (NBC).
- TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).
- THE HUGO SHOW WITH SHIRLEY HOWARD (NBC).
- HUMAN VOCALIONS (TULS) (NBC).
- METROPOLITAN TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES (NBC).
- HUDSON (NBC).
- No time to discuss.
- VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- But we've had our experience today thank you.
- MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
- MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
- TONY 'ONS (NBC).
- ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).
- COOK TRAVELS (NBC).
- METROPOLITAN TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES (NBC).
- BABE BUILT SERIES (NBC).
- BABY BOSS (NBC).
- REX COLE MOUNTAINERS (NBC).

Cab Calloway

Johnny Davis

James Melton



Gertrude Niesen



Ruth Etting

ON THE AIR

Ten seconds to go! Quiet please! On the air! Here are your favorites, unposed, snapped in action

Harriet Hilliard



Lucrezia Bori



Joe Penner



*Strictly
confidential*



Shades of old Yaie live again as radio brings back to life Frank Merriwell and Inza Burrage as played by Donald Briggs and Dolores Gillen, pictured here. They're on NBC red-WEAF at 5:30 p. m. EDST Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.



Bob Brown, NBC announcer, and Mary Steele, NBC contralto, are Mr. and Mrs. in private life.



Kathleen Wilson (Claudia of "One Man's Family," NBC) arrives home from a long stay in Europe, where she enjoyed a well-earned rest.



Meet Dal Calkins, Jay Fallon and Edwin MacDowell—better known as "The Three Scamps" of NBC.

HUGO MARIANI, the dapperly dressed South American band director at NBC, spent some time in jail recently because of wife trouble. Hugo's wife, an artist, claimed her famous hubby wasn't coming across with all the alimony due her. And when that happens, New York has a funny law which puts the defaulting mate behind bars. But Hugo got things straightened out in due time and was back on his job.

AT last the reason why Jack Benny went off the Chevrolet program is out in the open. Chevrolet changed head men just after Jack was signed for this last series. And this new head man, it seems, likes soft sweet music. Since Benny wasn't giving him soft sweet music, Benny wasn't what he wanted. And what radio listeners wanted didn't much matter. So, the change.

THE subject of sponsor trouble reminds us of this true incident. One sponsor agreed to hire a certain famous tenor and all arrangements for opening the program were completed. Then the sponsor's wife heard that this tenor took a drink of hard liquor once in a while. "This will nevvvvver do-o-o!" she cried. And so the tenor was out of luck.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM, who have been on the air since early in 1930, have signed a contract which assures listeners of their gossip for

the remainder of the year and for all of 1935. These magpies of the air choose to do all their chattering in private. Like Amos 'n' Andy, they allow no studio onlookers. In fact, even sound effects men are barred. The girls handle all incidental noises themselves.

ALICE JOY, who in private life is Frances Harriet Holcomb Burn, was granted a divorce on March 21 from Eldon Burn, a theatrical press agent and captain during the World War in the Royal Flying Corps. Mrs. Burn, who resides in Chicago, charged Captain Burn with desertion. She was given custody of the two children, Bruce Robert, 6 years old, and Lois, 4.

SOME funny men fume and fret all week about their next radio program. They wake up in the night, ponder over the merit of a three-line joke, get up and change it. But not Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen. Jack doesn't even see his script until the day of broadcast when it is handed to him at rehearsal. Men are hired to produce that weekly script for him, so why should he worry about it.

UNLESS the unusual happens (and in radio anything can happen), Jane Froman will not be on the air at all this summer. Jane has been working steadily in radio for several years as well as playing a

leading role in the current Ziegfeld Follies and it has all just about exhausted the girl. So she is taking the summer off for complete rest. She'll stay around New York most of the time in order to be near Don Ross, her husband, who will continue his radio work. They both expect to be back on the networks in the fall.

THE other night at the Hotel Pennsylvania, James Wallington, NBC announcer, talked for two minutes on the merits of the Pickens Sisters, "Radio's outstanding female trio," he called them. All of this was by way of introducing them to the audience. Some people in the audience wondered what the Boswell Sisters, who were sitting at a side table out of Wallington's view, were thinking. They were not introduced.

OUR Chicago contributors tell us that Irene Beasley and a Washington newspaper man are head-over-heels in love. They also say that Irene slept with her pet dog on a recent train trip rather than allow the porter to put the animal in the baggage car where traveling dogs are supposed to be kept.

ANNETTE HANSHAW was so excited over being one of the ten winners in RADIO STARS' national radio poll, that she sat down and poured out her soul in the following four sentences which she asks us to pass on to you:

Know why Jack Benny shifted sponsors? This and other back-fence gossip



(Above) Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, CBS pianists, worry about answering mail. (Upper right) L. to r.: McCloud, Parsons, Childs, Arnold of the Sinclair Minstrels.



"You know, I'm so excited and happy about you grand people voting for me that I'm walking on air. (Editor's Note: That clears up the matter of 'Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?') You see, it's the first contest that I've ever won, so you can imagine what a thrill it is to know how many real friends I have. I wish I could tell everyone of you personally how grateful I am. May you all be as happy as you have made me."

WHEN the fatal illness of Lilyan Tashman, his wife, kept Edmund Lowe from flying to Chicago to fulfill a scheduled appearance with Ray Perkins and Hal Stokes' orchestra on NBC's Palmer House Promenade ballyhooing the World's Fair, program makers frantically combed the Loop for a suitable guest star. This was five hours before the show was to go on the air. Afternoon papers revealed that Virginia Pine of the movies was in court getting a divorce ostensibly so she might be free to marry George Raft. At any rate, Raft had come on the same train from the coast with her. A couple of hours before the show he was located, and because of his friendship for Lowe, he agreed to pinch hit for him—and did a neat job of it, too.

AN interesting slant on the launching of Floyd Gibbons' career was revealed by Quin Ryan, manager of WGN, recently. Ryan coached Gibbons, who had been a Chicago

Here's proof that Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield laugh at their own jokes. They're on CBS Sundays at 6:45 p. m. EDST with Ward's Family Theatre.



"What! Grapefruit for breakfast! Sure I'm comin', Ida," says Eddie Cantor.



(Above) Paul Carson, NBC organist, shows Gail Taylor, soprano, a tiny console carved for him by an admirer.



This pretty damsel is Alice Reinheart whose voice you used to hear on the "Red Davis" sketches over NBC.

Tribune foreign correspondent, for his first microphone appearance, emphasizing the necessity of speaking slowly and clearly. Floyd held himself in check so well that he ran over the allotted time about 20 minutes. Even the engineer was so entranced that he made no protest. It may be that less lenient engineers taught Floyd the terrific speed that later made him famous.

WHEN George Givot appeared with Eddie Cantor last year, most listeners thought he was a newcomer on the airways. Recently it was brought out that he had clicked on the air before he became a successful vaudevillian. A decade ago Givot was a student at Schurz High in Chicago. Given to wisecracking and snappy retorts, George finally provoked a teacher, O. N. Taylor, to send him to a friend, Steve Trumbull, then program director of KYW. Trumbull put George on the air. Thereupon Paul Ash "discovered" Givot and ultimately he became "The Grik Ambassador" of radio. That teacher is now Col. Yank Taylor, radio editor of the Chicago Daily Times, and Steve Trumbull is in charge of the radio division of the World's Fair.

LUM AND ABNER, the hick humorists from Arkansas, are delighting the Scandinavians of Minnesota these days. They're on the air from WCCO, Minneapolis. It's almost certain they won't be on a network this summer.

(Below) Nick Lucas, the only crooner in captivity who'll admit it. He's the CBS troubadour who was in movies.



ARTHUR WRIGHT, the young tenor who has been singing with Leo Reisman and has now returned to WGN as a staff singer, gives this lowdown on the Philip Morris page boy at NBC: He is an adult midget who is driven to the studios by his six foot six chauffeur.

MAY SINGHI BREEN has no end of trouble with her ukulele. The New York union won't recognize it as a musical instrument. Yet, May was halted at Radio City passenger elevators because she tried to enter with her uke. So May told her troubles to Peter De Rose, her husband. Resourceful Peter thereupon snuggled it in the front way disguised as a posie in a flower pot.

STRAY Items About Stars: Charles Previn's orchestra on the "Silken Strings" show is composed of the pick of the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dr. Frederick Stock. . . . Noble Cain, who directs the chorus of Hoover Sentinels and is one of the best known a capella orchestra directors in the world, can't sing. . . . Experienced actress though she is, Dorothy Gish was seized with mike fright appearing with Ray Perkins on the Palmer House Promenade recently. She recovered after a moment or two. . . . Tom Gentry, the orchestra leader who comes from a circus family in Georgia, likes snakes for pets. . . . Seymour Simons abandoned a promising career as an engineer to (Continued on page 100)

(Below) Minerva Pions, Jack Smart, Irwin Delmore and Lionel Stander of the "Hour of Smiles" do their duty.



HAPPINESS

Complaining husbands, romance starved girls, tortured and regretful mothers—all come to Beatrice Fairfax for advice

NINE-THIRTY Saturday night. Beatrice Fairfax, famous adviser to the lovelorn, is on the air. You and I and millions of other men and women, torn by some problem we cannot solve, tortured by the memories of what might have been, worried about life and love, tune in. Perhaps this week's broadcast will bring consolation to our troubled souls, prove a beacon light to some of us groping in darkness.

Do you remember the little drama enacted on one of her first broadcasts? It was the same old story, all over again. Little Jane D., age nineteen, had appealed for aid. "I live in a furnished room on Third Avenue in New York City. I work in a factory during the day, and work darn hard. I'd like to go out at night. But the boys I meet at dances, through business, and those who hang around the neighborhood seem to feel that if they take me to the movies, they can't do anything they want. 'Miss Don't Touch Me' doesn't stand a look-in. I'm tired of sitting home night after night. Please tell me what to do. How shall I act? Don't tell me what is the proper thing to do. Tell me what you'd do if you were in my place."

Beatrice Fairfax's warm, understanding voice came over the air, "Your boy friends are no different from anyone else's, Jane. Give them something to admire about you, and they'll do it. Make yourself a little different from the other girls, dress a little neater, be a little more reserved. Read up on sports and matters which interest boys, so you'll be able to converse with them on subjects that interest them. You'll discover you'll be able to do something with them besides pet. And above all, be sympathetic, show you appreciate their problems. Do that, and three-quarters of the battle is won."

And did it work for Jane? It did. Miss Fairfax showed me a letter she received from her. "I did what you said and it worked. I'm getting engaged soon to a boy who said he fell for me because I was different from the other girls."

A lot of us think advice to the lovelorn is the lunk. That the Beatrice Fairfaxes and Dorothy Dixes and Doris Blakes write their own letters. Nothing is farther from the truth. I wish you could see the hundreds of letters Miss Fairfax receives every week from her one broadcast. All from people who want comfort, who are lonely, bewildered, discouraged.

What should a decent, respectable girl do when her unsympathetic father turns her out of house and home because she returns late from a dance? Beatrice Fairfax's job is to solve such perplexing problems.

GUARANTEED

By IRIS ANN CARROLL

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

Beatrice Fairfax, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m. EDT over the following network:

NBC Service to WEAJ, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WESH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLAV, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KONO, KHQ, KSTP.

It is Miss Fairfax's job to see that tragedy is headed off. This sob sister's mission is to avert having sob-stories happen, to untangle the crooked web of circumstance, to straighten out lives gone haywire.

"You'd be surprised at the number of letters I get from young folk begging for help in adjusting their home life satisfactorily," she told me. "I'm sure that at least half the girls and boys who leave home are forced to do so by their parents' intolerance. If mothers and fathers would only stop to realize that their children cannot live by food alone. A place to sleep and a clean apartment do not make a home."

"There must be love, understanding, sympathy, willingness to cooperate with young Sue and John. There are thousands of homes in which young women are considered equal to the task of earning their livings, but not capable of behaving in the company of the opposite sex. There are, believe it or not, thousands of parents who forbid their grown daughters from going out with boys. Who treat them as if they were babies."

Contrary to popular belief, loads of letters come in from men. She gets almost as many from the sterner sex as from women. Most of them complain of delicatessen wives—women who collect their husband's salaries, and refuse to cook or keep house. Who spend their days gadding about.

She always advises the righteously indignant husband to try to talk things over with his wife. Issuing an ultimatum never solved anything satisfactorily, she explains. More trouble has been caused by a snap decision than anything else. One moment's flareup has ruined more romances and marriages than you can imagine.

If talking things over fails, the best thing for the husband to do is to undertake the purchase of food, to handle all the expenses, for a short time, to even buy his wife's clothes. When the lazy mate realizes she has nothing to gain by her conduct, she usually is willing to do her share of work.

"It seems to me that too much emphasis has been placed upon remaining physically beautiful to hold a husband, and too little upon being a true companion to him," she said. "This is a case in point. Recently, a man who was married twenty years ran away with a young woman. Everyone said what a brute he (Continued on page 95)

Women are often more romantic than men. A husband struggling for a career does not always realize that his wife's happiness depends on the affection and little gallantries of their happy courtship days.



• HE LISTENED

By
HELEN
HOVER



(Top, left) Donald Novis and his Missus, who's the boss in his family when it comes to his singing. (Top, right) Donald Novis in a way you seldom see him—alone.

If Donald Novis hadn't met Julietta Burnette, his thrilling tenor voice might be instructing young boys in the art of calisthenics, today, instead of floating over the NBC airways these warm Saturday evenings on the merry Colgate House Party. He fought against a singing career, but in the end—well, let me start from the beginning.

A new girl was coming in from the next town to sing in the Pasadena church choir. This bit of news left Donald Novis absolutely undisturbed as he sat on the beach absently making grooves in the sand with his big toe. He had just left Whittier College to enter the choir because his father had insisted upon it. But his heart was in college and its fun, and not in singing.

"Are you coming to the party we're giving for the new girl?" a friend asked him.

"Of course not," he answered. "I've another date."

So the night that Julietta Burnette first met the Pasadena crowd, the only member of the set who was not there to welcome her was the boy who was later to mean everything in the world to her.

The next day his pals rubbed it in. "She's a knock-out," they told him gleefully. "Gorgeous red hair and greenish-blue eyes. Wait'll you see her."

Don still held his nose up in the air. "Not interested."

Don, as soloist of the choir, came in particularly early for the rehearsal the next day. But there was someone

Listen to Donald Novis any Saturday at 9 p.m. EDT over the following stations:

- WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCHS, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WRZN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WERC, WDAY, KFVR, WRVA, WPTF, WVNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, KGO, KFI, WSB, WAPL, WJDX, WSMR, WKY, KTBS, WHP, KTBS, KPRC, WOL, KOA, KDVL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WDAF, KSD, WTMJ, WIRA.

T O H I S W I F E •

She made him what he is today. Donald Novis admits it, for her job is to take care of this young tenor's voice

(Below, left) Donald Novis almost made a profession of teaching this game and others like it, but he got side-tracked to a singing job.

(Below) The girl who turned Don's head and brought luck. From the very first day he met her, Fortune slated him for love and a very unexpected success.



already there. A girl, with gorgeous red hair and greenish-blue eyes.

SUDDENLY she became aware of his presence in the church. She looked up, somewhat confused. "How do you do," she said shyly. "My name is Julietta Burnette. I'm the new soprano here."

Don's voice choked in his throat. Finally, he blurted, "Hello."

"Damn it," he muttered to himself. "What's the matter with me? Can't even talk." She was lovely, much nicer than he had expected.

For Don those next few weeks were a combination of heaven and hell. He realized more and more that this girl with the fascinating eyes had got him—had got him so that he trembled when he stood next to her at rehearsals. Every time he thought he could bolster up enough courage to walk up to her and ask if he could drive her home, he became tongue-tied.

Don probably never would have gotten to first base if the choir master hadn't chanced to telephone him one afternoon.

"Will you drive down and pick up Julietta at the station. She's sprained her ankle and can't walk."

Would he? His hands flickered as he adjusted his best tie before the mirror. That afternoon will always

stand out in his memory as a remarkable experience.

When he found her sitting helplessly in the station waiting-room, his heart went out to her. The moment that he lifted her up and carried her to his car was the moment that Don and Julietta realized they were in love. That evening he drove her all the way to her home in Long Beach and from that day on, she never took a train again.

Oh, they had glorious times. They played and worked together. Don was a young husky who lived in the sun. Julietta's life had been wrapped up in music. Don taught Julietta how to swim, how to fish and how to play tennis. But often, as they lounged on the beach, Julietta would wrinkle up her face seriously and take Don in hand.

"You must take more interest in your singing," she would admonish him gently.

"Oh, as a singer I guess I'm a good gym teacher," he told her. "That's what I should have been, and as soon as this singing bug wears off, I guess I'll go back to Whittier and my physical 'ed' course. Come on," he would shout suddenly, catching her by the hand and running toward the water, "I'll race you to the raft."

Julietta Burnette was wise. She believed in Don. She believed in his young, vibrant (Continued on page 71)

JOHNNY GREEN



COMPOSER

EXTRAORDINARY

HE'S only 25 years old, yet he has written so many popular songs he's considered one of this country's foremost composers. That's Johnny Green, energetic arranger, pianist and conductor at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Johnny is a lad to keep an eye on. Maybe we should call him an exception to the rule. Anyway he knew what he wanted seven years ago when he was a junior in Harvard, went after it, and now he's up among the best of them, musically speaking.

When he decided to make the name "Green" mean something, Johnny got a job doing arrangements for Guy Lombardo's orchestra. "Why should I arrange other people's music," he asked himself. "I'll write the stuff myself in the first place." Soon "Body and Soul," his first composition, was sweeping the country. Out in Hollywood, Paramount Pictures took notice of the excellence of the song and sought out "this boy called Green." He was given a contract for several outstanding films.

Then came other songs. "Cochette," "Out of Nowhere," "I'm Yours," "I Cover the Waterfront" and "I Wanna Be Loved" were just a few.

Not so long ago Johnny got really ambitious and set about composing a symphonic poem. His "Night Club Suite" was the result and has received wide praise from critics.

Right now, he is being featured by CBS in his own program. You will recall, too, that he was the musical director for the Oldsmobile programs which starred Ruth Etting twice a week over Columbia.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" is his latest composition. Have you heard it?

Photo by McElliott

MYSTERIOUS

AND GRACIOUS

*M*YSTERIOUS lady, Jessica Dragonette. Aloof from the coarseness of life, she moves along as serenely as her song. Some of the studio people think she's conceited, egotistical. There's no question that the Cities Service soprano has a great deal of pride in her accomplishments. But the aloofness is due more to the spiritual encouragement she received in her convent training, while a child.

That aloofness has often been misinterpreted by those who do not know her. Really she is a very gracious person. There was definite evidence of it after a recent Friday night broadcast. The program over, her admirers flocked about her. She was tired. She had worked hard. But smiling charmingly, she stood there and shook hands, wrote autographs and made herself lovely to everyone.

Broadcasting officials wanted her to get away. They knew the strain was telling on her. An official was delegated to inform her, in a voice loud enough for all her admirers to hear, that there was an important telephone call for her and she must go at once. Three times over a period of ten minutes she was given the message, but it wasn't until Miss Dragonette had spoken to everyone, that she consented to leave for the telephone call that never did exist.

Jessica has set an ideal for herself. Through all the strife, double-dealings and misunderstandings that go on in the world with which she must necessarily come in contact as a radio star, she has not become disillusioned.

Those few who know her, admire her for it. Mysterious lady, Jessica Dragonette. Mysterious and gracious.

Photo by Jackson



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RADIO'S SINGING LADY

MOST people know Irene Wicker as "The Singing Lady" who broadcasts from Chicago every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 5:30 p.m. EDST over NBC. But few realize she is the composer of every one of those children's songs she sings on those programs.

Now that's a job by itself. Figure it out for yourself. There are five programs a week and about three new songs on each program. If you'd suggest to our popular song writers that they compose one new song a month, most of them would fly to the ceiling. But ask Irene Wicker to give you four a day and she'll calmly sit at her piano, peck out notes, and at the end of the day you'll have your four songs.

But Irene really has an advantage. She has the inspiration so often lacking among others. Her programs, as you know, are designed for children, and joy of life for Irene and her husband, Walter Wicker. Also a radio actor, are the two children of their own. Sonny and Nancy are their names. Two healthy children whose favorite radio programs are the ones on which mother and daddy take part.

You mothers and fathers can understand why Irene and Walter's programs are so successful. They don't have to visualize a big unseen radio audience every time they step up to a microphone. All they need do is to visualize little Nancy and Sonny curled up in a big chair in front of the radio in their home. For all we know, the childish humming of Sonny and Nancy might have furnished their famous mother with many an idea for the songs she has put on the air for you listeners.

Now you know why "The Singing Lady" is a success from coast to coast.

Photo by Jackson

**AMERICA'S
OPERATIC PRIDE**

TURN to an NBC blue-WJZ network station some Wednesday evening at 9:30 o'clock EDT and listen to John Charles Thomas. And as you listen, say to yourself, "I'm listening to one of the world's finest singers—a product of America."

You know there are very few really big names in opera who are native Americans. Why? It's one of those unexplained things. Anyway, John Charles Thomas and Lawrence Tibbett stand out as foremost among the male excursions.

It was only last March that Thomas made his debut in the Metropolitan Opera. Years before, however, he made his opera debut in Brussels, Belgium. Odd, you may say, that Europeans so often must find their success in America and Americans theirs in Europe.

After hearing his voice, you may wonder that Thomas could have ever dreamed of anything other than music. But there was a time when he was a medical student in Baltimore with hardly any thought of music. Of course he loved music. But it was only a hobby until an unexpected incident happened. While he was studying medicine, the Peabody Conservatory of Music offered him a scholarship. The scholarship was so attractive that Thomas wouldn't dare turn it down until he had debated the whole thing thoroughly in his mind. Finally he decided to take the scholarship and lay aside his medical instruments.

As you look at his picture here, you probably see Thomas as a robust man—an athlete. You're right. In 1908 he was.

Nowadays he keeps fit by playing golf and tennis. Bill Tilden, the tennis king, is a friend of his with whom he often plays.

Photo by Jackson



**JOHN
CHARLES
THOMAS**



RAY KNIGHT AND HIS "CUCKOOS"

Some radio artists go nuts working out programs. But not these goofy "Cuckoos." They're already that way

The A-C Spark Plug "Cuckoos" in action. (Top, l. to r.) Jack Arthur, Mary Hopple, Bob Armbruster, Mrs. Pennyleather, Mary McCoy, Carl Mathews, Sallie Belle Cox and Ray Knight. Other photos show Knight in crazy poses.

Wile World





FRED ALLEN and HIS "HOUR OF SMILES"

Allen's drawling voice and lots of comic actors make this NBC program laugh provoking to the nth degree

Sal Hepatica and Ipana present (left to right) Jack Smart, Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa and Irwin Delmore. That funny fellow, Allen, fills up the rest of the page with his famous nonsensical faces. He couldn't broadcast without 'em.

Wide World



CATCHING KILLERS BY RADIO . . .



Crime is halted! Criminals are caught with their guns still smoking, with their knives still red from the blood of victims

By DORA ALBERT
Illustration by LYMAN ANDERSON

RADIO—a finger pointed at the criminal, putting him on the spot, hounding him as he hounded his victims! Radio—a voice traveling faster than the fastest plane, the swiftest car; a voice which pursues its victim to the darkest corner in which he tries to skulk; a voice beyond whose reach he cannot get. Radio—the invisible man-hunter!

We've all heard how in more than a hundred cities throughout the United States police cars have been equipped with special short-wave receiving sets; and how, through the orders they get by radio, these police patrols have caught criminals red-handed, in the very act of looting apartments; have caught killers with their murderous weapons still smoking in their hands.

These things are common knowledge; but very few of us know of the part that the regular broadcasting stations have played in catching killers and fighting crime; of the many times when everyday programs have been interrupted to turn a group of ordinary citizens into a posse of man-hunters. We all remember the Lindbergh case, where the trail was already cold when the search started. But in other cases radio has been more successful in ferreting out the hiding place of the criminal and in hunting him down.

Do you remember the famous Hickman case? During the early part of December, 1927, eleven-year-old Marion

This is a scene all too familiar to many banks, in towns throughout the United States, which have had a similar tragedy.

Parker was kidnapped and held for ransom. Shortly after the kidnapper had collected \$2000 in ransom money, the body of the child, horribly mutilated, was found on a vacant lot a short distance from the Parker residence.

The crime was so cold-blooded and so brutal that the whole nation was aroused. "Find the killer! Find the killer!" was the one thought in everybody's mind. "Save other children from the ravages of such a criminal."

At eight o'clock on the evening when the body of the murdered child was found, Station KFWB on the west coast broadcast the news of the tragedy. The station, located at that time in the Warner Brothers Studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, had an arrangement with the *Los Angeles Examiner* whereby they were allowed to break into any program with news bulletins of importance.

The two announcers at the station, Jerry King and Bill Ray, looked at each other, and the same thought was in both minds. Eleven o'clock was their usual closing deadline, but what did that matter in the face of this tragedy?

"Let's see what we can do on this case," said Jerry, "what radio can do."

"I'm with you all the way," said Bill.

THEY began by broadcasting the facts of the case and clues concerning the automobile license of the killer and various other information. The broadcast kept the city up all that night, all the next day until five o'clock Monday afternoon. During all that time Jerry King, who was at that time a victim of tonsillitis, relieved Bill Ray at odd moments, so Bill was on the air continuously from eleven o'clock Saturday night until five o'clock Monday afternoon.

One of the first things they did was to broadcast a request for a troop of one hundred cowboys to search the hills where automobiles would be unable to go. The cowboys were on their way within one hour.

About three o'clock Sunday morning, a man called KFWB and said, "I am a poor man but I will award five dollars for the apprehension of the killer."

This was broadcast over the (Continued on page 81)



HE TURNED HIS BACK



(Above) This is the grand staircase in Talleyrand Palace, the summer home of Albert Spalding which is located in historic and glamorous Florence, Italy.



(Above) France sent General Eugene Charabot to America to decorate Spalding as a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for bravery during the World War.

Money can't buy success, and the story of Albert Spalding proves it, for he is a violinist who had to forget both on the road to success

If you were a millionaire's son. If you were young, handsome, talented and the idol of the debutantes would you deliberately turn your back on society, and spurn all the advantages that come without asking to gilded youth?

I wouldn't. But there is one man, whom you hear on the air every Wednesday night at eight-thirty, who did, some twenty-five years ago. And because he did, he is our foremost radio violinist today. I'm talking about Albert Spalding.

Everything in his life and environment pulled young Spalding in the other direction. His crowd considered the gay social whirl much more important than any man's individual achievement. His father brought him up with the idea that he could do exactly as he pleased, for Spalding millions were at his beck and call. What need was there to work when hundreds of thousands of dollars trickled monthly through the Spalding Sporting Goods Shops which his father owned?

At first, young Spalding accepted this point of view. He was perfectly willing to drift along, doing the things people of his age and position did. But even then he realized that if he continued to accept everything that came to him, he would remain forever buried in obscurity.

Men have rarely achieved success who are not willing to fight for it. Men have never achieved a place on the roll of fame who have not dared to think for themselves and stand by their convictions against the censure of their class and friends.

Spalding was a nonentity in those days. He might still have been one had it not been for an incident that left him burning with humiliation and shame.

While in his teens, he gave his first series of concerts. Society, the horseshoe ring, loudly cheered his playing; pleased young things presented him with dozens of silly bouquets and hero wreaths. His family and friends thought he was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened.

But some of the critics gave him an entirely different reception. Instead of cheers, he got boos. They panned the shirt off his back. They said, in effect, "Here is a wealthy man's son, who has breeding and education. He would make a very attractive ribbon salesman or a gentlemanly street car conductor, but why should he attempt to impose his violin playing on a long-suffering public?"

The elder Spalding was furious. Where did those undersized critics, who earned less than his valet, get the nerve to criticize his son? With all the Spalding dough behind him, he'd see that none but favorable criticisms would be printed. What good was his money if it couldn't buy happiness for his pet son?

In a rage he went down to see the editor of "Musical America," a monthly that had printed a review criticizing Albert. Wasn't he, Spalding, a patron and an advertiser in the periodical, he demanded of the editor, John C. Freund? Did they imagine for a minute he was handing out his good advertising money for them to lambast his boy? Hereafter they'd print only favorable comments, or else.

The editor of the magazine replied that he'd say what he liked and the Spalding millions be damned! No advertiser could hold a whip hand over him. He'd tell the truth as he saw it. And under (Continued on page 94)

ON SOCIETY



The American violinist poses with "Andy," his hound, at another of his summer homes in Great Barrington, Mass. He's just had a game of tennis.



By MARY
JACOBS

Albert Spalding broadcasts at 8:30 p.m. EDT each Wednesday over the following CBS stations: WABC, WJKE, WOR, WCAD, WYAN, WGR, WTRC, WTL, CRAW, WQWO, WTRC, WFL, WBHM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-WJAX, WJAS, WFBL, WISV, WERN, KMJ, KHL, KOIN, KPHR, KGB, KPHC, WDH, KOL, KPHY, KWE, KVI, WGST, WTRC, WDD, WRR, KLZ, KTAT, KTRH, KLR, WREC, WCCO, CRAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KTS, WIBW, CFR, WEAN, KJON, WMT, WORC.

This photo of Spalding was taken in a CBS studio just before one of his recent broadcasts.

FOR DISTINGUISHED



Gladys Swarthout



Miss Swarthout and Mr. Barclay play leads in the Palmolive Beauty Box broadcasts, 10 p. m. EDST over the NBC red-WEAF network. (Below) The entire cast during a broadcast.



John Barclay

SERVICE TO RADIO

NOT since radio began, have listeners been given the opportunity of hearing such a mingling of lovely voices, spirited music, and dramatic thraldom as is offered each Tuesday night at ten o'clock by the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre.

It is no easy task to take an operetta, that has had its birth in the theatre, and adapt it to the peculiarities of kilocycle presentation. It must be pared and pruned, for one thing, to less than half its original length. To replace the glittering spectacle of color and action and movement in the original, there must be added clever devices to make us serene arm-chair listeners feel and thrill to that which

the living theatre's audience saw.

As in every line of human endeavor, some said, such a task could not be accomplished. Some said beauty would be throttled and artistic merit killed. As in every line of human endeavor, others went ahead to prove the "you can't do it" gang wrong. How successful they were, I leave to your own judgment.

It is my opinion that this Beauty Box show sweeps back the horizons of radio entertainment. Because its sponsors and producers have had the courage to risk much to gain much, we proffer to the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre this month's RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell





(Above) She listens to him practice. Lawrence Tibbett and his wife, who is so important to him as companion and critic, that he insists she accompany him wherever his vagabond singing career demands.



(Above) Lawrence Tibbett as he appeared in the opera "Traviata." One night this unknown young westerner walked on the famous stage of the "Met" as a singer of small parts and walked off a star.

LAUGHING SINGER

By ROSE HEYLBUT

THERE'S a singer you've been hearing on the Firestone programs who is known wherever he goes by his laugh. And by the precious knack he has acquired of finding fun where others find woe. More than once, that ability has kept his chin high and eyes up.

His name is Lawrence Tibbett.

Just before the turn of the century, way out yonder in what was then the wild and woolly west, a Sunday School entertainment was taking place in a church basement in Bakersfield, California. Hymns and patriotic songs were sung, and then the stage was dressed for the big event. A clock was stuck up in a corner, a blue light bulb was screwed into place, and someone mounted the platform and recited, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight."

Down in the audience, a wide-eyed four-year-old clung to his mother's skirt, entranced. When it was all over, and

the thrill had subsided enough to make speech possible again, the child whispered in awe, "I'm goin' to do sompin like that someday. In public, too!"

The kid was Sheriff Tibbett's son, Larry. At the age of four the lure of footlights called him, and a year later he got a chance to do something about it. Another entertainment was being planned, and, after much pleading, his mother said young Lawrence might sing a hymn. The great day came. The child was arrayed in a new suit and shiny shoes. To perfection that hymn had been rehearsed. He stepped out on the platform. The sea of faces dizzied him. His hands grew moist. All unconsciously, he subscribed to the Einstein theories that time and space mean absolutely nothing. The floor swayed. The well-coached hymn was gone—drowned in a torrent of stage-fright. His legs refused to carry him: he simply stood there.



(Above) His voice is one of the best known in the world. At the Metropolitan Opera he has been accorded sensational ovations. Over night he shot to stardom in the movies, and now radio claims him.

Lawrence Tibbett isn't afraid of life. He has a sense of humor that juggled the tricks of Fate and brought him world-wide fame

Then, in a moment, he gulped down something in his throat, stumbled forward, and piped out, "The Star Spangled Banner." Later, his mother came to him.

"But, Larry, that wasn't the song you were supposed to sing."

"I know, Mother. But gosh, it was the only song I could think of, and I couldn't just stand there. I had to do *somepin*, didn't I?"

THERE, you have Lawrence Tibbett. He just has to do *something*, and when it doesn't work out right, he does something else. You simply can't down the fellow. Never could. He meets trouble with a laugh. The word "impossible" doesn't exist for him. He honestly believes that there is a brighter side to everything, and it's up to himself to find it. (Continued on page 97)

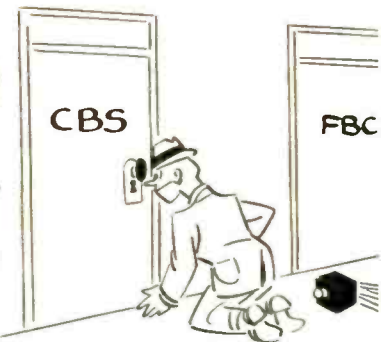


G A D D I N G O U R C A N D I D

When they're not looking, the

A B O U T W I T H C A M E R A . . .

picture man slips up and catches them



(Below) Here's young Miss Mitzi Green of movie fame who took a try at radio and added a bunch of fan letters to her fast growing collection.



Wide World



Culver

(Above) While Phil Harris directs his band, his pretty singer, Leah Ray, has a bite of pencil sans lettuce and mayonnaise.
(Below) Ruth Hilliard, film beauty, presents Ben Bernie with what we suspect are Winchell orchids of the scallion variety.

Wide World



Culver

(Above) "Shine on Harvest Moon." Now you already know it's Ruth Etting, the girl with a sob in her voice.
(Below) When Paul Whiteman wears a top hat and smokes a fifty-cent sec-gar he's always in a jovial mood as shown here.

Culver



Culver

(Above) Edwin C. Hill (left), commentator, Ida Bailey Allen, radio cook, and David Ross, announcer, ready for the "On the Air" signal. (Below) Walter Tetley does just what you'd expect a child actor to do—tear up his script for fun.

Culver





Wife World

(Above) Radio's Fire Chief, Ed Wynn, is now a real New York fire chief. Here is Vincent J. Kane, president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association, notifying the comic.



Photo-Ad

(Above) Em on the left, Clara in the center 'n' Lu, the soap-suds girls broadcasting from Chicago via NBC stations. They are, you know, radio's backfence gossipers.



Did you ever see a scream printed? Well, here's one. And look at Joe Penner giving his duck a bath.

(Left) Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors and musical counsel of the National Broadcasting Company, shown in his New York home where he recently observed his seventy-second birthday. Congratulations!

(Below) This is how a person looks while screaming for radio. Elizabeth Day is the girl unleashing a spine-chilling yelp as her contribution to a program.

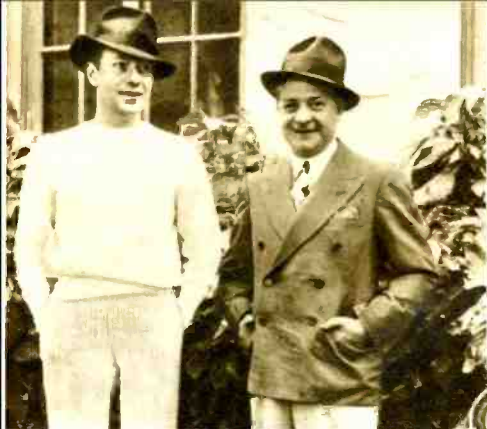
(Below) "Joost a leetle less volume, my goot girl," says Maestro Leon Belasco to pretty Martha Mears. Both recently were stars on the Armour program.

McElliott



Culver





Wide World

(Above) Amos (left) 'n' Andy snapped in Florida where they went to get away from their rushing taxicab business in Harlem.

(Right) New York, here we come! Polly Moran rolling into town with Jimmy Durante straining at the controls.



(Below) Suzabella gets her Saturday night bath. Not Joe Penner's girl friend, but the duck he's been trying to sell. Joe finds the brush method the best.

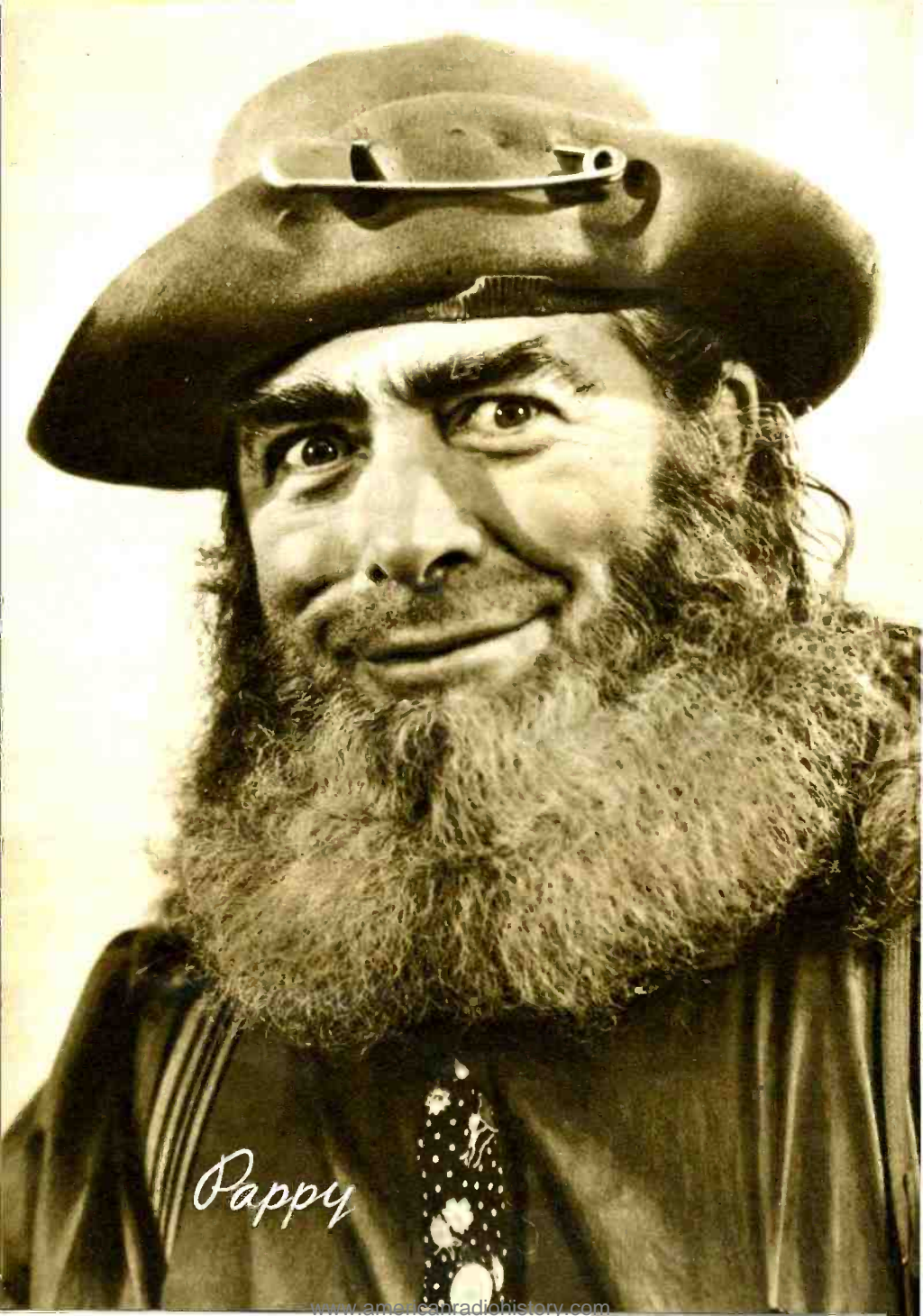
Wide World



(Below) "Look what we did," say two proud papas of the Carefree Carnival. Eugene Toffoli with Daddy Johnny, left, and John Tollinger with Daddy Ned.

Beringer





Pappy

UNMASKING THE HILL BILLY HOAX!

By BLAND MULHOLLAND

YOU'VE all heard Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton playing and singing their hill-billy songs on the NBC hook-up. And more than likely, while your foot was tapping to some low-down, plaintive mountaineer's tune, you thought to yourself, "Well, those boys are certainly the real McCoy."

Or maybe you haven't heard them. Anyway, you've seen pictures of them—poor, bewildered and bewiskered mountaineers wearing gloriously flowered calico shirts, corduroy breeches, high leather boots, felt hats turned up Roughrider style and pinned with immense safety pins. Pappy's a whale of a man, stands six feet four inches and weighs 275 pounds. He's the one with the flowing mop of white whiskers that reaches his ample belt. Ezra's the thin guy with the side-whiskers that would make a member of the House of David blush with envy.

And the way they talk! Listen in sometime, you'll be charmed by their naive views of New York, their hill-billy lingo. They seem quaint characters out of books. Just listen while Pappy tells how he jumped from hogs to harmony over night:

"I lived in Arkansas nigh onter all my life, till Mr. Tallfeller here branged us to New York to be on the radio. Nothin' ever happens in them thar hills. You sorter set round, playin' checkers of a dull evnin'. You go possum huntin', bear huntin' and fishin'. A bit of bacop, ceegars and tobaccy is all ye needs to git along. If yer want to git a little drunk o' moonshine, you takes it. The gals don't dare say yer, no, down yonder."

Of course they are real hill-billies, notice the way they look and talk and act. Sez you.

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been fooled. You've been out-smarted by one of the best hoaxes ever perpetrated on a radio audience. No one minds, because it's all a grand joke. The newspapers fell for it, too—hook, bait and sinker.

Actually, Pappy and his gang are no more hill-billies than you or I. Pappy is an ex-college professor. Zeke, a conservatory-trained musician once known as the Mystery Organist who set the west ago with his beautiful music a few years ago. Ezra is an ex-vaudeville trouper.

THE only frail excuse for calling the bunch hill-billies is Elton, the youngest of the group. He actually does hail from the Ozarks. But he is a recent addition to their hill-billy act, entering the picture last September when the other three had already made a place for themselves in

New York and in this great business of broadcasting.

How did this hoax start, you ask? Well, you aren't the only one who wants to know. So here goes. It began the day Pappy decided he couldn't keep a wife and three kids on a teacher's pay, so quit. In those days he was Thomas Murray, professor of English Literature at Leland Stanford University, no less.

Back in 1928, hill-billies were just coming in, out west. Over night, Thomas Murray became Pappy, an illiterate son of the Ozarks. He persuaded the organizer of Station KMPC, who is Zeke to us, to join him. They needed a fiddler to complete their troupe, so they got hold of Ezra who was a vaudeville trouper.

Under the name of "The Beverly Hill-Billies" they appeared on the radio, played in the movies, were booked for vaudeville. And were they good? Listen to this.

When "Hell's Angels" was finishing its long run at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, they were put in as an added attraction. They were such a hit that the billing was changed from "Hell's Angels" and "The Beverly Hill-Billies" to "The Beverly Hill-Billies" plus "Hell's Angels."

The last week the movie played, which was when they appeared, the management took in more coin than the first week of the picture's run.

The troupe became a popular feature over station KFI. Things were going fine. The mountaineer dialect and dress went over big. People waited for hours outside the broadcasting studio to see them ride down in an old, broken, buggy.

Their fame spread. Donald Flamm, then president of Station WMCA in New York City, went to California in April, 1933. They were so head-over-heels above any of the eastern hill-billy teams that he tried to persuade them to come east.

They were dubious at first. Easterners are smart, they'd see through their little make-believe, find them out. But Flamm persisted. "If you can fool 'em out here, you can fool 'em in New York, where we are the biggest rubes in the world." Still hesitant, Pappy, Zeke and Ezra finally allowed themselves to be persuaded and came east.

Frankly, some of us were skeptical when they first broadcast over WMCA. There were so many fake hill-billies on the air. But our skepticism vanished before their simple, honest-to-goodness mountaineer sentiments.

We heard Pappy sorrowfully complain of how he misses his beloved moonshine and apple-jack. Ezra is

SCOOP!

Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton have been holding out on you long enough. Here's the lowdown on 'em!

lovesick all the time, poor thing, "driv near crazy with longin' for his sweetheart lack home. Charlotte Boggs." We appreciate Zeke's embarrassment when "the yeller haired gals keep makin' sheep's eyes" at him, and the poor thing didn't know what to do. We felt sorry for timid, shy Elton, poor homesick kid. How were-we to guess that they were putting on the swellest act of their careers?

If you'd asked them then, I think they would have confessed that one chap, Mr. Tallfeller, made the whole thing possible. It was his expert coaching that taught them enough hill-billy lingo and life to fool us.

You remember Mr. Tallfeller from the act, don't you? He's the suave, smooth easterner, city-bred to his fingertips, their director and announcer on the air. Supposedly, Mr. Tallfeller, who is Perry King, was vacationing in the Ozarks when he heard the band playing at a fair in Marshall, Arkansas. It was he who brought them to New York directly from the "mountings," and got them their first spot on WMCA. It's a good story.



(Above) Left to right: Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton, hill-billies who never saw hills, with the exception of Elton, who really does hail from the Ozark Mountains.

In reality, Perry King is a bona fide hill-billy, and has more of a right to that title than any of the others, except Elton. Born and raised in the southern mountain region, he knows hill-billy customs and speech. A college education and years of experience as a Broadway actor make him appear city bred.

He's been with the boys since they first struck New York. Donald Flamm realized they'd need someone to help them stage their little stunt, and gave Perry the job. At the time, he was a WMCA announcer.

The whole thing started as a gag, of course, but by now they've learned their parts so well that they almost believe they are mountaineers. They wear their impossible

costumes always, even when they go out socially. Every day they draw up before the palatial NBC studios in an old, dilapidated horse and buggy, perfectly oblivious of the amused stares of the mobs that always collect for this spectacle.

And do they work hard to live up to the part? Perhaps you remember back in October, when the papers were full of the disappearance of Zeke? He'd had been rebuked by Pappy for singing out of tune, and had run away. The story was told that he was through with New York and "Raadio," and was headin' for his native hills. Wearing his regular costume—green mackinaw, breeches, high larded boots, flowered shirt, and with only \$10 he took French leave. For thirteen days he was missing.

The police picked him up, dirty, hungry and disheveled, as he slept in a car on Beachwood Boulevard, in Pittsburgh. He had hummed his way there. Steadfastly he refused to reveal his identity, insisting he was a mountaineer. Finally, he was identified and WMCA sent Perry King to bring him back to the fold.

The boy certainly was game to stick it out, hungry and tired, when by admitting his identity, he could have received help anywhere. And does he stick to his story? "Pappy whopped me for my bad singin', so I set out for home. The policeman took my lumberjack an my breeches an high shoes. They guv me short shoes and regeler pants and I cotched cold. 'Twas a long time afore I could sing after that."

Pappy will wax confidential and tell you that he was once mistaken for "a revenuer (government tax collector) and most shot to death." All he aimed for was a little drink! He'll tell you he just missed being in the Spanish American War. Up in the Ozarks, the natives didn't hear of it till it was over.

HOW did they learn to play and sing so well, buried in mountains? Listen! "I allers fussed round with a geeetar and mouth organ and sang to beat the band." Pappy confesses. "Ezra, him had a hankerin' to fiddle. He borrowed Cy Proddy's fiddle and practayzed. He kep' it when the ol' man died. Ezra was the bes' fiddler back home, so I brang him with me."

Zeke speaks for himself. "I bought me a concertneye from Sears Roebuck. I larned me to play the accordion and them other pieces by joinin' up with the Salvation Army. I allers wanted ter be (Continued on page 87)

(Below) A peep into the studio during the broadcast. While Pappy strums, Zeke (left) tells Ezra and Elton about them yeller haired gals makin' sheep's eyes at him.



SHE LOST LOVE AND FOUND FAME

Can true love be a stumbling block to success?
A tragic romance makes Betty Barthell wonder



Betty Barthell, CBS songstress, reports to the studio early to give her script a last minute once-over and check-up on her cues.



Betty is chic but modest in dress. A rhinestone bracelet is her only ornament for this simple but smart evening gown of white.

By NELSON KELLER

EVERY week for two years, millions have thrilled as this soft spoken southern girl stepped before the microphone with the loveliest of love songs.

There are those who say, "To sing that way of love, she must have loved." Perhaps you are one of those who have wondered.

Betty Barthell has loved. And lost—but bravely and gallantly. All because of the selfish whims of a certain young cavalier of the southland, as you will see.

Much has been written about this Columbia artist whose voice you've heard on the program, "Betty Barthell and her Melodiers." Yet the most important scene in the

drama of her life has never been told. Actually, Betty would rather it remained so, but people who listen to her want to know, to understand, what makes them feel her singing so deeply.

Two years ago—the day after Christmas, to be exact, came the incident that completely changed Betty's life. That was the day Jules Seelbach, program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, while visiting in the south, heard her singing over WLAC in her native Nashville, Tennessee. Seelbach liked that contralto voice. He sought her out and invited her to New York City, offering a Columbia contract. (Continued on page 93)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

WHEN THE FARMER
NEEDS A FRIEND
HE COUNTS ON
WLS



When 100,000 persons turned out to watch the Indiana Corn Husking Bee, WLS had to mount mikes in a tree in order to watch the activities.



This photo shows a shipment of seed when WLS gave to farmers following a severe storm which destroyed plantings.



(Above) Burrige Butler, president of WLS. Mr. Butler is a journalist at heart, having established and operated some of the Middle-West's outstanding dailies.

By CECIL
B. STURGES

(Left) "She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes," sings Lulu Belle of WLS's famous National Barn Dance program. She's Myrtle Cooper in private life.

GOOD morning, friends. This is WLS, the Prairie Farmer Station, Chicago.

With those words, Hal O'Halloran, who is WLS's early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise prodigy, tells the world that his outfit is on the air with another day's serving of music, farm service, and honest-to-goodness friendliness.

There is no other station in the world quite like WLS. It has been called the biggest hill billy factory in the world, the home of a troupe of clod-hopping hayseeds with a penchant for mountain music. Let me tell you that it is much, much more than that.

Whether you've listened to WLS or not, look at some of its programs and learn the flavor of them, and make up your own mind about this amazing organization.

For instance, take Monday:

- 6:00 a.m. WLS Smile-a-While Time
- 6:20 a.m. Weather report and live stock estimates
- 6:30 a.m. Family Circle program
- 7:00 a.m. Top of the Morning variety entertainers
- 7:15 a.m. Farm News
- 7:30 a.m. Morning Devotion
- 7:45 a.m. Jolly Joe and His Pet Pals
- 8:00 a.m. Skyland Scottie

And so it goes all through the day, a schemed and clever blending of service features and sheer down-to-earth entertainment of the sort the farmer appreciates. There is news three or four times a day. And market reports and a "Dinnerbell" program at 12:15. At 2:00, the "wimmen folks" get their special treat in the "Homemaker's Hour."

I've just used the words, "schemed and clever." Don't think for a minute that I mean the higher-ups in this WLS outfit are tossing into the air what they think the country crowd likes, and sneering all the while into their mustaches.

Not at all. Those WLS executives are country bred and born, and the sincerity of the job they are doing is Law Number One in their Ten Commandments.

I wish you could know Burrige Davenal Butler, the dynamic sixty-six-year-old high potentate of the Prairie Farmer and its radio station. Burrige Butler is a giant of a man, and when he strides into a situation it is like the arrival of a Kansas "twister."

"When you step up to a WLS mike," he warns his workmen, "remember that you are stepping into somebody's home."

That is his credo. You will hear no smut on WLS. And precious little of the pounding, jaw-breaking sales talk that some advertisers employ. What you will hear is a variety of mental and emotional nourishment that is the fruit of Butler's own years of contact with farmers and their families.

He owns the newspaper called the "Prairie Farmer," you see. Twenty years before our Civil War, the farmers of our prairie states were reading it. Butler bought it in 1909. Many of his listeners learned their ABC's reading them out of "Prairie Farmer" headlines. Those listeners are old friends and it is not part of Burrige Butler's nature to forget his responsibility to them.

I went to visit WLS, straight from a trip through Radio City in New York City. NBC's polished palace of broadcasting is a delight to the eye, and a triumph of architectural dignity. Its offices are like the pictures you see in the movies. Impeccably dressed men sit behind vast, glittering desks and shuffle papers efficiently. But there is no warmth.

In the Prairie Farmer building in Chicago, I found things far different. These studios and these offices are modest and perhaps a little untidy, but they were packed check-a-block with friendliness. (Continued on page 92)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

WLS HAS A SHOW IN THE

FROM the moment the first words were spoken on April 12, 1924, Station WLS was dedicated to a policy of effective friendship and kindly service.

That sentence is printed in a piece of WLS literature. At once, it is a boast and a happy guarantee. More than that, the station has assumed another rôle—that of keeping alive the tradition of genuine American folk music.

In its studios are many of our finest performers of the sort of tunes we have come to call "hill-billy." Cowboy music finds an authentic rendering there, too. Quickly, WLS has found its listeners resent the intrusion of Tin Pan Alley imitations of the real thing. They know the difference, for they are America's real folks.

These "real folks" first heard WLS under unhappy conditions.

The deflation of 1920-21 had dropped prices far below wartime levels. Things had not gone far toward normalcy when Sears, Roebuck and Company established an "Agricultural Foundation" for the purpose of helping to solve some of the problems confronting farmers everywhere. To reach the farmer, they undertook somewhat timidly the establishment of a radio station.

On the evening of April 12th, a tiny studio in the Sherman Hotel was crowded with distinguished guests. The engineer peered from his control room which had been fashioned out of a clothes closet. At 6:00 p. m., Edgar Bill, the station's first director, stepped to the mike and said:

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! WLS, the Sears, Roebuck Station is on the air."

"The Star Spangled Banner" was

MIRACLE BARN DANCE

sung. The Mayor of Chicago spoke; and so did Jane Addams; a former Secretary of Agriculture; and several presidents of farming organizations. And Grace Wilson, who is still a great favorite with WLS listeners, sang "At the End of the Sunset Trail." From New York by leased wire came the voices of Arthur Brisbane, Gloria Swanson, Amelia Bingham. In Chicago, and later in the evening, Ethel Barrymore, William S. Hart, and the Duncan Sisters crowded around the mike. It was quite an opening night.

However, it isn't likely that many handsprings were turned on mid-western farms that evening because of WLS' stunning parade of big names. Farmers are noted for the suspicion with which they regard anything that is offered "for their own good."

They remained luke-warm, despite many service features, until one fateful night in 1924. It was Saturday. The manager of the station was on his way to the studio and while en route stopped for a bite to eat at a drug store. A radio, dialed to WLS, was playing. The manager heard a fiddler sawing out a hoe-down tune, "Turkey in the Straw," "Chicken Reel" and a lot of others. "Pretty bad," he decided, even as his foot kept time.

But he didn't have to take it off. Telegrams began to arrive by the dozen. And letters by the hundred. Those farmers out there had heard their kind of music in the air for the first time and they were telling him so. Each Saturday night, thereafter, more and more music of the same general sort was added. Before long, they were calling it the WLS. (Continued on page 88)



(Above) The Maple City Four cut their capers for Barn Dance listeners. (Left) The popular Cumberland Ridge Runners. They make real mountain music.



The Westerners (above) provide some stirring tunes when they bring their fiddles and guitars to the mike. They're Barn Dance favorites.



(Above) That lovable old man, Uncle Ezra.



(Above) 14-year wonder, Geo. Co.



(Above) Mac and Bob, blind musicians.



(Below) M. and Linda Pa.



(Below) Woodchopper Luther Ossenbrink.



(Below) Hal C. lorán runs the






MARTHA MEARS

AGE: Twenty-four.
 HEIGHT: Five feet two.
 WEIGHT: 105 pounds.
 BIRTHPLACE: Mexico, Missouri.

HAIR: Blonde.
 EYES: Blue.
 FAVORITE SPORT: Ping Pong.
 FAVORITE FOOD: Pop corn.




IF YOU WANT
 A RADIO
Sweetie
 SHE'S ELIGIBLE

IF YOU WANT
 A RADIO
Beau
 HE'S ELIGIBLE

JOHN S. YOUNG

AGE: Thirty-one.
 HEIGHT: Five feet ten and a half.
 WEIGHT: 168 pounds.
 BIRTHPLACE: Springfield, Mass.
 HAIR: Dark brown.
 EYES: Brown.
 FAVORITE SPORT: Football.
 FAVORITE FOOD: Filet mignon.



GENTLEMEN readers, Miss Martha Mears is the latest addition to NBC's singing staff and already her youthful charm has attracted national attention. Considering her beauty, her vocal talent and her sweet disposition, you may have more than a passing interest.

Coming from the middle west, she possesses a fresh charm of one who has struggled for fame in the big city and won. She was born in Mexico, Missouri, a small town in the heart of the "Show Me" state. After she had finished the public schools of Mexico and its neighbor, Moberly, Martha attended the University of Missouri. It was there that she became interested in radio and joined the staff of KFRU, a local station of no great power. But big, or little, KFRU sent that voice into enough homes

to make the name of Martha Mears stand out above the other 3,000 students in the University town, Columbia.

After graduation, she was filled with the spirit of conquest. To Missourians in radio, that means auditions in Kansas City or St. Louis. Martha took the latter and clicked. WIL and KMOX featured her. Then along came Gus Edwards to play a local theatre. When Edwards announced a contest to pick a singer, this girl tried and won. Everything went lovely until the show got to Indiana. Then Martha was again on her own.

By now her eyes were on New York. She arrived in town a stranger. Within two weeks she was holding down two spots a week on NBC. In two more weeks the Armour Company had hired her for the Phil Baker show.

JOHN S. YOUNG, NBC announcer, takes his radio very seriously. Being a handsome young bachelor, we see no reason why he shouldn't take thoughts of matrimony in the same light. To be truthful, he does just that. Has very definite ideas, and if we may venture a prediction, we'll lay two to one that he doesn't stay single more than half a dozen more months.

John is known around the studios as the best dressed announcer. If you could steal a peep into his Essex House apartment, you'd understand. There hangs thirty tailor-made suits in addition to special outfits for a half dozen different sports.

Around town he's known also as a professor. You see, he attended Yale, holds an LL.D. degree and teaches

at one of New York's biggest universities. All of this sounds like a lot of work, but he must have some spare time for by fall three of his books will be published.

As an announcer, John's voice is internationally known. In the early days of broadcasting, he was heard on programs sent out by powerful short-wave stations to Europe. When Pope Pius appeared before the mike for the first time, Young was the announcer on the American side.

As for talents, this fellow plays the violin, piano, guitar, banjo, ukulele and vibraharp; speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish; reads Shakespeare and Ivanhoe.

Here's a secret. John prefers blondes. And the girl he marries must be educated in liberal arts, have an appreciation of things artistic and love music.



Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell, the popular "Gene and Glenn" comedy team. When they play "Jake and Lena," Gene takes both parts while Glenn plays the piano.



Here are the boys at work. Gillette Razors sponsors them on an NBC red-WEAF network daily except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:15 p. m. EDST. Welcome back gentleman.



Gene and Glenn turn the studio into an office when they spread out their fan mail and press clippings. The card they're reading here must be funny judging from the smiles.



Why buy two chocolate sodas when a couple of straws get the same results? And fifteen cents saved each day means \$54.65 more in their wallets at the end of the year.

By NORMAN SIEGEL

Twice they were kicked



If you were on the radio and as popular as Gene and Glenn, this is a sample of one week's mail which you would get.

THE TRUE STORY OF GENE AND GLENN

off the air. Now they return for a third try. Will they last?

WHEN a man goes under three times, he drowns. Three times the waves of disappointment and discouragement have closed over the heads of Gene and Glenn of that popular radio team whose celebrated characters of "Jake and Lena" are familiar to millions of listeners.

Twice they have battled their way to the top. Now, it depends on you, who have been responsible for their success, whether or not they shall rise again.

If you are one of the few listeners who dialed in on them six years ago, you may remember the morning they went on the air as a team. It was their first program without Ford Rush, who was a part of the act until illness forced him to leave.

With Ford the act ran along smoothly and they became a popular feature. Now that he was gone, things changed. True, Gene Carroll still had his lovable and laughable "Jake and Lena," and Glenn Rowell, his rollicking style of singing, but it didn't put them over. The act flopped.

What was the matter? They didn't know. Of course, they realized it was difficult to attract an audience at an early morning hour, and particularly hard to get them to listen to a new skit at that time. Yet, they were certain, people would like Dutch "Jake and Lena." Were they wrong?

After that one broadcast, the Cleveland station gave them the cold shoulder. The next week they tried their luck in Chicago where they had previously started their radio

careers. Those careers now surely did look short-lived. Fruitless weeks followed, leaving them with little hope, no money, and much discouragement. Only their faith in Jake and Lena carried them on.

It looked like the end had come. Gene returned to their hotel to talk it over with Glenn. There was only one recourse left which might possibly put the act over. That was a sustaining job on a small station that paid nothing in salary, but it was a chance to remain in the swim.

THEN one of those crazy twists of fate, that causes us to ponder, happened. Gene lifted the receiver of the telephone and clicked for the operator.

"Is that you, Mr. Carroll?" she asked before he could give his number.

"Yes," said Gene, "Get me . . ." He never gave the number. Long distance informed him Cleveland was calling. Bill Spang was on the wire. Now, Bill Spang may mean nothing to you, but in Cleveland he's the head of a large bakery. He wanted the boys to come to Cleveland at once.

The next morning they were on the spot and spent all day working up a sure-fire program which, they were certain, would land them the job.

Spang outlined his plans—plans of a business man who was ready to spend money to expand his business. He was willing to pay them ten a week.

Ten a week! Not even enough on which to live. Gene and Glenn looked at each other.

"But, Mr. Spang," Gene said, "We think we're worth more than that."

"Son, ten hundred dollars a week is a lot of money," Spang stated, "I have faith in what you can do, but don't forget that you're practically unknown here."

A thousand a week! Gene and Glenn said no more about money. They began to wonder if Spang was crazy. However, he knew what he (Continued on page 85)



Marge's wedding, I. to r.
—Myrtle Vail Damerell
(Myrt) in left foreground
with furs, George Dam-

erell, Ray Hedge, Donna
Damerell (Marge), J.W.
Walker, Charles Kretz-
inger, Evelyn Kretzinger.

●

SUPPOSE THIS HAPPENED AT YOUR WEDDING

By MARGE
WILSON

GIRLS, keep your wedding day for your very own, and don't be cheated out of a honeymoon." That is advice from somebody who knows. Every girl wants romance. Marge wanted it, too, but she didn't get it.

Six months ago, this star of the well-known CBS team of Myrt and Marge married William Gene Kretzinger, popularly known as Gene of the Gene and Charlie brother-harmony duo. But they didn't have a honeymoon.

Toying with the lovely ruby and diamond engagement ring Gene had given her, she thought back to that day more romantic than any other in a girl's life, her wedding day. She had planned a small, exquisite church wedding. Herself the most beautifully attired bride anybody ever saw. There was to be the most exciting tropical honeymoon that a girl ever had.

However, with delightful girl-ishness, I suppose you'd call it, Marge had overlooked such items as her's and Gene's radio contracts. Also, clamorous fan letters begging for admission to their wedding,

Result: no honeymoon and a broadcast wedding. Moreover, a double wedding because Gene's brother, Charlie, who was in love with Marge's cousin, Evelyn Karrer, had an impatient lover's idea. He and Gene were kept so busy with their radio work, and spare moments were so rare, why not, asked Charlie, save time by making it a double wedding?

Why not, indeed? agreed Marge, reasonably, both to this plan and the broadcast. After all, she felt, she owed her fans a great deal. As for the cancelled honeymoon—forget it. And as to the record-breaking marriage costume, Marge herself decided against it. Too elaborate, she concluded, for such times as these.

"But," Marge earnestly promised herself, "my wedding-day is going to be *all mine*."

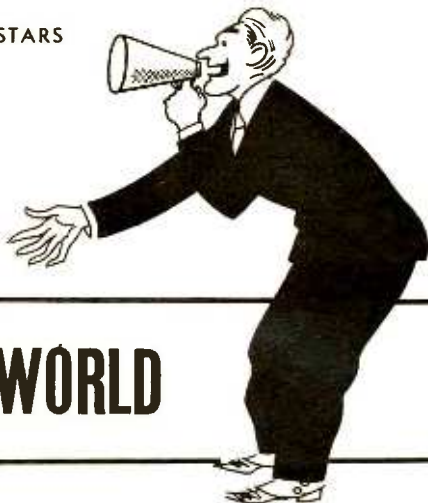
That is the day for seclusion and leisure, time for meditation and good resolutions, time to dream about your new life ahead, and to dress with meticulous care for your wedding. But listen to what happened to Marge and decide for (Continued on page 89)

Myrt and Marge are on the air each evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7 p. m. EDT over these stations:
WABC, WJZL, WAFB, WJZO, WCAO,
WNAZ, WGR, WKRC, WTK, CNLY,
WDR, WCAI, WJAS, WEAN, WFRL,
WSPD, WJMN, WQAB, WDBO, WDAE,
WBT, KRLD, WSEB, WTOG, WWSA.

Marge tried to keep her wedding day for herself but radio just wouldn't let her



RADIO STARS



WE'LL TELL the WORLD

COME, come, nephews and nieces and those who refuse to be related to Uncle Answer Man in any way whatsoever. Don't let those little curiosity bugs gnaw treacherously at the bases of your brains. Get rid of them. Let the A. M. tell you why Ed Wynn wears red suspenders and why Joe Penner's duck crosses the road and such like.

Unkie *wants* you to ask a lot of questions. He'd like to answer them all, too. He would *so*. But he's just gotta confine himself to those asked by the greatest number of you. That'll save him from being mobbed more than three times a week.

So, you're asking us. And we're telling you. Much as we can, anyhow. Oh yeah? Yeah.

+ Q. Say buddy, can ya spare a time? We want to know when I'ck 'n' Pat are on.

A. Sorry, fella, I'm on the bum myself. But they do say at NBC they're on "One Night Stands" Friday nights at 9:30 Eastern Daylight Time (NBC-WEAF red network), and as Molasses 'n' January on the "Maxwell House Show Boat" Thursday nights at 9:00 Eastern Daylight Time (NBC-WEAF red network.)

+ Q. Can you tell us something about Frank Prince who sings with Walter Winchell's pal, Ben Bernie?

A. If you're not an ash blonde with smoky eyes (nothing to do with when your heart's on fire) you don't stand so much chance of fascinating him. That's the kind he likes. A rumor's gotten around that he's 24 years old. Frank, who's real name is Franklin Prinz, is another of those husky tenors. He's six feet one inch tall and weighs 174 pounds. Don't

ask him what he likes to eat. He's on a diet and that would make him mad. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, and went to the University of Wisconsin. The drums had him snared for seven years before he decided to sing. Married? Oh, quite.

+ Q. We're making an informative bid for the cast of "Easy Aces."

A. Well, there are Jane and Goodman Ace, of course. Sure, they're married. Then Mary Hunter plays Marge, and Cliff Dunston plays Brad. Not playing myself. Just kibitzing.

+ Q. Are Katherine Norton and Bob Crane of "Today's Children" married to each other in real life?

A. Not while the Singing Lady has anything to say about it. You see, the Singing Lady, Irene Wicker, is married to Walter Wicker, who plays Bob Crane. And Katherine Norton is played by Irna Phillips.

+ Q. Well see here, now, Unkie, if you tell about Frank Prince who sings with Bernie, how about Little Jackie Heller who *used* to sing with him.

A. Well, since Little Jackie is doing well enough on his own, all right. L. J. H. doesn't seem so finicky about the appearance of the opposite sex as Frank does, nor is he as big as Prince, being but five feet one inch tall and weighing 114 pounds, but he's said to hold about 85 medals for athletic prowess. Jackie was born May 1, 1908, in Pittsburgh, Pa., of Jewish parents. He has three sisters and three brothers, Sara, Ceil, Esther, Harry, Bill and Lou. Prior to his joining

Ben Bernie, September 29, 1932, he'd played in vaudeville and sung over WJAS, Pittsburgh. Jackie isn't married.

+ Q. Please tell us the name of Eddie Duchin's Junis program theme song and where copies of it can be obtained.

A. Oh, that? That's a little thing some guy named Chopin dashed off sometime in the first half of the last century. Nice bit, what? I imagine most big music stores could dig up a copy for you.

+ Q. Could you reduce our bumps of curiosity by telling us something about Charley Murphy, Columbia announcer on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition?

A. You don't mean Charles John Vincent Murphy, do you? Not the Murphy who used to be a newspaperman himself and a good one, too, for the United Press, the Associated Press, the New York Sun and the New York World? It can't be that you're referring to the six foot, 175-pounder who went to Greenly Island with Bert Balchen to rescue those trans-Atlantic fliers, Koehl, von Huenfeldt and Fitzmaurice, can it? Not the Murphy who wrote the biography of Admiral Byrd? Surely you're not referring to the one who, when not in the Antarctic, lives in Mamaroneck, N. Y., with his wife, the former Jane Brevoort Walden, and their daughter, Anne? He isn't the one you mean, is it? Oh it is? Well, sorry, I can't tell you a thing about him.

+ Q. Are Bill and Ginger married?

A. Not today, thanks.

(Continued on page 98)



(Above) Abe Lyman gives Harry Weinstein, his chauffeur, a few pointers on rummy. (Below) Harold Stokes, NBC maestro, caught in a pensive mood.

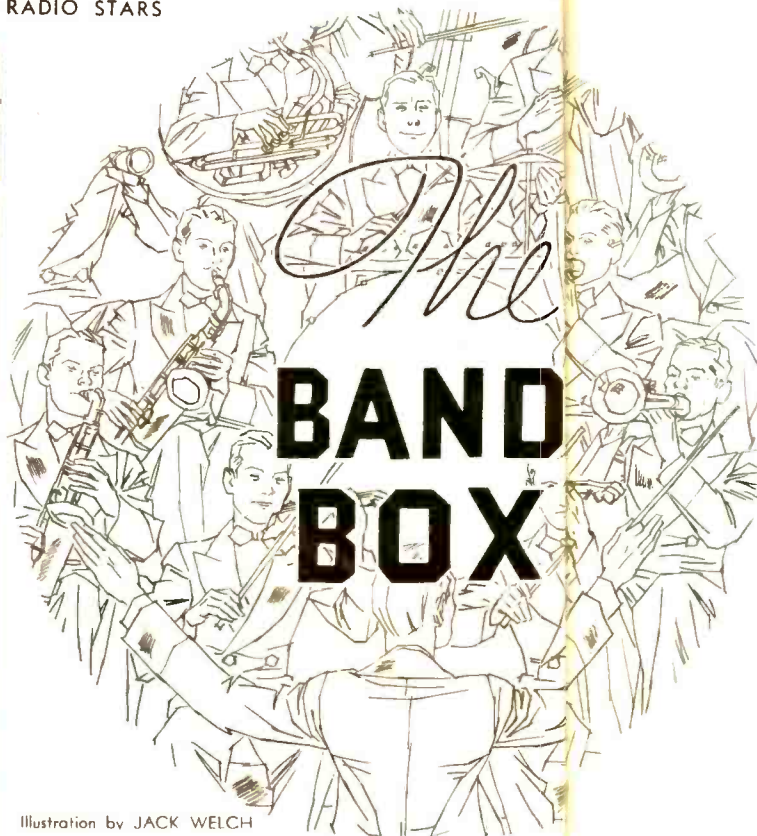


Illustration by JACK WELCH



(Below) The master of society music, Vincent Lopez, now at the St. Regis in Manhattan.

(Above) The Five Messner Brothers of CBS. Left to right: Charley, John, Bill, Fred, Dick.

(Below) One of our most successful young bandsmen, Lennie Hayton. An expert pianist, too.



Here's the lowdown on why Poley McClintock's frog voice was off the Waring hour. And did you know Lombardo soon leaves his spot?

Yowzah and yowzah! Three different kinds of music makers in three different kinds of dress. Messrs. Ted Fiorito on the left, Ted Lewis and Ben Bernie.



By WILSON BROWN

POLEY McCLINTOCK, as far as his famous frog voice was concerned, for a short time was off the Fred Waring broadcasts. But you already knew that: if you've been listening to the Ford programs. What you want to know, no doubt, is the why of it all. Just this: The sponsor turned thumbs down on frog singing. Wanted a more dignified program.

Johnny Davis, Waring's scat singer, was through, too. Here again the same reason prevailed.

The results were, without a doubt, more dignified programs, but certainly not characteristic Waring programs. When the frog voice and the scat yells faded, only the glee club was left to remind one of the Waring in the good Old Gold days.

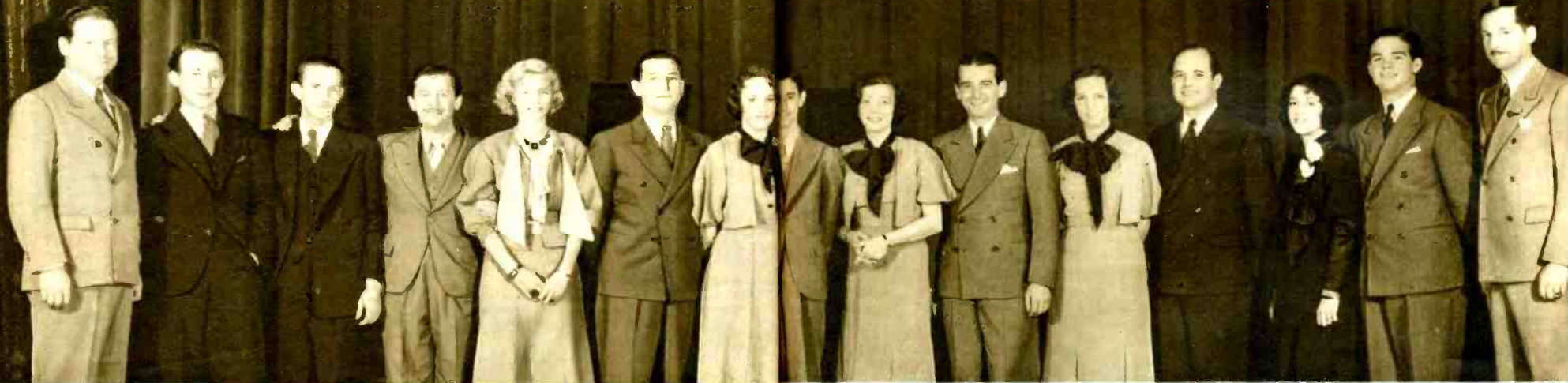
Waring and his organization got \$4,500 for one broadcast a week for Old Gold, and now Ford pays \$10,000 for two pro-

grams a week. So Waring couldn't complain. But with Poley and Johnny out of the picture he may have wakened up some morning to find himself "just another accompanying band."

In fairness to Poley and Johnny I should say that they remained members of the Waring force as drummer and trumpeter, respectively, but now they are again back in their unique and original roles with more enthusiasm than ever.

• Regardless of whether or not the White Owl program featuring Burns & Allen and Guy Lombardo's orchestra goes off the air this summer, Lombardo will part company with the program on June 13. If the program does run through the summer, which is doubtful, it will be with another band. And if it takes a vacation and resumes in the fall, there will still be another band. (Continued on page 86)

Meet AL PEARCE and his GANG!



(Left) Al Pearce, the master showman. (Top) His Gang, left to right: Al, Yogi Yorgenson, Homer Smith, Morey Amsterdam, Mabel Todd, E. J. Derry, Jr., Mary Dare, Tony Romano, Alma Lou Barnes, Andy Andrews, Dorothy Dare, Travis Hale, Jackie Archer, Phil Hanna, Cal Pearce.

A coast-to-coast radio hook-up + two sponsors = No Salary! That is Al's record to date, but he's far from being in the red in his bank book



By WALTER
RAMSEY

THEY call him "The Hay-seed Rudy Vallee of the Coast," because his homespun NBC hour is a variety program of singing, wise-cracking skits and instrumental music presided over by that old, cornbelt Master of Ceremonies himself.

They call him the biggest and most popular radio draw originating on the western network—because he is!

They also call him "Al Pearce and His Gang," and because he has been wowing the audiences of California, Washington and Oregon for several years, they've recently given him a coast-to-coast hookup on Saturdays. Thus every day of the week he is busy telling the radio world the benefits of Fomay and Specky Flour.

For this astounding evidence of microphone appeal plus two sponsors, he makes not one cent out of radio.

Yes, you can read that again and it will still mean the same thing. And it might be added that it is doubtful if Al Pearce and his gang could live without the radio. You see, he uses his broadcasting, not only for his sponsors, but to inform the radio audiences that he is making personal appearances at the same time, that he takes his Gang into every big city and small town theatre within hearing distance of his voice. Before you start passing the hat, it might be well to add that the theatres do pay him. Business for one week in a San Diego theatre brought him the tidy sum of \$8,000. And he broke Bing Crosby's record at the Los Angeles Paramount Theatre.

To the eye and ear, Al is a small-time fella with a nice, easy, home-folk manner who knows "from nothin'" about business. That's where his brother Cal Pearce is sup-

posed to come in. But there are certain gentlemen who have signed contracts with Al who have their doubts about this corn-belt impresario who originated such characters as "Eb" of "Eb and Seb" and that genial half-wit country boy, "Elmer Blurp." The doubts arise when they find out that this "dumb country boy" with the naive, small-town look in his face has been just "dumb" enough to round up, and sign to his personal contract, such radio hits as Morey Amsterdam (the Genial Egotist); Mabel Todd (blues singer); Tony Romano, whom Bing Crosby calls the most excellent guitarist in the country, and Monroe Upton (Lord Bilgewater and Dr. Bedside). Please note that they are signed to personal contracts to Al! He keeps them all in his gang, pays them a fair salary and just about \$5,000 of that mentioned \$8,000 goes to Al and his brother.

It was this same brand of dumbness that took the Pearce boys out of the real estate business where they were doing rather well, and put them in the new-fangled radio business about seven years ago. They just had a hunch that radio would afford a couple of nice young fellows, who had a talent for gab, the ability to play the banjo and sing tenor (Al) and sing bass (Cal) a good chance to make a name for themselves.

They hopped up to San Francisco and got a tryout on a dinner-hour program. Their success was neither immediate nor sensational. But they did manage to attract the attention of station KFRC (CBS hookup) which hired them for a successful coast program, "Blue Monday Jamboree." It was during this long run, that the radio

moguls got the idea that there was something unusual and appealing about Al Pearce's Master-of-Ceremonizing. He never worked from a script, everything was impromptu. He would just stand up there and say, "Well, folks, now we got Mabel Todd coming up—where is that girl, anyway? Oh, there she is; come over here, Mabel. Here she is, folks." Informal is probably the correct word for his manner. There was a sincere ring of "just telling you something straight from the shoulder" about his voice. If he said "Rubis and Dubs Washing Powder" was the best on the market, the housewives would have faith enough in his honesty to believe him. Such talent couldn't be overlooked for long. From then on, Al Pearce became a sensation in a daytime broadcast to housewives.

Next, he was given an hour in the afternoon all to himself called "The Happy-Go-Lucky Hour." It was during the run of this program that Al invited a few friends up to the station to hear the act. They came, they laughed, and they continued to come. Al watched this development with interest and finally got the idea that his audiences were actually getting a huge kick out of watching as well as listening to his troupe of artists go through their act. Then he got another one of his hunches and then and there decided to take his Gang on personal appearance tours.

He was undecided as to whether his Gang would "go over" when they got away from the radio station atmosphere, so he tried his home town theatre first. They crowded the aisles and almost tore the rafters down. Billed for one hour, the show (Continued on page 91)

Al Pearce and His Gang can be heard Saturdays, 6 p.m. EDSI over the following NBC Stations:
WJZ, WRZ, WHA, WIAL, WMAL, WJAM, WSYR, WIR, WKX, KWCR, KOL, WREN, WCKY, WENR, WJBA, KFYR, WKBF, WPTT, WYWC, WSOC, WIS, WAVE, WTDC, WSMB, KYOK, WKY, WOAI, KTHS, KOA, KQIR, KQHL, KGW, KHU, RTAR. (KSO goes off 6-15) and (WDAY comes on 6-15)

FOOD FIT FOR *Kings* OF THE AIR



By MRS. ALICE
PAICE MUNROE



You see Jack Denny at his regular Sunday night job—getting supper. He says, in making a salad, first imagine how it will taste and how gay you can make it in color. The coupon for his favorite recipes is on page 99.

JUST cut up everything in the kitchen!" says Jack Denny.

"Even the nasturtiums in the window box aren't safe when Jack starts making a salad," his wife interrupted, "for he claims a few chopped stems add an unusual flavor to a vegetable salad."

Quite unexpectedly we had dropped in on the Dennys last Sunday evening. Jack was in the kitchen. Mrs. Denny told us that she has to resign it and her apron to him on Sunday, the one day he becomes boss of his own household, for the rest of the week he's busy rehearsing and playing his music for you over CBS and NBC.

Seeing Jack with an apron on, we decided to find out just how kitchen-wise he was, and discover the kind of food music maestros prepare.

"No, you don't use a recipe—they ruin any good salad," he remarked.

when we started asking how many spoons of this and cups of that he was using. "Just cut up anything and put it together—lettuce, green peppers, red ones, endive, celery, romaine, chicory, tomatoes, cucumbers, olives, pickles, some parsley, and a few nasturtium stems, if you like. Then pour on the dressing, toss the salad about in it, and you'll find out that I'm right about recipes being the bunk."

While Jack may not use a recipe, we noted when he was tossing in everything from chopped olives to a celery stalk, that he used one-half cup each of shredded lettuce, endive, romaine, celery, and cucumber, two medium size tomatoes, diced, and two small sweet pickles, sliced to paper thinness, two tablespoons each of chopped olives, red and green peppers and one each of minced parsley and the finely chopped stems. He

rubbed the inside of the salad bowl with a split clove of garlic before he put into it any of the greens and vegetables. Then he squeezed an onion. Simply cut a large dried onion in half, leaving on the skin and squeeze in the same manner as you would an orange or lemon over the squeezer. You get onion juice. He added a tablespoon of this to the French dressing, poured it over the salad, tossed it about in enough dressing to moisten, and served it in individual portions on red cabbage leaves. Over the top he dotted nasturtium blossoms.

"But you can't live on salads, even in summertime," he confided. "You need something hot, too."

So curry of chicken, Bombay style, served in individual pattie shells accompanied the salad. Jack gave us this recipe and here we pass it on:

(Continued on page 99)

Jack Denny steps into the kitchen to show you how to concoct summer salads

IF YOU WANT TO BE

Beautiful

Do you know how to take care of your complexion in summertime? Here are answers to that and other problems

By CAROLYN BELMONT

Is your nose all shiny and have you tiny red splotches popping out here and there, and do your pores look large? In other words, are you forced to hide behind your powder puff?

Well, I know a new powder that you can brush on the tip of your nose and be assured that you will look as cool and fresh at the end of a dance number as you did when your escort called.

But I do not advise a lavish use of cosmetics in summer. The days are warm and the dancing nights are downright hot. Beads of perspiration trickle down your well-powdered nose to mar a most romantic moment, and your complexion begins to look like a pink and white striped zebra.

For beauty's sake, in the very hot weather, substitute a skin freshener or a very mild astringent for powder. (I use witch hazel.) During the day you can keep at hand several little pads of cotton with a bottle of astringent, and when you feel sticky and droopy, give your face (and the palms of your hands and wrists, if you like) a generous dash of the liquid. It makes you look fresher than do dabs of powder laid on other dabs. Not only does this make you appear cooler and feel better, but it is at the same time beneficial, for an astringent washes away the dust particles and closes the pores. In

the hot weather they are relaxed and so become clogged with powder, with red splotches and blackheads resulting.

If you prefer, use the astringent instead of powder on late nights, too. Keep a tiny bottle in your purse. In shaded lights and under the moon, the shining (not shiny) face that results from the liquid is adorably young and piquant-looking.

Now about those red splotches! The first principle for an envied complexion, which you've been told a hundred times, is cleanliness inside and out. None of you go around with a dirty face, at least you don't think you do, but if your pores should suddenly yield up all the soil they harbor, you would be shocked. Everyone wants a clear skin and most of us can get it by drinking lots of water and eating plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit and leaving out of the diet rich, fried foods and pastries. Raw and leafy vegetables are particularly good. I know one radio star who decided that if cucumber
(Continued on page 90)

Pretty Betty Winkler, who plays the role of telephone operator in "Grand Hotel," NBC, uses more common sense than cosmetics in the summer.



PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY



To you and us, bewildered pipples, time is not money, but phoney, especially when some cities want daylight time and others standard. However, the best we can do is base our programs on Eastern Daylight Time as NBC and CBS do. Then, if our time's not your time, just use the conversion chart below.

Babe Ruth, hero of baseball, is on the air each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:45 p. m. EDT over an NBC blue-WJZ network.

SUNDAYS

(June 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th.)

- 4:30 A.M. EDT (1/2)—**The Balladeers**. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WJAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EDT—**Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's**. Children's program, but lots of older ones listen. WAFB, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WGOV, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WFHL, WSPD, WJBY, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPC, WLIZ, WICV, KRID, KTRH, KLRA, WRSC, WISN, WCOO, WSPA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD, WDKL, WHGG, KPSA, WYOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WHBW, WACO, WMT, KPH, WJWS, WHCR, WKBN, WNAJ, WNSD.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—**Southerners Quartet**. Polka-musical harmony. WJAF and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—**The Radio Pulpit**. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. WJAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:05 EDT (1/2)—**Morning musicale**. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:15 EDT (1)—**Major Bowes Capitol Family**. Tom Seagullin, balladist; Hannah Kiera, pianist; Nicholas Coccolino, tenor. Four Minute Men, male quartet; symphony orchestra. WJAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EDT (1/2)—**Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ**. Magalee Cline in Church music. (WJAC on 12:00 noon). WADC, WOKO, WACO, CKLW, WDRB, WQAM, WDBO, WGBT, WFG, WCAE, WLBW, WHP, WFLA, WDJL, WORC, WKBN, (WYAC, WFLA-WXSA, WFSN, WSPD, WHCC, on 11:45). WICV, WYOC, WHGG, KMHC, WHAR, WBRC, WDDO, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, KOMA, WMBD, WISN, WMT, WCOO, WLAC, WDSU, WSBT, WACO, (WISN on 10:45). WWOV on 10:45). KYOH, KLZ. (Network consult subject to change.)
- 12:15 EDT (1/2)—**Baby Rose Marie**. Juvenile soloist of song. (Fastcast.) WJZ, WBZ, WJZA, WJAL, WMAL, WLW, WHAM, WJW, WYUR, KDKA.
- 12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—**Radio City Concerts**. Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:00 EDT (1/2)—**On the Romanay**; Gypsy Minstrel. WJAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—**National Youth Radio Conference**. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—**Mary Small** (big for 11 years old); William Virgea Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Habbit and Co.)

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard Time	Mountain Daylight Time	Central Daylight Time	Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Daylight Time	Pacific Standard Time
1 A.M.	12 MID.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 MID.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 MID.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 MID.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 MID.	11 P.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 MID.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
12 MID.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.

- WJAF, WTAG, WJAR, WFL, WFBZ, WGY, WIKN, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WEFB, WMAQ, WCHH, WRC, WWJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOV, WDAF.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—**Bar X Days and Nights**. (Health Products.) WJZ, WHAL, WSYR, KDKA, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, CRCT, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KWK, KWCH, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KYW.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—**Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commodores**. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.) WJZ, WLV, WFNW, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCHS, WCAE, WMAQ, WGY, WIKN, WTAM, WFBZ, WMAQ, WPTF, WLY, WLW, WFA, KPRC, WOAL, KVOO, WOV, KOA, WRVA, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMC, WFL, WSM.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—**Last Dan, the Minstrel Show**. (A. N. Boyle Floor Wax.) WJZ, WLV, WFNW, WBT, WTAR, WHEC, WCAQ, WKHW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WXSA, WJAS, WJBY, WISN, WMBD, WJWM, KMHC, WHAS, WMOX, KMOX, WVVA, KRID, WOV, WGST, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSCJ, KHL, KOIL, KOL, KVI, KRNN, KMJ, KPHK, KDH, KWG.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—**Stars of Melody**. Okman and Arlen, piano team; Arlene Jackson, vocalist; Edward Nell, baritone. (Perfect Circle Co.) WJZ, WHAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WYTH, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW,

- CRCT, CFCF, WRVA, WPTF, WYNK, WIS, WJAX, WIOG, WFLA, WJR, KWCH, KOIL, KSO, WHA, KWK, KRTP, WRBN, WICG, WLAY, KPRV, KVOO, KTHH, WFAA, KTHS, WOAL, WTML, KPHC, KYW, KDYL, KOA, KTAH, KGO, KFI, KGM, KOMO, KHQ.
- 3:00 EDT (2)—**Symphony Orchestra**; Howard Barlow conducting. WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAJ, WHK, CKLW, WDRB, WCAU, WXSA, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WKIN, WCAH, WICC, WLBW, WBIG, WHI, WFLA, WHBG, WDDO, WHCC, WTOG, WSAE, WORG, WFLM, KMHC, WHAS, WGST, WBRC, WDDO, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WSBT, WMT, WISN, WCOO, WLAC, WBW, KPH, WDSU, KOMA, WMTD, WACO, KVOO, KLZ. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—**Talkie Picture Time**: The pictures are mental. WJAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCHS, WFL, WRC, WFBZ, WGY, WCAE, WSAI, WLV, WMAQ, WDAF, WSH, WMC, WOC, KSI, WHEN, WTAM, WWJ, WHO, WAFI, WSH, WDX, WSM.
- 3:30 EDT (1/2)—**Princess Pat Plays**; dramatic program. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ, WMAL, WHAL, WHZ, WBZA, WYTH, WHAM, KDKA, WENH, KNGR, KSO, KWK, WRN, KOIL.
- 5:00 EDT (1/2)—**National Vespers**; Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:15 EDT (1/2)—**Wave of Romance—with Vincent Calabro, vocalist**; Ted Black and Orin. (Blues Co.) WJAF, WJAZ, WEEL, WJAR, WCHS, WRC, WGY, WRBN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WSAI, WDF, WMAQ.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—**"Grand Hotel"**. The keyhole to romantic adventure drama. (Campanella Hoover.) WJZ, WBZ, WHAL, WMAL, WJR, WBZA, WBYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENH, KNGR, KSO, WYTH, WMAQ, KOIL, WTMJ, KRTP, WEHC, WKBZ, KTA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGM, KOMO, KTRH.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—**Chicago A Capella Choir**; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. WJAF, WBNW, WCAE, WCHS, WEEL, WFL, WGY, WJAR, WTAG, CFCF, CRCT, WBT, WICG, WTAM, WJL, WMAQ, KPRC, KVOO, WTAP, WDAF, WBBZ, WJAZ, WCKY, WYTH, WLV, WMAQ, WYTH, KOA, KFI, KGO, KGM, KTRH, KOMO, WLW, WSN, WBB, WMC, KYFR.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—**Mr. and Mrs. Crum and Satterton**. (General Banking.) WAHC, WOKO, WCAO, WAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRB, WCAU, WXSA, WEAN, WPHI, WSPD, WJBY, WICC, WISN, WTAR, WHEC, WVVA, WORG, WMAQ, WADM, WJWM, KMHC, WHAR, KMOX, KTHH, WDSU, KOMA, KFH.

(Continued on page 70)



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are *Milder*

www.americanradiohistory.com



Through his pleasing voice and his talents in verse, David Ross, one of Columbia's best announcers, has reached the pinnacle of radio success.

THE SMART MOST SATISFACTORY WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS



..... Make It
INVISIBLE
with Marchand's



THAT'S the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE** with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, softer—results are *more satisfactory*.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE.** One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. You won't have to worry about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's

now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dulllest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail
Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

**MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW
CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR**

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co.,
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a retail bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. MM734

Name

Address City State

He Listened to His Wife

(Continued from page 27)

force. But she knew that she couldn't nag him into a singing career. But if it hadn't been for Julietta, there would be no Donald Novis, radio tenor. All through his eventful career, Julietta has unobtrusively, but decisively, turned his head toward the path of glory.

It was because of her insistence and her faith in him that he entered the Atwater Kent auditions in 1928. Daily, Julietta at her piano coached Don in his singing. As his thrilling tenor soared in song, Julietta, with adoration lighting up her face, encouraged and taught him. You mustn't forget that she's a fine musician.

When Don won the Atwater Kent state award Julietta was the only one who took the news calmly. Their friends were amazed at her coolness.

THEN, Don tore through the sectional contest as winner and was headed for New York for the finals.

Julietta, of course, was at the station to see him off. When the newspaper reporters saw how Don clung to her just before the train was to carry him half-way across the continent, they sensed a good story, for, "If Donald Novis wins the contest," they wrote, "he and Julietta Burnett will get married."

It made very romantic reading. That was just the beginning. More and more the story was all played up until Julietta, besieged on all sides by those ever-growing reports, rushed a wire to Don when he reached Salt Lake City.

"The papers say we're married. What shall I do?" she appealed.

"Hold everything," he shot back, "till I return."

When Don did come home, a few weeks later, it was as the conquering hero. He had sung his way into the glittering limelight of first place, and he was coming home to claim Julietta. The newspapermen were not wrong. They married.

You may think now that Julietta had it easy. But listen. To begin with, Don was a classical singer. I don't have to tell you that classical singers are not in great demand. After singing a bit on a local west coast station, Donald suddenly found himself with no work. For a while they got along on his prize money, but when that gave out and their hoped-for prospects were fast dwindling his spirit reached the breaking point.

"I'm not going to go on any longer with this," he cried. "A teacher can't make as much as a successful singer, but the job's more certain."

It was then that Julietta would perch on the arm of his chair, soothe his forehead and whisper to him words of comfort and encouragement that renewed confidence in himself. How could a man quit with a woman like that?

Early one morning Julietta woke him. She was waving a telegram in the air and

(Continued on page 73)

WHAT WAS KAY'S Summer Secret?



What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take odorless Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's doing!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your

skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it even for the *super-sensitive skins of tiny babies*. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{4}{100}$ % PURE • IT FLOATS

He Listened to His Wife

(Continued from page 71)

dancing around the room. "It's from Arthur Hammerstein in New York!" she cried. "He wants you for his new show 'Luana.'"

Before Don could make a dash for the telegram, Julietta was already tossing their things into a trunk. As the young Novises, full of expectations and promises, headed for New York in their old "Chevy," they didn't know there was more heartbreak in store for them.

"Luana" bopped. After rehearsing for weeks without pay, Don sang in the show only two weeks when it tumbled up. It would have been very easy for his bride to break down and cry. Instead, they wired home for money, strapped their trunk on back of their "Chevy" again, and drove back.

On the coast, Don found things no better than when he had left. Again his spirits lagged and he talked about quitting this singing career for the certain, if unglamorous one of teaching.

It was then that Julietta gave him advice that was to lead to his present glory. "Why don't you switch to popular melodies; songs that have a greater popularity, instead of the purely classic numbers you've been doing," she suggested.

"But I can't do it," Don remonstrated. "I'm not a jazz singer."

"Oh yes you are. I'll prove it to you." Julietta did prove it to him. She sat down at the piano and coached Don in what was to be his new forte. Before he knew it, Don was singing at the popular Coconut Grove in Hollywood. Singing jazz!

HIS reputation reached the ears of some NBC executives who were in California at the time. They strolled into the Grove and listened.

Julietta was at the table where she sat almost every night listening to her husband sing, when she saw him in earnest conversation with the important-looking men. Then Don called her over.

"Daring," he cried, unable to contain himself, "these men are offering me a contract to sing on the NBC network. We leave for New York this week."

They took a leisurely boat trip to New York—a trip that really was planned to be the honeymoon they had missed. It was a trip that made all their dreams come true, and an engagement that made Don an established NBC star.

Recently, at the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament in the Madison Square Garden in New York, I noticed Don and Julietta, as excited as kids, watching the thrilling bouts. They both jumped up and down, their eyes lit up by the crazy gleam that only a zealous fight fan has, but nary a shout or scream out of either of them. I commented on this as I met them on the way out.

"Oh," Don laughed, "that's Julietta's doing. She doesn't want me to take a chance on injuring my voice by yelling, so she kicked me in the leg each time I started to open my mouth."

Read **FREE** offer below



YOUR EYES Are Your Fortune

by Louise Ross

For 10c you can give your eyes an utterly new effect—interesting, attractive. That I promise. So why not try this easy, inexpensive way? Just buy my Winx Mascara (cake or liquid) and darken your lashes.

Note how much better you look. Some faces are utterly changed—weak-looking eyes are given a new, irresistible lure. Since 10c is all it costs, why should you be content without proper eye make-up?

3 FINAL TOUCHES OF ALLURE

In addition to beautifying your lashes, buy a 10c Winx Brow Pencil and a 10c Winx Eye Shadow—various shades



By using my three eye beautifiers, you'll be amazed at the charming results. Your friends will compliment you.

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

So easy... just accent with Winx

Thousands of girls are now using my Winx eye beautifiers—so why neglect your eyes. Face powder, rouge and lipsticks are necessary, I agree, but the eyes must have the proper make-up, else they look weak, unattractive. I have just published a complete treatise called "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them."

Please send for a free copy. It tells how to glorify the eyes, what to do if they seem too far apart, too close, too small, too staring, what to do for lines and wrinkles, etc., etc. It is the most complete book on the eyes ever published, you'll agree. Mail the coupon NOW for your free copy. Also note my special offer.

WINX

EYE BEAUTIFIERS

At all 10¢ Stores

FREE

M-7

Please send me Free Booklet, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them."

Name _____

Mail to Street _____

LOUISE ROSS

243 W. 17th St.

New York City

City _____ State _____

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c checking whether you wish Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(Continued from page 15)

anone writing to them would be given a free copy of the paper.

Then the fun began. The first day there were only about 2,000 letters and everybody was disappointed. The next day 28,000 were received and the third day an additional 35,000. Then, on the weekend, and Monday found 157,000 more letters from subscribers until finally at the end of a week, their paper had a circulation of nearly 350,000 which is bigger than that of most newspapers in the large cities, or of the national magazines.

John and Esley Stebbins, in case you have forgotten, were the characters played by Arthur Allen and Parker Fenelly, both veterans of the legitimate stage. Allen jumped from stock to Broadway where he played character parts. Fenelly played Hamlet on the road, touring and playing New York alternately for some fifteen years. Their radio acting, however, won them no more fame on the legitimate stage than did all the years they trod the boards, for the boom was reached when the curtain line of a melodrama hit was, "Now, my dear sir, you may go home to your radio and listen to the Stebbins Boys."

Was Swift and Company's advertising manager pleased with their work? He said, "In eight weeks they made Brookfield Butter over fifty per cent better known in twenty-eight major cities."

That's a bold claim, but now let's see some figures on a proven check-up of directly traceable sales as made by that pair of super salesmen, Freeman Gosden and Charles J. Correll, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, so much better, in fact, that I could not recall their real names. When I phoned NBC, a letter could the man who answered the phone in the Press-Department, he had to look them up.

But you can bet the Proponent people know those names, know them with a touch of awe and reverence, for they'll 11 2,000,000 tubes of toothpaste through a single brief campaign. Before and after the darkly dialogue sketch, the announcer said that any listener sending in two cartoons in which Proponent toothpaste was packed, would be given a free bottle of mouth wash. The announcement was continued for a limited time or until 1,000,000 bottles of mouth wash had been requested. These requests were accompanied by cartoons representing \$500,000 worth of toothpaste.

In a recent magazine article a writer kids radio advertisers who say that your purchases of a product make their program possible, urge us to continue buying. The effectiveness of such appeal is demonstrated by another Proponent show, "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

You may recall when an announcement was first made during their program to the effect that, "Although this program is profitable for your entertainment, we do not continue it unless it is making new users for Proponent Toothpaste and Anti-

(Continued on page 77)

MY DEAR! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
YOU'LL AGREE IT'S A GRAND DISCOVERY!



BUT MUMMY-YOU PROMISED WE'D WALK TO BIG ROCK THIS AFTERNOON!
JANE, I CAN'T! PLEASE STOP WHINING RUN ALONG AND PLAY.
I COULDN'T TELL JANE - BUT I SUFFER SUCH TORMENTS EVERY MONTH FROM CHAFING -
YOU WOULDN'T IF YOU'D USE MODESS. LOOK - I'VE GOT A SPARE BOX AT HOME. I'LL GET IT.



I NEVER CAN THANK YOU ENOUGH. MODESS IS THE SOFTEST DISPOSABLE NAPKIN I'VE EVER WORN!
YEA, UNDER THE GAUZE THERE'S A SPECIAL WRAPPER THAT'S AS SOFT AS THISLEDOWN. ONLY MODESS HAS THAT.
A TWO MILE WALK IN PERFECT COMFORT! WHAT MAKES MODESS STAY SOFT THE WAY IT DOES?
FINER MATERIALS, AND IT'S MADE WITHOUT SHARP EDGES TO HARDEN AND CHAFE. I KNEW YOU'D BE CRAZY ABOUT MODESS.



WHEN NAPKINS THEY HURT!

Try Modess Free! To get a full-sized Modess Napkin - FREE, and mailed to you in an unmarked package - send your name and address to The Modess Corporation, Dept. 11, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



MODESS STAYS SOFT!

Do They Earn Their Pay?

same. If you want it, certainly I write as a note on the back of a Pepsi-Cola carton." As an added inducement, a bathroom tumbler was offered to all cartoon-sellers.

The Goldbergs are still in the air. The sponsors counted 820,000 cartons and I called it was well worth continuing, for that represented nearly \$250,000 worth of business.

Incidentally, Harl W. P. K. was advertising manager of Pepsi-Cola, but says that about ninety per cent of the Goldbergs' listeners are Gentiles and it is true that a great majority of the 820,000 appeals for their retention came from Gentiles. (Through the Goldberg sketches did with the things of an extremely Jewish family.)

Again, Amos 'n' Andy offered to swap photos of themselves for Pepsi-Cola cartons and got 75,000 takers in the first week.

Add it up. Right here we have a total of 2,895,000 cartons, not letters, but cartons, each representing a twenty-five cent sale, sent in by listeners replying to only three pleas. Do a little multiplication and then decide whether or not the Pepsi-Cola programs earn their pay.

Then take the Krat Musical Revue which featured Al Edison and Paul Whitehead in a presentation running for two hours in New York and one hour in New England. We are told that each of these stars rates \$5,000 a show and, with the station time and all, cost Miracle Whip Salad Dressing a pretty penny. Well, was it worth the money?

Let John H. Platt, Krat's advertising manager, tell you, as he told *Star Management*. "Inside of three weeks from the first announcement, eighty-five per cent of the distributors in the territory stocked Miracle Whip. In six weeks it was in first place in sales throughout New York and New England." True, newspapers and other media were used in this campaign, but radio gets a big share of the credit.

Irene Wicker—that's not a mistake in her first name, a numerologist told her to spell it that way—is one of radio's best saleswomen. As "Kelllogg's Singing Lady," heard over the blue network late every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, she has been directly responsible for thirty-eight women getting steady jobs. No, Irene didn't hire them, but their work is to take care of her fan mail, and it keeps them mighty busy. You see, the Singing Lady offered to send her *Some Book* to people mailing her tops from Kelllogg packages, and about 14,000 a day take advantage of the offer. So Irene is responsible for nearly 100,000 sales of Kelllogg products every week.

Cities Service spends about \$300,000 a year on broadcasting and has been on NBC over seven years. Its program features *Lesson Dugout*. Now \$300,000 is a lot of money, but *Lesson Dugout's* broadcast advertising in one month they sold

(Continued on page 27)

Don't be SKINNY!

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . .!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. 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, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds! Also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, 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.

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scrawny. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 6 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Eckard, Harberton, O.*

Mrs. W. K. King

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, 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 refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each label.

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 the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 37, Atlanta, Ga.



Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look—and the irritation—that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free—and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores—See lists on Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your freckles will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leave the skin soft and smooth. 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. Ador

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 13 THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois. FREE Booklet on Freckles Sample Face Powder.

Name _____ Address _____

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 76)

THURSDAYS	
(June 10, 14th, 21st and 28th.)	
6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45	A. M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)
8:30 EDT (2)	—Heerle. (For stations see Monday.)
9:45 EDT (4)	—The Mystery Chef. (For stations see Tuesday.)
10:15 EDT (1)	—Clam, Lu 'n' Em. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (4)	—Visiting with Ida Bailey. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (4)	—Radio Home Shakers. (For stations see Monday.)
10:30 EDT (4)	—Today's Children. (For stations see Tuesday.)
11:00 EDT (5)	—Himalaya Carnival. (For stations see Tuesday.)
11:30 EDT (5)	—Anniversaries Male Quartet with Gene Arnold. (For stations see Monday.)
12:00 EDT (4)	—The Voice of Experience. (For stations see Monday.)
1:15 EDT (4)	—Donn Marron, music. (For stations see Monday.)
1:30 EDT (4)	—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)
1:45 EDT (4)	—Tony Tunes. (For stations see Tuesday.)
2:00 EDT (4)	—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)
2:15 EDT (4)	—Gommers of Helen Treat. (For stations see Monday.)
3:30 EDT (2)	—Woman's Radio Review. (For stations see Monday.)
4:00 EDT (4)	—Ethel and Jack. (For stations see Monday.)
5:15 EDT (4)	—Shippy. (For stations see Monday.)
5:30 EDT (4)	—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)
5:30 EDT (4)	—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
6:00 EDT (4)	—Naxos Cugat's dinner music. (For stations see Monday.)
6:00 EDT (4)	—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)
6:15 EDT (4)	—Shippy. (For stations see Monday.)
6:15 EDT (4)	—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)
6:30 EDT (4)	—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (4)	—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (4)	—Ethel and Jack. (For stations see Monday.)
7:00 EDT (4)	—Annex 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)
7:15 EDT (4)	—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)
7:15 EDT (4)	—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—The Mollie Sim. (For stations see Monday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—Nick DeLuca's Band. (For stations see Tuesday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)
7:45 EDT (4)	—Bouke Carter. (For stations see Monday.)
7:45 EDT (4)	—The Goldbergs. (For stations see Monday.)
8:00 EDT (4)	—Rudolph Valentino, stage, screen and radio celebrities and Connecticut Tankers orchestra. (Fleischmann's Feast.) (For stations see Monday.)
8:30 EDT (2)	—Voice of America. Alexander Gray and Marie Eastman, Underwood singers and Nicholas Renner's Orchestra with guest speaker. (Underwood Elliot Fisher Co.) (For stations see Monday.)

FRIDAYS	
(June 15, 16, 17th, 22nd and 29th.)	
6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45	A. M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)
8:30 EDT (2)	—Heerle. (For stations see Monday.)
9:45 EDT (4)	—The Mystery Chef. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (1)	—Clam, Lu 'n' Em. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (4)	—Visiting with Ida Bailey. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (4)	—Radio Home Shakers. (For stations see Monday.)
10:30 EDT (4)	—Today's Children. (For stations see Tuesday.)
11:00 EDT (5)	—Himalaya Carnival. (For stations see Tuesday.)
11:30 EDT (5)	—Anniversaries Male Quartet with Gene Arnold. (For stations see Monday.)
12:00 EDT (4)	—The Voice of Experience. (For stations see Monday.)
1:15 EDT (4)	—Donn Marron, music. (For stations see Monday.)
1:30 EDT (4)	—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)
1:45 EDT (4)	—Tony Tunes. (For stations see Tuesday.)
2:00 EDT (4)	—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)
2:15 EDT (4)	—Gommers of Helen Treat. (For stations see Monday.)
3:30 EDT (2)	—Woman's Radio Review. (For stations see Monday.)
4:00 EDT (4)	—Ethel and Jack. (For stations see Monday.)
5:15 EDT (4)	—Shippy. (For stations see Monday.)
5:30 EDT (4)	—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)
5:30 EDT (4)	—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
6:00 EDT (4)	—Naxos Cugat's dinner music. (For stations see Monday.)
6:00 EDT (4)	—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)
6:15 EDT (4)	—Shippy. (For stations see Monday.)
6:15 EDT (4)	—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)
6:30 EDT (4)	—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (4)	—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (4)	—Ethel and Jack. (For stations see Monday.)
7:00 EDT (4)	—Annex 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)
7:15 EDT (4)	—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)
7:15 EDT (4)	—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—The Mollie Sim. (For stations see Monday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—Nick DeLuca's Band. (For stations see Tuesday.)
7:30 EDT (4)	—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)
7:45 EDT (4)	—Bouke Carter. (For stations see Monday.)
7:45 EDT (4)	—The Goldbergs. (For stations see Monday.)
8:00 EDT (4)	—Rudolph Valentino, stage, screen and radio celebrities and Connecticut Tankers orchestra. (Fleischmann's Feast.) (For stations see Monday.)
8:30 EDT (2)	—Voice of America. Alexander Gray and Marie Eastman, Underwood singers and Nicholas Renner's Orchestra with guest speaker. (Underwood Elliot Fisher Co.) (For stations see Monday.)

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(Continued from page 77)

over 20,000 shares of common stock and in order for \$9,000 barrels of oil. Down in Dallas, Texas, a salesman closed a contract for 9,000 gallons of Koolmorte Gasoline, monthly, as a result of radio, these are only a few examples. . . . \$. . . in sec, they get their \$34,000 back.

The Carnation Milk Company put on a contest for a slogan during their weekly half hour over thirty-seven NBC stations and, during the thirteen weeks the contest lasted, received 1,059,270 slogans, most of them written on labels taken from the cans.

Graham-Page motor cars once put the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on the CBS chain in a series of weekly half-hours. A copy of a poem by Edgar A. Guest was offered anyone visiting the show rooms. About 50,000 people a week took advantage of the offer, and Graham-Page had to increase their factory production schedules about fifty per cent to meet the resulting demand for their cars.

Walter Winchell clicked big on the same network when he broadcast for La Gerardine, a hair lotion selling for one and two dollars a bottle in competition with other products, many at ten cents. Before Winchell took the air, "Gerry" wasn't sold in drug stores. When he finished not only did they have complete distribution, but sales had increased 250 per cent before the broadcast had been running two months. He's doing another grand job on Jergen's Lotion right now.

The networks always point with pride to sponsors who have been on the air continuously over a long period of time. "Would they," station officials ask, "have stayed on so long if their programs didn't pay?" To which we can only answer, "No one can fathom the mind of a radio sponsor. Let's see some figures."

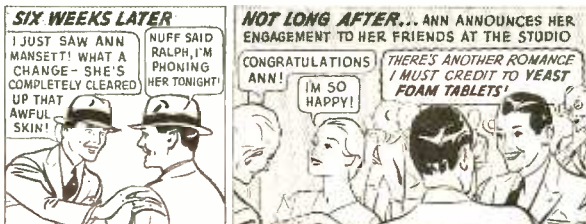
In reply they trotted out a handsome set of statistics on the A and P Guppies, when Harry Horlick had on NBC continuously since 1924, save for a two-months vacation in 1927. They've played sixty-six solid months on the air since '27, which is a longer run than even Abie's Irish Rose. They've credited with increasing the chain store's sales 173 per cent.

And now to take a peek at an inexpensive broadcast. Ida Bailey Allen, as you know, broadcasts at a time of day when charges for time are low. Likewise, she appears under the joint sponsorship of several trade-marked brands, which further reduces the cost for each of her sponsors.

One of them, who makes a product retailing for fifteen cents, had 7,000 handy little kitchen appliances lent over from a former premium stunt and asked Mrs. Allen to give them away over the air. So she offered one to anybody sending in ten flaps torn from the product, thus proving actual sales of \$1.50 for each request. Suddenly the advertiser found that all the appliances had been given away. Still package tops poured in, until more than 200,000 had

(Continued on page 81)

RADIO ANN—She Gets Her Man!



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY #147
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular

Name

Address

City

State



Do They Earn Their Pay?

(Continued from page 79)

seen received. The cash return, as proven by package tops, was \$304,500 from just that two-line announcement, which is quite feather in the CBS chapeau.

That network also made an exhaustive survey of the sales of various products—soaps, cigarettes, cleansers, etc.—to find the relation between their sales in centers where they were advertised on the air, as compared with places where no stations carried the programs, and to find out whether they were more popular in homes that had radios than in those which hadn't.

The results, far too long and complex to be given in this article, were overwhelmingly in favor of broadcasting.

Enough figures have been given, however, to prove conclusively that no matter how high a radio entertainer's salary is he brings a profit to the sponsor. So, a toast to the super-salesmen of the air and to the advertising agents who are the brains of broadcasting!

And you, the next time you hear of the fabulous salary paid to some radio comedian, don't say to yourself, "Hub! I could be as funny as he is! Why can't I get into radio and make that much money?"

Just ask yourself if you could give away a dozen foolish little firemen's hats let alone \$3,000,000 of the doggone things?

Could you?

Catching Killers by Radio

(Continued from page 35)

station and at once started a veritable deluge of like subscriptions. Within twenty-four hours of the five dollar offer, Station KFWB had received \$27,000 in cash, besides \$55,000 telephoned subscriptions. Sunday and Monday the city was forced to re-route the usual bus service on Sunset Boulevard because of the terrific line of people in front of the studio anxious to take part in the search and offer their money for the purpose.

"You can ask for anything you want over the radio in an emergency and get it," claims Jerry King of KFWB. And to prove it is this one small example in the Hickman case. Bill Ray at one in the morning on the first night's broadcasting asked the citizens of Los Angeles to "go out in front of your house this minute and see if you can see a Ford coupe with the following license—" and he proceeded to give the number. For days after the broadcast, people throughout the city were writ-



HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transfiguration. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that you, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youthifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove the one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Get This on Penny Postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 2010 Ridge Ave.,
Evanston, Ill.

I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This offer not good in Canada. (4)



Clear Skin WINS LOVE

Letters like this prove that what Ambrosia has done for others, it can do for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Blackheads, pimples, muddiness disappear. Your skin has the clear, glowing freshness of youth. Ambrosia cleans pore-deep as only a liquid can.

Skin dry? Follow every Ambrosia Cleansing with Ambrosia Dry-skin Cream. Penetrates, restores oil, ends dryness, smooths wrinkles.

Skin oily? Follow every Ambrosia Cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener reduces large pores, normalizes oiliness, invigorates circulation.

Ask for Ambrosia preparations at drug or department stores. 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Hinz Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ing in and telling of the unusual occurrences on their street the moment after this broadcast. A friend of Bill's said he heard the broadcast and immediately went to the front door and walked out. It was like a signal for everybody to go into action—every house was suddenly lit up as if by magic, and immediately nine-tenths of the occupants were in the middle of the street looking for Fords.

Of course, the description of the murderer was broadcast, and everyone who looked even slightly like him was immediately thrown into jail. Nick Stuart, at that time married to Sue Carol, the actress, was the same general height and coloring of the killer. After being stopped and detained four times in one day, he hung a placard from his neck, upon which was written, "This is Nick Stuart—NOT Hickman."

SUCH an intensive man hunt was bound to bring results. It did. In January, 1928, William Edward Hickman entered a clothing store in Seattle, Washington, and paid for his purchases with a five dollar bill. The serial number of the bills paid as ransom money had been broadcast and the haberdasher had written down the number of the bill, and placed them next to his register. Immediately after Hickman left the shop, he telephoned the police the description of Hickman and the color, make and license number of his car.

In spite of a wild automobile race by Hickman to Pendleton, Oregon, two state policemen captured and returned him for trial in Los Angeles, where he was sentenced to be hung. Thus ended the biggest man hunt engineered by one radio station in the history of the United States to that date.

Radio—a voice traveling faster than the fastest plane, the swiftest car; a voice which pursues its victim to the darkest corner in which he tries to slink; a voice beyond whose reach he cannot get!

The story of Hickman isn't the only national case where radio has been of service in trailing criminals and killers. In 1929 the newspapers were full of the story of the "Tiger Woman," Irene Schroeder, and her lover, Glenn Dague, who had shot and killed a highway patrolman while making their escape after a series of robberies. But few of the newspapers mentioned the part radio played in stalking these criminals.

One day in the winter of 1929, a grocery store was robbed at Butler, Pennsylvania. Corporal Brady Paul and Patrolman Ernest Moore were assigned to the case. On the Newcastle-Butler road they saw a car which answered the description of the one in which the criminals had fled.

Corporal Paul drew up close to the road "Stop!" he ordered.

In the car were a man, a woman and a child. They were Irene Schroeder, her lover, and her little son Donnie, a boy of four.

"Show me your papers," said Corporal Paul gruffly.

The man made a move toward his bag,

"Stick 'em up," said the woman, and began to fire.

Corporal Paul wasn't expecting this. With a cuddly, adorable little boy in the car, the man and the woman would never open fire, he had reasoned. He fired one wild shot and dropped in his tracks, fatally wounded.

AGAIN shots rang out. Ernest Moore was firing blindly at this desperate man and woman. His bullets riddled their car. Then he, too, dropped down, wounded.

The criminals sped on, thinking they had escaped the fangs of the law. They were free. At the point of a gun they had silenced one man forever, and fatally wounded another. But the invisible man hunter was on their trail. They had overlooked the one voice they could never silence—the voice of radio. All of Pittsburgh's radio stations went into action. Descriptions of the woman, man, child and Ford car were broadcast.

With the voice of radio pursuing them the criminals rode on. To West Virginia, into eastern Ohio, and finally into the hills of Arizona they were trailed. There they shot it out with deputy sheriffs and were captured.

"Tiger Woman" the newspapers labelled Irene Schroeder. And no wonder! She had not hesitated to take a human life even before the eyes of her four-year-old son. "Tiger Woman" they called her as she battled bitterly in the courts, she and her lover, fighting for their own wretched lives though they had held others' so cheaply. Like most criminals, they were cowards at the end, cringing and sniveling with fear.

On some purely technical charge they fought for a trial in Arizona, hoping to escape through the mazes of the law. They lost, were brought back to Pennsylvania, and convicted of the murder of Corporal Brady Paul. At Rockview prison, they died in the hot seat, cursing radio, the invisible voice that had trailed and brought them to their doom.

Do you remember the "Crime Must Go" programs put upon the air last year by the National Broadcasting Company under the auspices of the United States Flag Association? It was part of an organized drive against crime by government agencies. When President Roosevelt declared war against criminals and racketeers, the broadcasting stations swung into line to help him in his campaign.

Probably the most gallant fight ever waged by radio against crime was the battle fought by Jerry Buckley, radio announcer for Station WMBC in Detroit, Mich. That battle ended when Buckley was shot to death in the lobby of the Hotel LaSalle, the hotel from which he broadcast.

THE idea of fighting crime didn't occur to Jerry Buckley when he first became an announcer at Station WMBC. In the beginning he just made routine comments on news events. Gradually he noticed that the newspapers of Detroit seemed to be in

RADIO GIRL
PERFUME
and FACE POWDER

Unseen Beauty Wins

To a skin beauty and the exposure features of RADIO GIRL. Sk. Paul, Michigan, compounded from French essences and perfume to glorify the modern American girl. It is the only face powder specially designed for beauty and to preserve your skin. There is no shade for your complexion.

(Use this Coupon for FREE SAMPLES)
"RADIO GIRL" Sk. Paul, Michigan, compounded from French essences and perfume to glorify the modern American girl. It is the only face powder specially designed for beauty and to preserve your skin. There is no shade for your complexion. Send me FREE Radio Girl face powder, perfume and trial size Radio Girl face powder. I am enclosing (Cash or \$1.00) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.) 547

Name _____
Address _____

Watch for the free photograph offer to be made in RADIO STARS next month.

alliance not to stress unemployment and crime, which ruled Detroit.

Something had to be done. He began to attack the problem of unemployment, the rotten political situation in Detroit. Then he openly began to expose "the shadowy hand of the underworld pulling the strings on puppet officials."

These were no vague, abstract talks on crime. He dared to give names and expose crimes that made sleek-haired young men with ratty faces sniver with fear. He attacked Lefty Clark's gambling house in Ecorse, crap-shooting joints in Detroit, and the Anisa Club, a gaming establishment patronized by the sporty set of Detroit. He called the attention of the public to the appearance of spin-wheels in the blind pens, and forced their removal. He helped send Norman B. Smith, a rum-runner, to Leavenworth Prison.

One day, after one of his most bitter exposés, a well-known lawyer accompanied by a dozen hoodlums visited the radio station, and asked to talk to Jerry Buckley. Buckley ordered them out, flung his defiance at them, "Do anything you dare, I'm not afraid."

His friends begged Jerry to be careful, to carry a pistol with him at all times. But Jerry only laughed. "I'm not afraid," he said. It was to be his requiem. He did not know that he was laughing in the very teeth of death.

In Detroit there was raging at that time a battle for the impeachment of Mayor Bowles, who had promised to purge the city of vice, and who had not kept that promise.

One day Jerry Buckley received a letter threatening him with "a long ride if he put on the air a speech favoring the impeachment of Mayor Bowles."

On July 18, he made that speech. "Pistol politics must end in Detroit," he said. "Bowles must go." On July 21, he was murdered in the Hotel LaSalle as he sat in the lobby reading the papers which told of his triumph and of the impeachment of Mayor Bowles.

If the murderers of Jerry Buckley, whoever they were, had expected to silence his fight against crime and vice, fate played a queer trick on them. For his voice and his ideas were more powerful in death than in life. That invisible voice, that forever vanished voice on the air, still pursued the vicious criminals of Detroit.

When Jerry Buckley died, a great hue and cry arose in the city. The people of Detroit demanded the extermination of vice. The police bore down on crime harder than ever. The great gambling house syndicate of Detroit was destroyed. Criminals were routed out of their nests of vice; blind pigs were raided as they had never been raided before; disorderly houses were closed; hidden arsenals were discovered and smashed. Criminals shivered with fear.

"Pistol politics must end in Detroit," Jerry Buckley had said. And now, though his body was cold, people remembered his words.

Radio—a finger pointed at the criminal, putting him on the spot, bounding him down! Regardless of where he would flee he would be sure to be discovered.



FOR GLORIOUS HAIR, youthful and natural... free from that dull, faded look... be sure you use **ColorRinse** in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from... and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless. **THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO. • New York**



10c

at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops—Nestle ColorRinse, Super-Set, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo.

Nestle
COLORINSE



30 facial baths 10¢

The very basis of a fine complexion is *clean pores*. Don't clog them with thick, waxy creams—*bathe* them daily with pure Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. Melting at body temperature, Vi-Jon's cleansing oils flow deep into the pores and free them of all impurities, leaving your skin sweet, fresh, lovely.

Anybody can afford daily "beauty baths" with Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. A 10c jar holds enough for 30 thorough cleansings. Cream of this quality -- and quantity -- usually costs four to 10 times as much. Light, dainty, delicately scented. Try it. Also try these other high grade creams:

VI-JON
VANISHING CREAM

VI-JON
COLD CREAM

VI-JON
THEATRICAL CREAM

10c at Five and Ten Cent Stores

VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM



VI-JON LABORATORIES . . . ST. LOUIS

Enjoy Skin Comfort From Head to Foot



Relieve Complexion Blemishes

Allay Bodily Skin Irritations

WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

Perhaps you have considered the Resinol treatment for complexion faults only, because it so successfully helps to clear up clogged facial pores, blackheads and pimples, and to make ugly complexions clearer, smoother, lovelier. Yet it does even more—it soothes and promotes healing of skin irritation anywhere on the body.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts. *Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 1-J, Baltimore, Md.*

Resinol Ointment

WANT A STEADY JOB? Work for "Uncle Sam" Start \$1260 to \$2100 Year

Men—Women 18 to 50 Common Education usually sufficient. Many extra examinations expected. Write immediately for free 22 page book, with list of locations and full particulars. Write to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. 0210 Rochester, N.Y.

\$1 PAYS FOR \$3000 LIFE PROTECTION

Even if you are past 55 —and without Medical Examination!

IF YOU are between the ages of 10 and 75 you may now enjoy the benefits of reliable life protection for only \$1, and without a medical examination. This new Life Protection Certificate, offered exclusively by one of the largest associations of its kind in the state of California and sold out to rigid examinations by the State Insurance Department, pays up to \$1000 for death. From Any Cause; \$2000 to \$5000 for accidental death. Your protection is backed by a sound financial institution with more than \$5 million dollars life protection in force.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a Life Certificate, fully made out in your name will be sent to you for 10 Days Free Inspection. **NO AGENT WILL CALL.** If you decide to keep it, send only \$1 to put your protection in force for at least 60 days — then about \$6 a day. If not, you see nothing. **OFFER LIMITED.** So write today without obligation.

NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION
Dept. C-187, 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

In a town about 100 miles from Birmingham, Alabama, the Bank of Ardmore was robbed in 1932. News of the robbery was received in Birmingham and a description of the robbers and their car broadcast over Station WAPI. The men were apprehended the same day and were later sentenced and convicted.

As far back as 1932 fifty cities reported the use of police radio systems. In one year those cities had made 155,056 emergency calls and 12,076 arrests through the use of radio. Just one-half of the reporting showed a total of \$386,953 worth of property had been restored. Over 32,000,000 people were served.

The reason the criminal fears a police radio system is because its descent on him is so swift. Formerly, he could be fairly sure of a get-away. Even though the police men might be just a few blocks from the crime, they would know nothing of it unless they happened to telephone the police station for orders. Today, the voice of radio travels faster and farther than can the criminal.

Four seconds after a crime has been reported to the police of a city equipped with police radio, all the police cars in the city receive the report, and special cars are told to visit the scene of the crime immediately. If someone notices a suspicious looking person in a building and phones the police, an investigation can be made immediately and the persons caught red-handed.

Some cities in the United States have reported that the average time it takes them to make arrests with the help of radio is ninety seconds!

Not long ago a series of robberies were perpetrated in Baltimore. The criminal was finally discovered, and it was found that he lived in Washington, D. C. They asked him why he took the trouble of making regular trips from Washington to Baltimore to perpetrate his crimes.

"Well, sir," he explained, "they got that radio business in Washington, and I didn't want no messin' with that stuff."

Since that time Baltimore has also been given a police radio system.

During the first three months of the

operation of a radio police system in New York City, there were 131 arrests made through its use. Former Commissioner Mulrooney said then, "It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent of these criminals would have escaped at the time, except for the radio motor patrol plan which brought the police quickly to the scene."

"We get on the trail of the criminal while it's still hot," Superintendent William Allan, head of the Telegraph Bureau of the New York Police Department, told me. "A minute and a half after we receive a call, we can have patrol cars on the scene of the crime."

How does it work? From the control room at police headquarters, orders to the cruising cars. The dispatcher is provided with a microphone and a voice amplifier connected by telephone lines to a radio transmitter. The police cars have radio receivers tuned to the wave length used by the transmitter. The call can be heard only on short-wave sets. There is a good reason for this.

The police radio system is used when a crime has just been committed or is just being committed. Naturally, the criminal is not supposed to know that the police are hot on his trail, hence the reason for the short wave equipment which ordinary radios do not have, and over which cannot therefore, receive the police reports.

Look at what happened in Chicago a few years ago when short wave sets were not so common. In April, 1929, a Chicago woman discovered a burglar looting an apartment nearby. At once she telephoned the police. They, in turn, notified station WGN, a regular broadcast station. A moment later listeners on WGN were startled when the music suddenly broke off and a police broadcast was inserted in the program.

When the police entered the apartment the burglar was gone. In one corner of the room a radio was going full blast. It was tuned in to station WGN.

On top of the radio the police found a strange note, "Dear Radio Man—Thank for the tip-off. You're a swell announcer. I'm now signing off."



"The Leaders are on the air!" You've heard that expression many times over NBC. Here they are (left to right): Glenn Cross, Eddie Ellingson, Dick Ballow and Ed Smalle, arranger and accompanist.

The True Story of Gene and Glenn

(Continued from page 5)

was doing. In a few weeks they became the radio habit in Cleveland. It was Gene and Glenn every place you went. A network followed, and vaudeville with house-breaking records. "Another Amos 'n' Andy," people said, and as far as many parts of the country were concerned, they were.

The success went to their heads. They got that low-slung touring car they had been wanting and a couple of racecar coats. They bought an interest in a prizefighter. They had ring-side seats. They backed a baseball team and bought a summer camp in Wisconsin. They were known in all the swankiest night clubs. They were pointed out wherever they went.

Suddenly it all ended. People stopped writing in on them. Their contract came to an end and so did they.

But it was something more than just a means of a livelihood that they had lost. Their pride was jolted. They weren't important to people's entertainment any more. People were tired of them. It's one of the cruelest of realizations to a star in any walk of life.

WERE they through? They couldn't be, they told themselves. Why not try Chicago again, or Pittsburgh. But no one at Cleveland forgot them overnight. Members of the fire department, whom they had befriended and aided by radio on many occasions, circulated petitions. Two hundred and fifty thousand Gene and Glenn followers, signed, asking WTAM to put them on the air again.

Imagine the emotions of the boys when they received these petitions revealing to them that they still had one of the largest and most loyal followings in Cleveland.

Again they repeated their previous air success, reaching even greater heights than before. And they were never too busy to work over-time and help whenever they could, for Cleveland had helped them plenty.

They, perhaps more than anyone else, were responsible for the bright Christmas many of the poor in that city enjoyed. For three Saturday nights before the holiday, they broadcast and offered to stay on the air as long as anybody was interested enough in their program to send in contributions for the poor.

It was a huge task for at the time they were also appearing in a local vaudeville theatre as well as carrying on their regular radio schedule. Six shows a day and a broadcast at night was telling on their vitality. They shunted themselves, hoarse, aught cold, and got very little sleep. The longer they stayed on the air, the more help they received. Donations poured in from every part of the country. People sent dollar bills, coal, food, clothing and every conceivable thing to them.

Delighted with the help the needy had received through the efforts of this team, the newspaper decided to stage the concluding broadcast in the town's mammoth

The Fairest Offer Ever Made to VICTIMS OF ACID INDIGESTION

NOW I KNOW WHY MILLIONS USE TUMS!

SO positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Gaurantee" Test. Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-in-1 Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gilt Tums case, always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

Try Tums today. Millions already use these refreshing candy-like tablets, which act to neutralize excess acid without over-alkalizing the stomach. Tums contain no soda—or any water soluble alkali—that's why!

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

SPECIAL Tums Package includes Special "No Risk" Offer and Gift Pocket Carrier

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home. No selling photos and mail-order. Learn famous "Kochon Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in 10-15 min. No experience, no talent necessary. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc. 3603 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 148-B, Chicago, Illinois

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Learn how to act, stage manager, cost designer, the best method. Personal Development Culture. For more information, write for free booklet, "Truth About the Hair."

THE CARIOCA MIRROR

Be the first among your friends to have the new CARIOCA MIRROR, the latest fad in Hollywood and Paris. This beautifully designed, unbreakable chromium mirror is especially suited for beach, golf and sports wear. Fits in your handbag. Price 25 cents (5 stamps or coin).

Agents wanted—send 25 cents for sample and special offer. COLBER SALES CO., P.O. Box 368, Newark, N. J.

Grew Hair One Inch

Mr. W. E. Andrews, Franklin, Pa. writes: "I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil and succeeded in growing hair 1 inch long on my bald spots." JAPANESE OIL, the authentic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for itching, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 60c Economy size \$1. All druggists FREE booklet, "Truth About the Hair"—write

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This is Madame Sylvia's slogan, and swift and sure is her method of achieving it. This tiny human dynamo is responsible for the beauty of many of Hollywood's highest paid stars. Read of her amusing and energetic experiences with people you know.

In August RADIO STARS.

TEST PACKET Lets You Prove Tums Are Quicker Relief ..OR MONEY REFUNDED



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At home—in spare time—30 minutes a day. Over 1000 phrases—traps—saves self. Develops, increases your ability, broadens speech. Write now for free booklet. Now on Book's Wonderful Wish Drive. North American Institute, Dept. 1-68-9 3361 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BETTER RECEPTION

Without Aerial

"DU-WA" \$1. Aerial Eliminator

GIVES YOU MORE VOLUME, GREATER DISTANCE, CLEARER TONE, LESS NOISE! Easily, quickly attached, without tools! Just hang it back of your radio. Size only 3"x3 1/2". No more dangling wires. No lightning risks. Thousands praise the "DU-WA" for all types of receivers, on all wavelengths. Guaranteed 5 years. Patent pending.

Mail Coupon for 5-day Trial at Our Risk... SEND NO MONEY

On delivery, you pay postman \$1., plus small postage. If not delighted after 5 days' trial, return "DU-WA" for \$1. refund.

HENRY GOLDSMITH CO., Inc. 220 Fifth Ave., New York City. You may send "DU-WA" Aerial Eliminator on 5-days' trial. I'll pay postman \$1. on delivery, plus postage. If not delighted, I'll return it in 5 days for \$1. refund. To save postage, check here! and ENCLOSE \$1. Same guarantee refund applies.

Name _____ Address _____ City & State _____

Unmasking the Hill Billy Hoax

(Continued from page 48)

a real city feller, aplayin' with a band. Zeke can play any instrument you hand him, and play it darn well.

He'll continue without batting an eyelash. "Pappy here dopted me when I was a baby. He was ma and pa to me. My mammy she passed away and my jappy, he lone left me. So Pappy tuk me in."

Ezra, forgetting his mountaineer accent as he warms up to the tale, interrupts to tell how he swam in the Arkansas River for eight hours and forty-five minutes, when a boy. He relates how he fell into a manhole the first time he took a walk in New York. How back home he danced with a gal at a country dance and her steady laid for him and giv him a terrible beatin', so that his mammy near fainted when he come home. He doesn't forget to add that what he did to her young man was no-body's business. Ad infinitum.

Elton, the real hill-billy, is the only quiet, reserved one. There is no pretense about him. He's still scared of the Big Town, of our autos and subways. A car ran over him the first day he was in New York. He's still afraid to sleep in a building near a subway, he's scared when the subway shakes the building, it might cave in. When he tells you he fell into his grandpappy's mash barrel as a baby, and was almost scalded to death, you believe him. Elton is about twenty-one. For publication, he is eighteen.

Yes, here in the Big Town, these Ozark Hill-Billies are taking us for a sleigh ride. We're the city slickers who fall for their fantastic tales. But the miracle of the thing is this. You'd think something would come along to blow them right open; that they're bound to hit a snag. But there is so darn convincing nothing seems to hurt 'em. You can say or write anything you like about them and it just bounces off. They have such skill in portraying the role of mountaineers, who cares whether or not they are the real thing, when they are better than the real thing?



Bill Huggins, young baritone is a new find at CBS. He's from Virginia.

6 1/2 million cans sold in 1933 without advertising... **QUALITY is the answer**

10c for a big, BIG can of the finest, purest tale... a value that you cannot beat at many times the price tested, proven, approved! Millions more will buy these splendid tales, now that we are selling every year low line and pure they are select your favorite odor from this wide assortment. We particularly recommend our own exclusive copyrighted brand of **ILACS and Roses**—a brand of Heaven itself! Insist on Lander's big **QUALITY** dime's worth, and get the most for your money.

AT YOUR FAVORITE CHAIN STORE

Lander PERFUMER
New York, Memphis, Binghamton



(Posed by George Huggan—Paramount Pictures)

You'll get a barrel-full of mirth out of the current issue of **FILM FUN**. It's loaded to the margins with gags, laughs and screamingly funny jokes. It sells out fast so see your newsdealer right away.

FILM FUN



July issue — now on sale

WONDERFUL for WHITE KID SHOES

Clean and polish with ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. Amazing results. Easy to use. Does not rub off. Or for cloth and buckskin shoes use ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner. Either, only 10c at 10c stores, bottles or tubes.

ColorShine WHITE KID SHOE POLISHES

CHESTNUT MFG. CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

10c AT TEN CENT STORES

A New Skin in 3 Days!



Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Freckles, Surface Wrinkles Vanish This New Quick Way!

In 1-2-3 short days, your mirror will show your skin detests GRIMES! The most astonishing discovery you ever heard of! Harmlessly removes that blemished, film outer skin film and you have a rejuvenated, clear, true skin of youthful alluring beauty! Think of what this will mean to you

socially, in business and affairs of the heart in these days of worry and depression! You are not asked to pay a cent for information and convincing evidence that you can do it yourself at home and surprise your friends and yourself with your clear, new skin in 3 DAYS. Simply write and ask for "THE ALLY-FILM SKIN OIL" IN 3 DAYS. Write your name and address (initials) and the great happiness-bringing treasure will be sent by return mail, registered and **ASSURETLY** FREE! Send no money. Address: **WILLIAM WILK, "Down 384,"** No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. If you are pleased, tell your friends about it.

WLS Has a Miracle Show in the Barn Dance

(Continued from page 53)

"Barn Dance." Up to this Spring, it has played over 530 consecutive Saturday night performances. Is there another program anywhere which can match that record?

YOU'VE heard some odd names announced over WLS. Walter Peterson, "The Kentucky Wonder Bean," for instance. Here's how that started. Peterson came in from the steel mills to play a mouth-organ, wired to his shoulder, and a guitar, both at the same time. Tall and lanky, he looked a lot like the picture of a long string bean in a seed catalogue that the station manager happened to glance through. One look at the name of the bean and he immediately switched it to Walter. After that every announcement said, "Walter Peterson, The Kentucky Wonder Bean, playin' on his double-barrelled shotgun."

Ralph Waldo Emerson has been with the station ten years. At his first broadcast, he looked as if he had just come from an accident. With his head wrapped in Turkish towels, he sat before his pipe organ. He was wearing earphones and the towels were to keep out any sound except that from the phones. Television would have added a lot to that broadcast.

Another organist named Elsie Mae Look came in to play occasionally. She and Emerson worked out an arrangement whereby they could do organ duets, each using a separate studio. One notable result of this cooperation was heard all across the middle-west when they stood together before a WLS mike and were married. If you are a WLS listener, you know them as Ralph and Elsie Mae Emerson.

There are so many members of this WLS family, important members, too. Arthur C. Page—Art to you and you—who conducts the "Dinnerbell" program. Another part of his job is to be "editor" for the station. Just like the editor of a newspaper, he decides what is good and what is bad, what to put on the air and what to keep off. It's no easy task, you should know.

Then, Glenn Snyder is the man who makes the dollars roll in. It is rumored that WLS is the best money-making station in America. If that is true, Glenn Snyder gets the credit. It takes a heap of dollars to pay talent, you know. And a heap more to pay for extensive broadcasting equipment and studio rents and insurance. Probably WLS spends close to a half million dollars a year for its programs. That money has to come from somewhere. Where? That's Snyder's job. You don't hear much about him on the air, but if he weren't around, you just bet your life that you'd miss a lot of your favorite programs.

GEORGE C. BIGGAR is the man who directs the programs. He is supposed to have time to think and plan things ahead, according to WLS executives. How he does it, no one knows for he is usually the

busiest man around the place. When you write a suggestion to WLS, he is the man who reads it. If your suggestion comes back to you in the form of a radio program, you can thank him for it.

Dr. John Holland who conducts the Little Brown Church is probably the only American pastor assigned by his bishop to a radio station. His office, by the way, is a Mecca for young rural couples who feel "that way" about each other. It's a dull week when he doesn't marry some couple just in from the country.

Hal O'Halloran is your friend if ever you've listened regularly to WLS. Usually, he runs the "Barn Dance" programs and his announcing has probably sold more merchandise to farmers than any other voice in the world. More than that, he sings sailor songs on the lightest provocation. If anything happens to break down any program, it is a studio tradition that Hal will sing "Asleep in the Deep" until the next number is ready.

Those Ridge Runners—Slim Miller, John Lair, Karl Davis, Linda Parker, Red Foley, Hartford Taylor—are almost everyone's favorites. Their "Goofus" number is a classic that has to be repeated time and time again.

Uncle Ezra comes on the air at 1:00 p.m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, with his amuser and helpmate, Miss Cecile. Their Station EZRA broadcasts reveal a lot of tales. What they don't tell is that Uncle Ezra and Miss Cecile, in real life, are Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Barrett, as attractive a young pair as you'd find any place.

Mac and Bob, the two blind boys, live one of the most devoted followings in radio. Every so often, they take time off from their duties and go down into the hills, where they were raised, and listen to the old folks singing the songs of pioneer Americans. Their collection of folk music is one of the best.

AND the Westerners! Honest-to-goodness boys and a gal from the wide open spaces, these. Originally, they came from a ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, where they learned as much about cow punching as they did about singing and playing. When times got tough in the cattle business, their dad led them into Chattanooga and Lyceum work, and then to radio. They're fast becoming favorites.

There are scores of others, too. Dixie Mason whose story ran in *RADIO STARS* some time ago. Skyland Scotty, the smiling Carolina mountaineer. Joe Kelly who delights the youngsters with his "Jolly Joe and His Pets" periods. Malcolm Clair, Tom and Don, Sophia Germanich, Arkie, Lula Belle, they are all regulars on the WLS program.

They are all helping the station maintain its policy of "effective friendship and kindly service." And keeping alive the appreciation of a vast audience for the real old-fashioned music of our fathers.



GIVE YOUR
DRESS
FRESH COLOR
THAT LASTS AND
LASTS AND LASTS!

as ordinary "surface dyes" never can!

WHERE ordinary dyes just give a "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly*. Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

Rit in its new form (not a soap!) is a quick-dissolving tablet for convenience—won't leave streaks and spots of undissolved dye as powders often do. Color won't rub off—not affected by perspiration—won't look "died". Try this new Rit—and you'll be lastingly grateful to the scientists who discovered it!



YOUR choice of 33 colors! And Rit's complete color range meets every need. And every color is clear, sparkling, professional. Rit leaves the material soft and pliable as new. You'll have perfect results the first time and every time with new Instant Rit.

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
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Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH

RIT



NEW!
No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.



Suppose This Happened at Your Wedding

(Continued from page 58)

yourself what her advice is worth.

Well, here she is, the celebrated radio star, as she awakes at eight o'clock on her wedding day. You see the blissful expression in her eyes as she muses that there are five and a half precious hours ahead which are to be inevitably hers, for the wedding ceremony won't be until one-thirty.

Sighing happily, she begins to dally with plans of her new life to come. Never, for example, will she appear at breakfast unless crisply turned out in a negligee of blue, Gene's favorite color—

Sudden panic seizes her. Thinking of the reminders her of her wedding dress and—well, how would you feel remembering at the eleventh hour, as Marge did, that your wedding gown hadn't yet been delivered?

Pioneering her modiste, she learns from that poor hysterical woman that two of the gown's imported buttons are missing. Either a worker, she says, or a customer must have filed them for keepsakes of a star's wedding.

Are you wondering if Marge, hearing this upsetting news, will break into a loud, helpless wail as you feel you might have?

But, no, not Marge. For she is a professional woman with determinedly calm nerves, and not allowed to indulge in feminine caprices even on her wedding day.

But the nature of her phone conversation with the modiste was mild compared with the calls that crowd Marge's next two hours. Good bye to day dreams and seclusions—just stick around, now, and watch and listen as photographers, milliners, decorators, household salesmen, friends, reporters, etc., etc., keep jamming her phone requesting endorsements, conversations, testimonials. Whew! Do you think you could take it? And before breakfast, too, for don't forget that there hasn't yet been a free moment for such unimportant matters as food.

Then Mr. X, who handles Marge's publicity, calls and announces cheerfully that dozens of reporters are clamoring to interview her. "They're on the way over now, in fact, just give them a few minutes," he says. "They'll understand, after all, it's your wedding day."

"It is, isn't it?" Marge echoes, weakly. But is cheered by the sight of her maid entering, laden with gifts, telegrams and flowers from fans and personal friends. She is suddenly very happy. And even happier for Gene phones, the one call for which she was waiting all morning.

At his suggestion, they agree to meet at their favorite restaurant after her studio rehearsal at ten—oh, yes; there's that rehearsal, too.

Revivified, Marge leaps slinging from her feverish pillow, takes a grand shower and, emerging from same, pours herself some coffee. But forgets to drink it in the delight of suddenly beholding her wedding frock neatly laid out on the chaise longue.

But if your fingers are aching, as Marge's were, to stroke tenderly the delicate silken folds of that gown, you are doomed to disappointment, for at this moment the press arrives and the questions begin.

Yes, answers Marge, it was love at first sight. Oh, she likes sportswear, laughter, show men, little orphans, big amities, Gene? Gene likes Richard Crooks' voice, Zane Grey, spaghetti with meat sauce, hunting, fishing, collecting guns, travel. He's twenty-eight, she's twenty-three. No, she doesn't expect to drop her career after marriage. Oh, she weighs about 103 lbs.

Suddenly, it's ten o'clock, time for her studio rehearsal. Before and after she is waxed by endless solicitations for her wedding day autograph, and it's noon before she's home again without having seen Gene and with just about time to take a few minutes rest before racing through the most important toilet of her life.

But that rest is out, for the hairdresser is waiting for her, but so is a fragrant corsage of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley from Gene.

The phone. But now Marge scarcely hears it. For she is remembering that in an hour she'll be Mrs. Gene, that she must dress with the greatest care, and that she mustn't forget those new lines for this evening's broadcast.

Finally here's Marge ready to be called for by family and friends, and in the excitement forgetting that she hasn't eaten all day, and not noticing until Myrt calls her attention to it, that she's put on two different stockings.

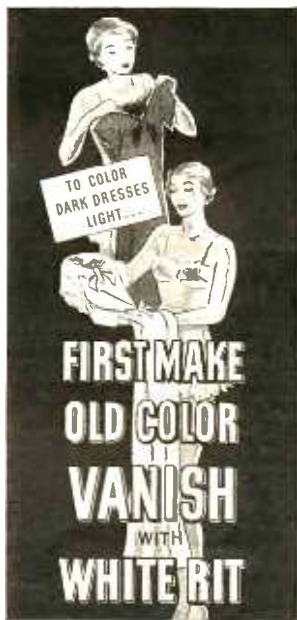
Somewhere, at the appointed hour she is at the People's Church. Dr. Preston Gradley, officiating, signs the wedding certificates, and in the place marked "witnesses," writes, "3000 friends and admirers." Gene's best man, Ray Hedge, known as Clarence Tiffnuffer on the Myrt and Marge program, smiles comfortably at Marge.

Suddenly, there's a ring on Marge's finger, the Norseman quarter is singing "Aloha With Me," and Gene is kissing the bride.

Then the attempted get-away through a jungle of movie cameras, on-lookers, autograph-seekers, and the gay luncheon party at which Marge can't eat a mouthful from excitement. But, you ask, are the lovers about to be alone at last? Well, no. For, you see, Gene has to leave for his broadcast and soon after he rejoins Marge, she has to leave for hers.

Of course, it's remarkable that she got through her lins that evening, but she did. When she was through, Gene was waiting for her, eager, full of wonderful plans. He'd arranged for them to steal away.

Marge looks at him and realizes that this day, for all its strain, was the happiest of her life. But just the same she can't forget what she's missed. "Girls, keep your wedding day for your very own and don't be cheated out of a honeymoon."



All you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply twist the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because all the old color is removed and even the lightest shade "takes" easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the family washing—to make white goods really white, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the original color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. Insist on White Rit.



Remember: White Rit takes old color out—Instant Rit puts new color in. 33 Rit Colors—clear, sparkling, professional. So easy, so sure, you'll have perfect results every time.

✓ REMOVE COLOR, SPOTS AND STAINS FROM:
Draperies Lingerie Slip Covers Dresses
Table Linen Sockings Bed Spreads



If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 63)



MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



10c
MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
**WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER**

Change Now!
Gayanne **SUN TAN**



Your complexion
deserves the flattering
TAN of Gayanne

10c

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL
S. S. KRESGE CO. STORES

preparations were beautifying, then the whole cucumber would work miracles. So she takes her cucumbers straight. Simply washes them, slices them very thin and eats 'em right up—peel and all. But a warning—be sure to chew them well, else you will get a pain in your stomach and a consequent wrinkle in your brow.

THIRDS are other kinds of wrinkles that are much more lasting. Those you get from going around in the sun-line without a hat or some other shade. You just naturally squint your eyes and crinkle up your forehead, and so develop a case of wrinkles which you spend the whole fall trying to rub away with moisturizing creams. Another thing, your hair will take on every burnt shade of the haystack if it isn't protected from the rays of the sun. Hot oil treatments are a remedy, but you know the old proverb about an ounce of prevention.

If you are one of those girls who goes outdoors with a lovely hly white skin and comes back looking like a speckled tiger lily—the freckles are that bad—you might bathe the face, neck and arms with ten parts peroxide to one part aromatic spirits of ammonia. An excellent summertime lotion to prevent both freckles and sunburn can be made by using one-third olive oil, one-third oil of wintergreen and one-third witch hazel. It isn't expensive and is most effective. If you are one of those people who feel undressed without powder, use a foundation cream under it to protect your skin.

Now a word about your hands, especially if you go swimming. It is a well-known fact that no one has enough natural oils in her hands to keep them smooth and supple, which is the reason the hands age more quickly than even the face. Hence the old saying, "You can always tell a person's age by her hands."

Monday mornings you can spot the people who have spent the weekend at the

beach. The cuticle of their hands is dry and rough. There's a slight grayishness around the nails. The tips of the fingers are wrinkled and the hands in general appear dry.

Go swimming, of course, but when you resume your land existence, take a soft towel and carefully push the cuticle back, shaping it at the same time. Dry your hands thoroughly. If you haven't time at the moment, when you get home dig down into the cold cream jar and cover your hands and wrists with cream. Work it into the hands. It will repay you in more ways than in just lovely hands, especially if you have a date with the same escort with whom you were swimming earlier in the day. Men admire lovely hands as much as a pretty face.

YOU no doubt know all the other little tricks of the manicure. Always file the nails from the underneath side, sweeping from one side to the other in one movement. Smooth the top with an emery board. Cut the cuticle if necessary, shape—never with a metal instrument—with an orange stick. If your nails are slightly discolored, cleanse and bleach with a bit of cotton dipped in peroxide before you apply the white paste or pencil under the nails. And lastly, the polish. If you want your nails to appear longer apply the polish right up to the tips. Don't however, cover the moons. A coat of colorless polish put on first will make the final coat, whatever color takes your fancy, go on smoothly.

And a last suggestion—about your feet. Since like the ancients, we are running around this season in heel sandals and the heels in prominence, the feet come into their own on street and beach. If your feet don't take any prizes for beauty and shapeliness, if you have corns, callouses, and bumps on your heels, I will be glad to help you attack these individual problems. But here is a simple routine by which

BEAUTY AND GLAMOR CAN BE YOURS

Are you blonde, brunette, redhead? Or a "disappointed," which can be the most attractive type of all?

Do you use the proper shampoo for your hair?

Are you going to have a permanent wave?

What kind should you have, or should you have one at all?

How is your complexion?

Do you know the shade and texture of powder, rouge and lipstick that suits you?

I'll be glad to help you personally to decide and choose.

Write me at RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. I have lots of new beauty stunts that will delight and thrill you.

CAROLYN BELMONT

anyone can well profit. Wash the feet in very warm soapy water then plunge them into cold water into which you've thrown a handful or two of salt. And finish by rubbing vigorously dry with a rough towel. This will help to prevent perspiration. Another excellent bath can be made by dissolving a couple of tablespoons of borax powder in water. A little of this powder sprinkled between the toes will prevent perspiration and avoid cracked skin that is common to many in the swimming season.

Whenever possible go *barefoot*. The feet benefit tremendously by being completely unhampered. Or go around in those plain flat Japanese straw sandals. I had a pair made from a flat piece of leather impregnated in the same style. They are perfectly grand, wear forever, and don't leave splinters or straw all over the carpets.

On the toenails—straight across, never round. If you scrape the top of the nails they will curl upward away from the toes, and keep your feet safe from unreason toenails. Only if your feet are unusually shaped, apply polish to the nails, then stick to the same color used on the fingers.

WHEN you go shopping for those smart little personal nothings be sure to insist on the new stockings to wear with your toeless heelless sandals. These stockings are a glorious film of chiffon—no reinforced toes or heels.

There is a very smart mascara compact out in a platinum toned metal case with shades of mascara to suit whatever type you are. Like a little jack-in-the-box, the brush pops up when the compact is opened. Makes it convenient and amusing at the same time.

Are you cheeks too much like rosy-red apples when you apply your favorite rouge in the summer? Well, there is a certain kind, made by a special process, that is becoming, whatever the temperature. It comes in a lovely box with a puff of silk velvet that simply does things to the most difficult complexion.

If you don't want to make your own sunbalm I know of a good one.

We've mentioned briefly on everything from your topknot to your toes. If you're concerned about one of the major problems of life—beauty—let me know. I will be glad to help you.

JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same "eye-appeal" movie and stage stars do...instantly... by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make your eyes literally wells of allure tonight—bigger, brighter... irresistible, DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.



Meet Al Pearce and His Gang

(Continued from page 62)

ran into three. "Still," said Al, "it's the home town, maybe it doesn't prove anything." So they tried movie-wise Los Angeles. The public stood in line for blocks.

The next day Al signed all his gang to personal contracts. Radio critics and reviewers wonder if Al makes the act or if he's merely a clever impresario of an exceptionally talented gang?

Al Pearce is a master showman. Like Rudy Vallee he builds up members of his cast, makes them important. Perhaps the best example is his girl singer Hazel Warner, whom Al built up as "The Song Bird of the West." She became so popular that she was soon receiving as much fan mail as any of the radio artists on the coast. She realized how good she was and decided to go on her own. In less than a month oblivion set in. And the last we heard of her she was back with Al and his Gang!

Without his introductions and pluggings they can and have been lost in the radio shuffle. For this reason, the best answer to the questions would be, Al makes the act—and the act goes over.

His career as a CBS headliner came to a sensationaly abrupt final about six months ago. Someone connected with the chain on the coast formed an artists' bureau and asked Al to come in—and pay twenty per cent of his earnings, please! Al couldn't see the idea of throwing away twenty per cent when he wasn't getting a penny out of radio. He refused. An ultimatum was issued: "Either you come in, or you're out." Al took it on the chin. After all, if he was willing to donate his programs to the station, why should he then give them a percentage of his earnings outside of radio?

NBC, however, was glad to see eye-to-eye with Al on this score! Why should

they turn down an artist with two paying sponsors when they didn't have to pay him? They changed his radio hour rate and from that time on it became "Al Pearce and his Gang."

"Oh, yes, everything turned out all right," explains Al who is tall, heavy and blond. "But we all had a pretty blue week during our walk-out. It was a dangerous decision since ours is an act that must go hand-in-hand with the radio, we are lost without it. The folks get interested in the characters we create on the radio and they want to see them in the flesh. We are really a radio variety program, not a vaudeville troupe."

In his private life Al maintains a great deal of the same thoughtfulness that characterizes his work. For instance, he used radio to collect 30,000 toys for poor children last Christmas—a purely personal act of charity conceived during his hours away from the microphone.

His hobby is fishing, but he spends much of his spare time choosing and buying "surprise" for his wife, Audrey. (He buys multi-cylinder automobiles for himself.) Audrey is not a professional and they have no children.

He and his gang are the biggest theater attraction in the west with kids. In the small town of Bakersfield, California, they outdraw even a Will Rogers picture.

Al is seldom seen in public without his brother Cal and he continually worries about the fact that his brother won't get enough credit for their radio and personal-appearance success. Cal dropped out of the act, except on occasions, sometime ago and attends to such important details as bookings, programs and money. And he doesn't care a darn if they nickname him "Al Pearce's stooge."

When a Farmer Needs a Friend He Counts on WLS

(Continued from page 24)

In most of the office, prize-winning ears of corn hang on the wall. Or a wasp's nest taken from someone's orchard. Or a box of cowbells of just the sort you've seen on Bossy many a time.

There aren't so many studios, but visitors are always welcome. The main studio has glass windows all down one side. Visitors find themselves seats in long rows of pew-like benches and watch the broadcast at their ease. They say as long as they like and leave when they please, and no unimpressed page boy shushes them up if they want to smoke or whisper to a neighbor.

Making folks feel at home is a rare art, but one that WLS has mastered nobly. The quality songs through their programs. It was a wise man who said once, "Friendship requires deeds." If that is a true test, and I believe it is, station WLS has proved itself more than once.

Listen! Do you remember the terrible tornado that struck southern Indiana and Illinois on March 18, 1925? WLS was just eleven months old. Big Ford and Little Glenn and the Solemn Old Judge had just put on "Lullaby Time" and sung the good-night prayer for the kiddies when they got word of the catastrophe. They put the news on the air. Within a few minutes, a stranger called in the telephone and said, "Will you accept five dollars for relief of the storm-struckers?"

Here was an idea, and the birth of WLS' role as an angel of mercy. George Hay who was the station's chief announcer took off his coat and went to work. His associates stuck to their guns. They started an all-night session with the WLS transmitter turning cherry red as it flung Hay's pleas into the storm-swept night.

At eight o'clock the next morning, he had raised \$11,000. Within twenty-four hours after the storm, a WLS relief station had been established in the heart of the wind-ripped section and was dispensing food, blankets, clothing and medical supplies. Through the rest of the week, WLS told stories of human misery and suffering. Engineers, stuck at their posts for twenty-eight hours straight. By sundown on Saturday, WLS had collected \$85,000.

I wonder if you have listened to WLS' "Little Brown Church of the Air"? Or partaken of its inspiration and sympathy? It was born that first Sunday after the tornado. Sam Guard of the WLS staff flew back to Chicago with first-hand accounts of the catastrophe. A few minutes before he went on the air, it occurred to him that many out there in the stricken district had need of consolation. So he said a prayer and told a story of One whose love passeth all understanding. And the Little Brown Church came to be.

Thousands of hearts were touched by his "sermonette," and thousands of hands were lifted to help the sufferers he described. At the end of two weeks, WLS listeners had contributed \$216,000.

There have been other times, too. Once, a spring flood swept across Illinois, drown-

ing every chick which hard-pressed farmers had hatched. WLS came to the rescue and its listeners paid for new chicks to replace the ones washed away.

In the fall and winter of 1930-31, the friends of WLS maintained a free lunch station in Chicago where many a homeless and hungry man got his stomach filled. For a while, the entire lower floor of the Prairie Farmer building was turned into a clothing station filled with garments contributed by listeners. Needy mothers and children by the score were saved from sickness by these free gifts.

"Friendship requires deeds." No wonder this station's listeners are loyal.

It probably never occurs to most folk that chicken stealing is a serious offense. A colored boy with a gnawing stomach, a dark night, and a chicken coop have been ingredients for many a joke. Believe you me, it is no joke to a poor farmer to find his chicken houses stripped.

Chicken stealing in many agricultural districts is a large and lucrative racket. In a recent eighteen month period, for instance, almost \$1,000,000 worth of poultry was hijacked. WLS is trying to put a stop to it. Whenever a roost is robbed, the owner immediately communicates with WLS. The news is put on the air with a description of the chickens. The station, in operation with "The Prairie Farmer," hires detectives to investigate. To date, approximately 1,000 chicken thieves have been caught. One gang of 28 members was captured and 21 of them are now in jail.

Not long ago, the sheriff of Mason County, Illinois, telephoned that 300 chickens had been stolen the night before. Arthur Prue broadcast a description of the fowls on his "Dinnerbell" program. He talked directly to the thief and said, "We've sent a lot of you fellows to jail. We'll catch you and send you, too, if you try to sell those chickens." That night, the owner of the chickens reported that about a third of them had come straggling home. Next day, the whole lot was back in his coops. The thief had heard the broadcast and, fearing to dispose of his loot, had turned them loose in a nearby cornfield.

Radio stations are licensed by the United States Government, you know, just as long as they serve the interests of the public. I believe WLS has more direct service features than any station in America.

Weather news, for example, comes in regularly every morning, telling us what to expect, if storm or frost threatens. Farmers have saved hay crops by taking heed of rain warnings. Strawberry growers have on numerous occasions protected their young plants from frost.

Crop reports, poultry and cattle markets, these are vital services to many farmers. The files of WLS are checked with appreciative letters from men who have followed the advice offered by WLS reporters.

Jim Poole, for instance, is a name many a stock-grower swears by. Eight years have passed since he took over a WLS

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• around the toes

milk at the Chicago Livestock Exchange. He has seen markets hit top and bump bottom and his twice-daily chats vibrate with his vigorous opinions. So one time, as when stock yard workers went on strike, the place soon became cluttered with cattle. Jim Poole went to bat at his milk and told every farmer within listening distance that he'd be a fool to send cattle to a place that had no way of caring for them. Single-handed, he practically stopped cattle shipments until the strike was over.

Another strike, in which WLS played a vital part, was last year's milk embargo. The Chicago Pure Milk Association chose WLS as an official means of contact with its hundreds of members. One morning at 6:05 a.m., an association official went on the air and told his members to withhold

their milk from the market. And the strike was on. For six days, this station informed milk strikers in their dairy farm-jobs what was happening at headquarters and in the city. Finally, when the show-down came and the strikers had to be assembled in Chicago within four hours, WLS told them to go immediately to a certain meeting hall. At the appointed time 400 men rolled into Chicago from three states and voted to end the strike.

It is no wonder, is it, that the folk who wrest their living from the soil call WLS their best friend? Ten years is a long test of friendship—WLS celebrated its tenth birthday in April—and WLS men are proud of their record, and proud of their audience. You may be sure they'll never break faith with them.

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She Lost Love and Found Fame

(Continued from page 12)

AS Betty hurried home that afternoon, she stared through the film of mist on her auto window into the oddness of the day. Her thoughts were far from the community she had known all her life. A thousand things ran through her mind. New York! The very name spelled success. Broadcasting over a network! She was dreaming—dreaming of the day she would be called a star. She would succeed! Nothing could make her tripper. But if she failed, she at least would have proven to herself that she had had the courage to try.

The screeching of brakes arrested her as the car came to a stop before the big home Mr. Barthel had reserved for his wife and only child. Betty dashed in, huddling with enthusiasm.

"This is something you must decide for yourself, Betty. Do you think it best?" That was her father's wise advice.

But there was another man who had to be consulted. He would be there soon or they had already planned to be together that evening. What would he say? In a matter that meant so much to her, surely he would rejoice in this splendid opportunity.

Betty watched as he came up the walk. Handsome, charming, he swung up the steps like a young Lancelot. He had been her pal for years; recently, though, that long standing friendship had changed to something more serious.

SHE met him at the door, her story lighting from her lips. "Isn't it glorious. Just think, in a few months I'll..." But something was wrong. As she went on explaining, trying desperately to make him understand, she felt him stiffen.

"You don't like it," she faltered.

"He didn't have to answer. She knew what he felt—a wild panic filled her mind—"He doesn't want me to leave Nashville. He doesn't want me to do radio work—or any sort of work."

It was a shock to Betty. The man she loved, the man from whom she expected her greatest encouragement was against her, was discouraging her from doing the very thing she had dreamed of, the thing she could now realize.

He put his arm around her and began to talk. He told her that such a career was not for a girl of her gentle birth. That New York and broadcasting with its anxiety and glamour would change her, make her forget their love.

After he left, Betty dropped into a chair, dazed. Later, when she tried to sleep, she found the night only added to the gloom of her thoughts of doubt and the realization that she had to settle the most important problem of her life without the help of any man.

Betty had faith in herself. She was determined to justify that faith. "I'll succeed and then I'll come back and show him I haven't changed," she said to herself.

AS the light of the soft southern moon filled her room, so the light of her reasoning became fuller. "I will go," she decided.

Mr. Seebach of the Columbia Broadcasting System was willing that she come to New York for a two month trial, and then make her final decision. This should make it easier, she said to herself as she went to tell that one man in her life who meant so much, of her decision.

For the next two months, Betty lived in a different world. Her name was written across the skies as a successful Columbia artist. Listeners acclaimed her. Several sponsors, notably Chesterfield, had their eyes on her. And down in Nashville the man she loved was expecting her to give it all up and return to him.

What would you have done, then, when the network offered you an additional contract for one year? You, as did Betty, would perhaps have said to yourself, "I have proven my faith in myself. I will go on."

Betty did just that.

She wrote to the young man in Nashville telling him all about her work. He answered and told her the news of her home. Things seemed to be running smoothly and happily.

Then something happened. A newspaper carried this sentence, "Betty Barthel and Carlyle Stephens (a Columbia announcer), are more than pals." How that New York

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paper got into the hands of the man in Nashville is still a mystery. But it did.

Of course, it wasn't true. Betty had been seen in the company of this announcer, but that is molting to create gossip. The real truth of the matter is that Betty was invited to a party. She had no escort. The announcer was invited to the same party and he had no escort. So, the two decided to go together. That was all.

BUT do you think that explanation made any difference to the young man in Nashville? It did not. And Betty did try so hard to make it all clear. This, remember, occurred just four months after Betty had arrived in New York.

It was a tragic and heart-breaking business. One thing led to another. Letter between them became fewer. In September came a startling message from Nashville. "He was married this week to ———". Their romance was over—dead.

Has she found anything in her new life to recompense her for the loss of so much that was precious in the other? Betty has never admitted it, but I don't think she has ever been happier. Today, she is featured over a big Columbia network every Monday, Wednesday and Friday in a program called "Betty Barthell and her Melodiers." When a big New York department store recently decided to sponsor a program over WOR, Betty was selected to sing with Ferdé Groé's orchestra and Frank Parker, romantic tenor.

Today, as that exciting, two-month trial goes into its third year, there is no doubt that Betty has proven her faith in herself. She said she could be among changing trends without being a part of them. That, too, has been demonstrated. Hard work and common sense made it possible.

But as you hear her sing can you help but wonder if she still has love in her heart—lost love?

He Turned His Back on Society

(Continued from page 37)

the circumstances, he concluded, the best thing to do would be to close the Spalding account, which he did. Then he printed his complete conversation with Papa Spalding in the next issue of the magazine.

The public buzzed with excitement, everyone took sides in the controversy. And upon poor Albert Spalding descended all the bitterness and heat of battle! He was bewildered, ashamed. Everyone was laughing at him, believed he was trying to purchase applause not through his ability, but with the Spalding shekels. He realized his social position was a hindrance in his fight to become a recognized musician. For a fight, he now understood, it would have to be.

Since his father's influence was a handicap, young Luchwiler would ride forth on his own. He'd accept no allowance. He would go where no one could throw his connection in his face. He decided to tour the small towns of Russia.

A third-rate manager on speculation was all he could afford. So he hired one and went barnstorming. Sometimes his fee was twenty-five dollars, some nights it was nothing. He traveled third-class and in cattle cars. Unless you've done it yourself, you can't realize just what it is like. Once he narrowly escaped landing in jail, because his fly-by-night manager refused to pay his accompanist. The police came to his rooming-house, intent on dragging him to jail. What could Spalding do in such a predicament? What would you do?

First he told them to get hold of his manager. They wouldn't listen. Then he appealed to the wild-eyed young accompanist who only grew more furious. Finally, Spalding took from his pockets every nickel he had and turned it over. The accompanist and the police departed.

With courage like his, he was bound to get ahead. The European press began to praise him. He was getting where he wanted. But his family and friends were again to be reckoned with. They refused

to be discarded, invitations to pink teas, dinners, dances deluged him. His family purchased the gorgeous old palace of Talleyrand in Florence, Italy, for a summer home and his mother entertained extensively. The blue blood of both the United States and Europe were her guests. How could Albert devote ten and fifteen hours a day to his music when her social crowd were constantly about.

ONE might be stood at the top of the long, winding staircase overlooking the reception room. What a foolish, over-dressed bunch, he thought. Lord, they never had an original idea. They'd just sit around and chin for hours. He was wise to them. Those pompous Italian noblemen who flucked around weren't seeking him because of his personal charm. It was his father's bankroll that interested them, he would make a good match for their daughters and sisters.

Only one girl in all this circle refused to join in the chase and remained elusive. She was a beautiful young Hungarian countess whom he had met at one of his Berlin concerts. It was love at first sight. But the girl's father disapproved of her marrying a commoner. He whisked her home, Albert Spalding was heartbroken. For the next eight years he dodged feminine attention. When finally he capitulated in 1919, it was to a childlike playmate, Mary Pyle. Mary and he belonged to the same social set. A musician herself, she understood him. "We're just as good friends now," he told me the other day, "as we were before we married fifteen years ago."

YOU'D be amazed to learn of the devotion this man's violin playing arouses in the opposite sex. Many women write him, begging for a rendezvous. The man's notes he receives would make you blush. One famous woman invited him to what he believed was a formal dinner. It turned out to be a dinner for two. Another photos him at all hours of the day and

night pestering him with her solitude. To this day she arrives, Johnny on the spot, at each of his concerts and always sits in the second row. Surely he might have made a fool of himself except for one little experience. On one of his first tours through Finland, a patroness of music insisted upon giving him and his accompanist, Andre Benoit, a dinner.

They were dead tired and wanted a good night's sleep more than anything else. But she was so insistent they finally gave in. Groggily, they donned evening clothes and drove to the city's swankiest hotel. The dinner was excellent. The hostess beamed with pleasure and lauded them to the skies. It was the happiest evening in her life; she had never dared hope the great Spalding would be her guest of honor. He thought nothing of it when the hostess took advantage of a lady's privilege to leave first. But she hadn't bothered to pay the check. That little item was reserved for him. He says, "I guess she thought flattering me was sufficient payment for the meal."

When the war came, young Spalding did the usual something to endear himself to the public. In spite of his dad's money

and power he enlisted. Nor did he attempt to get an officer's commission, he chose to go across as a private, traveling in steerage. His first job was that of a porter hauling officers' trunks. On merit alone, he rose to become Major LaGuardia's aide at the American flying camp in southern Italy. Here again he demanded no special privileges. Machine gun practice was dangerous and he might lose his fingers, yet he practiced daily with other men. He was plain Al Spalding, an American soldier, doing his bit.

Somehow, when he came back, things were different. Wherever he played, the audience was filled with friends—critics were friends, too. Tone was the strain. His experiences had mellowed his playing and put a new warmth into it. Soon, Al Spalding, wanderer and soldier, knew he had "arrived."

What has his long struggle got him? For one thing, it has brought him self-respect. He knows he has risen above the barriers of petty snobbery. Another thing, it has brought him self-confidence. He has proved his ability to stand on his own two feet, alone. He has made the grade.

Happiness Guaranteed

(Continued from page 25)

was. So, he writes, just to relieve his feelings, Irma and I were married twenty years when I deliberately left her. I'm a middle aged man, but she is still twenty years old, physically, mentally and spiritually; she hasn't grown a lot since we met. She has no interest in our home, our children or in my business. Now I've picked a woman who has brains, and intelligence enough to live with. One who thinks and feels and reasons, not a namby-pamby doll."

It seems strange that love, the most precious thing in the world, worth any amount of sacrifice, of forgetting one's pride, is given so little consideration by so many. There are people foolish enough to think they can live happily without it. It is not until they face ruin, when they are embittered, lonely, desperate, that they wake up. Miss Fairfax has had tons of letters from men and women who have realized, almost too late, that life held no sweetness for them without love.

Even if love is there, it must be expressed. Men seem to be the chief offenders, here. There was the man who came to see Miss Fairfax, puzzled. "How can I make my wife see reason? A man can't be romancing all the time. Now we're married and settled down, can't she forget love-making? After all, she's far from dumb and if I didn't love her I wouldn't love so hard to make her comfortable."

The difficulty was, as you discovered if you listened in on this particular broadcast, that the husband was trying to give his wife not what she wanted, but what he wanted for himself. She was a romanticist, and craved love and attention. He wanted wealth. Let him take time off from hard work to take his wife out, to shower her with the little attentions and flatteries that mean more to a woman than any

amount of money, advised Miss Fairfax. Let him work a little harder at being the courteous, attentive lover who had wooed and won her.

It has been this lovebird adviser's experience that more than anything else, human beings crave love. They must have it, no matter how they get it. That is why so many poor, heartbroken girls get themselves into a mess; why so many women, neglected by their husbands, fall in love with other men. Perhaps the most tragic of all cases are those in which a girl falls in love with a married man. Their number is legion.

To all these girls Miss Fairfax gives the same counsel, that it is useless to try to win happiness riding roughshod over the corpse of another woman's love. If a husband has proved stealable, don't let your own self, some other girl will come along and steal him from you. You'll get a dose of your own medicine in the end. So forget about some other woman's husband, no matter how much he covets by loves you. It's not that you should consider the moral aspect of your right to him, but consider your own well-being. From a purely selfish standpoint, it you would avoid heartache, drop him as you would some dread disease.

It is not only for advice that people seek Miss Fairfax, often they write for consolation, when it's too late to do anything about their problem. These are the hardest pleas to answer.

Perhaps you wondered why Miss Fairfax devoted so much time to the subject of immortality a few weeks ago. Well, this is why. A woman sent in a letter to her. It began, "There's nothing you can advise me. It is all my fault. Because of the heritage I passed down, knowingly, to my daughter, she lies dead today. I wish to



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God I were in her place, my life ended."

The mother felt herself to blame because years before, she had married a notorious criminal, against the advice of her family. She had done it with her eyes open—love seemed to her sufficient justification.

Their child, of course, inherited the father's tendencies. Realizing the least she could do was to provide the tot with a good background to counteract her heritage, the woman left her husband, moved to another city, got a job and made a home for the youngster. In spite of all her efforts, the child seemed headed for trouble. She was sneaky, unreliable, always in difficulties with her classmates and

teachers. Then at eighteen, she ran away with a married man. Shortly after, both were killed in an automobile accident. The mother blamed herself for the girl's wasted life. She was driving herself crazy with remorse.

There wasn't much Miss Fairfax could do, she did not have the woman's address, she could not communicate with her—except over the air. So she devoted almost half of one broadcast to the subject of immortality. She tried to put across the idea that if we have done our best to wipe out past mistakes, we have nothing to reproach ourselves with. By our efforts we have atoned for our weaknesses.

Don Ameche, Radio's Don Juan

(Continued from page 17)

again. It may seem insignificant, years later, may even appear silly, but is unforgettable. There is glamor about it that nothing can ever match or erase.

That thrill came to Don Ameche at Madison when he had leads in such plays as "Lilium," "Outward Bound" and "Young Woodley." In these college campus productions he met Bernardine Flynn, who later became an NBC leading lady ("Vic and Sade") and who had much to do, incidentally, with changing the course of his career.

ONE morning the leading man with a stock company playing Madison was injured in an auto accident. The manager of the company turned to the university to find someone who could substitute. Don Ameche got the call at noon. Slated to play the part of the movie star in "Excess Baggage," he was told to be ready at 3 o'clock for a matinee performance.

His biggest thrill and his first paying job! Don played twenty weeks with the company. New York was his next stop. He landed with Fisk O'Hara and played the juvenile lead in "Jerry for Short." Did a turn, too, with Texas Guinan in vaudeville. Texas was presenting the parody on her famous trial and Don did the part of the prosecuting attorney. Then he played the lead in "Illegal Practice" with the Chicago Company.

One day he found himself out of a job, he ran up to Kenosha, a stone's throw up the lake from Chicago, to visit his parents and all the younger Ameches. (It's pronounced as if it were ah-mee-eeh-eeh with the accent on the second syllable.) Don has three brothers and four sisters.

Neither Don nor Jim had dreamed of a radio career at this time. The "All American" from Hudson High was just starting in at Kenosha High School where he made a brilliant record. He debated, won the state oratorical contest, and in his spare time played tennis.

While there a long distance call came for Don. It was from Bernardine Flynn, Dou's dramatic associate at Wisconsin, now with NBC at Chicago.

"Great Northern is having an audition for their new show 'Empire Builders.' I think you're just about what they need for their leading man," she told him. Don had faced a mike several times in

connection with his work on the stage; he had plenty of self-assurance, but he wasn't at all confident that he could make the grade.

When he tried out and was told he had been elected you could have pushed him over with a leaf. Bernardine was cast as the leading lady and so the two former campus players made good together on one of the first big national shows originating in Chicago.

Through the years they have been close friends. Bernardine has married, too. Her husband is a physician and it was he who ushered Don, Jr., into the world a few months ago. Today, Bernardine is Sade of "Vic and Sade," one of the most popular daytime sketches as is "Ditty and Bob" in which Don is featured.

FOR three years now Don has thrilled millions of listeners with those passionate declarations from "The Little Theatre Off Times Square," bringing the glamor of Broadway to thousands of homes and to institutions, hospitals, sanitariums with their inmates to whom the drama of radio has particular appeal.

The romantic hero of "First Nighter" and the newer "Grand Hotel" gets his biggest kick out of dialect parts. His favorite role was that of the singing Frenchman in "Beau Bachelor," something of a Maurice Chevalier of the air.

He is the kind of a chap to whom you're likely to say, "You ought to be in pictures." Don Ameche hopes secretly that things will so shape themselves that some day he may. When he recently stepped into an entirely new role as master of ceremonies on NBC's coast to coast "Romantic Melodies," he was surprised to get a telegram from Hollywood which read: "Enjoyed your new type of program very much; particularly unique. Congratulations and best wishes.—Joan Crawford." Those good wishes were entirely spontaneous. Don doesn't know Joan, she doesn't know him, and he had no inkling that she would be listening to his program.

But no matter what the future holds for this idol of the airwaves, it is something to have said one of twenty-five: "He has played almost every conceivable sort of part on the air for almost every conceivable kind of listener."

Laughing Singer

(Continued from page 41)

There's swash-buckling adventure in his blood. Back in '49 his grandfather rode into California in a covered wagon. His father, Sheriff of Kern County, was famous for his two-wheeled, quick-trigger derring. Gallant fighters, both of them. And Lawrence Tibbett can fight, too! It doesn't look like fighting because of that smile of his. It looks more like juggling. If he seems to have gotten the things he wants from life it's because he juggles with the things he gets and spins them around to fit specifications.

He began his juggling at the age of six. That year there was trouble in Bakersfield, the hot spot of a stagecoach and the brutal murder of two of its passengers stirred the citizens. Sheriff Tibbett and a posse traced the gang of bandits to a disreputable Chinese opium den. The bandits barricaded themselves behind a mass of doors, and refused to open it. Sheriff Tibbett bade his men stand back while he forced an entrance alone. As he battered down the door, a pistol flashed fire. In a pose of man staved to make the arrest but two of them carried William Tibbett home—dead.

There was a town funeral and a hand played Chopin's "Funeral March," the first piece of classical music Lawrence Tibbett ever heard. I have heard him say that today with years of serious music study behind him, he can never listen to that composition without being carried back to the Main Street of a California town, where as a boy of six he tried to fight back tears and to plead that his father had done a valiant deed.

THE father's death put an end to the happy home life. Mrs. Tibbett was left nearly penniless. Their house had to be sold, and the family separated. Larry, the youngest, was to be sent away to the ranch of an uncle in the Leon Mountains. Because he was little and affectionate by nature, he clung to his home and his folks. He would be awake nights, missing his father and dreading that trip to a wild, strange country. But before his mother, he put on a bold front and declared he wanted to go. The sooner the better. "Gee, there were cowboys there," he told himself. The purest kind of juggling—that.

When a mated home was possible again, young Lawrence was sent to the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, and there it was that he went back to that first love of his, the toothlights. He had no notion of singing, he wanted to act. During the long vacation, when he sold newspapers and worked as a printer's devil in a newspaper office, and packed fruit in the orchards, he would memorize parts from Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, and study acting of the movies. Finally, he talked himself into a tiny job in a touring stock company, but it didn't last long.

After months of job hunting, the only thing that presented itself was an opening to sing with a light opera. And he took it. He didn't especially want to sing but when you need a job you take whatever comes your way. You had to do "somepin." The more he wanted to act, the more singing

offers he received. Managers discovered that he had a voice. Once he sang in a motion picture house, next he got an engagement to sing in the weekly musicale of a hotel, a definite step upward. Then one day something happened.

When the concert was over, a gentleman came up to Tibbett. He was well-dressed, suave, cosmopolitan. The waxed mustaches and the heavy eye-glasses looked familiar, but Tibbett just couldn't place him.

"You have a glorious voice," said the gentleman. "You are extremely talented. You ought to go to New York and study for bigger things. If I can be of help to you in that, look me up." He handed him his card. It read Emilio G. Giorzani.

THEN Tibbett knew why he had looked so familiar. Concert and operetta? It's a familiar record catalogue. As yet, no Giorzani record catalogue. The most celebrated concert baritone in the country. And this man had looked him up to tell him how gifted he was, to advise him to go to New York and study for bigger things. Anything seemed possible!

Um, how, Tibbett asked himself? Not one cent did he have. For a whole year the exciting prospect of going to New York danced before his eyes, and he did some tall financial juggling to scrape together the waxy and meagre for railroad fare and a start. Then, at the end of a year of nearly impossible economies, the great goal seemed just as far away as it had from the first. So he juggled again. He gaudied with the future and borrowed on his life insurance to get his chance. The pioneer spirit of grandfather Tibbett spoke to him. Gallantly the older man had gone west in search of fortune. With his head set just as high as his grandsons' went east.

New York and hard work. No studio parties. Nothing like a small-town boy's dreams of the Gay White Way. There was a small apartment with no sunlight. There was a tiny upright piano with a stack of tunes. And there were endless accounts to be cleared. People did remember Tibbett from those old days, a big, tall, big-guy enough, but rather shy. He never went in for "party" crowds. Didn't he like it? Yes, he liked him first rate, but the kind of fun he could understand at the very thought of Bohemian frightened him. He sang in a church choir to earn his living and after services he went off on long bikes into the country.

During that first winter in New York, he made his first meeting with an apparatus singer as solvent with the Westminster Glee Club. Reviews of that concert reveal the fact that though the critics were present, they treated this unknown young newcomer simply as an unknown young newcomer. But during that same season Tibbett secured an audition with the great Metropolitan Opera Company. And the rest is history.

IN one night, the unknown young westerner was accorded the most sensational sensation ever witnessed at the famous "Met." He stopped the show for twenty minutes,



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Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 11)

CURRY OF CHICKEN—BOMBAY STYLE

- 1 1/2 cups shredded cooked chicken
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup chopped apple
- 1 teaspoon chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon shredded coconut
- 1 teaspoon English mustard
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1 heaping teaspoon flour
- 3 table-spoons heavy cream
- Salt to taste

Melt butter, add apple and onion, cook 3 minutes. Add coconut, mustard, curry powder and flour. Mix and cook 3 minutes, stir constantly. Add the chicken broth, and continue to stir. When boiling add chicken. Cover pan with lid and simmer over a very low fire for 10 minutes. Stir occasionally to avoid burning. After 10 minutes cooking add the cream, salt to taste and serve immediately in hot little dishes or pattin shells. Serves 6.

Jack Denny's other favorite recipes are for the asking; simply fill in the coupon below and mail it to the Recipe Department of RADIO STARS.

Salted bread sticks and little cheese eggs—no doubt called that because they have nothing to do with eggs—were served with the salad. You'll find the recipe in this month's folder of Jack Denny's favorite summertime salads.

For desert there was Creme d'Amour. This is neither pie nor cake, but a perfectly grand cross between both. It's called Creme d'Love because, according to the chef who originated it, it's responsible for as many marriages as the Justice of Peace or the minister.

- Creme d'Amour
- 17 graham crackers, pulverize. Should make 1 1/2 cups.
- Add 1/2 cup melted butter.
- Add 1/2 cup evaporated sugar.

Mix all together. Line pan with mixture, leaving 1 tablespoon to sprinkle over top of filling. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes.

Filling
 2 cups milk
 (Continued on page 11)

JACK DENNY'S SALAD RECIPES

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